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Annually there is a protest against the absurd fashion in which the Fourth of July is observed; but each year the protest arises after the carnival of senseless racket, after the fires, the fatalities, and the maiming. It is the protest of shattered nerves, of sleepless unrest, of invalids made more ill, of property-owners viewing the ashes of their holdings, of parents nursing their wounded or mourning their dead. Naturally the volume of it is considerable, but it futilely expends itself, for another season finds the evils all renewed, malign as ever, destructive, terrifying, and augmented by the creation

of more reverberant implements of torture. The time for a protest is in advance. Citizens know what to expect, and they can not avoid the experience by tardy lament.

If there were reason in the habitual form of celebration, if it taught a lesson in patriotism, if it impressed the story of the past, or pointed youth the way to useful citizenship, it might be tolerated with all its discomforts, but it does none of these things. It represents waste, danger, annoyance, and a foolishness bordering on the idiotic. No excuse appears for permitting its continuance. There may be taken for granted the fact that given powder and a match anybody can become an agency for the promotion of tumult, but no suggestion arises in the sane mind that to provide the powder and match is the part of wisdom. The whole scheme as practiced is grotesque and incongruous. A little reflection must lead to this conclusion.

The Fourth of July has been set apart in token of certain notable achievements of American diplomacy and arms. Doubtless there were steps in the process attended by clamor, but then it had a purpose. Our forefathers were not firing blank rolls of red paper to the detriment of a neighbor's barn. The use of the Chinese fire-cracker can not be based upon anything that happened during Revolutionary times, nor that has happened since. Its projection into an American festival is an anomaly. Directly due to it has been an aggregate loss amounting to countless millions, deaths probably reaching into the thousands, and each year the ranks of the crippled and the blind are given recruits. Why not change the programme, at least to the extent of being sensible, even if enthusiastic?

If the supervisors would forbid the use of fire-crackers and other devices productive of noise and the peril of conflagration, they would win the gratitude of every resident not engaged in the sale of the abominations. The small boy alone would be offended, but growing to maturer judgment, and a conscious state of nerves, would learn in time to forgive. The noises of a city, the strain of city life, are at best, trying. Multiplied, they become well-nigh unbearable. There are sick whose welfare ordinary thoughtfulness would consider, and timid who are entitled to decent regard. To such as these the Fourth of July has become an occasion of dread and suffering. It is not alone that the deafening racket, the sudden, unexpected detonation is in itself hurtful, but there is always the threat of fire, or accident from runaway horses. The fool who conceives it to be jocular to throw a lighted cracker under the passing skirt, or even directly at the face, unhappily still lives. The lad who jams a toy cannon full, is ever heedless as to where the fragments may go. The older enthusiast, whose babit is to send an anvil hurtling through the air, never reflects upon his inability to control its movements. Jollity becomes degenerate every Fourth, sinking to criminal carelessness.

Any community is injured when an issue of its bonds, purchased in good faith, is found to be invalid, and the price of bonds is quickly affected if there can arise any question as to their legality. Therefore, since questions do exist in relation to bonds recently voted by San Francisco, the common interest is to have them settled without the long delay necessary pending a judicial decision.

The bonds under consideration were voted for school purposes, the construction of sewers, and the extension of parks. In every instance the vote in favor of the bonds was so overwhelming as to leave no doubt as to public opinion, which probably remains the same now it was then. The elections, however, were held under the State law, and since, the charter has become of force. The charter describes the method of issuing bonds, and it differs from the method prevailing under the State law. Hence it is that lawyers and possible investors are asking whether further procedure can be had under the State law, or whether circumstances necessitate a fresh beginning. This query has indeed already reached the courts, but a prompt conclusion, subject to no appeal, would be desirable.

An easy and natural course would be to submit the origi-

nal propositions to the people again. In all probability the verdict would simply be repeated, and by bringing the entire matter within purview of the charter danger of confusion would be avoided. A special election would be required, but the cost would be trifling, and compared with the importance of the matter at stake, and the gravity of an error leading now to delay, and in the future to litigation, too small to be weighed. The special election could be held at the same time as the general election, the same officers acting for both. A separate proclamation would be necessary, with separate hallot-hoxes and tickets. Municipal and State elections have often been held together, and there is no apparent reason why the precedent may not be followed in this emergency. Certainly the solution thus offered is the simplest that could be proposed, and might serve to expedite greatly the inauguration of work for which there is urgent need. Even discussion as to the validity of bonds would be hurtful in its tendency, for the bonds issued by San Francisco should be of such undoubted soundness that there would be no occasion to suspect them. That there should be any complication is unfortunate, but if met in the manner proposed it will result harmlessly. If the old procedure was not correct, or if anybody thinks it not correct, the plan of another election is competent to silence every dissenter.

Not only must the bonds be kept good, so as to be attractive to capital, but delay in disposing of them would be regrettable because of the importance of the improvements for which they stand. The city has use for all the additional school buildings authorized. In their absence, pupils suffer for lack of suitable space, and the educational standard of the city is depressed. The demand for sewers is equally imperative, and comes from all who have knowledge of the fearful sanitary conditions due to the lack of adequate sewerage. As to the panhandle extension, while less pressing than the other improvements, it received the approval of a great majority, and their wishes are entitled to respect. To tie these bonds up in court means delay of which none can see the end, possibly a number of years, during which the city would suffer in a material way and its credit be impaired.

People who read State convention platforms doubtless notice that the Republicans of California this year inserted a plank calling upon Congress to legislate against Asiatic immigration. This action on their part gains interest from being exactly what the Argonaut said, as far back as last December, would have to be done; for saying which it was sneered at by such faithful partisan dailies as the San Francisco Chronicle and the San José Mercury. That the Argonaut should have been right, and its opponents wrong, is not a new nor surprising state of affairs. This paper was the first to raise a protest against the degrading of American labor or the mongrelizing of the race by giving to the Asiatic a welcome and a commercial equality. For having done so it was abused; now the party in whose welfare it is concerned, whose principles it upholds, indorses it.

Perhaps nothing could show better than a few excerpts the course over which the objectors made ado, and which they will now have to imitate. In the issue of December 18, 1899, was printed the following:

"The Argonaut foresaw that this Asiatic annexation scheme would entangle the Republican party with free trade and servile labor. We have opposed Asiatic annexation because it meant danger to free labor, danger to protection, danger of free trade. . . .

"Asiatic annexation means that the party must stultify itself, must stain its brilliant record, must tacitly permit human slavery in the Philippines, must openly permit servile labor there, must see its policy of protection disappear before the exigencies of commerce with the islands, must see hordes of Asiatic coolies shipped here to take the places of American workmen. It must, in short, see protection replaced by free trade, free labor by semi-servile labor, and American workmen by Asiatic coolies. All of these things are natural results of Asiatic annexation.

"But the deed is done. It is now too late to prevent Asiatic annexation. But it is not too late to save the party from the results of Asiatic annexation, to wit: Asiatic immigration. . . . We believe in the principles of the party which saved the Union, which built up protection to American industry, which has made the American workman the most favored toiler in the world. But the Argonaut is in the kind of Republicanism which advocates Asiatic annexation."

will be followed by Asiatic immigration, which will bring Malay coolies in competition with free American workmen."

In the same issue an editorial, "The Story of Chinese Exclusion," closed with this paragraph:

"From this brief review it appears that the exclusion of Chinese laborers was accomplished only after the labor of nearly thirty years, and during sixteen years of that time practically the entire population of the State carried on an active and persistent agitation. Is history about to repeat itself with the Asiatic races of the Pacific isles substituted for the Chinese?"

January 19th the general subject was renewed as follows in an editorial entitled "No Free Trade with Tropical Islands":

"There may be Republicans in California who question the sincerity of the *Argonaut's* articles concerning the dangers to protection, the menace to free labor, and the threats of free trade from our new island possessions. If they doubt the sincerity of these articles they are very much in error. The *Argonaut* was never more honest and never more earnest.

"This was the first journal in the United States to sound the alarm. The silence of the other Republican newspapers in California may lead our Republican readers to believe that the alarm sounded by the *Argonaut* is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Again they would be mistaken. The tocsin has been heard. The alarm signal is reverberating throughout the continent. It is only in California that the Republican journals are silent. They are silent because they dare not speak. They are beginning to realize what dangers they have brought upon this commonwealth. There is a conspiracy of silence."

But the shrewd men who drafted the platform acknowledged the danger before the papers did, and now the "conspiracy of silence" must soon be at an end. This awakening became manifest among party organs at the East, while out here blind and foolish adherence was maintained to a false position. In February an editorial was presented in the *Argonaut* tending to arouse them. In part it read:

"They [the imperialist editors] are wondering how they are going to flop, and, in the interim, while waiting to flop, they are trying to keep their readers in ignorance of this great revolution in administrative, congressional, and popular opinion. They might as well abandon their absurd attempt at suppressing information, admit their error, take their medicine, and retract all they have said. This is especially recommended to such imperialist journals as the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the *Portland Oregonian*, the *Sacramento Record-Union*, and nine-tenths of the Republican newspapers of the Pacific Coast. By the sudden change of the administration and the Republican leaders in Congress, these journals now find themselves against protection and in favor of free trade; against the American farmer and in favor of the planters of the tropics; against the American workman and in favor of Asiatic coolies; against high wages and in favor of cheap labor; against the lofty ideals of American citizenship and in favor of degrading it with mulatto, mestizo, and Malay mongrels; in favor of the Democratic minority in Congress and against the administration, the Republican majority, and the *Argonaut*."

And now the Republicans of California are trying to get where they ought to have been long ago.

Out of the confusion of reports coming from China, many of them concealing more truth than they reveal, it is possible to draw definitely only the conclusion that the ancient dynasty is in a dreadful state of turmoil. The attempt to differentiate the hostility of the Boxers and that of the government, both aroused to frenzy by the presence and growing influence of foreigners, would be futile, but the fact is evident that all foreigners are in grave danger, that many have been murdered, and that victims include, in probability, official representatives of the powers. At this writing there is no assurance that a legation is standing in Peking. Information, somewhat vague, has been received, stating that Minister Conger was safe June 20th. Communication has been so interrupted and messages so rigorously censored that absolute reliance is not to be placed upon that which does come through. Unhappily, there is left no chance to doubt that riot and carnage have been raging, and that the spirit behind the overt acts is virulent, fanatical, and only to be subdued by a superior force.

Already there has been desperate fighting, in which the troops of the allied nations have been worsted, because many times outnumbered. Cables state that four thousand Chinese were slain in battle at Tien-tsin, while the casualties of the foreigners were three hundred. The forts at Taku are reported to have been blown up after having fired on the ships sent in answer to the resident foreigners' demand for protection. America, which for a time stood aloof, has been drawn into the struggle. The *Oregon* and *Brooklyn* have been ordered to Taku, each with all the extra men it can carry, and information, not wholly confirmed but reasonable, is that more than ten thousand American soldiers are to be sent at once to China. United States marines were among the victims of the Tien-tsin affair, which, according to the present showing, was fought with regular Chinese troops, and not with Boxers. There were twenty thousand of these troops, and they had been well drilled. They also had a modern gun, a weapon superior to any available for use against them. Had not the invaders retreated, their little band would have been annihilated.

Evidently there had been no proper estimate either of the number, the equipment, or the desperation of the Chinese soldiers. To overcome them would, according to military authorities, require one hundred thousand men. The difficulty of assembling such an army, made up of different nationalities, and of using it to the best general advantage, is obvious, and yet it is a difficulty that must be met. The

little band of Internationals at Tien-tsin are hard pressed, and the few thousands seeking to relieve them might easily experience the fate of being slaughtered to the last man.

Whether by design or not, the Chinese Government and the Boxers are striving for a common end. The Boxers are posting flaming placards calling upon the people to kill all Germans, French, Americans, and English. That the Russians are omitted from the list may or may not have significance. There have been suspicions that Russia had inspired the Boxers, hoping to use the opportunity to put down the ensuing disturbance and seize a reward, but if there was any such scheme the promptness of the other powers in reaching the scene has served to defeat it, and in the prevailing emergency all nations concerned stand on a common plane.

The Republican party platform evolved by the national convention at Philadelphia last week is a document worthy the careful study of any citizen who has a vote to cast on the sixth of next November.

Its opening lines recount the material conditions in the country at the close of the last Democratic administration. Business was paralyzed, national credit impaired, capital hiding or timorous, and labor depressed and idle. Democracy offered relief through the single means of the free coinage of silver. Republicans offered a return to a protective tariff and the establishment of sound finances on a gold basis. The people trusted the latter party. The twin promise has been fulfilled, and the result has been told in the figures which proclaim an unusual season of general prosperity, increased opportunities for labor, a new record in manufacture and commerce, and a restored national credit. Indorsement of the acts and purposes of the administration during which these things have been accomplished follows as a matter of course.

The financial plank renews the allegiance of the party to the gold standard, with confidence in the recent legislation which assures the parity of all our money and the stability of our currency. It declares steadfast opposition to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and proposes to consider no measure to that end without the cooperation of the leading countries of the world. Bryan says the plank proves deception. On the contrary, the events of recent years, taken in conjunction with Republican utterances and action, prove that public opinion has experienced a decided advance in financial questions, and that the Republican party has kept pace with that growth, while Democracy still howls for the moon.

On the question of trusts the platform is honest, conservative, and fully abreast of public sentiment. It recognizes "the necessity and propriety of the honest cooperation of capital to meet new business conditions"; condemns all combinations intended to limit production, create monopolies, or control prices; and favors such legislation as will effectually restrain all such abuses. Bryan says this is evidence of insincerity. The difference between Republicanism and Bryanism is that the former recognizes the difficulties of restraining capital without injuring legitimate business, and gives its promise, which has never been broken with the people, to solve the trust problem studiously and wisely, while irresponsible Bryanism is vociferous over its one idea to "shut up a trust in the State of its origin," and thus rescue business from the frying-pan and throw it into the fire.

Recognizing the means by which our industries have been established, extended, diversified, and maintained, the party promises continued allegiance to the policy of tariff protection for American industries and labor, and associates with it in favor the policy of reciprocity in foreign trade, effective restriction of the immigration of cheap foreign labor, protection of free labor against convict labor, and such legislation as will stimulate ship-building and enable us to recover our former place among the trade-carrying fleets of the world.

In regard to our newly acquired territories and responsibilities, the platform pledges performance of the promise of independence and self-government made to Cuba; and for Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, "the largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and our duties shall be secured to them by law." What more could honestly be said or promised on the subject at this time? If the plank can be found to contain a spark of imperialism, let Bryanism make the most of it.

In addition to these most important planks, voters will find in the Republican platform utterances which pledge the party to a continuance of liberal pension laws founded on the government's duty to provide for survivors and the widows and orphans of those who have fought the country's battles; a determination to maintain the civil service and extend it to new acquisitions, by employing so far as practicable their inhabitants; the provision of free homes on the public domain and the reclamation of arid lands; the con-

struction, ownership, and control of an isthmian canal by the government of the United States; the maintenance and opening of new foreign markets, especially in the Orient; and the reduction of taxation made necessary by the war.

The course of the administration is especially commended in all its acts relating to the annexation of Hawaii, the abandonment of a European alliance in the government of Samoa, the acquisition of the most important island and best harbor in the Samoan group, and its wise diplomatic treatment of international questions arising out of the war in South Africa, by which our dignity is maintained while allowing free scope to divided sentiments of our people.

On the whole, the platform is a wise, consistent, conservative document, and one which will commend itself to the confidence and support of the American people, because they know from experience that its policies will be carried out with benefit to the country and its promises fulfilled.

If the point raised by Messrs. Anderson & Anderson, a firm of attorneys located in Los Angeles, is valid, a stupid legislative blunder is likely to cost the people of this State thousands of dollars. The point raised is that there is now no law on the statute books providing for the submission and adoption of amendments to the State constitution. It is, of course, impossible to tell in advance how the courts will decide any question that may be brought before them, but certainly in the communication addressed to Governor Gage a strong *prima-facie* case is made out. There are nine important constitutional amendments that have been adopted by the legislature for submission to the people at the election to be held in November of this year. Among them is the amendment exempting local bonds from taxation—a measure that will materially affect the price to be received by this city for the bonds it is proposing to issue. Another proposes to change the entire system of appellate courts in this State, cutting down the number of justices of the supreme court from seven to five, and creating three district courts of appeal with three judges each. The purpose of this is to do away with the interminable delay that now attends litigation. Two other amendments propose to exempt property used for churches and the property of Stanford University from taxation. None of these amendments can be voted upon in November unless a special session of the legislature is called before that time to adopt a law providing for their submission.

The provision of the State constitution relating to amendments of that instrument reads as follows:

"Any amendment or amendments to this constitution may be proposed in the senate or assembly, and if two-thirds of all the members elected to each of the two houses shall vote in favor thereof, such proposed amendment or amendments shall be entered in their journals, with the yeas and nays taken thereon; and it shall be the duty of the legislature to submit such proposed amendment or amendments to the people in such manner, and at such time, and after such publication, as may be deemed expedient."

It will be noted that the legislature is required to enact a law covering three things—the necessary publication and the time and manner of submission. In 1883 a general law was passed covering these requirements, and under it amendments have been adopted heretofore. There was much justifiable complaint, however, over the expense involved in advertising, and last year the legislature enacted a law expressly repealing the act of 1883. The constitution expressly provides that every act of the legislature shall embrace but one subject, which subject shall be expressed in its title. But if any subject shall not be embraced in the title of the act, such act shall be void only as to so much thereof as shall not be expressed in its title. The act of 1899 is entitled "An act to repeal an act entitled 'An act to provide for the submission of proposed amendments to the constitution,'" etc. Therefore it has no force beyond this one expressed purpose.

Even were the entire act of 1899 valid, it seeks to prescribe the method of advertising constitutional amendments only, and does not prescribe the time and manner of their submission. The defect can be remedied in either one of two ways—the legislature can be convened in extra session between now and November to enact the necessary law, or the submission of the amendments can be postponed for two years, and then adopted under a law to be enacted at the coming session of the legislature in January. Either plan will involve a loss to the people of the State, for the delay in adopting the amendments will cost as much in the reduced price received for bonds and in the delays of litigation as the extra session would cost. But these are the only two courses that are open, and one of them must be followed. Should the people proceed with the election on the amendments in spite of the defect in the law, the most serious consequences would ensue. The judiciary and the revenue amendments would inevitably cause the utmost confusion. Litigants would not know what set of courts to go to with their cases; the decisions of the courts of appeal would lack authority, and titles to property would be rendered uncertain. Assessors would be compelled under the old law to assess church

property and that of the Stanford University, and tax-collectors would be compelled to collect the taxes. The situation is a most unfortunate one, but all that can be done is to make the best of it. It suggests, however, the necessity for the adoption of some system by which such errors may be avoided in the future. There is a popular prejudice against lawyers as law-makers, but those who are not lawyers usually make a bungling job of it.

After a number of weeks of discussion the board of supervisors has adopted an ordinance regulating the height of fences used for advertising purposes. As adopted, the ordinance does not go into effect until July 1st of next year, as it was feared that legal complications might arise through the inability of the bill-posting firms to carry out the contracts they have already entered into. This concession was, perhaps, a necessary one, and those to whom these disfigurements of the landscape have been a source of continual irritation will at least feel grateful that the city government is at length pledged to the policy of their removal. There is another phase of the matter, however, that might well receive the attention of the board of supervisors. When the question of raising revenue to carry on the war with Spain was under discussion, two years ago, the *New York Tribune* proposed that a part of that revenue should be raised by a tax imposed upon bill-boards. The suggestion was not acted upon at that time, but it is extremely pertinent at the present time in this city. The supervisors have been discussing ways and means for increasing the municipal revenues, and are considering among other things the imposition of a license tax upon bankers and brokers. Why should not the bill-posting firms be included also? They are to be allowed to maintain nuisances that are an outrage to public taste; it is simply justice that they should be called upon to pay for that privilege. According to the *Advertisers' Review* immense sums of money are expended for fence-advertising throughout the country each year. Owners of unimproved property are discouraged from making improvements because they receive a certain rental for the use of their fences without any corresponding outlay. This is a distinct detriment to the community that should not be encouraged.

The crusade against this unsightly fence-advertising is now being waged in all parts of the country. In New York there is a law prohibiting, under heavy penalties, the posting of advertising signs near parks and boulevards. That is a law that might wisely be adopted here. The approaches to Golden Gate Park are lined with massive and unattractive-looking advertising-boards. Sutro Heights and the vicinity of the Cliff House are plastered over with similar blots upon the landscape. Nor is it in the city alone that these abominations exist. The line of every railway leading from the city is disfigured by them. It is time that the people entered a protest against this abuse, and that the law makers adopted defensive measures against such disfigurement of the natural beauties of the landscape.

In this country, where the average road is only slightly better than the fields that it divides, we are accustomed to think enviously of the people of England and other parts of Europe where the roads have been solidly and scientifically constructed and endure for generations. Yet even in England there is a demand for highway improvements, and there, as in this country, it is the riders of bicycles and automobiles that are foremost in demanding the reform. At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts in London, a paper was read by the chairman of the metropolitan district association of the Cyclists' Touring Club, urging action on this subject. It is natural, as the London *Engineer* suggests, that the demand for highway improvement should come from this body, that uses the roads for pleasure rather than for business.

The inauguration of the movement in London recalls the fact that in this State the agitation is soundly sleeping, if it is not actually dead. Three or four years ago there was a good-roads league here, with an active membership composed not only of wheelmen but of those interested in driving as well. The Associated Cycling Clubs have always taken an interest in the matter, and at present that is the only organization that is trying to keep the movement alive. It is their purpose to take an active part in the political campaign this year, and to urge appropriate legislation. If this State is ever to have a good system of highways, it will be necessary to have State roads. It is not necessary or desirable that the State should own all of the roads, but it should own a certain amount of roadway in every county. Such roads would serve as object-lessons in the art of road construction, and would encourage the county authorities to improve their local highways. Every person who appreciates the value of good roads should give his hearty support to this movement, for it is only by united action that anything can be accomplished.

ROME'S NEW SAINTS.

Canonization at St. Peter's—The Wild Mob of Pilgrims—The Vatican Gardens—Advertising in Rome—The City Directory—The Fountain of Trevi.

Last night the façade of St. Peter's and Bernini's Colonnade were brilliantly illuminated. Rows of Venetian lanterns were placed along the lines of the vast heap of buildings, thus outlining them in fire. For hours the great basilica burned into the blackness of the night from across the Tiber.

The dome was not illuminated. So many years have passed since St. Peter's was illuminated that the daring steeple-jacks who used to climb the dome have either died or disappeared, and none could be found bold enough to take their places.

The illumination was in honor of the canonization of two new saints. One of these two saintly persons, before he was a saint, was a man—Jean Baptist de la Salle. The other was a woman, Rita da Cascia. Here are some brief notes about them. Ladies first. Rita was born in 1381. She was unhappily married, prayed God to release her—which He did—and as soon as she was a widow she became a nun. For forty-four years she was a shining example of convent life. Concerning her claims to sanctity I shall speak later.

Jean Baptist de la Salle was born in Rheims, France, in 1651. He became a priest at twenty years of age and took up the task of popular education. He was the founder of the "Christian Brothers' academies."

These are the two persons upon whom was conferred yesterday the title of saints. I had heard that in the old days the making of a saint was a trial at bar—a court proceeding—with advocates for and against the saint, the saint's opponent being termed the "advocatus diaboli." But if this be so, the legal proceedings in nineteen-hundred Rome were not public. Three "congregations" have been held to settle the claims of the two candidates to sainthood. The first was secret. In the second all the cardinals took part and voted for canonization. The third congregation was held before the Pope. At least two miracles must have been performed by the candidate for sainthood. If this be proved, the candidate is "beatified." This means that the saintly person enjoys in heaven eternal beatitude, but it is not canonization. New miracles must be performed to obtain that distinction. The miracles must continue after death. The body of Saint Rita, for example, did not decay, but "after death emitted a fragrant perfume." Sometimes the candidates wait long. La Salle has been promoted rapidly. He was beatified in 1838 and now he is canonized in 1900. Like the beatification, three consistories examine the claims for canonization. When the decision of the third has been approved by the Pope a solemn decree is issued for canonization.

The date set by this decree was the twenty-fourth of May. For weeks there has been an active competition for tickets of admission. It is not difficult to obtain tickets simply for the church. The Vatican is very leaky, and one can always buy tickets for the most solemn ceremonies for from two to ten francs.

Here is the form of admission ticket for the receptions to pilgrims which have been taking place in St. Peter's for many weeks. It will be observed that it is plainly stamped "gratis." None the less these tickets are for sale everywhere in Rome:

[Papal Arms.]

ANTICAMERA PONTIFICIA AL VATICANO.

Biglietto d'ammissione nella Basilica Vaticana per ricevere la Benedizione di Sua Santità nel giorno di ———, ———, 1900, alle ore 11½ ant.

Il Maestro di Camera di Sua Santità

O. CAGIANO DE AZEVEDO.

N. B.—1. Le Signore possibilmente in abito nero e velo in testa.
2. I Signori possibilmente in abito nero.

[Seal of the maestro di camera.]

L'Ingresso è dal Portone di bronzo Il biglietto è personale. GRATIS.

The rush at this ceremony was to get tickets for the reserved tribunes up near the high altar. These were not easy to obtain. The diplomatic corps, the Roman nobility, and visiting Roman Catholic aristocracy from other countries were first served. Some few lucky heretical foreigners succeeded in getting tickets through their embassies. The ceremonial was long, and so was the wait that preceded it. But it was certainly very unusual, and perhaps it was worth while.

As early as four in the morning, so I learned, the pilgrims began collecting on the great square in front of St. Peter's. Many thousands of them were fellow-countrymen of La Salle. Much later came the fortunate possessors of invitations to the tribunes. Later still came the carriages of the cardinals and other prelates and dignitaries of the pontifical court. By the time the late arrivals reached the square the pilgrims had poured into the church, the doors of which

were open at seven o'clock. But the great square was still packed with people. The tramway company carried over thirty-five thousand passengers to St. Peter's, and it is estimated that over thirty thousand more went on foot and in vehicles.

Although the Italian Government does not meddle much with St. Peter's, it got a hint from the Vatican that it would be agreeable if troops were sent to maintain order on the square. Therefore there was a large military force in attendance. A double cordon was drawn around the square, while within it and at the foot of the church steps were lines of carabinieri and civil guards to handle the enormous crowd. The troops were needed, for some of the pilgrims acted like maniacs in their senseless attempts to storm the great bronze doors. Even within the church they sadly needed control. A battalion of French and German priests—allied for the nonce—coveted a tribune devoted to ladies, and assaulted it with such impetuosity that the Papal guards forced them to retire with more rapidity than grace.

Many ladies, by the way, never succeeded in reaching the tribunes for which they had tickets. They became lost in the struggling masses of pilgrims, and some of them suffered from the rough usage of their brawny peasant neighbors. The female pilgrims seemed to resent their carrying portable seats, and every now and then a crash and a stifled scream showed that another camp-stool had gone down. Many ladies who entered carefully veiled and gowned came out total wrecks, with their gowns half-torn from their backs. In fact, after the first assault of the crowd upon the church, the square between the obelisk and the steps looked like a millinery battle-field. It was covered with gloves, sunshades, scarfs, veils, shoes, slippers, and other articles of wearing apparel; one even saw in the wreckage priests' caps or hats—for nearly all the pilgrim priests here wear low, round-topped, broad-brimmed hats, made, apparently, of the same material as men's high silk hats. I heard that some of the women were so badly mauled that they were scratched and bleeding, but I saw none in that condition.

A large number of women fainted in the crush, and were revived at extemporaneous pharmacies which Dr. Laponi, the Pope's physician, had established in the church. When asked in the morning if these life-saving stations were for the Pope, the doctor replied sardonically that "they were not for the Pope but for the pilgrims—they would need them more than His Holiness." None the less, Dr. Laponi hovered near the Pope throughout the ceremonies, and at one time administered to him a cordial, evidently much against the Pope's desire.

There was plenty of work for these emergency hospitals, for the number of bruised, contused, and fainting women was large. The most seriously injured was a French pilgrim, one Marie Lequerq, of Paris, who had lived over seventy years without accident and came to St. Peter's on a holy errand just in time to have a block of wood fall upon her from a lofty cornice and fracture her skull.

At another point in the crowd there was intense excitement, and the inanimate form of an aged man was carried away. They tried to revive him at one of the temporary hospitals, but the attempt was fruitless. I was curious to know what was the matter with him, so I looked in the evening papers and found that he was a Genoese pilgrim, one Bartholomew Picconi, and that the cause of his death was heart disease. It struck me that this would have been an excellent occasion to try the miracle-working powers of the new saints. Pilgrim Picconi came to his death in doing them honor.

The enormous church had been gayly, not to say gaudily, decorated for the ceremony. The great pilasters were covered with bands of gold-brocaded crimson damask. In the niches upon the inter-pilasters were placed immense stucco vases filled with artificial flowers. From each lateral arch of the nave hung enormous banners of red velvet with a rich border of gold lace, whereon were depicted some of the miracles attributed to the new saints. From the ceiling depended hundreds of crystal chandeliers. The pontifical throne was decorated with crimson velvet. On either side to right and left were the tribunes for the pontifical court, the diplomatic body, the Roman Catholic aristocracy, and the invited guests. The entire diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See were in full uniforms. The diplomats accredited to the Quirinal appeared in civilian's attire. In this tribune appeared also the order of the Knights of Malta, presided over by Count Cheschi, the grand master. Until I saw them I had supposed this mediæval order was extinct. In a post of honor in the pontifical tribune were the family of the Counts Pecci, to which family the Pope belongs. The French De la Salle family, with the duke at the head, descendants of the new saint, were also in this tribune. They were under the wing of M. Niscard, French ambassador to the Vatican. The "papal army" were all there. There were

halberdiers wearing the mediæval costume of red, yellow, and black, designed for them by Michael Angelo; there were the Noble Guard and the Palatine Guard, all in gala uniforms; there were also those officers of the Papal court known as the "Chamberlains of the Cloak and Sword," in their curious Carolingian costumes.

The procession was announced by distant music. First came the guard of honor, made up of the Swiss, Palatine, and Noble Guards; innumerable monastic orders, many of them bare-footed friars; the alumni of the religious seminaries; the Congregation; parishes of Rome; Augustinians, bearing the banner of Rita da Cascia; the confraternity of the Sacrament, with the banner of La Salle; numerous *monsignori*, and nearly four hundred archbishops and patriarchs, including Coptic and other Oriental prelates of Rome. Then came thirty-two cardinals of the Sacred College, and, following, Prince Marcantonio Colonna, carrying a candle to be given to the Pope. Later I observed that the Pope did not carry his caddle in his hand, but that it stood in a socket on the chair-arm, close to his hand.

The "March of the Silverai" was sounded on the silver trumpets, and the Pope appeared, seated on his gestatorial chair. The chair was surmounted by a rich baldachin, and was borne by twelve liveried lackeys. The Pope was received with waving of hats and handkerchiefs, but with no applause other than the hoarse murmuring which rose from sixty thousand throats. We had seen him on a previous occasion, when he received a pilgrimage, and then there had been loud and long applause, with shouts of "long live the Pope-King." But that was merely a "reception"—this was a religious ceremony, hence the absence of applause.

Leo the Thirteenth presents a most remarkable appearance. He is so old, so shriveled, so desiccated, that he looks as if a breath might blow him away. He is so colorless that his skin looks translucent. He is feeble, as was shown by his movements, but his small black eyes shot keen glances from under his white eyebrows in every direction. If his body is feeble his brain is evidently very much alive.

After the Pope had been seated upon his throne, a long and tiresome ceremony followed. It was concluded by the Pope reading the decree of sanctification. A trumpet sounded and the bells of St. Peter's began to ring. To this pre-arranged signal there responded the bells of all the churches in Rome—and there are four hundred of them.

Then came the pontifical mass. Owing to the Pope's weakness, Cardinal Oreglia was the celebrant. The mass was accompanied by music from the choir of the Capella Romana. Eight apparently male voices gave with fine effect "Hodie Christus Natus Est," supplemented by a choir of one hundred boys. I say "apparently male," because there has always been some little uncertainty about the sex—or shall I say condition?—of the Vatican choir.

At the end of the mass the Pope was presented with certain gifts, offered by the advocates of the new saints; among them were five enormous wax candles, a golden loaf, a silver loaf, two miniature barrels—one of wine and one of water—and a cage full of doves. This closed the ceremony, and the Pontiff withdrew to the Vatican.

During the ceremony one of the crystal chandeliers suspended from the ceiling began to creak ominously, and the people beneath it hastily scattered. In a moment the mass fell and was dashed into a thousand pieces on the floor below. I had been in St. Peter's a few days before, when the workmen were suspending these chandeliers. They were taking them out of piles of numbered boxes—for St. Peter's, like a theatre, has many "properties," and is decked in a different manner for its different ceremonials. Cords ran over pulleys fastened far up aloft, and with these the chandeliers were hoisted to their places. St. Peter's is so enormous that the eye there is continually deceived. The chubby cherubs at the holy-water font look to be the size of ordinary babies, yet they are nearly seven feet tall, and a man standing beside them looks like a dwarf. When the workmen were hoisting these chandeliers from the floor I noted with amazement that the masses of crystal were over eight feet high. Yet when hoisted to their places far up in the dim heights they looked about the size of a man's head.

The workmen in St. Peter's are called "Sanpietrini." They take their name from the basilica "San Pietro"—"Sanpietrino," plural "Sanpietrini." They have a set of lofty scaffolds mounted on rollers. These they move from place to place about the vast church. They are not unlike our fire department's "water-towers." Ladder after ladder runs up the scaffolding, and by its aid they reach places from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet above the floor. Other ingenious scaffoldings are used for work on the inside of the dome. Seen up there the "Sanpietrini" look like flies crawling on the ceiling. The top of the dome is about four hundred feet above the floor.

Other workmen were engaged in hanging enormous banners on the day in question. Two of these banners were devoted to the miracles worked by Rita da Cascia. On one of these she was represented in the act of restoring eyesight to Elisabetha Bergamini, who had been stricken with blindness. On the other banner she was depicted as instantaneously curing Coma Pellegrini of—but perhaps I had better leave Coma's maladies in the language in which they figured on the banner. I copied the inscription, and here it is:

COMA PELLEGRINI
CONVERSANENSIS ARTIFEX
GASTRO-ENTERITI CATARRHALI CHRONICA
HAEMORRHOIDALI AFFECTIONE
ET CHRONICA ITEM GRAVUE ANAEMIA
LABORANS APPARENTI SIBI IN SOMNIS
S. RITA
PRECE VOCATA PRISTINAE SANITATI ILLICO
RESTITUITUR

Above this inscription was a painting of Coma in bed, suffering from his complication of maladies, while Rita is coming down through the ceiling in a hurst of glory to cure him. It irresistibly suggested a patent-medicine advertise-

There are minor churches in Rome where all sorts of curious "ex-votos" are to be found at the shrines of miracle-working saints. There you will see models of the various diseased parts of the human body healed by these medicinal saints. Some of them are unpleasant to look at, and quite unfit for publication. But that any such extraordinary picture as that described, with its still more astounding story, could be painted upon a banner hung in St. Peter's, the centre of Roman Catholicism, to be gazed upon by scores of thousands, seems scarcely credible.

But there are many strange things in St. Peter's. Not the least strange is the bronze statue of St. Peter, decked out as it is at this season in a red silk robe with jewels. Still more strange is the sight of people kissing the foot of the bronze St. Peter. The toe has been fairly worn away by the impress of thousands of lips. I stood for some time and watched this extraordinary and revolting spectacle. Revolting mentally, revolting physically. Waiving the idea of kneeling to any one or anything but God, the physical side of this custom is inexpressibly repulsive and nauseating. Long lines of people filed by. Pilgrims of all ages, in all stages of dirt, decay, decrepitude, and disease. Old men and women pressed their puckered, shriveled lips and toothless gums upon the sacred foot. Fathers held up little children that they might kiss it. Dull-eyed peasant women, with babes hanging at their dugs, took the infants' lips from the maternal teat and pressed them upon the holy toe. Ladies and gentlemen, well-dressed and clean, approached, bowed, and kissed the nauseous foot as did their predecessors. Some of them appeared to be persons of refinement and intelligence. Yet, leaving all religious theories aside, how could they do this revolting thing? The human mouth and throat swarm with bacteria, malignant and benign. In the human mouth are found the germs of two of the most deadly diseases known to doctors, sarcoma and tuberculosis of the throat. Tuberculosis of the lungs sometimes plays with its victim long, as does a cat with a mouse; tuberculosis of the throat is always fatal, and death comes swift upon the first manifestation of the disease. Hosts of minor maladies find a favorable nidus for their disease germs in the human mouth and throat. The most sweeping is the influenza germ. And last, but not least, there is another disease, the most awful known to humanity, because it is living death. This horrible disease in its secondary and tertiary stages manifests itself by highly contagious lesions in the mouth and throat.

These facts are undisputed. They are certainly known to the authorities of the Church of Rome. Yet this criminal procedure takes place in the church of St. Peter's in the last year of the nineteenth century, or according to the Roman Church, the first of the twentieth century—the "holy year."

Looked at from a therapeutic rather than a theologic standpoint, it fills one with horror.

More interesting to me than visits to the Vatican are visits to the Vatican gardens. For a number of years the gardens have been closed to the public. The guide-books say nothing of them, the photographers have no views of them on sale. Therefore, when we learned that the Vatican gardens were to be temporarily thrown open to the pilgrims, we hastened thither, for we are pilgrims, too. We found to our delight that the other pilgrims apparently had not yet heard of it, for the gardens were practically deserted.

For an hour we wandered through them and met no man—or woman either, as Hamlet says—save two or three aged gardeners. For all things in the Vatican gardens, even the gardeners, seem to be old. The gardens are not many acres in extent, but they seem much larger than they really are. The walks and drives are laid out with much skill and are shut off by lofty box-wood hedges. It is possible, therefore, to wander for a long distance without retracing one's steps. The gardens are a quaint and pleasing mixture of primness and wildness. Immediately at the entrance you find some acres of flower-beds, laid out in the stiffest style of Italian landscape gardening. But leaving this in a winding walk which climbs a hill you are speedily lost in a forest of trees which shuts off the view completely. Here you might believe yourself far from a city, were it not that you distinctly hear the muffled roar of Rome. Under the dense shade of these ancient trees are old fountains, old statues, old arches, old columns—everything is moss-grown and old. Ferns grow luxuriantly in this dense and humid shade—delicate maiden's-hair as well as the more hardy brakes.

The hillside climbed, we came out of the shade and into the sun. On the sunny side of the hill there is a small vineyard, a small orchard, a small poultry-yard, a small deer-park, and a small ostrich-pen. Here there are several pavilions, or summer-houses, which the Pope at times occupies, and from which magnificent views may be had of Rome and the Campagna.

At this point one of the venerable gardeners approached us, and with much impressiveness led us to a summer-house and showed us a peep-hole through which we could see the very chair in which the Holy Father had sat. Price, twenty cents. But the gardener was an amusing old soul, and seeing a chance of another tip, he escorted us around the "ranch"—for the mixture of orchard, vineyard, and poultry-yard inevitably suggested that term. Here we encountered two tourist priests, who, seeing that the gardener was acting as *cicerone*, immediately followed and listened to his prattle. For half an hour they stuck to us, disappearing only when the time came to settle, when they swiftly vanished. They were dark-browed, dark-complexioned fellows, and uttered no sound as they stalked behind us, with their black skirts flapping around their sturdy legs. I wondered whether they could be Italians. The dialogue between the gardener and myself was of a nature to make Ariosto weep and Tasso grieve. I am not strong in Italian; I can make myself understood in it, but I speak English much better. If those priests were Italian, I shudder when I think of that dia-

logue. But if they were Italian, and could listen to it with gravity, I greatly admire their self-control.

The old gardener parted with us with regret after having sold us some cuttings from plants. His regret was over not asking for more. He was a nice old man, but a trifle mercenary. Most of the Vatican servants are.

When we left the old gardener we started to return by what we thought to be the same route, but it led us into an entirely different part of the grounds. Here we climbed a hill which was the highest in the gardens. I think that we must have been on the top of Mons Vaticanus. At our feet lay the vast pile of buildings which together are called the Vatican. Apparently on a level with us was the great dome of St. Peter's. Around the railing at the top we could see the minute figures of tourists looking from the dome at the Vaticano bill. From there we descended the hill and made our way back toward the gateway. We passed the building called "Casino del Papa," where the Popes used to dwell during the heats of summer. It is a handsome building, covered with the self-laudatory inscriptions of the various Popes who have adorned it. Not only in the Vatican gardens but all over Rome you see magniloquent inscriptions setting forth the astounding virtues of the various Popes who repaired bridges, or restored façades—"Most munificent Prince, Pius"—"Most virtuous Prince, Clement"—"Most learned Prince, Sixtus." If the Popes have had a hesitating sin it is not modesty.

As we were making our way toward the exit we met another tourist priest—an old Italian who had apparently lost his way. He asked us about it, and we set him right. He was unmistakably a tourist, for he had a guide-book, and pointing to a tower told me it was the Borgia Tower. He meant well, but the gardener had already told us it was the Leonine Tower. He was completely lost.

Fancy two pilgrims from Western America telling an Italian priest how to find his way about the gardens of the Vatican!

A fruitless search for a certain photographer in the Roman directory was my first introduction to that remarkable publication. In Rome it is called the "Indicatore." If it indicates anything it is hard to tell what, for even the natives seem unable to cope with the intricacies of the "Indicatore." After failing to find the desired place myself I tried several of them, and they all were forced to give it up. As a directory is supposed to direct, this all-round failure so excited my curiosity that I gave the volume a cursory inspection.

It is not arranged like the plain, common, ordinary city directories of our untitled republic. It begins with the Roman "conscripti"—the modern analogues of the ancient conscript fathers—in short, the princely families of modern Rome, the Colonnas, Dorias, Borgheses, etc. But they fill only a short half-page. Next come the "Roman patricians," which means apparently titled persons not princes, for most of this batch are counts, dukes, etc. This fills two and a half pages. It is followed by "noble families residing in Rome," which does not mean foreign noblemen, but the Sicilian, Sardinian, Piedmontese, and Venetian nobility. Apparently the old Roman contempt for non-Roman Italians still exists. This category also fills two and a half pages. After this comes "leading families residing in Rome." Most of the gentlemen in this list bear the honorary title either of "Cavaliere" or of "Commendatore." This fills three pages. Next comes "professionals," in which are included lawyers, physicians, architects, etc., filling forty pages. And last of all comes the division headed "industry and commerce," in which figure the half-million who make up the population of Rome—the ordinary persons of whom we in the United States are entirely made up. There are seventy-five millions of us, and we have no princes, patricians, or noble families, and yet we are doing pretty well, thank you!

Stop—I had forgotten that some of our girls have married into the "hupper suckles" abroad, so that at least a few of us might be in the first pages of the Roman directory.

I did not succeed in finding how associations, clubs, and corporations are classed in this curious volume. A corporation in the United States has been defined as "an artificial person, with no soul to be saved and no body to be kicked." In Rome, apparently, it has not even a name to be recorded.

One of the odd features of the Roman newspapers is the small number of advertisements. They publish very few, and these are nearly all advertisements of patent medicines. From the number and variety of these remedies one would imagine that half the population of Italy have weak lungs and the other half weak stomachs. Jesting aside, it is a fact that the Italians are extremely prone to dosing themselves. The scant display of advertisements in the newspapers accounts for the extraordinary display of posters upon the dead walls. In foreign cities I am in the habit of reading newspaper advertisements. They shed much light on the manners, customs, and often on the morals of the natives. In Rome this source of information is denied me. I am forced from the newspapers to study the hoardings. It is not so convenient as looking at newspaper advertisements, but it is certainly as instructive.

Upon the walls of Rome one finds many of the kind of announcements found in American newspapers, and many not found there. There are, of course, the staple posters found in every city—theatre-bills, variety-shows, and amusements generally. These present no interesting features. The daring posters of Paris have no prototypes in Rome. The school of "artistic posters" founded by Chéret in Paris has found no disciples here. The theatre-bills are utterly without interest—as for that matter are the theatres. In proof of this, let me mention that the operatic prima donna here in Rome to-day is Gemma Bellincioni, a painstaking but mediocre artist who would rank fourth-rate in Paris,

London or New York. But modern Italy is not strong in music or in art.

Next to the theatre-posters are the official notices of the municipality, all of them headed "S. P. Q. R." These municipal notices, as well as government proclamations, are printed on white paper, which, in Italy as in France, is reserved to the state. Many of the government proclamations are notices of conscription. The young men subject to duty in the various military districts are thus notified: "Every Italian in the first military district of Rome, who was twenty-one years of age on March 1, 1900, who has not served in the army, and whose name begins with any letter between A and M, will report at —."

There are many posters announcing auction and other sales of furniture, tapestries, libraries, paintings, antiquities, "objects of art," and *bric-à-brac* generally. At home we always find these in the newspapers. Here it is a little annoying not to find them there. You remember to have seen, for example, a poster announcing that "the library of the late Marquis Angelelli is for sale at —," at this moment your cab turns a corner and the poster vanishes. You make a mental note of the sale and determine to find out where and when the late Angelelli's bibliographical treasures are to be sold. Vain thought! Fruitless quest! At the hotel, some hours later, you search the morning papers, the evening papers, all the papers. No result. The papers know not Angelelli. For them Angelelli *fuit*. And for you, too, apparently.

But you are persevering. You think you can find the Angelelli poster. You connect it vaguely with a red-headed beggar. A red-headed Italian beggar seems odd to you, but there are such. You charter a cab. You tell the cabman that you think you saw a red-headed beggar pretending to sell pencils on the Via Quattro-Fontane, around the corner of the Via Venti Settembre, where it runs down a hill. This position is chosen so that the red-headed beggar can easily pursue carriages with his pencils. You tell him that somewhere along the heggar's heat there is a poster you wish to find. The cabman looks at you as if you were mad. But as the Roman populace believe that the Americans and English are all crazy anyway, he shrugs his shoulders and drives off. You find the street of the Four Fountains; you find the hill; you find the red-headed beggar; you find the poster. But, alas! it only goes as far as "the library of the late Marquis Angelelli is for sale at —." The where and the when have vanished again. A Roman bill-sticker has covered the Angelelli bill with a lovely chromo-lithograph, headed "Rome and the Sea," representing a very pink lady, very lightly clad, about to take a dip in the briny, followed by an urgent appeal to Romans to buy shares of stock in a new railway company and bathing corporation at Civita Vecchia. Fancy floating a stock-company in America by gaudy posters on the walls! After much travail and some days' disappointment, you accidentally discover another Angelelli poster, and find that the Angelelli sale has been going on daily for a week, that it contained gems priceless to a book-lover, and that it was finished the day before yesterday.

The late Angelelli really was a marquis, but I have doubts as to the nobility of all the noble advertisers on these walls. There seem to be no sales by plain commoners. For example, there is a sale of "the furniture and objects of art of a noble Sicilian family." Yet even in the gaudy rhetoric of the auctioneer the noble Sicilian family's truck sounds to me very much like that of a fairly well-to-do American family. All the sales advertised upon the walls are of "noble Neapolitan families," "noble Piedmontese families," and "distinguished foreign families." I notice no distinguished Roman families among them. Probably in Sicily and Piedmont the auctioneers conduct sales for "noble Roman families." This remark does not hold good, however, concerning the sales of dead men's gear. In that case the posters speak out frankly as in the case of Angelelli. Sometimes they leave out the name. A new poster now reads: "Sale of the library of a distinguished prelate of the court of His Holiness." But every one knows who is meant.

The amateur amusements seem to be more attractive than the theatrical entertainments. A poster gives particulars concerning an "equestrian mediæval tournament" to take place in Rome in a few days. This document is long and couched in the stilted and high-flown language of the time. It is very cleverly written—much better than the bald newspaper paragraphs concerning the same event. It sets forth that there will be a tournament on such a day; that it will take place outside the Porto del Popolo; that the director of the tournament will be Prince Felice Borghese; that most of the cavaliers will be Roman knights; that the field of the tournament will be gay with the banners of the various knights; that the knights will wear armor of the fourteenth century; that the combats will be with sword and lance; that each knight will make the round of the amphitheatre saluting the lady whom he wishes to hail as queen of love and beauty; that any lady so saluted may give to the knight a token, such as a glove or flower, which he will wear as a favor in his casque; that the lady before whose champion all other knights go down will be crowned queen of the tournament. Then follows a list of the knights already entered for the tournament, among whom we recognize such familiar names as Rolando of Roncesvalles, Edoardo the Black Prince, and Ricardo of the Lion Heart.

Left over from Labor Day, the first of May, the walls of Rome are still placarded with a large bill setting forth the demands of the associated workmen; among them these:

"Eight hours of labor! A minimum wage sufficient for the needs of life! Hygienic work-shops! Abolition of night labor! Abolition of child labor! Equal pay for equal work for man and woman. A weekly holiday of thirty-six hours."

In most Latin countries you see little card-board sheets of note-paper size affixed to walls and lamp-posts announcing deaths. In our country you still find them in New Orleans. Here in Rome they are replaced by posters. A large and staring placard, about three feet by four, says:

"After a long and painful illness Edoardo Giovanilli has ceased to live. His exquisite gifts of heart and mind (*fisquilli doti dei mente e*

di cuore) made it a high privilege to possess his acquaintance. His loss is irreparable. His funeral will take place from the Street of the Sow, No. 96."

We are used to seeing eulogies of dead gentlemen upon tombstones, but it seems odd to read eulogies of dead gentlemen upon dead-walls.

Talking of funereal posters, one sees in Rome a placard from the municipality prescribing the maximum charges for funerals of the first, second, third, etc., grades. There must be in Rome, as in the United States, a coffin trust. I heg the American undertakers' pardon—I should say a "casket" trust. In polite undertaking circles there is a difference between a coffin and a casket.

An enterprising undertaking firm has placed its posters beside those of the municipality, and says:

"The Raveggi Company, Via Palermo, No. 47, is the only private establishment possessing all the various styles of hearse, unique and pleasing funeral cars at a variety of prices. A large discount will be made to those taking a whole funeral. Telephone 443."

What is a "partial" funeral? Something with "maimèd rites"?

The "summer resorts" and watering-places also advertise on dead walls. Merely to show their price, I note the poster of Oliveto, a well-known Italian resort, which advertises its opening on the first of June. It has famous mineral springs, hotel with electric lights, elevators, postal and telegraphic bureaus. It advertises a long list of physicians, and it winds up with its prices, which, given in American money, are: "Rooms, from 40 to 60 cents a day; breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, including wine twice daily, 90 cents a day; 20 per cent. reduction to military officers, physicians, and their wives and families."

These are among many odd advertisements which appear upon the dead-walls. Not odd intrinsically, but because they are of the kind usually found in newspapers. For example, you see staring posters announcing "hand-some rewards" for the return of lost dogs, lost opera-glasses, lost fans, jewelry, and all sorts of trinkets. The somnambulist, Anna d'Amico advertises her magnetic cabinet, in which she sits and gives answers to "persons who are unhappy in love, persons who are troubled in business, and persons about undertaking journeys," at the moderate fee of five lire. Peeping into the future at a dollar a peep seems cheap. Then there is a noble family who are willing to let a portion of their noble apartment in the Via Montegordano for two hundred and fifty lire a month. "An advocate, twenty-five years of age, earning four hundred lire a month, wishes to marry an honest and good girl with a dowry." This ingenious attorney signs himself "Simplex," and gives his address. The maiden with a dowry who could be wooed through a large poster on a dead-wall would be almost as simple as Simplex himself.

An advertisement of a similar nature is that of a "gentleman thirty-nine years of age, noble, unwed, sympathetic, rich, affectionate, desires a companion, affectionate, serious, and rich. Useless to write without these requisites. The utmost secrecy and reserve. Write to Arturo Fiorelli, general delivery, Rome."

Fiorelli means "little flower." Arturo is aptly named. Arturo is a daisy.

These thumb-nail notes—which do not pretend to be letters—discuss trivial things perhaps, but preferably unusual things. From the well-trodden paths paved with red-hound guide-books I have turned aside. If I have gone to galleries and museums, the damning fact can not be proved from these pages. I have always secretly admired the courage of people who in this day and generation can write and talk about Roman ruins. But I have no desire to emulate them. So I have written about trifles—odd trifles. I would like to continue writing about oddities—about the many interesting things that have struck me in this most interesting city in the world.

One might write of the men sluicing dirt in the Forum, just as they do in the placer-mines in California. But the California miners are in search of gold, while the Forum miners are in quest of antiquities, gems, bronzes, buckles, seals, intaglios, weapons, bits of armor, and other *bric-à-brac* of the ancient Romans.

One might write of the little ten-year-old boys in swallow-tail coats, tall hats, and white chokers whom you meet walking in files of two, led by priests.

One might write of the fish-wheels revolving in the Tiber. I have told of the salmon wheels of the Columbia to Eastern Americans and have had my "fish story" received with incredulous laughter. Yet here at Ponte Molle I see the Oregon fish-wheel revolving in the muddy Tiber, which flows by one of the most ancient cities in the world.

One might write of the remarkable incongruities in Rome. For example, the Circus Maximus of Ancient Rome has been utilized as a site for the gas-works of Modern Rome. A "fornix" in the ruined Palace of the Cæsars has been used as a little drinking-shop, and over the arch you see the sign "Birra Gozzosa, due soldi." Says the poet: "Great Cæsar dead and turned to clay might stop a hole to keep the wind away." In this case, for further indignity, his ruined palace serves as a sign-board for "steam beer, two cents."

One might write of the extraordinary mediocrity of the pictures in oils, pastels, and water-colors that one sees in the Roman shops, done by modern Roman artists. Did I say artists? There are none. Whistler once became offended at the Society of British Artists to which he belonged. At a meeting of the society he arose and, in a caustic speech, offered his resignation, which was accepted. He then suggested that from the name "Society of the British Artists" the society should strike the word "artists," thus changing its name to "Society of the British," as there had been only one artist in it, to-wit, Whistler, and now he was gone. There is a society here called the "Society of Roman Artists." I think they should change their name on the lines of Whistler's suggestion. All the Roman artists are dead.

One might write of the functions of the royal carabinieri in Rome, and wonder what they are for. An irate commander during our Civil War, who did not believe in cavalry, once declared that he would offer a reward of a thousand dollars for a dead soldier in cavalry boots. If the Roman royal carabinieri ever do anything but look pretty, I can not conceive what it is. One evening on the Pincian Hill, at six o'clock, when the park was crowded with people listening to the music, a melancholy young woman standing near a royal carabiniere flung herself over the parapet, and was dashed to death on the stone pavement below. The royal carabiniere never moved—did not even look over. He called a civil guard, and had him go down and gather the girl up. The royal carabinieri of Rome are magnificent. But it is difficult to tell what they are for.

One might write of the remarkable dialect spoken in Rome between the Italian shop-keepers and the English and American tourists. I do not know what it is. I think that both parties to the dialogues believe it to be French. This question and answer I heard in a shop only yesterday. A pink-cheeked English girl, after a violent wrestle with the Gallic tongue, in which it was heavily thrown, said to the shop-keeper: "Est-ce ker vous comprong?"

And the black-browed shop-keeper smiled and said, in his fluent Gallo-Roman: "Si, madamasella, je compris par-r-r-fatta-manta."

One might write of the countless fountains which spout and splash in Rome. From dawn till dusk and from dusk till dawn—from the great Pauline fountain, with its torrents of water, to the little trickle of the little turtle fountain in its little square—night and day these living waters splash and play. When a Roman rain-storm is coming down in sheets, the fountains playing in the torrential rain seem to a Californian like a wicked waste of water. He always wants to run and turn it off.

But one might write endlessly of Roman fountains and one might write forever of Rome. So let us stop with the Fountain of Trevi, most beautiful fountain in a city of beautiful fountains. Around it are ever grouped loungers, heggars, porters, and tourists. To it clings the old superstition that one who would return to Rome must, on the eve of his departure, cast a coin into the fountain's basin and offer up a wish for his return. So on the brink of the basin we stood, thinking regretfully of our departure from the wonderful city, where we had spent so many delightful days. Each of us brought a copper coin hearing the impress of our Uncle Samuel rather than the features of King Humbert. Casting the coin from our own dear country into the magic waters—whose charm is said to lure travelers back to this other country which men from all lands seem to love—we made our invocation, sighed our regrets, and bade farewell to Rome.

JEROME A. HART.

ROME, May, 1900.

Minneapolis newspapers announce that the Belgian hare craze, which seems to have taken so firm a hold in that part of the country, promises to result in a row that will involve the whole North-West. In fact, the status of the hare is likely to become a matter of congressional deliberation, for the farmers are organizing and sending out petitions to the congressmen representing Iowa and Minnesota. The petitions cite that Belgian hares are really rabbits, and that aside from their qualities of superior breeding they are identical in habits and fecundity, of doubtful value as a food product, and an undoubted menace to the agricultural interests of any country in which they are introduced. During the past few months hundreds of these hares have been imported into Minnesota from the Pacific Coast, and several Belgian hare farms have been established. The proprietors of these farms assert that the hares are as legitimate an item of industry as are sheep or any other farm stock, and they are organizing to fight the opponents of the hare. They point out that there are hundreds of thousands of these hares in California, but that no reports of damage to crops are ever received from that State. The hare industry is on the increase in Minnesota, and the apprehensiveness of the agricultural population increases correspondingly. The *Argonaut* called attention months ago to the danger to be apprehended from the hare craze. In this connection it is suggested it may be well to secure information of those responsible for the first importations, should suits for damages ever be instituted.

Professor Goldwin Smith, in a recent issue of the *Toronto Sun*, makes the following comment on recent expressions of English self-esteem:

"Scarcely less fantastic than the dream of reproducing the Roman Empire is that of a joint domination of Great Britain and the United States over the globe, based on the imperial qualities of Anglo-Saxon blood. How much of the blood, even of the blood of the people in the mother country, is really Anglo-Saxon? The Highlands of Scotland, three-quarters of Ireland, almost the whole of Wales, and the west of England are Celtic. The north-east of England and the Scottish Isles are Scandinavian. There have been infusions of Flemings, of French Protestants, and of Jews. Even of the original population of the United States a part was not Anglo-Saxon, but Dutch, Swedish, or scattering. But during the last sixty years there has been a continual torrent of alien immigration; and the general fact is that the higher races, being restrained by fear of poverty and social pride, multiply less freely than the lower races, which are free from those restraints. We have in Canada over a million of French, and we are pumping into the North-West by our immigration agencies a population as alien as possible to Anglo-Saxon pedigree and ideas. The population of Australia is also mixed; that of the Cape Colony is still more so, to say nothing of the blacks in the West Indies. To all these heterogeneous elements England has given her language, her literature, and much of her law and institutions. This is a fact of which every Englishman is justly proud; but it is not a sufficient basis for lording it over a subject world."

Some fifty-five hundred Germans, Poles, and Swiss left their own countries last month to settle in England, remarks the *London Express*. Against this incursion of aliens, which shows a considerable increase on last year's record, must be set the emigration of seventeen thousand British to the United States. More than half of these came from Ireland.

A HAUNTED HAMLET.

The Extraordinary Experience of a Strolling English Player.

I was the leading man. We had been "barn-storming" through the provinces for some months, and the season was drawing to a close. So, too, was the time for a certain note I had drawn when the season began. Not having money enough to purchase my stage dresses, I had borrowed from a London Shylock, telling him that as leading man my salary was princely. My bill was already overdue, when, by some unlucky chance, my sharp creditor heard of the smallness of my salary. He wrote fiercely to demand the amount of the bill I had given him, or threatened immediate proceedings. I put him off as well as I could, hoping for something to turn up that might enable me to satisfy his demands.

Three nights before we closed, my benefit was to come off. I had put up "Hamlet" and "The Road to Ruin." My announcing the former of these much annoyed the manager, who had not sufficient confidence in my experience to trust me with the Danish prince, but he at last gave way. Perhaps his compliance was the more easily obtained through the influence of his daughter Amy, who was to play Ophelia. In the early part of the season we had contracted an alliance, both offensive and defensive, but also amatory, and with connubial eventualities. The slightest hindrance to the eventualities was the extreme smallness of my salary and the utter nothingness of Amy's. Her father put her down at a high figure in the treasury books, but scrupulously drew the money himself.

Well, every bill-board bore the announcement in bills half a yard in length: "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, by Mr. Arthur Stanley; Ophelia, by Miss Amy St. John; for rest of characters see small bills." Things went well. Every seat in the boxes was let, and the tickets for pit and gallery had gone off so well that less than the average amount taken at the doors would overflow the house.

The old church clock tolling the important hour of six warned me to hurry from my lodgings to that temple of fame in which I fondly hoped I had secured a niche for myself. As I walked along I began to taste the pleasure of celebrity. Shopmen nudged each other as I passed. A couple of young ladies, whose profession appeared to be "millinery," looked at me from under their bonnets, and then repeated my name in a whisper loud enough for me to hear half a dozen yards from them.

"This is indeed renown," I muttered; "what matters it that my salary is small, when my fame is becoming so great?"

As I said the words, I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and turned, with the glow of exultation still suffusing my cheek.

"Mr. Arthur Stanley, I believe, sir," said the accoster.

"That is my name," I replied, trying to hurry on.

"Excuse me, sir, then," returned the man, "but you must come with me. At the suit of Moses Cohen, for twenty-five pun ten, and costs."

He handed me a small slip of paper—I dare say you can guess its contents—and took me by the arm.

"This is most unfortunate," I said; "had it been but one night later I should not have minded."

"Case of 'hook it,' I suppose," said the man.

"On the contrary, I should have been able to have discharged the amount. I suppose you couldn't put off the arrest till after business this evening?"

"Not on any account," replied my captor, and I saw that he quite meant what he said.

This, then, was the end of my ambitious aspirations. Instead of the glare of the footlights and the plaudits of an audience, I was to have the darkness and stillness of a jail! I folded my arms in despair, and defied my fate.

"Let us go," I said, "for to-night was appointed for my benefit; but no matter. 'Denmark's a prison—a goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons!' Lead on." As I turned to accompany the bailiff's man, a messenger from the theatre accosted me.

"Oh, Mr. Stanley," the man said, "I am sent to tell you that we've no ghost; Figgins has just come in awfully drunk."

I was about to answer him, when my captor interrupted me, asking me if I had put up "Hamlet." Upon my replying in the affirmative, he said he thought he could help me. He had been a member of an amateur theatrical club, and the ghost of Hamlet's father had been one of his most successful attempts. If I liked he would sustain the part on this occasion, and, thus keeping his eye upon me, would postpone my arrest until after the performance. I saw that vanity instigated the offer, but as drowning men clutch at straws, I accepted the proposal, and hurried off to the theatre with all speed, accompanied by my obliging Nemesis. In the difficulty the manager consented to my supposed friend's offer, and, a few hints sufficing to take the place of rehearsal, half an hour before the curtain was to rise saw the bailiff's man donning the armor of the inebriated Figgins.

Up went the curtain, to a house crowded to the ceiling. The tragedy commenced with every promise of success, my reception was most flattering, and the applause which greeted my points almost made me forget the presence of my custodian, who watched me with ever-vigilant eyes from the wing. I was naturally apprehensive of the manner in which the ghost would be rendered, but the interview with my father's shade was as satisfactory as it would have been had Figgins himself embodied the spirit, although it must be admitted that spirits were peculiarly in his line.

As the words "Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me," were uttered, generous applause rewarded the exertions of the stage-struck bailiff. With a sigh of relief, I was about to apostrophize heaven, earth, and the other place, when, turning, I saw my father's spirit still upon the stage.

"Leave the stage," I whispered, supposing that my friend had forgotten his exit.

To my horror the ghost replied, with an oath, not loud but deep, that he would see me d—d first. It was in vain

that I reiterated my directions; the ghost would not give up. And feeling that the situation was critical, I went on with my part, and strove with extra vehemence to carry the audience with me, so that they might overlook the presence of the implacable shade. Either the audience were not at home with the text, or looked upon the ghost's remaining as a new reading, for they gave no sign of disapproval. When Horatio and Marcellus came on, however, their wonder almost brought on the catastrophe, but I urged them to go on, and the act drew to a conclusion, with the novelty of the ghost speaking his injunction over my left shoulder.

The drop down, I showered expostulations on my persecuting father's head, but he turned a deaf ear to them all.

"I'll tell you what it is, guv'nor," he said, "I ain't wishing to be at all annoyin' or ungentlemanly to you, but I had to arrest a gent in your profession once, and obliged him by waiting until the performance was over, when blowed if he wasn't shabby enough to get taken down a trap at the end, and bolt. I thought of that while I was on the stage just now with you, and if I leave you again, my mother was a Frenchman." Without going into the question of his parentage, I promised to surrender myself at the end of the evening, but it was to no purpose, he was obstinate. In the absence of the manager, who had been luckily called away, I confessed my dilemma to the prompter, and he, influenced by good feeling, and the promise of a present on the morrow, consented to allow the tragedy to go on, in spite of my being perpetually haunted.

In a few minutes the tale was in every dressing-room, and the company choking with laughter; but as it was not an affair of theirs, they did not offer any objection to the constant interpolation of my father's accursed spirit. Polonius's interview was shadowed by his presence, and although the ancient chamberlain took his leave, the substitute of Figgins remained a fixture. Plagued by Rosencranz and Guildenstern, I was still more bored by the abominable shade who intruded upon my interview with Ophelia, listened to the scolding I gave the queen, and looked on while I stabbed Polonius.

I felt like a man who on the steps of the gallows receives a reprieve. Alas! my bead was not out of the noose yet. As I was standing at the wing, in readiness for my entrance for the fifth act, I noticed the manager looking on from the other side. I shuddered. I knew his violence and tyranny, and I trembled at his rage should he stay there to witness the ghost's unusual presence. I spoke to the bailiff's man; I implored him to leave me for the rest of the tragedy; I promised him money, anything he should demand, but it was in vain. My anxiety to be away from him only confirmed him in his suspicions that I wanted to use the opportunity to escape.

Despair made me desperate. I called a scene-shifter, and while I pointed to one of the fly-pieces, as if it was of that I was speaking, I whispered words of very different import in his ear. The man nodded and hurried away, while I, to keep up appearances, again begged the ghost to remain invisible—of course without making any impression upon his obstinate nature. In a minute the scene-shifter returned. "It's all right, sir," he said. "It will be arranged directly." A glance thanked him.

"If you still persist in being at my elbow," I said to my ghost, "I must trouble you to shift your quarters, as I enter at the back of the scene."

He accompanied me as requested, followed by the scene-shifter, and as we stopped I heard the cue given for my entrance. I turned to my ally, who stamped sharply on the stage, and a knock underneath replying to his signal, he seized the ghost, as the trap upon which they stood opened, and in a moment they were both hidden from my sight. The bailiff's man knew enough of stage mechanism not to venture upon a struggle while descending a trap, and although he gave me a parting look of reproach and anger, he knew that he was unable to oppose his fate.

Thus relieved in mind, I hurried on for the grave scene with a lightened spirit, and everything went well accordingly. My quips with the grave-digger, my Yorick speech, "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay," all brought a torrent of applause, and when I leaped into the grave the whole house was enthusiastic.

I had just said to Laertes, "I prithee take thy fingers from my throat," when I felt other hands, beside those of Ophelia's brother, assailing me. I knew too well who grappled me; and assured that the time for expostulation was gone, I prepared for a short struggle to get rid of the ghost, at any rate for that scene. At the same moment I heard the deep tones of the manager, but in the confusion I could not understand what he said. I had not long to wait, however, before I saw the execution of his orders.

The first grave-digger, advancing from the back of the scene, seized the ghost by the arms, and giving him a preparatory swing, slung him on his shoulders and walked off the stage with him. The violence of the motion had loosened the fastenings of the helmet, and the final jerk shook it from the bailiff's head, displaying a vast quantity of unkempt carrotty hair. The house was in a roar, and when, amid the din, the angry ghost was heard threatening in language far from Shakespearean, and certainly not polite, the audience seemed a congregation of lunatics. I jumped from the grave, but soon such a storm of laughter hailed me, that, with one look of terror at the audience, I rushed off the stage, as I heard the manager's indignant orders for the prompter to "ring down."

I did not dare ask the manager to renew for next season. I knew it would be hopeless. I lost no time in writing for engagements elsewhere, but I met with constant rebuffs. One manager declined negotiation, "as he did not keep a bailiff's man in the theatre." Matters at last became serious; the funds remaining from my benefit were gone. A vacancy for a clown occurred. I replied as Signor Antonio, obtained the engagement, and six months after I had played "Hamlet" for my benefit I went on as a clown in a pantomime. "To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"

INDIVIDUALITIES.

A son of Li Hung Chang is to enter the Harvard Law School in the fall.

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, who landed the United States marines at Peking, was appointed to the Naval Academy on September 21, 1897.

Sir Robert Peel, Bart., is again in the English police courts, this time on a charge of libeling his brother-in-law, Mr. Von der Heydt, whom he described as "a scoundrel, a low German blackguard, a black-mailer, a thief, and a low hound."

The Rev. Dr. Edgar J. Levy, one of the most widely known Baptist clergymen in this country, who made the prayer for divine guidance of the delegates at the National Convention of the Republican party at Philadelphia on June 19th, is the same man who invoked blessings when the first national convention of the party was held in that city on June 19, 1856.

In conversation the other day with a Russian newspaper representative, Emile Zola said that, so far as he was concerned, the Dreyfus case was finished. He worked for the officer's liberation, and that was obtained. At the same time the novelist said that he and his friends were still at the disposal of the liberated man if he wanted their help, but they did not see the necessity of the reestablishment of his innocence—that is to say, his rehabilitation.

The Infanta Eulalia of Spain has obtained a judicial separation in Paris from her husband, Prince Antonio of Orleans, Duke of Galliera, after eighteen years of varied matrimonial experiences. She will be remembered as the Spanish bit of royalty that "honored" the World's Fair with personal presence. For some time past her home has been either in England or France. With the political life of Spain she has had very little to do since her own chances of ascending the throne disappeared.

Of the \$166,700 prize money which the court of claims has awarded to our naval forces which were engaged in the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Santiago, Rear-Admiral Sampson is to receive \$8,355 and Rear-Admiral Schley about \$3,000. The residue will be apportioned among the remaining officers and enlisted men on the *New York*, *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *Texas*, *Gloucester*, *Vixen*, *Hist*, *Ericsson*, *Harvard*, *Resolute*, and the *Fern*. Besides finding that Rear-Admiral Sampson was in command of the fleet and Schley commanding officer of a division or squadron thereof, on duty under orders of his superior officer, the court of claims declares that the *New York* was among the vessels engaged.

The Ascot race meeting ended in a blaze of triumph for the American jockeys. The total value of the seventeen events secured by the five American jockeys during the week is \$119,700, while the thirteen races landed by the English jockeys were worth only \$65,400. Tod Sloan had eighteen mounts and won six. He was second in four, third in four, and unplaced in four. His most important victory was the capture of the Gold Cup, which he easily brought off on a hundred-to-seven chance, the veteran Merman, for Mrs. Langtry, defeating the French crack, Perth II., by many lengths, by which the French sports lost \$300,000 to the English bookmakers. L. Reiff made the second best record among the American jockeys, with four wins and three thirds, being unplaced in eight events.

The various Italian political parties are trying to attract prominent men to their sides now that the general elections are coming on. The great actor, Ermete Novelli, when approached on the subject seemed to find the idea highly humorous. "I am neither a genius nor an idiot," he said, "therefore I understand that one can not be both a politician and an actor. The latter I am, of a sort, so the former I can not be. Pray do not let me hear any more of the matter." Mascagni, the composer, has taken the proposition much more seriously, and seems to think that a musician may well become a politician, and, in fact, that there is a special place and work for him in parliament. "When I enter the house," he exclaimed, in his usual enthusiastic way, "I shall join hands with Gabriele d'Annunzio and others, and we shall form the group of the Intellectuals, and make ourselves felt and heard."

Many records of different kinds have been broken of late, but it will take a long time, indeed, to break the one that has just been made by the Bavarian gentleman, Mr. Alois Frankenberg (remarks the *New York Sun*). His case came up the other day in the assizes court of Gratz, Austria, in which the testimony against him, the truth of which was admitted by himself, footed up a total of one hundred and twenty cases of breaches of promises to marry. Young girls, old maids, widows, brunettes and blondes, fat and lean, long and short, all figured in his gigantic dossier. And yet his mode of procedure was simple enough. After he had spent a fortune of one hundred thousand marks, leading a wild life in different countries, he returned to Gratz penniless. His last resource lay in his good looks and winning ways. He put an advertisement in several papers inviting ladies desiring to marry "a gentleman of fortune" to put themselves in communication with him. And they did. His *bonnes fortunes* were phenomenal, even though his "fortune" was fictitious. In a short time he had sweethearts galore, and, to buy furniture for nice flats in their *châteaux en Espagne*, he obtained money from them. That is what brought him into trouble. After sparking all that was profitably sparkable in Gratz, he abandoned his beloved ones in that town, and set up in business as a matrimonial merchant in Munich, where his success was still more extraordinary. Then he returned to Gratz, where he was denounced, arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for two years and six months with hard labor.

MEMORIES OF STEPHEN CRANE.

A Novel and Drama which He Had Planned—Some Anecdotes of the Cuban War—His Fearlessness of Death and Recklessness of His Health.

There is something pathetic in the death of a young writer who has given a certain degree of promise but is not allowed opportunity for fulfillment. Such a one was Stephen Crane, who died at Badenweiler on June 5th, aged thirty years. His "Red Badge of Courage" brought him international fame, which he was unable to sustain. There were some, like Howells and Hamlin Garland, who predicted a brilliant future for him, while others saw in his genius only fitful flashings without a permanent life. Toward the last he himself frequently made light of his early style, in which he placed too much dependence upon adjectives of color, and in some of the "Whillmore Stories" which have recently appeared, we find him trying for that finish and nicer use of language which his critics had said he lacked.

Had Crane lived, he would have given to the world an historical novel dealing with life in New Jersey before and during the Revolution:

"This fact came to light soon after his death, when a short note written by him to the New Jersey Historical Society was unearthed. The society's rooms are in Newark, and the note reads as follows:

"To the Secretary of the New Jersey Historical Society—DEAR SIR: I am about to attempt a novel upon Revolutionary times in the Province of New Jersey, and I would be very glad if you could tell me the titles of some of the books on the manners and customs of the times in the province. I am particularly interested in Elizabethtown, and I would be much obliged and gratified if you could give me the title of a good history of that city. Faithfully yours,

"STEPHEN CRANE."

"The Crane family, from which the young man sprang, was about as thoroughly a Jersey family as can be found anywhere in the State. His father and mother were both buried in Elizabeth, and many of his ancestors lived there. Elizabeth is a picturesque enough city in spots even to this day to have readily excited the imagination of Stephen Crane, who from his earliest childhood had heard of the deeds of his ancestors in one portion of the State or another. The above letter was written on August 26, 1899, from Brede, in Sussex, England, when the author was supposed to be recovering from a severe attack of malaria brought on by exposure during the campaign in Cuba. It is not probable that he got much further than to purchase the books whose name Miss Henrietta Palmer, librarian of the New Jersey Historical Society, was able to furnish him with."

In the spring of 1896, when Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" was being very widely read and the veterans of the Civil War were hating that the author was a veteran like themselves, a man in Newark wrote Stephen Crane at his residence, at that time 165 West Twenty-Third Street, New York City, asking to be informed concerning his ancestry. The following reply was promptly received:

"DEAR SIR: I was born in Newark on the first of November, 1871. The house was No. 14 Mulberry Place. I understand the neighborhood is rather tough now, so that I am not too stringent on that point, although it makes no particular difference. My father was the Rev. J. T. Crane, D. D., presiding elder of the Newark district. The family moved from there to Bound Brook. My great-great-grandfather was one of the seven men who solemnly founded Newark. He was Jasper Crane. His farm came into the south-west corner of Market and Broad Streets. His son, Stephen Crane, M. C., moved to Elizabeth, where my grandfather and my father were born. During the Revolution the Cranes were pretty poor people. The old man Stephen served in the Continental Congress (for New Jersey), while all four sons were in the army. William Crane was colonel of the Sixth Regiment of New Jersey Infantry. The Essex Militia also contained one of the sons.

"I am not much on this sort of thing or I could write more, but at any rate the family is founded deep in Jersey soil (since the birth of Newark), and I am about as much of a Jerseyman as you can find."

"Sincerely yours, STEPHEN CRANE."

Another of Crane's fondest ambitions was to write a successful play, says a writer in the New York Sun:

"As far as is known this play has never been written, but the gist of its plot was thoroughly well established in his brain, as he used to prove to some of his fellow-correspondents in Cuba. No matter how extraordinary existing conditions might be—a storm might be turning his dispatch boat endways, Morro Castle and the American ships might be blazing away at each other like good fellows, or, as happened several times with the marines at Guantanamo, the bullets of the enemy might be whistling over him thick and fast—still Crane would always find time to discuss some new situation which had just crept into his brain. An exquisite bit of landscape or some quaint expression uttered by one of the deck-hands would arouse Crane as all the shooting in art never could."

A Boston correspondent of the New York Mail and Express, who spent some time with Crane in Cuba, first met him under extraordinary circumstances. He writes:

"I had landed, on the twenty-second of June, 1898, on the more than half-destroyed wharf at Daiquiri, Cuba, one of the first of the journalists with Shafter's expedition to go ashore. Hundreds of American soldiers were being literally dashed upon that crazy wharf like human breakers; black Cubans were bending over and dragging them up by the collars and belts. They filed ashore in a single line, with heads erect and wondering eyes, making the little Cubans look by contrast like a drove of brown rabbits. A boyish-looking American, with a small blonde mustache, stood on the shore saturating himself with this spectacle. By his side was a correspondent whom I knew, who introduced me to him. The boyish-looking man was Stephen Crane. I shook his hand, and looked into a very mild pair of light-colored eyes, which were nevertheless saying unutterable things, and the grip of his hand thanked me for understanding these things. Then an extraordinary roar burst forth—a roar of steam whistles, of soldier-shouts, of acclaiming guns. Everybody pointed aloft to where, high above the little town, on the near and overhanging mountain-top, the Stars and Stripes had been broken out above the Spanish blockhouse. Crane and I did not shout—the shouts were stopped by lumps in our throats."

They wandered about, and by and by Stephen Crane asked him if he had any grub:

"I happened to have in my pockets some odds and ends of food that I had gathered up in the galley of the press-boat which had brought me off the transport, and we ate it together. While we were eating, Stephen Crane swore quite fluently and unnecessarily about a number of things, and talked roughly. It struck me that he was putting this on—that the gentle and tender manner was the real thing about him, and this a mask which he deemed it necessary to wear. I had known men before who did much the same thing. I rather pitied him for the profligacy, as you pity a white negro minstrel for his burnt cork. We kept together for the rest of the day and evening, and then sought a Cuban shanty for the night. By this time I had found the gentle Stephen Crane again; I was the older man; he had a hammock, and I had shared my pocketful of food with him; I must sleep in the hammock, which he had slung on the little veranda, while he lay on the hard floor. I refused, and he gently insisted. Finally he found a cot in the house to lie on, and I slept in the hammock, under the moon and the tropic stars, in a better place, waking often and listening to the roar of the Caribbean waves, the faint sounds of the songs of the Cubans chanting their country's deliverance by these strange

Goths of the north, the low, muted commands of the officers still moving men ashore down on the crazy wharf—and the grunting of the pig under the veranda. After that I saw Stephen Crane often, always with that beautiful and effeminate smile on his face, that wholly spiritual and poetic expression of countenance which his bad teeth could not spoil, and oftener than otherwise with strange military oaths on his lips. There was still another queer inconsistency about him. One recognized him instantly as a thoroughly American product, yet he had already, I think through his sojourn abroad during and after his trip to Greece, acquired something of a London accent, in which he generally spoke. But such affections as these did not set any one against him. We all felt that the real fellow was genuine."

Crane never thought of danger. Death to him was nothing more than the next breath, or the next breakfast, or the next sleep. This was not affected; it was a distinct quality in the fellow. Says one of his Washington friends in the New York Evening Post:

"He was mixed more or less intimately with the Cuban war from the start to finish. He knew José Martí, had been with Maceo, Gomez, Garcia, Rabi, and the others. The whole thing to him was never anything more than a 'big story.' He knew it just as a police head-quarters reporter knows all about a big case, with its star criminals, its essential witnesses, its lost clues, its great lawyers, its involved legal points, its ruined reputations, its death scenes, and its human miseries. Into this mass he was picking and picking for copy. As the editor would define it, he was looking for 'things of human interest.' So far as I could note, courage was the only thing he admired. If he cared anything for the Cuban cause he never showed it, but he had a boundless admiration for the men who did the real fighting. The only time I ever saw him really enthusiastic was when he was trying to prove to a café crowd that the filibusters who landed on the enemy's shore had the greatest kind of courage. Crane had seen all kinds of fighting. It had a fascination for him. Danger was his disipation, as carousals or gambling might be for another."

"A strong man could not help feeling sorry for Crane," continues the writer:

"He seemed on the verge of collapse for lack of physical force. His arms were thin as those of one who had been ill a long time. In a dim light his face was handsome, to the point of being beautiful, but in the full light it had an anæmic and distressed look. His habits were atrocious. He did nothing regularly. He ate and slept when he could no longer do without these necessities of life. He would remain in the streets and in the cafés until his companions were tired out. In Havana he lived with a former filibustering associate in a pair of rooms not far from the down-town hotels, to which he would go in the hope of finding some stragglers when other places were closed to him. If he did, he would sit and listen to their tales until they were exhausted. Then he would go to work. When I saw him, he was writing about six hundred words a day. This was the only thing he did with regularity. He wrote somewhat slowly, and was almost whimsical in his choice of words. He would spend a long time in trying to find out what suited him; and, since he had no books of reference, his search for the right word or the necessary information consisted in chewing his pencil and waiting until the inspiration came to him. When his six hundred words were written he would rouse some of his straggling guests, or possibly go to bed. To take care of his health never occurred to him. He had the Cuban fashion of taking light drinks and coffee, but he did not indulge to excess in alcohol, which was remarkable at a time and place of excessive drinking. This was two years ago, and his health then was wretched, although not hopeless, had he cared to mend his ways. But he simply refused to think about himself."

If it had not been for the self-denial of Stephen Crane, Edward Marshall, the correspondent who was wounded at Guasimas, would not be alive to-day. Crane has never received one-half the credit that was due to him in that matter, declares a war-correspondent who spent much time with him in Cuba:

"Crane, Harding, Davis, Klein, Laine, and Marshall were among the very few correspondents who were actually in the Guasimas fight. When Marshall went down with a bullet through his spine, the other correspondents rushed to him for a moment, and then went on with the Rough Riders. But Crane did more. He stayed beside him until the field doctors had examined Marshall and found that nothing but a speedy operation could save his life. After that he walked back five miles alone into Siboney, found there other correspondents, and begged them to come and carry Marshall in. By that time Crane, who was never a very strong man, was thoroughly played out. Nevertheless, being the one person who knew exactly where Marshall lay, he insisted on making the trip over the hills again. During that walk out to Marshall's rescue Crane showed himself in quite a new light. His description of what he had seen of the fight was simplicity. 'Before we had been ten minutes out from Siboney, those damned wood doves began to call all over the place,' said Crane. 'You remember how they used to call down at Guantanamo just before the shooting began. Well, I knew what it meant all right, and it brought my heart up in my mouth. I told Roosevelt about it, but he only laughed, and when I spoke to some of the soldiers about they looked on me as an alarmist. Well, the calls kept up for twenty or thirty minutes, and then suddenly the dagoes opened fire. I saw poor Ham Fish bowled over, and then I heard Marshall calling for help. I couldn't get to him for about ten minutes, and then everybody but the doctors had gone on.'"

There were occasions, however, when Crane's unselfishness was not so manifest. There were times when he frankly confessed he would have committed any crime in the Decalogue for the sake of a bottle of beer:

"Just after the surrender of Santiago, Jack Mumford and another correspondent set sail from Siboney on the yacht *Anita* with orders to catch up with General Miles, who had already started for Puerto Rico. Mumford was first out of the yellow fever hospital, and among the many treasures which the *Anita* boasted, none was more treasured than six bottles of Milwaukee beer. Both men had agreed that this beer should not be touched until Miles had been sighted. On the third day out the *Anita* sighted a small tugboat, and after each boat had clearly demonstrated to the other that it was not a Spanish man-of-war in disguise, some airy persiflage was indulged in through the megaphone.

"The first question from the tugboat was, 'Say, have you fellows got any beer?' Both correspondents sprang to their feet simultaneously, exclaiming: 'That's Crane.' Then, as loud as the megaphone could make it, they shrieked: 'Not a drop!' But Crane's thirst was not to be put off so easily. In ten minutes he was alongside in a tugboat. 'You fellows carry me to St. Thomas, if you like. I'm sick of the tugboat. It isn't congenial.' Once on board, Crane announced that he was tired, and went below. An hour later his hosts found him slumbering peacefully, with the six empty bottles beside his trunk. Later on, when apologies might have been expected to be in order, Crane remarked briefly: 'Beer isn't good for you fellows, anyway. It would only make you fat.'"

But the most characteristically Crane incident of the war took place in the trenches at Guantanamo on the first afternoon of the marines:

"Dr. Gibbs (who was killed a few hours later in the engagement), Crane, and three other correspondents who had just arrived as the battle began, were lying flat on their stomachs on the brow of the hill. The bullets were flying about pretty thick, when one of the men who had known Crane in New York said: 'I say, Crane, how does this compare with your 'Red Badge of Courage'?' 'Oh, hell,' said Crane, 'this isn't half as exciting.'"

Had he lived, Crane was to have undertaken a commission for the *Morning Post* to the famous island of St. Helena, where General Cronje and many Boer prisoners are temporarily confined.

THE ROOSEVELT WAVE.

How the Nomination of New York's Governor for Vice-President Came—Reception of the News—Influence in State Politics.

Governor Roosevelt's inclination was not proof against assaults from all sides. Had he believed that his nomination was the work of any manager or clique of politicians there is little doubt that he would have declined the honor and accepted the consequences. But the demands that he take the second place on the ticket came from East and West, from North and South, and the man who has never evaded a duty, public or private, could not refuse them. In my letter written just before the State convention of April 17th, the attitude of the party organization here was described, and Senator Platt's desires outlined. What has occurred since that time has been in line with the wishes of the controlling local element, but it has not been of their bringing about.

To New York must be given the distinction of furnishing Roosevelt's name, but other States claim equal honor, and their claims do not rest on what they consider the accident of residence. Pennsylvania was first to endorse him in delegate caucus; Kansas was the first State to declare that it would nominate him regardless of any representations that might be made, and command him to accept; Kentucky wishes to be regarded as the leader of the States loyal to him because a Kentucky orator in the convention, presenting a gavel to the chairman, first declared that the ticket would be McKinley and Roosevelt; Iowa withdrew Doliver to make way for the people's choice, and made the nomination unanimous; Massachusetts retired a favorite son for the same purpose and rejoiced in the speedy culmination of the gathering force; and even Missouri has a place in this list, because the original Roosevelt man is from Kansas City, and is known to have predicted at the New York State Republican Convention at Saratoga, two years ago, that the nominee for governor there would be the next Vice-President of the United States.

Some astute politicians professed an assurance that Governor Roosevelt would not be named, but there was one enthusiast in particular who not only refused to accept their views, but acted on his opposing conclusion. This individual was "Bim, the hutton man." The day after the Battle of San Juan Hill this keen-eyed speculator got out a hutton showing a picture of the lieutenant-colonel of the Rough Riders in uniform, with the inscription "For Governor." They sold by thousands, and "Bim" believes they brought about the Cuban hero's nomination. This week he went to Philadelphia with ten thousand huttons inscribed "McKinley and Roosevelt," and waited confidently for the climax that justified his judgment. In passing, it may be said that no man who has pinned his faith to Theodore Roosevelt's steady advance on a straight line has ever been disappointed.

Various expressions of opinion concerning the effect of the wave that swept the governor into his present position are found in the daily papers of the city, but on one point the editorial utterance is clear and practically unanimous. He will not only honor the ticket and the place, but his name and his efforts in the campaign will kindle enthusiasm everywhere. As much as may be regretted the fact that his nomination for the Vice-Presidency takes him out of State politics, where he was needed, it is certain that the strength he brings to the national ticket is more than an equivalent. There is no one disconsolate in New York, even though some may claim, in spite of the facts, that it is a Platt victory.

Governor Roosevelt returned from the convention city Thursday evening, went up to the Union League Club, and after that to his home at Oyster Bay. He received many congratulations, and was cheered whenever he was seen on the streets, but announced his determination to make no public appearance or statement here until after July 12th, when the formal notification of his nomination will have been received. This, however, will not affect the plans of the political leaders who have arranged for a grand ratification meeting at Carnegie Hall next Tuesday evening, when Senator Depew and Senator Foraker will speak.

The sacrifice that Governor Roosevelt has made is thoroughly understood, but one of its compensations is the freedom it promises him when he begins to speak at political meetings. The usual argument, that a candidate must not seem too eager for a place, does not apply in his case. He is already called for in a dozen States, and will accept the invitations. Where he goes he will put a life into the campaign that no other speaker could give it. His personal popularity is no uncertain factor, and he will present the issues of the hour from his own point of view in a way that will strengthen the measures and sentiments of the administration.

Speculation concerning Roosevelt's successor in the governor's chair is again to the front. Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff announces himself out of the race, and it seems most probable that Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., chairman of the State Republican Committee, will be given the nomination. There is little doubt that he is Senator Platt's choice. The work of the campaign will put a double burden upon Governor Roosevelt's shoulders, for there are matters of consequence to be looked after at Albany, but the rumors that he will resign his position to escape the necessary official duties are not well founded.

The first public reception which Governor Roosevelt will receive is due from thousands of his cowboy friends on July 4th, for he will be among them at the reunion and celebration in Oklahoma on that date. The cheers that rise around him then will stir a chorus that may be heard from one end of this great country to the other, and its refrain will echo and reëcho with swelling tones till they are swallowed up in the shouts of victory next November.

NEW YORK, June 22, 1900.

FLANEUR.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Making of an Australian Squire.

In his latest novel, "Bahes in the Bush," Rolf Boldrewood presents a succession of pleasing views of life in New South Wales. It is evident that they are drawn from knowledge, and their fidelity to nature as well as their artistic finish may be commended. The many novel interests discovered in a virgin country make his scenery and the impulses that stir his characters seem fresh and unspoiled, and even when the events are on familiar lines there is a strangeness about them that comes of new conditions. All is not rural quietude and peace in these untrodden fields. The passion of men for adventure, and gain, and conquest, rules in the Southern Continent as elsewhere, and the novelist suffers no lack of thrilling situations.

The story is of an English family, called suddenly to face a reverse of fortune, and induced by an old friend to accept the uncertainties of a new life across the ocean rather than remain and face the conditions that promise no relief. There is a retired military father, a gentle yet courageous mother, two sons, the elder just coming to man's estate, and three daughters of varying degrees of attractiveness. The voyage, the welcome arrival on the shore that is regarded as yet with little hope, and the settling down in the new home miles away from the coast town, are described briefly but with interest. Around "Warbrok Chase," the estate which Captain Effingham's friend had chosen as peculiarly suited to the needs of the new-comers, a multitude of attractions soon appear. Neighbors find the accession to society most agreeable, and rides of thirty miles or more to make a friendly call are not unusual. The resources of the community seem largely augmented, and the younger members of the family especially find a new zest in life.

Among the new friends gained by the Effinghams are some interesting figures, and the character-sketches that find a fitting place in this chronicle of family fortunes are worthy of the author's skill. Hubert Warleigh, of Warbrok, the last survivor of a family once wealthy and proud, who meets death more bravely than he had met the petty ills of life; Tom Glendinning, the dissolute old stock-rider, who sends money secretly to England to pay for the maintenance and education of his son, and who by chance discovers that son in a major of the queen's army, and attempts to deny the relationship that he may not humiliate the young officer; William Rockley, of Yass, the bluff, impetuous, but true-hearted squatter—these among the portraits will impress the reader particularly. But there are others even more pleasing—Christabel Rockley and Vera Fane, the Australian girls, whose beauty and spirit compare favorably with those of their English cousins, and the young men who serve to make up the gay parties at the races, in the hunts, and at balls and other festivities. The story is a long one, but it is never dull.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Playing for Millions.

The title of Francis H. Hardy's latest story, "To the Healing of the Sea," is hardly suggestive of the plot or the strongest thread of interest in it. It refers to the benefit that Carroll Livingston, a New York broker, receives from a voyage to Europe which a friend induces him to take when ruin stares him in the face, and possible disonor. The broker is intended to be the central figure, but he does not hold his place, even when he plans to do good on shipboard, and afterward leaps into the stormy sea to save a child from drowning. A "bear" movement in Wall Street catches him, just at the opening of the story. His heavy purchases of railroad bonds on a falling market sweep away the entire capital of his house, an old and honored one, and the last straw comes when two wealthy but unscrupulous customers repudiate their contracts and leave him to bear the loss. Bonds held in trust are hypothecated to hold up the tottering firm, but too late, and the market closes with his liabilities footing up a million or more, and no means of meeting them.

Just at this time an old friend, formerly the trusted broker of a great railroad manager, appears and takes charge of Livingston's affairs. He ships the hard-hit broker off to Europe, and begins to plan a grand coup to recover his lost fortune. He induces a government official to send out a false report of crop conditions, and a railroad president to assist his scheme with a rate war and a temporary loan of half a million, and the rest is easy. A panic ensues in Wall Street, two banks close their doors, and hundreds of brokers are ruined, but Blabon wins two or three millions, and the house of Livingston is saved. A telegram to the exiled broker conveys the good news, then the young lady who won the broker's heart on board the steamer accepts him, and his happiness seems assured.

This is sensational enough for any reader, yet in spite of the crudities in the story it contains good work. The descriptive portions are distinctly well done, and some of the situations are dramatic.

Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

In Central and South America.

Recent books, of comprehensive view and exact statement, concerning Central and South

America are not common, and the volume presented by William L. Scruggs, formerly in the diplomatic service of the United States, and entitled "The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics," will be welcomed. The author's knowledge of the countries described was obtained by personal observation, and he has shown himself well qualified to give a clear account of his travels and impressions. The book is illustrated with engravings and maps, and the index is complete.

Among the topics given separate chapters are "The Isthmus of Panama," "Panama Canal Projects," "The Old Spanish Main," "Valley of the Magdalena," "A Mule Ride in the Andes," "The Colombian Capital," "The Alta-Plain of Bogota," "The Race Problem," "Venezuelan Coast," "Caracas," and "The Monroe Doctrine."

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.50.

Outlines of English and American Literature.

A text-book presenting some new features in a study which has inspired many volumes, is Professor Charles F. Johnson's "Outline History of English and American Literature." The work is designed to cover a year's study, and although its biographical and historical notes are brief, the examples and illustrations are unusually complete. English literature is divided into ten periods, American literature into two, and of the five hundred and fifty pages nearly one-quarter are given to the latter topic. The selections and illustrations are unusually complete, especially in the examples from the poets. It is believed that the work will appeal to pupils and students, and its plan of arrangement makes it valuable for convenient reference. The index is complete.

Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Adventures in the moon will form the basis of H. G. Wells's new story, which will shortly begin as a serial in the *Strand*.

Paul Bourget has become a practicing Catholic, according to the *Tablet*, following the fashion set by MM. Brunetiere and Huysmans. It is, moreover, reported that M. Bourget is revising his books from a Christian point of view.

"The Banker and the Bear; or the Story of a Corner in Lard," by H. K. Webster, which was published a fortnight ago by the Macmillan Company, has just run into its second large edition.

Kipling has used his recent experiences in South Africa as the basis of a series of stories which he is about to publish. It is stated that these sketches will present, under the guise of fiction, phases of both the administration and the actual conduct of the war which Mr. Kipling felt he could not embody in letters which he sent home.

Charles Dana Gibson is coming out in the fall with a new book called "Americans," which will be uniform with "Mr. Pipp" and his previous volumes.

Metropolitan Antonius, of the Greek or orthodox church of Russia, is said to have dispatched to the clergy of that body, with its 75,000,000 adherents, a letter ordering them to refuse to Count Lyoff Tolstoy, alive or dead, the privileges and rights of an orthodox layman, unless before his death he shall repent, acknowledge the orthodox doctrine, and return to the church.

Josiah Flynt, the well-known explorer of tramp life, has collaborated with Alfred Hodder in the preparation of a book entitled "The Under World."

James Newton Baskett's novel, "As the Light Led," which was published only a week ago, has just gone into its third thousand. His publishers, the Macmillan Company, had an unusual success last year with his first book, "At You-All's House."

Paola Lombroso, who has just published a book on the "Problem of Happiness," is a daughter of Professor Lombroso, the criminal anthropologist. Miss Lombroso disagrees entirely with the views of her father.

Andrew Lang asserts that novels are almost if not altogether the only form of literature that is remunerative now; nevertheless, he thinks that a new Froude, Macaulay, or Tennyson would even now find readers.

Herbert Spencer has completed his autobiography, but it is not to be published until after his death. The New York *Tribune* thinks it is "probably not all serious and philosophical, for among the author's possessions is an excellent sense of humor, and he tells a good story and loves to hear one."

Hall Caine used to be credited with getting an immense amount of free advertising; but he has dropped out of sight lately, and Rudyard Kipling has taken his place (says the *Canadian Bookseller and Library Journal*). Mr. Kipling is said to have sold the serial rights of his new novel for the biggest price ever paid to an English writer of fiction—a sum said to be equal to the annual salary of a British cabinet minister. That will be most satisfactory to Mr. Kipling, but it might be well to remember that there is such a thing as paying too much for a good thing. Harper & Brothers paid Lew Wallace a large sum for "Ben Hur," which took so well that

they thought they could increase the sum for his next novel, "The Prince of India." The result was a great loss. Combined with other losses, it wrecked the old established house of Harper. Authors can easily see that "the publisher's lot is not a happy one."

Booker T. Washington's autobiography will appear serially in the *Outlook*, and will then be presented in book-form some time in the autumn.

Professor David Starr Jordan has written an introduction for "Familiar Fish; Their Habits and Capture," which is on the point of publication by D. Appleton & Co.

Paul Leicester Ford's new story, "Wanted, a Watchmaker," will not be published until the Christmas holidays. It is, in fact, a Christmas tale.

Mary E. Stickney, well known through her novels of Colorado mining and camp life, has just completed a new book for D. Appleton & Co., which will be called "Brown, of Lost River, the Romance of a Ranch."

Among the autograph manuscripts to be disposed of in the forthcoming sale of the Peel library are four pages from Dr. Johnson's memorandum-book, containing prayers, meditations, and resolutions: "My resolutions are: To conquer scruples. To read the Bible this year. To try and rise more early. To study divinity. To live methodically. To oppose idleness. To frequent divine worship."

Outing for July.

Among the interesting contributions to the July number of *Outing* are: "Man Hunting in Pound Gap," the first of a remarkable series of sketches of border life in Kentucky, founded on the actual experience of John Fox, Jr.; "Bicycle Highways of Ontario," by Robert Bruce; "A Wild Horse Drive," by Colonel John F. Hobbs; "Single-Hand Cruising," by W. P. Stephens; "The Strokes of Golf," an important symposium in three parts, including "Approaching," by Herbert Harriman, "Putting," by W. J. Travis, and "Driving," by C. B. Macdonald; "A Centre-Board Cup-Defender for 1900," by C. G. Davis; "The New 70-Footers," by W. E. Robinson; "Photography and Sportsmen," by W. E. Carlin; "Angling for Salmon," by Dean Sage; "Bygone International Athletic Meetings," by W. B. Curtis, affectionately called "Father Bill," because of his close identity with the first days of American track sport; "Strokes and Oarsmanship," by Chase Mellen; "The Lawrence Realization," by W. H. Rowe; and "In the Jungles of the Ghauts," by Herbert A. Hudson.

THE NEW SUMMER NOVELS.

A FRIEND OF CÆSAR

A Tale of the Fall of the Roman Republic.

By WM. STEARNS DAVIS.

Cloth, \$1.50.

A remarkably vivid story, which will go far to create for the classical student the atmosphere of the Age of Cæsar. But though in this respect it need fear comparison with no picture of classical times, the book will interest many more than students of the life of Rome. It has a vital interest that is very rare—the stirring scenes in the Senate, the escape on the bridge and the wild ride to Ravenna—every scene takes hold on the reader's interest with a mighty grip—and would if he had never heard of Rome or Cæsar.

THE BANKER AND THE BEAR

The Story of a Corner in Lard.

Cloth, \$1.50.

A Summer novel of great originality, a dramatic story of modern business life, showing the possibilities for romance of the every-day routine of the banker, broker, or the man of ordinary financial interests. The CHICAGO TRIBUNE calls attention to the extremely interesting sequence of events, and continues: "But after the glamour of the events has worn away, the real literary merit of the book will assert itself, and its author will be found to possess talents sure to win distinction. It deserves dramatization."

AS THE LIGHT LED

By JAMES NEWTON BASKETT

Author of "At You-All's House."

Cloth, \$1.50.

The most notable feature of the story is its reality—the truth to life of the characters when the story opens and as they develop, especially in their interaction upon each other—homely, straightforward studies of American farm life, touched with the poetry of Nature, says *The Outlook*, adding: "What Mr. Page has done for Virginia, Miss Murfree for Tennessee, Mr. Allen for Kentucky, Mr. Baskett is doing for Central Missouri."

"It has been a long while since the subtle charm of field and woodland has been so satisfactorily and adequately blended with the strength and weakness of human nature."—*North American*, Philadelphia.

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

THE REIGN OF LAW

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields.

Cloth, \$1.50.

"The story has not only the extraordinary beauty which gives Mr. Allen's work a place by itself in our literature; it has also great spiritual depth and unusual grasp of thought, touched throughout with that exquisite beauty which reminds the reader of Hawthorne, not because there is a trace of imitation or even of resemblance, but because one must go back to Hawthorne to find the same quality."—HAMILTON W. MABIE, in the current *Outlook*.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Married Woman's Romance.

When the reader has come to the last page of "Heart's Desire," the fascinating novel by Vanda Wathen-Bartlett, and pauses to take thought, he will turn back to the introduction of Beauvigne, and then to his later appearances in the story for some clue to the charm which captivated Vail Glannock, a married woman. He will learn that Beauvigne was tall, a good dancer, had a clear-cut, intellectual face, and was suspected of having brains, though their possession is little more than hinted. It does not seem possible that his power over the heroine of the story lay in his evident infatuation for her; she was accustomed to the spectacle of kneeling admirers. There was no good reason for his discreditable success, though he did succeed in becoming almost the dearest object in life to this sentimental woman, in persuading her to listen to his plea for an elopement, in taking from her lips kisses that were not willingly given. It is little satisfaction to know that the woman had strength enough to resist, and in the tender care of her husband allow time to dull her sorrow at the end of her dream.

Yet, for all her weakness, Vail Glannock is a winning figure. The novelist has made real her beauty, her grace, her wit, her tenderness. An orphan, reared by a wealthy grandmother, she marries in her youth an English gentleman who is neither bright nor stupid, neither repulsive nor charming. When he loses the greater part of his fortune and the young couple are obliged to retire to their country home and live on a narrow income, he does not grieve, because the uneventful life suits his nature. But his wife is a society butterfly, whose sunshine has been the admiration of all men and most women, and to her the change means a great deal. She is too independent and self-sufficient to look for distraction in the rather dull social circles of the county, and in her solitary walks and musings dreams of Beauvigne whom she had met just before leaving London, and while the pleasures of her careless existence there were brightening in the prospect of sudden loss.

There is little in the plot of the story beyond this outline. The husband falls ill and is nursed through a long and serious mental and physical prostration back to life by his wife. Then he sends her away to visit and recover her health, which has suffered through her devotion to him, and at the house of her cousin she meets Beauvigne again, who has joined the party only to see her. Their growing friendship is described with art, though it is the woman who holds the sympathy of the reader all the way, and not the man.

It is a clever book, but unmistakably feminine. There is much of sentiment and satire in its pages, and some situations that are as vivid and clear as words could make them. The fifth chapter, describing the beauties and fragrance of an English spring in the country is a thoroughly delightful piece of work. But there is a tinge of disappointment in the reader's appreciation when the book is laid down at last.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

Stories of Humorous Suggestion.

There are five sketches by Thomas A. Janvier in the volume entitled "The Passing of Thomas, and Other Stories," and there are smiles in all of them. But they are not extravagantly American, nor broad burlesques of human nature anywhere. They may not have happened just as they are set down, but they could have happened, and none will regret that they got into print.

The first describes the sorrow that came to a household through the enforced passing away of a pet cat, by the ether route, and the succeeding sorrows that attended the endeavors of Mrs. Harver to secure a quiet and appropriate resting-place in the country for the remains. The spectacle of a well-dressed, middle-aged lady, carrying a mysterious large basket, covered with a napkin, in the streets and in the street-cars, even when imagined and not seen, is sufficient to suggest the possibilities which the author has made the most of. The emotions of the hurglar, who had succeeded after much strategy and the display of no little courage in carrying away the draped receptacle, when he discovered the nature of his prize, are described tersely in the concluding paragraph.

The last story in the book, "Le Bon Oncle d'Amerique," relates the efforts of an American artist to impress his two friends in the Paris studio with the importance of his uncle, and the results secured by the French artists and their three models in the attempt to give the wealthy relative a fitting reception on his arrival. The presence of the aunt had something to do with the complete failure of the plan and the disgrace that fell upon the well-meaning Frenchmen.

C. D. Gibson and others have made some striking drawings for the volume, and all the illustrations are worthy of the stories which they accompany.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Essays by a Bird-Lover.

Charles A. Keeler has collected a number of his descriptive essays and presents them in a volume entitled "Bird Notes Afield." The papers were written for those who wish to have an introduction

to the familiar birds of California, and not for scientists, yet the last third of the volume is given up to an appendix which describes minutely and technically the various groups and their members, omitting only such visitants as come infrequently.

Visitors to the Pacific Coast remark the absence of birds in the forests, yet Mr. Keeler's essays prove that there are many varieties in the woods and on the plains, though many of them are seldom noticed. He writes with rare appreciation of his subject, and is precise as well as comprehensive in his statements. The immediate neighborhood of Berkeley has been the field of most of his studies, but he has found no lack of material there.

Published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"The Boarder of Argyle Place," by George Toile, is a mildly amusing story of New York life. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Martha Baker Dunn has written in "Memory Street" a pleasing story of American home life with a serious interest. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

The twelfth volume in the beautiful Shenandoah edition of Frank R. Stockton's novels and stories contains "The Girl at Cohhurst." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

"The Second Froggy Fairy Book," by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, is presented in an attractive form and dress, the popular demand making this new edition necessary. Its illustrations are numerous and pleasing. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"Georgie," by S. E. Kiser, is a book made up of the compositions of the bad boy of the family, most of which have appeared in the columns of a Chicago newspaper. They are still humorous, but they are somewhat overpowering when presented in mass. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Richard Marsh has attempted the task of describing the miracles and strange events that attended an imaginary return of Christ to earth. His book, "A Second Coming," is serious and not irreverent, and there is much to impress the reader in the scenes presented. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

A recent volume issued in the Citizen's Library Series is "The Economics of Distribution," by John A. Hohson. The book is made up of selections from the author's lectures in the London School of Economics and Political Science, and is a study of value. Professor Hohson is exact and clear in statement and apt in illustration. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

The twelve tales contained in "By the Marshes of Minas" are filled with the romance of Acadie, and told with the art which makes distinctive even the least of Professor C. G. D. Roberts's compositions. Each story stands out by itself, yet there is a subtle relationship beyond that of location. The volume will not be neglected by those who have known the author's charm in earlier works, and it deserves the notice of those who have that pleasure yet in store. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Literary men have the centre of the stage in a number of the dramas recently presented. Alfred Sutro has chosen one for the hero of "The Cave of Illusion," a play in four acts. This particularly ill-balanced creation of the playwright leaves his own wife and children to read his novels chapter by chapter to an inspiring creature who has the misfortune to be the unloved wife of another man. Two homes are disturbed and later deserted by these mutually deceived people, and the fourth act finds them in a villa in Provence, where the awakening comes. There are some good situations in the play, but as a whole it seems hardly fitted to win success, even in the hands of actors of ability. Mr. Sutro is somewhat Ibsenish in his methods, but finds it difficult to rise above the conventional. Published by Grant Richards, London; price, \$1.00.

James Lane Allen's New Novel.

Next week the Macmillan Company will bring out James Lane Allen's new novel, "The Reign of Law: A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields." Here is Mr. Allen's exposition of how he used hemp as a symbol of human life:

"A round year of the earth's changes enters into the creation of the hemp. All seasons are its servants; all contradictions and extremes of nature meet in its making. The vernal patience of the warming soil; the long, fierce arrows of the summer heat, the long, silvery arrows of the summer rain, autumn's dead skies and sobbing winds, winter's sternest, all-tightening frosts. Of none but strong virtues is it the sum. Sickness or infirmity it knows not. It will have a mother young and vigorous, or none; an old, or weak, or exhausted soil can not produce it. It will endure no roof of shade, hasking only in the eye of the fatherly sun, and demanding the whole sky for the wall of its nursery.

"Ah! type, too, of our life, which also is earth-

own, earth-rooted; which must struggle upward, he cut down, rotted and broken, ere the separation takes place between our dress and our worth—poor, perishable shard and immortal fibre. Oh, the mystery, the mystery of that growth, from the casting of the soul as a seed into the dark earth, until the time when, led through natural changes and cleansed of weakness, it is borne from the fields of its nativity for the long service."

BOOK AND HEART.

For many a year he grubbed among
The stalls where antique tomes lie piled,
And then alone when, for a song,
He bought some prize, he ever smiled;
Staring at titles oft his eyes
Slanted aloft with eager looks,
As if he stood in Paradise
'Neath trees of knowledge hung with books.

So long the reflex dull of calf,
Morocco, vellum, lit his face,
That it is leathern now by half,
And Time's deep tooling we can trace.
Volumes grew human in his care,
While he their form and semblance took,
Till men stood on the shelving there,
And in the arm-chair lolled a book.

But hooks and men will fray and fade,
As Care's rude finger turns the page,
Or, in some sunless chamber laid,
They warp and mildew into age;
The living leaves grow sore and wan,
The back knows many an ache and crook,
Till into Limbo's flung the man,
And to the grave is borne the hook.

Who knows,—yon pile of ragged leaves
May, when some critic finds it there,
Be gathered up like golden sheaves
And garbed in beauty past compare.
E'en so, if aught of worth he find
Between its margins broad and white,
Some heavenly Grolier yet may hind
The hookman's soul in covers bright!

—George Seibel in *the Critic*.

More Free Advertising for Marie Corelli.

There appears to be a great deal of discussion going on in London between the respective publishers of Marie Corelli's two new books, "Boy" and "The Master Christian." "Boy" was intended by Miss Corelli as a minor work—in fact, a sketch—but the publisher cleverly found means to make so much of Miss Corelli's sketch that it appears as a good solid-sized book. This, naturally, did not please Methuens, who are Miss Corelli's regular publishers, and who were about to publish her large work, "The Master Christian."

The New York *Herald's* London correspondent quotes the following comment of a well-known book-critic on the subject: "Is the literary man in the street following the quarrel between the lady novelist who declines to be noticed in the papers and one of her publishers? She makes public her complaint that 'Boy' is not the whole title of her new volume; that it is 'Boy: A Sketch.' In so many words she stigmatizes the story as a 'little 'un'—'little 'un,' say, beside 'The Master Christian,' from the same pen, which another publisher is printing. The first publisher retorts in his advertisement about 'Boy' that it is the longest and most important story published by the author for over four years. How many words does it contain? Ninety thousand. That is the great point in these days. Then we have the announcement of the other publisher in regard to the other novel that it will be the first long important novel which the writer who objects to being noticed in the papers has published for five years.

"You see there is a difference of a year in the time covered, but that fact does not help us to harmonize the two proclamations as to the 'Boy' story. Its publisher would probably argue that the words 'a sketch' are descriptive, so they need not be carried at the top of every page and into every advertisement. Another nice point, anyhow, is, 'Isn't there a second edition completing thirty-five thousand copies?' So the quarrel rolls on."

Miss Corelli herself says: "I have had no quarrel with any one on the subject. It must be the publishers who are discussing the matter. Certainly I am not. I contracted to write a sketch which is 'Boy.' I also contracted to write a big work for Methuens, that is 'The Master Christian.' I carried out both contracts, and wrote the two works in fifteen months."

As far as can be gathered, neither book has suffered harm in the war competition, which has gone so far as the publishing of rival advertisements by the two publishing firms concerned. Already "The Master Christian" has received a remarkable advance in subscriptions, while "Boy" has sold in a surprising way, so both publishers of the authoress are making nice sums and all ought to be very happy.

The original autograph manuscript of Gray's "Elegy" has just passed into the possession of Eton College. On two occasions it had been knocked down to the highest bidder at Sotheby's auction-rooms, London. At the dispersal of the Gray collection, in 1854, the "Elegy" went for six hundred and fifty dollars, which was regarded at that time as an abnormally high price; yet, in May, 1875, it was acquired at the same place by the late Sir William Fraser for thirteen hundred dollars, and he generously bequeathed it to Eton College.

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The General Laws of Health: Physical beauty dependent on their observance—The spendthrift tendency as to health—Imprudence in exercise—City-bred and country-bred—The secret of enjoyable life.

The Source of Beauty in the Fair Sex—Causes chiefly concerned in producing the relative beauty of the fair sex—Men choose the less-favored—Women the sedulous care of enlightened nations—Beauty-producing prevalence of romantic love—The influence of sexual selection.

The Regulative Law of Life and Growth—Evolution—Comparison of theories—History of the discussion.

The Evolution of the American Girl—Dressing for adornment—Dressing of American women—Of foreign women—Modifying fashions to suit forms—Beauty of American women compared with French—Fifty years of fashion—From simplicity to luxury—The Countess of Jersey on improvement in hygienic practices—The female form—Its proportions—Points of elegance—Beauty of the bosom—Warning against quacks—Tight shoes and gloves—Tight-lacing—Blonde and brunette types—The grace of Spanish women—Conditions tending to make American women the handsomest type of the world.

Nature's Evidence of the Law of Life and growth—The relation between species—Effects of sexual selection upon animals—The courting of birds—Rare case of the female courting the male—Nature's relinquishment of unused organs.

Man's Physical Place in Nature—Educated man and the savage—Likeness to the anthropoid apes—Types of brain conformation.

Food for Health and Beauty—Tastes of nations—Acquirement of taste—Plain cooking—English and French cooking—The palate and digestion—Pleasures of the table contributory to health and beauty.

Clothing in its Relation to Health—Protective, healthful, and agreeable aspects of clothing—The uses of linen—Of wool and cotton—Silk underwear—The climate and the almanac.

Ventilation—Cool Air and Pure Air Distinguished—Natural and mechanical ventilation contrasted—How to ventilate for sick and well—Night air—The cellar air—House-tops as resorts.

The Circulation and Digestion—Respiration of the lungs and skin—The higher modes of circulation.

Cosmetic Treatment and Articles—Elegant preparations for the toilet—Recipes for cologne, handoline, jelly of roses, Japanese potpourri—Recipes for dandruff, hair-dyes, face-powders, hair-tonic, toilet vinegar, and pomades—Five recipes for Florida water—Four for brilliantine.

Medicated Soaps—A List of Twenty-nine varieties—Purposes for which they are used.

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The members of the Henry Miller organization have already established themselves as favorites with San Francisco theatre-goers, hence they are not obliged to storm a fort which has already surrendered; otherwise, I should have thought it a managerial error to hold the heavy guns in reserve and begin the charge with so light a fire as "Miss Hobbs" turns out to be. It is not a play that requires actors of marked talent and metropolitan experience, and if we had not already discovered that Margaret Anglin, in spite of her youth, is an actress of unusual ability, if we had not been familiar for a period dating back many years with Henry Miller's carefully studied and at times striking work, if we had not seen Frank Worthing render with much happier effect more sentimental and congenial rôles, we might possibly have felt a slight chill after our first dip into the pleasures promised us in the Miller season.

Miss Hobbs herself is a kind of new woman bugaboo who scares every one around her into a blue funk except the hardy hero. This doughty individual, as rendered by Henry Miller, is a man with a constant, good-natured smile in unusual juxtaposition with marked talents for disciplining refractory femininity. He has a strong distaste for new women in the abstract, but seems to like them mightily in the concrete; perhaps because they offer such an excellent field for the exercise of his disciplinary powers. At all events, he brings them heavily to bear on the man-hating and mandistruing Miss Hobbs, and after he has succeeded in breaking her will into little hits, he finds that he has her heart among the pieces.

This is a discovery that the new woman herself is constantly making, with a sensation of naïve surprise. She thinks, dear little simpleton—for they are innocent creatures, these young new women—that the nineteenth-century girl is different in matters of the heart from her progenitor of one, three, or five hundred years ago. She plans to fill her life happily and completely with business or professional occupations, and ignore the affections. And suddenly, out of a clear sky, drops the one masterful, loving man for her. At his bidding, the feminine lawyer meekly throws up her brief, the fair surgeon puts aside her instruments, the saint-like preacher steps down from her pulpit, and the conquered new woman joins, without a backward look, that happy multitude whose guide is

"Old, and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always, Love, immortal and young, in the endless procession of lovers."

Margaret Anglin was, of course, the stiff-necked heroine, and, as she is a sparkling and versatile actress, one would have thought that she would succeed in investing the character with a good deal of piquancy and charm. That she was below her usual standard in this respect is entirely the fault of the playwright, for there were moments at a stretch when all the ungracious Miss Hobbs was called on to do was to sit still and gloom and glower and sulk. Miss Anglin can sulk as charmingly as the best of them, but even she can not make a prolonged spell of waspishness seem alluring enough to inspire an instantaneous flame of love.

There is a certain haste and lack of the calm of experience in the manner in which one event treads upon another's heels in the play which provoke here and there a little skepticism as to the probabilities. Miss Hobbs, breathing flame and defiance, calls upon Kingsear, her subduer, while he is in his yacht, which is at anchor, for the purpose of returning to him a lost betting-book. There is a thick fog brewing, and Miss Hobbs has apparently skipped a meal or two. She pays no attention, however, to these two untimely facts, but bears down haughtily upon Wolff Kingsear in order to confront him with her knowledge of an iniquitous bet he has made that he will kiss her within one month. Kingsear, in the meantime, discovering her approach, lays a little plot which is to cause Miss Hobbs to believe herself alone with him in a drifting yacht. And instantaneously, upon the success of his strategy, both hero and heroine fall a prey to such a colossal and consuming appetite that the daintily dressed and luxuriously bred heroine, after a little mild bullying from the subjugating Kingsear, falls to and begins a bungling and inexperienced attempt at the preparation of a meal. Miss Anglin shot glances at the raw chops reposing meekly in their pan which were fiery enough to broil them to a turn, but although she was a fascinating little vixen, the situation is a little strained, a little too obviously, theatrically planned, and, after all, not as spontaneously, effervescently amusing as the author fondly planned it to be.

As a general thing, the dialogue of "Miss Hobbs" is unremarkable, although here and there in his attempts to expose to Miss Hobbs the fallacy of new-womanism the hero says a rather good thing. However, the play is not designed to overtax one's powers of reflection and reason, and only purports to be one of the class of light drawing-room comedies which are a convenient vehicle for a little fun, a little sentiment, the exploitation of good clothes, good manners, and good looks, and the exercise of the lighter side of histrionic ability. From this point of view "Miss Hobbs" will do very well, for we have many good things to look forward to which will arouse in us a much keener appreciation and the exhilaration that enthusiasm always brings.

Jerome K. Jerome (by the way, although I scanned my programme from one end to the other, I found no mention whatever of the authorship of the piece) is not a brilliant dramatic writer, although he has made a brilliant success of his journalistic career. His play, "The Maister of Woodbarrow," which was recently presented in this city, is, on the whole, too dull to be regarded as a successful piece of dramatic construction. Even when it was presented by young Sothern and Virginia Harned at the Baldwin, during their first and last engagement in San Francisco, some years ago, the piece moved heavily and lacked the vital spark of interest. "Miss Hobbs" is not dull, but while Jerome takes a sane, healthy view of life and humanity, he lacks in the sentimental scenes of the piece that fresh, delicate, stealing romanticism that beguiles one into thorough self-forgetting sympathy with loving and lovers.

It is odd, too, that a writer of such humor as Jerome has not succeeded in pouring it forth in more spontaneous and unstinted measure in his plays. The humor was more of the built-up, traditional kind that we know so well in these lighter species of comedies. Something, in fact, of the flavor of farce-comedy permeated the scene between the young married pair in the first act, and Frank Worthing had to work so hard to keep it up to proper pitch that I observed, with compassion, that his brow was wet with honest sweat when he finally quitted the stage.

We have reason to be grateful to the author, however, for proving in the character of Miss Susan Abbey that audiences prefer agreeable, mild-tempered old ladies to harridans. Mrs. Whiffen filled the nice little part of this nice little lady with a happy blending of refinement and jollity, and as usual won the cordial friendship of her audience. She always has a genius for making the latter feel that a cheery old lady who recognizes that her big part in life is over, and who loves to step aside (except when she is giving events a little impetus toward happiness) and allow youth to have its turn, can be one of the pleasantest features of social and domestic life.

An enjoyable feature of these New York productions is the attention paid to tasteful mounting. Nowadays we are nothing if not aesthetically correct, and love to have our furnishings, our table decorations, and our costumes alike built on a scheme of harmonious color blending. Most women, and even a proportion of men (especially home-making bachelors, as the married men generally hand these matters over with implicit trust and unflinching admiration to their wives) make a point of stowing away for future use all new ideas of the kind, and frequently attend teas and eat their company dinners with a critical and appraising eye on the dishes and decorations. Mrs. Kingsear's drawing-room, in consequence, with its charmingly light, fresh tints of cream and primrose, and its cushions and hangings of yellow, was immediately noted and approved of by the sharp-eyed matrons. But why did they not hang pictures in tones of soft brown against the cool, creamy walls, instead of the hard, unyielding black and white of those rigid-looking photographs? The gowns of the ladies were all that they should be. The heavy, clattering magnificence of Miss Anglin's, indeed, seemed to tone in so well with the state of the Hohobsonian temper in the last act that I should not wonder if it were intentional. Otherwise, one would find something to quarrel with in a costume that was so audible.

I was informed recently by a lady who feels the proper reverent interest in such things, that pompadours were a dead issue, and that the latest thing in the arrangement of the hair is to have it parted on the side and waved back. So I scanned the heads of the actresses with much interest, appreciating that in their owners, as coming fresh from New York, is vested a high and holy authority on such matters. But I came off worsted. The three pretty young women in the play had their three beads of pretty hair arrayed precisely alike. Each one had apparently waved her hair with the curling-tongs first, then combed it with a garden rake, made a kind of tumultuous and ineffectual attempt at a pompadour, knocked it down one-sidedly with a club, and tastefully touched up the wreck with a pitchfork.

What a genius for the perverse woman has, when it comes to arranging the hair! Six or seven years ago, numbers of ordinarily good-looking young women were changed to soft-eyed Evangelines by following the prevailing mode of parting the hair over the brows, and allowing it to ripple in natural flow over the ears. Two or three years later others became striking, clear-browed, marquise-like beau-

ties by rolling the hair above the forehead into the high pompadour. Then every girl of every age, in every rank of life, rushed into the pompadour style, and a pest of rats to which that of Hamelin town was as nothing, desolated our fair land. They bulged forth in front, and back, to right and left, and fair heads were so encircled by hair-sausages that at the play one had to dodge these hirsute monstrosities in order to see the stage. Now comes the last touch, and the pompadour is cunningly trained to fall to one side in a battered heap, which gives it a disreputable expression, as if it were leering triumphantly over the wrecked beauty beneath. Then is the disfigured wearer happy, because her coiffure is "the latest thing out."

JOSEFITA.

LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

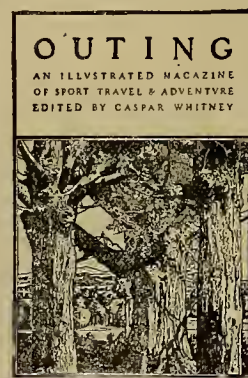
"The Official Illustrated Catalogue of the Fine Arts Exhibit, United States of America, Paris Exposition of 1900," lives up to its title. The catalogue is complete, a brief biographical note of each artist represented is given, and there are forty-nine reproductions of notable pictures. Published by Neyses, Platt & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

"Thé Elusive Hildegarde," by H. R. Martin, is a love-story with any quantity of bright dialogue and some that is not ornamental. The heroine and her favored admirer are almost too good to be true, but nearly all the other figures are in contrast to them. The story is better than the average summer novel. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$7.25.

In the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture Series the latest issues are "Donatello," by Hope Rea, and "Carlo Crivelli," by G. McNeil Rushforth. The engravings illustrating the work of the painter and the sculptor are numerous and attractive, and the appreciative description accompanying them is criticism of value. Each volume is prefaced with a brief biographic sketch, and a complete catalogue of the artist's work precedes the index. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75 each.

There are few romances of Colonial and Revolutionary history that possess one-half the interest found by the biographer in the career of America's first great commander. It is not surprising that stories of that career multiply; in fact, it is well that they do. A new one that is worthy of commendation for its author's engaging style and its illustrator's art is "George Washington," by Woodrow Wilson, illustrated by Howard Pyle. The volume is attractive in every way. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Whitelaw Reid's articles on subjects connected with the Spanish-American War and its results have been collected and published in a volume bearing the title "Problems of Expansion." The first of the papers was written before Mr. Reid was made a member of the commission to negotiate terms of peace with Spain, and the remainder have been prepared since that time. As a whole, the papers with their appendices make a strong argument for the extension of the power of the United States Government to foreign fields and the right of Congress to govern new possessions. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.



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Practical Fly Casting,

University Rowing,

Canadian Wheelways,

Profuse Illustrations,

California Athletes.

AN INTERVIEW WITH CALVÉ.

Her Plans for the Next Year—Why She Has Decided to Desert the Operatic for the Dramatic Stage.

When asked recently in London by a *Pall Mall Gazette* reporter if there was any truth in the rumor that she intended to leave the operatic stage, Emma Calvé, the greatest Carmen of her day, said:

"Yes, it is quite true. I have decided to leave the stage—but only the operatic stage. These are my plans: I remain this year in Europe to create Bruneau's 'L'Ouragan' at the Opéra Comique some time during the autumn. Then I want to be heard in one of Gluck's operas, 'Armida' for preference, and after that I will devote myself to drama. Oh, not the Comédie-Française; you know that tradition and Calvé have never lived at the same address; no, I will go to Antoinette's, who knows no distinctions in his theatre, and lets you go on just as you are, with all your defects and qualities. He will take me as I am, and I will see whether I can not do better in drama than in opera. And when I shall have tried the French dramatic stage, I will do the Italian. The thing has become quite a passion with me, and I must treat myself in the realization of this plan. What? I will treat myself to a failure? Perhaps. But my mind is made up."

"Might one inquire into the process of this remarkable decision?"

"Certainly. It is no whim, but the result of much thought and anxious consideration, with this as a conclusion: that, however devoted I am to that form of art which I practice, I am not fit for it." (I gasped.) "Yes, sir. I was never meant for a singer. I was made to sing because I had a voice; but I lack the cardinal requisite in a singer's art—in wit, the sentiment of rhythm. I am absolutely rebellious to it. The defect is pointed out very often in criticisms on my performances, and the critics are perfectly right in their reproaches."

"But, surely, madam, I remember you as a singer of metronomical preciseness, quite the classical élève du Conservatoire?"

"True, but I was not then. Do not protest; I know better. Anyhow, at present, rhythm has become a burden to me. As I rehearse my parts mentally—I am always at it—I feel myself ever hampered by the exigencies of rhythm. I can not give the proper meaning to a phrase here, the correct inflection of the voice there, simply because I must follow three or four in a bar. I can not linger on an utterance when I feel I ought to, and I can not hurry, either, my own way, without the conviction that I disorganize through such unruly declamation the niceties of melodies written in dance rhythms. And this lack of musical discipline makes me say again that I was never meant for a singer."

"Aversion for rhythm can not be the only cause of your decision?"

"Dear me, no; as you said yourself, there was a time when I was a metronomical singer. You might have added I was an unthinking 'stick' then. But the day came, some eight, nine, or ten years ago, when I began to analyze and to reflect, and I understood that an achievement in art is measured by its relation to nature, to truth. The nearer the greater, or, at least, the better. When I tried to apply the newly thought-out tenets in all sincerity, I found everywhere the bar of conventionalism. The very mode of expression in operatic art appeared to me false, and the whole of it unreal, untrue."

"But the dramatic stage has its own conventions as well."

"I beg your pardon. We speak in real life, we do not sing, and that makes all the difference. I went to see Duse the other evening. She was great. In her art one can die naturally, one can modulate the voice according to the organic necessities of the situation; one can shout, whisper, sob for grief, and even speak hoarsely. A singer's chief pre-occupation is the production of a pleasing sound. Whether you sing of love, of rage, of terror, of any violent emotion, you are far ever minding the quality of your voice, the pitch of your notes, and the intensity of sound. And no matter how you try to color your singing, there are worlds of expression absolutely without your reach. I assure you there are situations in which I find myself an absolute idiot. I try, I work, I think, and nothing improves the lack of naturalness in the business. Mind you, I am giving you my personal views, without the least pretension to being considered in the right."

"To be quite frank, there is also a somewhat selfish or trivial reason in my decision. When I sing—that is, when I am at work—I don't live. I must have plenty of movement and exercise; I want to see museums and picture-galleries, I want to talk, I want to read, and I have to do without these if I am to be in good voice in the evening. I devour books; I read *pêle-mêle*, without system, but books are as indispensable to me as nourishment. And if I am to be in singing trim I have to lie still day after day, away from all that interests me, away from books. It is a life of constant sacrifice, and I am tired of it. When I shall be on the dramatic stage, I will be able to indulge all my favorite occupations in the day-time, and my voice, free of the cares of rhythm, pitch, quality, and intensity of sound, will be all right in the evening. And I am not so selfish

after all. It is my pride in register among the sacrifices I made for my art that twice I refused quite a fortune for its sake: the first time to create Massenet's 'Sapho,' and the second time, now, to keep faith with Zola and Bruneau. And each occasion meant to me the loss of my American engagement; in other words, the sacrifice of an aggregate of forty thousand pounds."

"And now, madam, for the most serious of all reasons?"

"What an unbelieving one you are. But you are right, and I will tell you my best reason, because I think you guessed it. The long and short of it is, I am at cross-purposes with my repertory. My temperament, all my thinking self, attracts me toward one set of parts, and the limitations of my voice compel me to remain within another set. Why haven't I the voice for Isolde, Brünnhilde, Kundry, Donna Anna, Fidelio? I would not grumble then about rhythm, or conventionalism, or discomforts in every-day life. As it is, I must try fresh fields in drama. Nobody will say I gave up singing because singing gave me up, and I hope to prove in Bruneau's 'L'Ouragan' that I deserve to be trusted. And, further, in attempting to sing 'Armida' I want to prove I can sing classic music. But, after that, farewell to opera, and for the untrammelled ways of modern drama."

"The decision is, then, irrevocable?"

"Absolutely. Why you are whispering 'La Donna è Mobile,' *par exemple!* After all, who knows what may happen during one whole year?"

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Tree of Knowledge."

Despite the favor with which Jerome K. Jerne's "Miss Hnhbs" has been received at the Columbia Theatre, it is to give way on Monday evening to "The Tree of Knowledge," by R. C. Cartan, the successful author of "Liberty Bell," "Lord and Lady Algy," which was presented by Mr. Miller last year, and "Wheels Within Wheels," which scored a big hit in New York this season. It is in five acts, and will serve as an excellent vehicle for the first appearance this year of Charles Walcott, E. J. Morgan, Frank E. Lamb, E. Y. Backus, and Sadie Martinot with the company.

The cast is as follows: Sir Mynstyn Hallingworth, Charles S. Walcott; Brian Hollingworth, his son, Henry Miller; Nigel Stanyan, E. J. Morgan; Lufus Roupelle, Frank Werthing; Major Blencoe, E. Y. Backus; Sweadle, John Findlay; Roysds, Sir Mynstyn's butler, Frank E. Lamb; Mrs. Stanyan, Nigel's mother, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen; Monica Blayne, her adopted daughter, Margaret Anglin; Deborah Sweadle, Sweadle's daughter, Lillian Thurgate; and Belle, Sadie Martinot.

"The Tree of Knowledge" will be given for one week only, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees, and is to be followed by Grundy's comedy of manners, "A Marriage of Convenience."

Hoyt's "A Day and a Night."

Next week Dunne and Ryley's comedians will present Hoyt's latest farce, "A Day and a Night," at the California Theatre. It is in three acts and abounds in witty dialogue and laughable situations. The first act takes place on the stage of the National Theatre, during a rehearsal, and the second and third are laid in the private apartments of Mr. Booker, the manager, adjoining the theatre. The cast will include Harry Bulger as Lynn Hart, commodore, U. S. N.; Bessie Tannehill as Fuchsia, his wife; J. Sherrie Matthews as Marble Hart, their son; Phil Ryley as Rnutt Bunker, manager National Theatre; N. Sebastian as N. Gage Chipp, stage-manager; C. Herbert as Handel Schwein, musical director; Tony Hart, Adele Estee, Marion Gunning, and Ethel Kerwin as members of Booker's company; Walter Jones as The Clean Man, the stage-doorkeeper; Joseph Torpey, as Cumming Starr, desirous of being an actor; George Wiseman as Servus Wright, Booker's servant; Louise Gunning as Annette Winner, looking for an engagement; and Maude Courtney as Ada Marr, known professionally as Mlle. Bawn Tsurane.

A number of clever specialties will be introduced, including a new conversation skit by Matthews and Bulger; songs, entitled "The Midnight Sun" and "By the Sad Sea Waves," by Mary Marble; a song, "The Purity Brigade," and a skipping-rhyme dance by the Eight Mascots; songs by Norma Whalley, who makes her debut with the company; and a new coon song, "My Tiger Lily," which is all the rage in the East, will be sung by Bessie Tannehill and the company.

"The Geisha" Scores Another Hit.

Although the dainty Japanese opera, "The Geisha," has been revived on several occasions at the Tivoli Opera House, it has been received with as much enthusiasm during the week as though it was a novelty, and as a result, it is to be continued another week. The cast is indeed an admirable one. Edwin Stevens and Georgie Cooper repeat their clever impersonations of the Marquis Imari and the French girl, respectively, and the new members do not suffer by comparison with their predecessors. Helen Merrill may not possess as true or clear a voice as Minnie Ashley, but her stage-presence, enunciation, and acting are far superior. Annie Myers succeeds admirably in making us forget

Edith Hall's *chic* impersonation of Mollie Seamre, and in the *jinrikisha* duet and "Pillie Winked His Eye" solo wins well-earned applause. Hartman easily replaces Leary as the Chinaman, and brings the *role* thoroughly up to date by a budget of well-chosen local jokes, appurtenant of current events. Tom Greene makes a dashing Reginald Fairfax, Helen Davenport a stately Lady Constance Wynne, and Grace Orr, Arthur Bryce, and the others to whom the minor *roles* are intrusted are all acceptable. A special word of praise must be given the management for the excellent manner in which the opera is mounted. The costumes are especially picturesque, and the scenery characteristically Japanese.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

The most notable new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Clayton White, assisted by Marie Stuart and Eva Randolph, in an original comedieta called "The Waldorf-Astoria Affair," and the Quaker City Quartet, who are not only good singers but clever instrumental musicians. The Four Chahans, who have been delighting the Orpheum audiences with their laughable sketch, "The Government's Son," based on a complication of mistaken identities, will appear in a new farce by George Cohan entitled "Running for Office." Master Hercules Judge, who claims to be the strongest youngster of his age, will perform feats which will exhibit his wonderful muscular development, and the Todd-Judge Family will change their programme.

The other hold-overs will be Carrington, Holland, and Galpen, Gilbert and Goldie, Musical Dale, and the Biograph.

The patrician enthusiasts who are in the habit of airing eccentric suggestions in the correspondence columns of the papers seem to be developing fresh energy in view of the probable early termination of the war, remarks the *London World*. One of these snobbishly proposed that every British subject who underwent the experience of the recent memorable siege should have the word "Mafeking" prefixed to his surname. The "Mafeking-Browns" and "Mafeking-Joneses" and "Mafeking-Robinsons" would be bad enough; but how if the plan, having been adopted in this case, should be extended as to apply to those who had a share in other notable events of the campaign? Even the "girl he left behind him" would find it hard to welcome her victimous "Tammy" home again if he returned with such a cognomen as "Elandslaagte-Atkins," for instance, to offer her as a substitute for her maiden name.

The question as to whether flowers are a necessary feature of a funeral has engaged the attention of the highest judicial tribunal in Rhode Island. The payment of the bill of a funeral was resisted by the administrators of the estate of a deceased citizen at whose funeral flowers were furnished on the credit of the estate. The court justifies this expenditure, remarking that the custom of having flowers at funerals is well nigh universal in this country, and when not abused by extravagance or unseemly ostentation it is certainly to be commended as giving appropriate expression to our feelings of respect and love for the departed.

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Dividend Notices.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1900.
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six-tenths (3.6-10) per cent. on term deposits and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1900.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 560 California Street.—For the half-year ending with June 30, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1900.
GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner of Sutter.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1900, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 2, 1900. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1900.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 MONTGOMERY STREET, Mills Building.—Dividends for the half-year ending June 30, 1900, on term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3.6) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1900.
S. L. ABBOT, JR., Secretary.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA,

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco,

Has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1900, a dividend of twelve (12) per cent. per annum to class "A" stock, ten (10) per cent. per annum to class "F" stock, six (6) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and five (5) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits.

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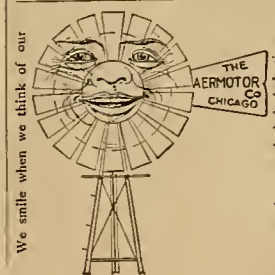
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VANITY FAIR.

Royal Academicians, associates and other exhibitors at Burlington House will be profoundly moved on learning that neither the art-critic nor the editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* is able to pronounce favorably on the Royal Academy Exhibition (comments the *London Daily News*). Both are clearly of opinion that however many tailors it takes to make a man, the number is nothing compared to that of the academicians you must have on your list before you can be sure that a man's coat has been properly made—on canvas. Says the editor: "As we walked through the galleries of the Royal Academy and looked at the pictures on the walls, we were inclined to join in the general wail that some foremen are so frequently giving expression to, 'that good tailors are not now to be found.' The edges of the garments were uneven and crooked in a most exaggerated manner, and we were compelled to stop and ask ourselves whether tailoring was really so had as there represented. Happily, a negative answer was soon forthcoming in the splendid garments to be seen on every hand on the gentlemen who were inside the galleries on that afternoon. For while on the canvas there was represented tailoring that would be a disgrace to any slop-shop, there was to be seen on the bodies of the gentlemen present examples of the tailoring art which would be a credit to Poole's, or Hill's, or any other high-class tailoring firm in that home of good tailoring, the West End of London." The critic of the *Tailor and Cutter* is no less severe on the painter than the editor. He is certainly no admirer of impressionist art. He contemplates as a punishment for certain artists that they should be forced to wear garments in the same unfinished condition as those they paint in their portraiture. This unhappy thought is suggested by the picture of the Earl of Dalhousie, in whose coat not a single button-hole met the eye of the outraged critic, while one lapel was missing altogether. It is horrifying to hear that there is no drawing-seam in the collar of Lord Manners's coat. Surely, for an artist to forget the drawing-seam is unpardonable. The lapels of the "d-b. frock-coat" which the artist has put upon Mr. Andrew Carnegie are clumsy, and the edges very wobbly. The millionaire is not left quite buttonless, but he is limited to one on each side, and there are no button-holes to correspond.

The now famous brown hoots of the Prince of Wales have not escaped the critic of the *Tailor and Cutter*. He seems to hold an opinion that has been attributed to the Prince of Wales himself. The way the critic puts it is this: "There is something incongruous between brown boots and a black frock-coat and vest worn with gray trousers." On the whole, the details of the prince's portrait are approved as "fairly good." Still, had Mr. Orcharson consulted the *Tailor and Cutter* he might have got a hint or two on the position of those plaguey buttons and the management of those licentious lapels, which seem to defy nearly every painter in the profession. As a rule, however, the *Tailor and Cutter* is deferential to royal costume, even in Academy portraiture. In the Duke of Connaught's picture, for example, "the details of the braid and buttons are equal to Herkomer's best." There's a compliment to "Herkomer"! The critic is enthusiastic, too, over details in the presentation portrait of the Prince of Wales: cuffs, aiguillette buttons, the shape even of the lapel in this case, and the collar are all excellent. "If the artist had only given an indication of the drawing seam of collar, and the waist seam, this portrait would have been first-class." There is even here an "if"; but we feel sure that, encouraged by so large a measure of approbation, the artist will do better another time. We fancy that if the *Tailor and Cutter* had the selection of the Chantrey request picture, the honor would fall to Caton Woodville, as the critic familiarly calls him. Of his picture of the Prince of Wales in field-marshal's uniform we are told: "The details of the garments are all that could possibly be desired, and when we state that the artist is Caton Woodville, our readers will understand that it is a picture full of dash and go." Lord Kitchener's khaki uniform elicits enthusiastic approbation; "the details of the plaits, pockets, and buttons are of the very best description"; but sympathy must flow toward Sir Oswald Mosley, for the style of garment he is wearing is "a little difficult to understand." It is a relief to be assured that "the probability is that it is intended for a single-breasted frock-coat."

What a contrast is the Newport of to-day, with its magnificent and luxurious villas, its well-appointed turnouts, and its yachts and auto-cars and automobiles of all descriptions, to the Newport of sixty and seventy years ago! Then a mere handful of fashionable people would meet there during the summer from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The Ocean House was the swell place, a stroll along the cliffs was the "thing to do." There were no dinners, receptions, or garden-parties in those days to speak of. But that is all changed now, and unless your engagement-card is filled with "bids" for dances, dinners, luncheons, picnics, golf, polo, yachting, and automobilism, you are not "in the sim." People do not go to Newport now

to rest. They go to be amused. The Newport "Kat Bote Club" has been reorganized, with Hermann Oelrichs, the originator, as "Lord High Steward and Treasurer." The Clambake Club has also been reorganized (says the *New York Sun*), and some of the jolly entertainments given by the members at their house at Easton's Point will no doubt be enjoyed again this season as they were last. There is promise of much fun and frolic at the Golf Club, where it is quite the thing to go for small dinners, followed by impromptu dancing. The governors of the club have decided to allow dancing this season. The Casino is open, and the Sunday night dinners there will again be a feature of the summer. The Newport cottagers go to the Sunday night dinners at the Casino much as they would go to dine at some of the popular restaurants in town during the winter. There will be the usual Fourth of July celebration at Newport this year, and the city council has already appropriated a large sum of money for that purpose. The flagship *New York* and the battleships *Texas*, *Indiana*, *Kearsarge*, and *Massachusetts* will be in the harbor at that time, and will take part in the night water parade. All the yachts and craft of all kinds will be appropriately decorated. In the procession to take place during the day, the marines and troops from Fort Adams will probably take part, and of course the cottagers will provide their share of music, fire-works, and decorating to celebrate the Fourth.

Recent experiences have established the impression that country weddings are becoming more informal. The feminine contingent has always regarded such occasions as admirably adapted to the airing of garden toilets, but until recent years the masculine contingent did not have the courage to take liberties with the sombre frock-coat and silk hat. Men who are careful in observing sartorial laws refer to the marriage of Sir Roderick Cameron's daughter with Belmont Tiffany as the turning point in matters of this kind (remarks the *New York Commercial Advertiser*). The marriage was solemnized on Staten Island, where the mercury registered ninety degrees in the shade, and the cooler interior of the parish church only lowered the mercury a few degrees. The women in lawns and foulards reduced the possibility of physical discomfort to the minimum, but the high hats of the men suggested miniature Turkish baths. The ushers' collars wilted and settled down in wrinkles over the collars of their Prince Albert coats. They had no opportunity to improve their appearance until they were able later to make requisition upon the laundry of the bridegroom and Sir Roderick. When the bridal procession marched to the altar, the ushers were, to all appearances, collarless. A well-known bachelor among the guests, whose general appearance suffered likewise, asserted: "This is the last time I go to a country wedding in summer in a high hat and a frock-coat." He made his threat good. The bachelor was also a guest at the recent marriage of Miss Mary Crocker with Francis Burton Harrison at Tuxedo. He appeared in a round straw hat, a thin cutaway coat, a white waistcoat, and gray trousers. He ran into Worthington Whitehouse, who was clothed in conventional regalia—silk hat, frock-coat, white waistcoat, gray trousers, white spats, patent-leather shoes, and gray suede gloves. "I once vowed that I would never again wear a silk hat into the country," said the bachelor. "You are wise and you will not be alone," answered Mr. Whitehouse. The bachelor breathed easier when he saw Creighton Webb appear with a cutaway coat and a new Panama hat, and the informality of the bachelor's appearance ceased to trouble him more when he spied Oakley Rhineland in a light-gray tweed sack-suit and a straw hat with a fancy band. The silk hats outnumbered the straw hats at the wedding ten to one, but the straw hats won a moral victory that will undoubtedly have a decided influence in their behalf at future suburban marriages.

The fashionable women of Persia have finally decided to adopt European dress, and the services of the dressmakers in Teheran are said to be rewarded now at a fabulous rate. All the women of the capital decided suddenly to abandon their native dress, and appear in costumes modeled after the fashions of the Boulevard des Capucines. Only three foreign dressmakers live in Teheran. Two of them are Frenchwomen, while the third is a native who spent some years in Europe. Now there is a profitable field for the labors of many others, as the European mode of dress will in all probability be retained there. The Persian women are said to be extravagantly luxurious in matters of dress. The three seamstresses in the town have raised their prices, which their customers pay without protest. The task of suddenly dressing the wealthy women of an entire city, who decided one day to abandon their traditional garb and follow European modes, was, of course, too much for the dressmakers. They had to take the ladies according to their rank, and charged them prices beyond anything that even the Persian women had ever paid before. The question of gowns was not the only one that confronted the Persian women who changed their ideas of dress. Corsets, which they had never worn before, had to be provided, and that task proved the most difficult

of all. They had always been looked upon in the past as highly fortunate in being free from the bondage of the corset, and had always escaped the diseases of women which it was supposed to cause. Teheran is said to be regarded now as a Klondike for French milliners and dressmakers, who are moving toward it rapidly, and as the Persians are not as yet well informed about the fashions, they are carrying with them anything they could find ready.

According to the *Chicago Record*, a family of Polish Jews named Godfried, who went to Peru many years ago and engaged in business, discovered that they were in constant danger because of their unpopularity. The Russian Government would not protect them. Hence they came, one after another, to Wilkesbarre, Pa., and obtained naturalization papers upon perjured affidavits that they had resided in this country for five years and intended to become permanent citizens of the United States. Not one of them ever resided here, nor did they ever intend to. They visited Wilkesbarre, where they had relatives, every year or two for a few weeks, and called that a residence. When spoken to in Peru last summer they could not give the name of any person they were acquainted with in the whole United States, with the exception of their relatives in Wilkesbarre and two or three New York merchants who were engaged in the Peruvian trade. Although they hold naturalization papers, they are no more citizens of the United States than they are citizens of Australia.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, June 27th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	500	@ 108 1/2	109	109 1/2
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 105	106	106 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	5,000	@ 117 1/2	117 1/2	117 3/4
Oakland Transit 6%.....	5,000	@ 118 1/2	119	119 1/4
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	7,000	@ 106	105 1/2	106 1/4
S. F. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	5,000	@ 114	113 3/4	114 1/4
S. F. Water 6%.....	1,000	@ 115	115	115 1/2
S. V. Water 4%.....	15,000	@ 103 1/2	103 1/2	103 3/4
		STOCKS.		Closed.
		Shares.	Bid.	
Contra Costa Water.....	620	@ 67 1/2 - 69	69	70
Spring Valley Water.....	373	@ 94 1/2 - 95	94 1/2	
		Gas and Electric.		
Equitable Gaslight.....	670	@ 3 1/2 - 3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4
Mutual Electric.....	45	@ 12 1/2 - 12	12 1/2	13 1/4
Oakland G. L. & H.....	55	@ 47 1/2	47 1/2	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	280	@ 47	47	48
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,145	@ 47 1/2 - 49 1/2	48 1/2	48 3/4
S. F. Gas.....	80	@ 4 1/4	4 1/4	5
		Street R. R.		
Market St.....	45	@ 63 1/2	63 1/2	64
		Powders.		
Giant Con.....	80	@ 86 - 87 1/2	87 1/2	88
Vigorit.....	200	@ 3	2 1/2	3 1/2
		Sugars.		
Hana P. Co.....	130	@ 8 1/2 - 8 1/2	8 1/2	8 1/2
Hawaiian.....	60	@ 89	89	
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,080	@ 33 - 33 1/2	33	33 1/2
Hutchinson.....	145	@ 24 1/2 - 25 1/2	24 1/2	25
Kilauea S. Co.....	95	@ 20	20	20
Makaweli S. Co.....	555	@ 46 1/2 - 46 1/2	46 1/2	46 1/2
Onomea S. Co.....	35	@ 27 - 27 1/2	26 1/2	27
Paauhau S. P. Co.....	460	@ 31 - 31 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2
		Miscellaneous.		
Alaska Packers.....	45	@ 117 1/2	117 1/2	118 1/2
Oceanic S. Co.....	15	@ 92 1/2 - 93	93	93 1/2

"Dull, stale, and unprofitable" has been the market during the past week. No speculative activity, no fluctuations, net changes small and hardly worth recording. Hana crept up a half-point, Honokaa receded a quarter-point, Hutchinson dropped the same, Kilauea slid back an eighth of a point, Makaweli lost a quarter of a point, Onomea shrunk a quarter-point, and Paauhau did the same. Giant Powder advanced a point. It is believed that the company has concluded a combination with the new company that has been for some time past its *bête noir*. If so, it should do better. Spring Valley Water has a half-point better showing, and San Francisco Gas and Electric "stands pat." Contra Costa Water has gone up a point and Judge Allen holds the fort. The board will adjourn from Saturday noon, June 30th, until Saturday morning, July 7th. So the brokers will have a chance to wake up after the past few weeks of somnolence and come back ready for activity and business.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Busb 24. 288 Montgomery Street, 8. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE, Member Stock and Bond Exchange. Stock and Bond Broker. 412 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange. In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad. References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer, 409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.



Strengthens System Body Brain and Nerves.

VIN MARIANI (MARIANI WINE)

No other preparation has ever received so many voluntary testimonials from eminent people as the world-famous Mariani Wine. Agreeable and lasting.

Before Meals APPETIZER After Meals DIGESTIVE At all Times TONIC

Sold by all druggists. Refuse substitutes. Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th St., New York. Publish a handsome book of endorsements of Emperors, Emperess, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other distinguished personages. It is sent gratis and postpaid to all who write for it.

LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

Branches—5-a Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave. Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.

ORDINARY MENDING, etc., free of charge. Work called for and delivered free of charge.

GEO. GOODMAN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

ARTIFICIAL STONE Schilling's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Side Walk and Garden Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.59 Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00 Deposits December 30, 1899..... 28,635,655.41

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW. Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681 Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000 Reserve Fund..... 210,087 Contingent Fund..... 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000 SURPLUS..... 1,000,000 PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT..... 2,831,212 January 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier IRVING F. MOUTON.....2d Assistant Cashier ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS:

(Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., New York.....The Bank of New York, N. B. A. Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank Boston.....The National Shawmut Bank Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000 JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier. Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christensen, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Berningham, Dudley Evans. Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869-451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager. COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When reproved on one occasion for not attending a committee called to consider the paving of St. Paul's Churchyard with wood, Charles Macklin, the ooted Irish actor, said: "Oh, you lay your heads together, and it will soon be done."

When Queeo Victoria was at Balmoral, some time ago, she visited an aged cottager, and, on leaving her, said: "You will now no longer be afraid of me, and I shall expect you to pay me a visit." "Ah, ma'am," she replied, "it's oot yerself I'm frightened at; it's them grand servants."

Paul Déroutède was once talking with an amiable and very décolleté lady in a salon. His attention was suddenly attracted to a diamond cross on the lady's breast. There was a moment of silence, and then the lady said, affectedly: "You are looking at my cross?" "Yes, madame." "Does it please you?" "Very much. *Mais je préfère le Calvaire.*"

In his "Lighter Moments," the late Bishop Walsham How tells of a lady, a great admirer of a certain preacher, who took Bishop Magee with her to hear him, and asked him afterward what he thought of the sermon. "It was very long," the bishop said. "Yes," said the lady, "but there was a saint in the pulpit." "And a martyr in the pew," rejoined the bishop.

Not long ago Senator Hoar, who is noted as an inveterate punster, was joined in the corridor of the Capitol by a former colleague in the Senate, and as they approached the entrance to the Senate chamber Mr. Hoar motioned his companion to pass in first. "After you," said the ex-senator, drawing back politely. "No, indeed," retorted Senator Hoar; "The X's always go before the wise."

A soldier of the Twentieth Kansas tells this story at the expense of a fellow-soldier: "When we were sent out on the firing-line, Pete Hogan was lying behind a tree, out of the way of bullets. All at once he yelled out like a wild man, 'Captain, I can not stand these damned ants hitting me all the time!' Zip! A bullet passed close to his body. 'On second thoughts, captain,' he yelled, 'I can stand them!'"

A story about little Prince Edward of York appears in the *British Weekly*. Not long ago he was taken over a British man-of-war, and was much interested in a large, heavily built chest which was shown him. "What does that hold?" he asked the tall officer who accompanied him. "Powder," was the reply. The little boy looked sympathetically at the stalwart figure, and observed: "Then do you take powders, too?"

About the time of the collapse of the Confederacy, ex-Senator Wigfall was crossing the Mississippi, making his way to Texas. He assumed the character of an ultra-Union man. On the ferry-boat with him was a Federal officer, with whom Wigfall got into conversation. The officer confided to him that he was chasing Wigfall. "If I fall in with the traitor, I'll hang him to the first tree." "Yes," vehemently remarked Wigfall, "and I will be pulling at one end."

William Florence, the comedian, loved to be called out to make a speech before the curtain (according to *Success*), and one night, in a Connecticut city, after several curtain-calls, he said: "Ladies and Gentlemen—It is to you I owe all the success I have attained in my profession. It was the early encouragement that I received here that prompted me to go on with my professional work. I was here a boy; I know you all; I recognize you all; we knew each other; and I can never forget the kindness that has been showered upon me by the people of Hartford." A man in the audience shouted: "This is New Haven, Mr. Florence." "It thus behooves an actor," said Joseph Jefferson, in telling the story, "not only to be prepared in his speech, but pretty well satisfied in what place he is acting."

Just before "Max O'Rell" (Mr. Paul Blouët) recently delivered a lecture to the students of a religious college in the East, one of the professors stepped forward and offered a prayer, in which he said: "O, Lord, Thou knowest that we work hard for Thee, and that recreation is necessary in order that we may work with renewed vigor. We have to-night with us a gentleman from France, whose criticisms are witty and refined, but subtle; and we pray Thee to so prepare our minds that we may thoroughly understand and enjoy them." "I am still wondering," said O'Rell, "whether my lectures are so subtle as to need praying over, or whether those particular auditors were so dull that they needed divine assistance to help them out. Of one thing I am morally certain—that they showed, by their appreciation, that the professor's prayer was not in vain."

The late Mrs. Gladstone's implicit confidence in her husband's ability—which amounted almost to a belief in his infallibility—is well illustrated in the

following anecdote: During the troublous times of 1885, just before the fall of Khartoum and the murder of Chioese Gordon, which were really the cause of the defeat of the Gladstone ministry a little later, a statesman high in the councils of the Liberal party called at Mr. Gladstone's residence, and was cordially received by his wife. He was in a lugubrious frame of mind, and spoke dismally of the situation. "Ah, Mrs. Gladstone," he began, "these are dreadful times. The clouds are very thick. We can only remember that there is One above who will help us in all our troubles, and that He will guide us out of our difficulties." "Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Gladstone, with great cheerfulness, "he is upstairs shaving just now, but he'll be down directly."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Appreciative.

"This is the very place for me,"
Said the humorist at the shore;
"For when I crack a little joke,
The solemn breakers loudly roar."
—Chicago News.

To the Rescue.

The girls will miss the kissing hug,
When through the fields they roam,
But they may get a kiss and hug—
Brave Hobson's coming home.
—Chicago News.

The Man and the Lawn-Mower.

See the man
Mow the lawn!
Note his fine display of brawn!
See him shed his coat and vest
Looning, too, to shed the rest;
Mark the mower's handle pressed
At his belt
Where a welt
Growth with his growing zest!
Note his brow
Dripping hrow,
As the mower dull doth plow
Through the high, neglected grass,
Leaving here and there a mass
Quite untouched, and gayly pass
To some branch,
Prostrate branch,
That he did not see, alas!
See him then
Quickly stop,
Fevered head to wildly mop!
Mark him, as he hurls the bough
To his neighbor's yard; and now
Note how his machine doth plow
Up the sod,
Yielding sod,
While he curseth roundly, wow!
Mark the stone,
Cursed stone!
And the old, grass-hidden bone!
Hear the clashing loudly ring!
Hear him sulphurous mouthings fling!
See him then in anger wing
To the town,
With a frown,
To hire a man to do the thing!
—Colorado Springs Gazette.

A Literary Love-Affair.

I love her well, and yet—and yet—
There comes the sober question
That fills me with a vague regret
And troubles my digestion.
'Tis not a matter of the heart,
But, in life's wedding weather,
Can we, whose views are so apart,
Live happily together?
She's beautiful and fresh and sweet
And altogether charming;
The instant that we chanced to meet
My symptoms were alarming.
Yet, if we're happy, ah! I fear
'Twill be, indeed, a marvel—
My favorite is Will Shakespeare,
She dotes on "Richard Carvel."

She's piquant, yet she's solid, too;
She knows her moods and tempers;
A witty thing that's straight and true
She oftentimes dispenses.
Yet all my faith seems but a sham,
And doubts throng harum-scarum
At thought of how I love Charles Lamb,
While she loves "David Harum."

The fact is, while she's very good
At lighter conversation,
She has that fault of womanhood—
She does lack concentration.
I'm like an ale that's heavy blent,
While she's a bright Martini;
My mind on history is bent,
While hers is magazing.

Yet here's a hope I entertain—
And may it never perish!—
That as the years roll round again,
And other things we cherish—
When Cupid slowly turns us loose
(And never even pities),
We may unite on "Mother Goose"
And other children's duties!
—Tom Masson in the Smart Set.

Always the Same.

There never is any change in the superior qualities of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. In delicate flavor, richness, and perfect-keeping qualities it can be guaranteed. It has stood first for forty years. Avoid unknown brands.

THE USUAL WAY.

"Seat for one on the left!" hawled out the street-car conductor in a tone of authority, and the passengers obeyed meekly. Two women came forward and stood before the vacant seat.
"You sit down," said one.
"No, dear, you sit down your own self."
"I'd just as soon stand as sit."
"So would I."
"I don't mind standing in the least."
"Neither do I."
"I've been sitting nearly all day."
"So have I."
"I insist on you taking the seat."
"And I insist on you taking it."
"But, really, I'd rather stand."
"So would I."
"You sit down."
"No, you."
"I never mind standing in the least."
"I rather enjoy it, so you'd better take the seat."
"Isn't there room enough for both of us?"
"There would be if the other passengers would only sit a little closer."
"Of course there would. There! they've moved along a little more. Now we can both sit down."
And when they have squeezed into a space scarcely big enough for one of them, they take out their purses, and one of them says:
"I'm going to pay the fares."
"No, I am."
"I have the change right here."
"So have I."
"Do let me pay it."
"No, let me pay it."
"You're real mean!"
"So are you."
"I said first that I'd pay it."
"What if you did?"
"Here comes the conductor. I'll pay him."
"No, I will."
"No, I will."
"There, it's paid!"
"That was horrid of you. But never mind, I'll get even with you some way. Oh, here, I have some candy in my bag. Take some."
"Oh, thanks!"
"Oh, take more than that!"
"Oh, this will do."
"Why, you haven't taken any."
"Yes, I have. See, I have taken three pieces."
"Three pieces! What's three pieces? Take a whole handful."
"Oh, but I don't want to rob you!"
"You're not robbing me."
"I am, too."
"Take more than that."
"No, really, I—oh, don't give me so much!"
"I will, too."
"Oh, thanks!"
"Not at all."
"Ever so much obliged."
"You're entirely welcome."
"Thanks!"—J. L. Barbour in *July Lippincott's Magazine*.

World to End this Year.

This is the recent decision of one of the prominent societies of the world, but the exact day has not yet been fixed upon, and while there are very few people who believe this prediction, there are thousands of others who not only believe, but know that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best medicine to cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, or liver and kidney troubles. A fair trial will certainly convince you of its value.

Naturally: "They say Robert Grant's story of 'Unleavened Bread' is selling extensively." "Yes, it naturally brings in the dough."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS

(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

VVO
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

Paris Exposition

—AND—

PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

Tours and tickets, hotel accommodations, etc. Superior arrangements for all classes of travel.

THOS. COOK & SON,

621 Market Street, San Francisco.

OVER A MILLION
Bright Women

It cleans Silver without a blemish whatever the form or finish. If you don't like it, why not make the test. Trial quantity for the asking. Box postpaid 15 cts. in stamps. Grocers and Druggists sell it. "SILICON," 30 Cliff St., New York.



are perfect in action. Over 40 years' experience guides the manufacture. Get the improved. No tacks required. To avoid imitations, notice script name of STEWART HARTSHORN on label.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,
622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),
Bicycle and Golf Snits. Opposite the Palace Hotel

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,

at 1 P. M. for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.
Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Saturday, June 30
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Thursday, July 26
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, August 21
Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Saturday, September 15

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan
Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG,
calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.

Nippon Maru..... Tuesday, July 10
America Maru..... Friday, August 3
Hongkong Maru..... Wednesday, August 29

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND

U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf corner First and Brannan
Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG,
calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
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Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., June
5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change
to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11
A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5,
and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,
June 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, July 2, and
every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,
June 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, July 2, and every fourth
day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa
Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11
A. M., June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, July 4, and every
4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change steamers,
sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

Ticket Office: New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

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to company's steamers at Seattle.

SOCIETY.

The Magee-Dean Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Flora Grace Dean, daughter of Mrs. William P. Shaw, to Mr. Walter Magee, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, will take place this (Saturday) morning, at the home of the bride's mother, 1920 Van Ness Avenue. The ceremony will be performed at eleven o'clock by the Right Rev. William Ford Nichols, D. D., assisted by the Rev. R. C. Foute. Miss Ethel Dean, the bride's sister, will be the maid of honor, and Mr. Clarence Follis will act as best man. There will be no ushers.

The wedding will be a very quiet one, and only a few of the most intimate friends besides the family will be present.

The Roberts-Trowbridge Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Glendenning Trowbridge, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Joseph Mott Trowbridge, to Naval-Constructor Thomas Gaines Roberts, U. S. N., took place on Wednesday afternoon, June 20th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 352 Hancock Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The ceremony was celebrated at five o'clock, Rev. Henry T. Scudder, rector of St. Stevens's Episcopal Church, of Brooklyn, officiating. Owing to the poor health of Captain Trowbridge, the bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother-in-law, Lieutenant George R. Salisbury, U. S. N. Miss Marion Gibson, daughter of Captain William C. Gibson, U. S. N., of the *Texas*, was the maid of honor; Mr. Frank E. Perkins, who holds the chair of architecture at the University of Pennsylvania, was the best man; and Mr. Henry Ford Condit, of Morristown, N. J., Mr. Paul B. Tuzo, of Paris and New York, and Mr. Edward M. Rider, of Brooklyn, acted as ushers.

An elaborate wedding supper served at small tables followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts will spend their honeymoon in the Canadian Rockies.

The Moore-Swift Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mabelle Florence Swift, of Boston, to Mr. Clarence Moore, of Washington, D. C., took place on Wednesday, June 20th, at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Beverly, Mass. Miss Swift is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carlton Swift, and is well-known in this city, having spent several months here with her cousin, Miss Adelaide Murphy. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Mr. Huiggin. The bride was given into the groom's keeping by her father, Mr. Edwin Carlton Swift. Mrs. Robert Shaw (née Langhorn) was the maid of honor; Mr. Frank Moore, the groom's brother, was best man; and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page and Mr. J. Biddle, of Washington, D. C., Mr. R. Livingston Beekman, of New York, and Mr. Robert Shaw acted as ushers.

Only the immediate friends and relatives of both families were invited to the church, as it is very small, but the reception which followed at the summer home of the Swifts, the E. V. R. Thayer house at Beverly Farms, was attended by a large number of guests who went down from Boston on a special train, and by a large number of the summer contingent at Pride's Crossing and Beverly. Mr. and Mrs. Moore sailed from New York for Europe on Saturday, June 23d.

The San Rafael Tennis Tournament.

The thirteenth annual tournament for the tennis championship of the Pacific States will begin to-day (Saturday) on the courts of the Hotel Rafael, under the auspices of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association, directed by the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association, and will continue July 2d, 3d, and 4th.

The official drawing of matches was held in this city on Thursday evening, and resulted as follows: Mr. T. Murdock plays Mr. P. Murdock a bye; the Right Rev. Bishop W. H. Moreland a bye, will play the winner of the match between Mr. J. O'Brien and Mr. A. Owen; Mr. Merle Johnson plays Mr. M. Leventritt; Mr. Samuel Hardy plays Mr. Grant Smith; Dr. C. B. Root plays Mr. A. Stewart; Mr. Sumner Hardy plays Mr. Duval Moore; Mr. Robert Whitney plays Mr. Percy Kahn; Mr. R. Hunt plays Mr. J. A. Code; Mr. W. B. Collier plays Mr. F. Brown; Mr. R. Nicholson plays Mr. H. Crowell; Mr. W. Cook plays Mr. P. Jones a bye; and Mr. P. Bailey plays Mr. W. Allen a bye.

Speculation is rife as to whom the Championship Cup for the gentlemen's singles will ultimately go to, as Mr. Sumner Hardy, Mr. Samuel Hardy, and Mr. George Whitney the present champion of the Pacific States, each have two victories to their credit and require but one more to own the cup.

The finals of the all-comers will be called on Tuesday, July 3d, at 2:30 P. M.; the championship match will be played on Wednesday, July 4th, at 2:30 P. M.; and on the mornings of July 3d and 4th there will be an open doubles tournament for the benefit of those defeated at singles. Dr. J. Warne Phillips will act as referee.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement of Miss Edith Stubbs to Mr. Harrison J. Parker, of Chicago, is announced. Miss Stubbs is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, and is one of the most popular members of

the younger social set. Mr. Parker is assistant business-manager of the *Chicago Times-Herald*, a position he assumed several years ago, after being connected with several San Francisco papers. No date has yet been fixed for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Campbell have sent out invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Louise Carmelita Campbell, to Dr. Emmet Rixford, on Tuesday noon, July 3d, at Christ Church, Sausalito.

The engagement is announced of Miss Estelle Davis, daughter of Mrs. Harriet Davis, widow of the late J. B. F. Davis, of Ross Valley, to Mr. Joseph Fyfe, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fyfe, of Stockton.

The engagement is announced from Cleveland of Miss Katherine Vincent Gridley, daughter of the late Captain Charles V. Gridley, U. S. N., of the cruiser *Olympia*, to Mr. Lewis J. Buddy, Jr. Miss Gridley lives at Erie, Pa., and Mr. Buddy is the art editor of the *Chautauquan Magazine*.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a unique outing to the national commissioners to the Paris Exposition, with their families, the California State commissioners, and a number of invited guests on Monday, June 25th. They were taken by special train to a popular resort about eight miles from Paris, where the dining-rooms are located in the tops of trees and overlooking the valley. Luncheon was served and the remainder of the afternoon was spent in dancing and merry-making, the party returning to Paris in the evening.

Mrs. Alfred B. Ford gave a garden-fête at San Mateo for the benefit of the San Mateo free kindergarten on Saturday, June 23d. Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. John Davis, Mrs. Fritz King, and Mrs. Arthur Whitney were in charge of different booths.

AT A GATHERING OF GENIUS.

Miss Simpkins had been invited to a luncheon. Not a usual gathering of matinee girls and giddy young matrons, but a function to which many women known as "Literary Lights" were bid. She, in fact, was the only unimportant guest. Mrs. Brown wanted some one, who was not too busy being famous, to appreciate the others. She mused as she read her invitation.

"Well, if I am to be a part of the scenery, I will at least be a magnificent background." So she donned her most stunning frock.

"I really don't suppose they will talk of a thing I can even understand," she thought, as the fatal hour approached. "I'm rather sorry now I accepted. I thought it would be such fun to say I had met all these noted women. However, there is one comfort, they will probably not notice me. Of course, their minds are miles beyond noting people's clothes, and that really is my only recommend. I hope I shall be able to remember some of the clever things they say; it will certainly be a great education to me just to sit back and listen."

The buzz and chatter was very like the ordinary female noise to which she was accustomed, but she murmured appropriate pleasantries to each and sat down a little nervous, but resolved to look interested at least. This is what she heard:

"So sorry I am late, but the wretched dressmaker kept me."

"So glad you liked it; my publishers are delighted, of course."

"Yes, I met him the other night; he is perfectly charming."

"Such hair, and he really is not a bit conceited." "I spent the morning shopping, and am thoroughly worn out."

"No, I did not go. I hate such crushes, you know."

"No, I have not read it; I get very little time for reading."

"What an extremely nice *entrée* this is. My cook is really a tragedy this winter."

"So sorry I was out; do come again soon."

"Yes, I saw it last night; stunning leading man she has."

"I had such a fright last night. A man sitting next me in a car became suddenly insane."

"Oh! what a stunning incident. What magnificent material."

"Yes, I shall write it into my next story."

[Chorus, as they rise to leave:]

"Perfectly charming time, enjoyed it so much."

"Well, dear, how did you enjoy it?" asked the hostess as the last genius departed, and Miss Simpkins arose to go.

"Well, it really seems incredible to me that those people are capable of the work they do. I never heard anything more stupid than their conversation," said Miss Simpkins, impolitely, for she felt that she had been cheated.

"Why, my dear, stupid girl, people of their distinction do not have to exert themselves to be entertaining. It is enough that they are present. Their brilliancy is for publication only."

"It has been an education after all," meditated Miss Simpkins, as she went home.—*Life*.

Scene-painting has become something of a high art in London. In a recent dramatic production three scenes painted by two London women of fine artistic taste were given lengthy notices by the critics. This seems to open a new field for both amateur and professional brush-wielders.

PATRIOTIC VERSE.

America.

O mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail, those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide—
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by bill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,

In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's down-trodden and oppress,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.

Power, at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies,
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

—William Cullen Bryant.

The American Flag.

When Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrice of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

—Joseph Rodman Drake.

—DID YOU SAY RYE? THEN TRY THE JESSE MOORE RYE—the finest in the world.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap
that takes hold quick and
does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the
skin soft like a baby's;
no alkali in it, nothing but
soap. The harm is done by
alkali. Still more harm is
done by not washing. So,
bad soap is better than
none.

What is bad soap? Im-
perfectly made; the fat
and alkali not well bal-
anced or not combined.

What is good soap?
Pears'.

All sorts of store-sell it, especially druggists;
all sorts of people use it.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison (*nde* Crocker) sailed from New York for Hamburg on Thursday, June 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs returned from the East on Wednesday, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Edith Stubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs will move into their new villa at Newport about July 10th, when the greater part of it will be furnished and ready for occupancy.

Miss Azalea Keyes sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamer *Australia*, on Wednesday, June 27th. She expects to be gone eight months and will visit Australia, China, and Japan. She was accompanied by her chaperon, Mrs. J. R. Mackenzie.

Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne, of New York, has given up her intended trip to Europe, and will pass part of the summer at Wave Crest, L. I., where Mr. La Montagne has leased the cottage of Mrs. W. T. Buckley.

Mrs. Charles Wyndham and Miss Alice Mullins have returned from the Hotel Rafael and leave for Monterey the first of next week.

Miss Jennie Flood is in Monterey.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding, who is expected from New York in a few weeks, will spend the summer months in California with Mrs. Redding, who is now sojourning at the Josselyn country home in Woodside.

Miss Gladys Merrill, who came here to act as maid of honor at the marriage of her brother, Mr. John Sroufe Merrill, will return to New York in August, and continue at Miss Ely's school.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will soon leave for San Mateo for a stay of some duration.

Mr. Charles Holbrook and Miss Olive Holbrook were in New York early in the week.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht and Mr. and Mrs. Irwin J. Wiet are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, who are in Southern California, will spend the Fourth of July holidays in Santa Monica.

Miss Loughborough will leave for Monterey this week.

Miss Annie L. Stone has left for Europe. She expects to be absent until September 1st.

A party including Mrs. Warren F. Mills, Mrs. A. A. Martin, Miss Mary E. Carrie, and Miss Helen Runyon visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mrs. Remi Chabot and the Misses Chabot left for "Villaremi," their country home in St. Helena, on Wednesday last. Miss Pauline Lohse has been their guest during the week.

Mr. Addison Mizner sailed for Honolulu last week.

Miss Geraldine Bonner sailed from New York for Europe on June 21st. She expects to be abroad about six months.

Mrs. Frank J. Moffitt, of Oakland, and her son, Mr. Jefferson Moffitt, left last week for Europe.

Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson, after a year's absence abroad, is again occupying her home at 1849 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Folger, of Oakland, are at the Hotel Rafael.

Judge W. C. Van Fleet was in New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Casserly have taken a cottage in San Mateo for the summer. Miss Daisy Casserly has recently returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sharon, of Oakland, will spend the summer in Nevada.

Mrs. E. B. Young and her sons, Harry and Richmond Young, are at Strawberry Valley, El Dorado County, for the summer.

Mrs. Lucie May Hayes, of Oakland, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Miss Viola Piercy are spending a month in Yosemite Valley.

Miss Teresa H. Murphy has left for Monterey, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters.

Mrs. George Boole, Jr., who has been ill in this city for several months, has returned to Seattle, Wash. Mrs. Robert S. Moore, of Oakland, accompanied her, and will visit her in Seattle.

Colonel and Mrs. Herman Bendel and the Misses Bendel, of Oakland, sailed from New York for Europe on June 21st.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith and Mrs. Austin Tuhbs are settled in their new San Mateo homes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Rowland and the Misses Nina and Nellie Rowland, of Los Angeles, registered at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Professor G. R. Agassiz, of Harvard University, arrived from Boston last week, and was a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. Henry Heyman has gone to Del Monte.

Senator Thomas Flint, of San Juan, was at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Bishop W. F. Nichols came up from San Mateo for a few days during the week, and was at the Occidental Hotel.

Miss Christine C. Judah, Miss Marjorie Mills, Miss Adaline Johnson, and Miss Rhoda Mills enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Waldo Ward, of New York, are guests at the California Hotel.

Dr. Lu Ella Cool, who is en route to Cape Nome, has been visiting Mrs. Monroe, of Portland.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Anthony, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. True, of Napa, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cline, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gray, of Sacramento, Mr. F. J. Hund, of Ross Valley, Mrs. P. M. Ohms, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sutcliffe, of Chico, Mr. and Mrs. John Milliken, of Cripple Creek, Colo., Mr. and Mrs.

Alfred Battle, of Seattle, Mr. W. H. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Marsden Manson, Mr. J. L. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Scribner, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Howe, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Laumeister, Mr. Joseph Shippen, and Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Connelly.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael are Mr. A. C. Hutchinson, of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Stratton, of Oakland, Mr. P. Townsend, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Tufts, of Chicago, Mrs. J. A. Guth, of Illinois, Judge Tobin, Miss Nellie A. Glynn, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Babcock, Miss C. Russell, Dr. Edgar Dinkelspiel, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Marshutz, Mr. C. Hardon, and Miss Helen Wagner.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. T. S. C. Lowe, of Los Angeles, Professor and Mrs. C. C. Plehm, of Berkeley, Mr. Otto Schmidt, of Crockett, Mr. Ernest Neal, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Effey, of Santa Cruz, Mr. H. C. Short, of Topeka, Mr. George J. Bancroft, of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Meyers, of St. Paul, Mr. W. von Haslem, of Berlin, and Mr. H. B. Ransdell and Mr. W. A. Joseph, of Chicago.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Philip Hichborn, chief constructor, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hichborn, have returned to Washington from their transcontinental trip.

Mrs. R. B. Wallace and her son, Master Bradley Wallace, left here for the East on the twenty-eighth inst. They will sail for Europe on July 5th, and join Mrs. Wallace's mother, Mrs. George L. Bradley, in Paris.

Colonel Samuel M. Mills, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., and Mrs. Mills are staying at the California Hotel.

A party from Mare Island, including Assistant Paymaster Jonathan Brooks, U. S. N., and Mrs. Brooks, Lieutenant-Commander F. H. Holmes, U. S. N., and Mrs. Holmes, Captain William H. Whiting, U. S. N., and Mrs. Whiting, and Lieutenant H. Carrington Davis, U. S. N., enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Captain J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., has been detached from duty as commandant of the Puget Sound naval station, and ordered home to wait orders when able to travel. Commander W. T. Burwell, U. S. N., will be his successor.

Among the naval officers who will sail from San Francisco on July 10th for Manila are Commander P. Garst, U. S. N., Commander C. T. Forse, U. S. N., Commander D. Delehanty, U. S. N., Lieutenants R. K. Crank, R. D. Hasbrouck, W. C. P. Muir, H. B. Price, W. H. G. Bullard, H. M. P. Muse, J. J. Knapp, C. S. Stanworth, U. S. N.

Captain Adrian S. Polhemus, Medical Department, U. S. A., who arrived from Fort Leavenworth, Kas., early in the week en route to the Philippines with the Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., is staying at the Occidental Hotel.

The following changes were made in the Asiatic station on June 21st: Commander E. K. Moore, U. S. N., detached from the *Helena* and ordered to the *Petrel* and to duty as commandant of the Cavite naval station; Lieutenant-Commander W. G. Hannum, U. S. N., detached from the *Petrel* and ordered to the *Monadnock*; Lieutenant R. H. Leigh, U. S. N., detached from the *Brooklyn* and ordered to the *Oregon*; Lieutenant A. A. McKethan, U. S. N., ordered to the *Oregon*; Ensign W. C. Asserson, U. S. N., detached from the *Monterey* and ordered to the *Oregon*; Ensign D. M. Wood, U. S. N., detached from the *Monterey* and ordered to the *Oregon*; Ensign W. W. Knox, U. S. N., detached from the *Queros* and ordered to the *Iris*; Ensign C. P. Nelson, U. S. N., detached from the *Yosemite* and ordered to the *Oregon*; Ensign L. A. Cotten, U. S. N., detached from the *Brooklyn* and ordered to the *Zafro*; Ensign F. T. Evans, U. S. N., detached from the *Nashville* and ordered to the *Yosemite*; Assistant-Surgeon J. C. Thompson, U. S. N., detached from the naval hospital, Yokohama, Japan, and ordered to the *Newark*; Chaplain L. P. Rennolds, U. S. N., detached from the Cavite naval station and ordered to the *Yosemite*; Boatswain J. M. Murphy, U. S. N., detached from the *Petrel* and ordered to the *Oregon*.

A bridal trip a little out of the ordinary is reported from Arizona. A young couple went to Flagstaff, bought a couple of big wagons and teams of mules, hired a couple of teamsters and a good cook, and started south for Phoenix. The principal wagon was roofed with canvas and wire gauze, with every comfort, and the trip is described as ideal. No flies or mosquitoes, good hunting, and the "light of love" combining with that from moon and stars. Upon arrival at Phoenix the wagons were sold at an advance, and the couple proceeded by rail to Los Angeles in search of new adventures. They may return by way of Japan and India.

Baron von Cohn, the court banker of Emperor William the First, died recently in Berlin, leaving no will. His fortune amounts to 46,000,000 marks, or \$11,500,000, and goes to his only daughter, who is a childless widow.

Official Sanitary Reports.

Moët & Chandon White Seal Champagne is absolutely pure; there is not the slightest admixture of any deleterious ingredient as is so generally found to be the case with other brands of champagne. For this reason it has justly earned the confidence of the hygienist, who in general is chary in bestowing commendation upon champagnes, knowing as he does how frequently such wines are "doctored" at the expense of the health of the user.—*United States Health Reports, Washington, D. C.*

A Worthy Charity.

A fund has been started in this city for the relief of India's famine sufferers, and the Mansion House Committee, feeling that the British residents should be given an opportunity to show their sympathy and render practical assistance in the movement, have arranged for an illustrated lecture in aid of this most worthy charity on "South Africa and Her Wars: Boer and Briton in the Field," by Dr. Frederick W. D'Evelyn, late of the Natal field force and Pretoria siege garrison. The lecture will be given at the Metropolitan Hall this (Saturday) evening, and the admission will be fifty cents to any part of the house.

The memory of Caesar, a Great Dane that belonged to Mrs. T. B. M. Cardeza, of Germantown, Pa., but which died recently, is to be kept green by a monument costing two hundred dollars. Caesar was nine years old and three feet tall, and was a great pet among the Cardezas' large collection of animals. The dog was buried in a fine coffin, with real silk lining and silver handles. On the monument, which is now being constructed, will be inscribed the following: "Erected to an old and faithful friend."

Miss Frederica Perceval, daughter of George the Third's prime minister, Spencer Perceval, who was shot by Bellingham in the House of Commons eighty-eight years ago, has just died at Ealing at the age of ninety-five years. She could remember very little of her father, but she had known every premier who had held office since his death, from Lord Liverpool to Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery.

The number who realize the advantages of a quiet day's outing, combined with the pleasure of a trip on the Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway, is continually increasing. With new rolling-stock and the completion of the new Tavern of Tamalpais those living in the neighborhood of San Francisco are to be congratulated. On Wednesday, July 4th, trains will run on Sunday time.

A woman is alive in Vienna who sang in the chorus at the first performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. Her name is Frau Grehner, and she is ninety-one years old.

"Deacon Bradbury."

One of the strongest books of the season is the above novel by Edwin Asa Dix. For sale at Cooper's. Price, \$1.50.

—DO NOT GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A jar of California Strawberry Cream for the skin. Made from the fruit juice, at Greenbaum's, 200 Post.

—After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 214 Post St.

SHREVE & COMPANY

Will close their store at 3 P. M. on Saturdays, and other business days at 5 P. M. June 30th to September 1st, inclusive.

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American plan. European plan.

Vacation Shoes FOR THIS WEEK.

Ladies' Tan Lace and Button Shoes, mostly narrow toes and widths.....\$1.15
Ladies' Kangaroo and Calf (Laird, Schober & Co) Shoes......65
Ladies' Tan Golf Shoes.....\$2.50
Ladies' French Kid (Herber's) Shoes, what are left.....25
Ladies' Tan Oxfords, LXV, heel......95
Men's Tan Hand Welt Lace Shoe, pointed toes, narrow widths; sizes, 9, 10, 11.....\$1.00
Men's Calf Button and Congress, full plain toe, small sizes, narrow widths......75
Children's Patent Leather and Kid Shoes, odd lot......25

Most all of above small sizes. No mail orders filled. We will not exchange or return money on these goods. See prices in windows and bargain counter. We also have full lines of new Summer Footwear. Popular prices.

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*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsen, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East... San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*11.45 A
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations. Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*4.15 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations. The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations. Sacramento River Steamers.....	*2.45 P
*1.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations. Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*9.15 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*10.45 A
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited. Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	Fresno, Passenger—Martinez, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Eureka (Raymond for Yosemite), Fresno.....	*9.45 A
*5.30 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*8.45 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*7.45 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*11.45 A
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Paget Sound, and East.....	*10.55 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)		
17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	*8.50 A

CREAK ROUTE FERRY.		
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip B)—		
*7.15	9.00	11.00 A. M., 1.00 2.00 3.00
*4.00	15.00	16.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—		
10.00 A. M.	12.00	1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	16.30 P
17.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
17.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	18.35 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San José, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
15.00 P	Way Stations.....	16.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	18.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	18.00 A
11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Johnny—"Paw, what is black-mail?" Paw—"Mourning envelopes."—*Baltimore American.*

"What do you think of the census?" asked Mr. Beechwood. "It is a questionable proceeding," replied Mr. Homewood. — *Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Degrees: General (haughtily)—"I went to the war and defecated my country." Statesman (wearily)—"That's oothio. I stayed at home and defended the war."—*Life.*

Mutual regard: She—"If I were your wife, sir, I'd put poison in your morning coffee!" He—"If I were your husband, madam, I'd drink that coffee!"—*London Sketch.*

Discriminated against: "You have political equality with the sexes in Mootoa, I believe?" "Far from it. A woman gets only about half as much for her vote as a man gets."—*Life.*

On a bargain basis: Lawyer—"Well, madam, let us understand each other. What do you want a divorce for?" Fair client—"Cao I ged one vor about four dollars?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Tom—"Did you ask old Gilfoyle's consent to your marriage with his daughter?" Dick—"Yes." Tom—"How did you come out?" Dick—"I really don't know; it all happened so sudden."—*Town Topics.*

Conundrum (by the printer's devil): "Is there any rule of English composition that Mr. ex-President Steyn invariably observes?" "Yes. He never comes to a full stop without beginning with a fresh capital."—*Punch.*

A distinction with a difference: Shopman—"Here is a very nice thing in revolving book-cases, madam." Mrs. Newrich—"Oh, are those revolving book-cases? I thought they called them circulating libraries."—*The King.*

Loslog no time: "Bixley is working like a dog over there in New Jersey." "What's he doing?" "Training Jersey farmers to look like Chinese Boxers for a series of biograph battle-pictures taken on the spot."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Oh, my dear daughter!" (to a little girl of six), "you should not be frightened and run from the goat. Don't you know you are a Christian Scientist?" "But, mamma," excitedly, "the hilly-goat doesn't know it."—*Trained Motherhood.*

A truthful man: Miss Plainface (earnestly)—"But if I had not all this mooney, do you think you could still be happy with me?" Mr. Seekrox (startled, but equal to the emergency)—"A—a—Happy is not the word for it."—*Brooklyn Life.*

His expectation: "What do you propose to do in connection with the coming campaign?" "You know the old saying, 'mooney talks,'" rejoined Senator Sorghum. "Yes." "Well, I suppose I'll be called on for a few speeches, as usual."—*Washington Star.*

A racket for all: "The boys and the girls will all have a racket on the Fourth of July," said Mrs. Willoughby. "The girls, too?" queried Mrs. Goldborough. "Yes; the boys will shoot off fire-crackers and other explosives, and the girls will play lawn-tennis."—*Bazar.*

Feminine intuition: Mistress—"Jane, you may clear away the breakfast dishes and put the house in order. I am going to my dressmaker's to have a new gown fitted." Jane—"Yes, ma'am. Are you going to take your latch-key, or shall I sit up for you?"—*Chicago News.*

Teacher—"Joho, what are your boots made of?" Boy—"Of leather." Teacher—"Where does the leather come from?" Boy—"From the hide of the ox." Teacher—"What animal, therefore, supplies you with hoots and gives you meat to eat?" Boy—"My father."—*Tit-Bits.*

Violet record: Mr. Inwit (starting for business)—"I have to stop on my way to the office to get a ribbon." Mrs. Inwit—"For whom, pray?" Mr. Inwit—"For my type-writer." Mrs. Inwit—"I'd just like to see you buying ribbons for any type-writer!"—*New York Herald.*

A slight inaccuracy: "Mamma," said the little girl, her eyes wide with excitement, "I do believe the minister told a story!" "Why, the idea!" said her mother; "you don't know what you are saying." "But I do, mamma. I heard papa ask him how long he had worn chin-whiskers, and he said he had worn them all his life."—*Indianapolis Press.*

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The proposition advanced in these columns several weeks ago, that the Chinese residents of the city should be removed to some remote suburb, has been taken up by the Public Improvement Central League. Their proposal is to secure a tract of one hundred acres on the bay shore, just beyond the Six Mile House. The new shore line of the Southern Pacific will run through the tract, and the water front offers facilities for shipping. Here the Chinese can be located and secure ample room to attend to their business, while a menace to the health of the city will be removed. It was to be expected that the Chinese themselves would object to this plan of removal, and they have already done so. They urge the fact that many Chinese merchants own the buildings in

which they live and do business, their real-estate holdings aggregating more than one million dollars; that they have millions of dollars invested in their business; that they can not make money if forced to leave the business centre of the city.

At first view these objections seem plausible enough, but they will not bear investigation. It is not proposed to confiscate the property of the Chinese in the present Chinatown, but to exchange it, forcibly if necessary, for other property that will be equally valuable. The value of the property invested in their business will not be decreased by the change of location; if anything, it will be increased by the improved shipping and railway facilities. Most of their business is with their own countrymen and with interior towns. This will not be affected by their transfer from the business section of the white population. Nor will the tourist trade, upon which some of them depend, be injured, for an Oriental city, with the filthy conditions that now prevail removed, would be visited by increased numbers of sight-seers. The chief consideration, however, is not the convenience or inclination of the Chinese, but the health of the entire city, and that consideration should prevail above all others. Had such action been taken a year ago, the city and the State would have been saved thousands of dollars.

One of the daily papers has evolved a plan of its own to accomplish the removal of the Chinese from the section of the city now inhabited by them. This consists in widening the streets and reforming the grades in that quarter. Old buildings, according to this plan, are to be torn down and modern ones built in their place, while new buildings are merely to be made over to conform to the new street lines. Were these changes made, it is claimed, rents would be advanced to a point where the Chinese would be unable or unwilling to pay them, and would voluntarily remove to other parts of the city. There are several objections to this plan that suggest themselves, the most important being that it would not work. Such a change must be inaugurated by petition of the property-owners, and, as they are satisfied with their present rentals, a majority of them would not sign. Many of the Chinese own their own places in the quarter, and they would decline to move. With these Chinese living there no white people would inhabit the neighborhood, and such buildings as were not occupied by Chinese would remain vacant. The gradual extension of the boundaries of Chinatown gives proof of this fact. Even supposing the Chinese to be driven out of the locality, with no place of residence prescribed for them, they would settle in all parts of the city, and instead of one Chinatown we should have a dozen.

When the Chinese are driven from the section in which they are located, the buildings must be torn down and new ones built in their places. It would be well at that time to widen the streets and to reduce the grades as far as possible on the steep grades. The occasion would furnish a most favorable opportunity for such improvement. That part of the city would then become a favorite residence locality, and rents in the neighborhood would be increased. But any plan that does not involve their removal to a designated and remote locality would at best offer only a temporary relief.

One form of waste habitually practiced is the dumping as useless of all the sweepings of the streets. It is strange that this should have so long been permitted, especially while some of the trees in the park are suffering from lack of just such a fertilizing agent as the sweepings would constitute. Naturally the subject came to the attention of the Merchants' Association, a body of far-seeing and energetic citizens, and appeal has been made to the supervisors to correct the evil. The manner in which this may be done is clearly pointed out, and the scheme deserves not only official approval, but the indorsement of every citizen.

The sweepings amount each month to three thousand cubic yards, enough to be of substantial value if saved; too much to be devoted to bringing vacant lots up to grade. By a special provision of the new charter, street-car lines

may be employed to carry sweepings, changing the old and costly order. To undertake the work would necessitate first the equipping of a dumping station with platform and bunkers. This should be in a central location, close to electric lines, and on property owned by the city. Such property is at Eleventh and Bryant Streets, and having been examined is pronounced in every way suited to the purpose. The erection of bunkers there would be simple, while there is ample space for all necessary switches, and every facility for loading could easily be provided. According to the plan in its present stage the bunkers would be large enough to hold two hundred cubic yards, or two days' supply, in order to prevent any embarrassment in case of temporary disability of the cars.

The matter, as the association sets forth, now rests with the supervisors, the board of public works, and the park commission, and they are called upon to take immediate and definite action. All that is necessary to do is to set aside the needed land, erect the bunkers, instruct the railway company to lay the track required, and make provision in the next tax levy for the work. Estimates show that the cost of the bunkers would be \$5,660.27, of which \$2,160.27 would be for material and \$3,500 for labor. The railway company would, of course, lay the track at its own expense, and it would be subject to removal at pleasure of the municipal authorities. The sweepings could be delivered at any designated points along H Street, and carried into the park by other temporary tracks.

Attention is called by the association to the fact that the present contract will not expire until next year, and that in the meantime bills would have to be paid, either from city or park funds. Suggestion is made that the interested bodies confer as to the worth of the sweepings, and that hereafter the contract for cleaning streets include the cost of delivery at the park. This would make the matter one between the contractor and the carrier. It is the opinion of the association that an appropriation of \$204,000 for street-cleaning, provided it be not diverted, and considering the saving due to rainy days, would be sufficient to cover the expense of the proposed system.

There can be no objection to the plan of the Merchants' Association. Every phase of the matter has been investigated, and the report, coupled with the request for immediate consideration, is worthy of all that is asked. The merchants have taken much interest in the subject of clean streets. To them is due the improvement that has been so marked, and standing, as they do, for the best interests of the community, their views are not hastily formed nor idly expressed. It would be a wise provision that would send street-sweepings to the park, where they would be a substantial good, adding much to the beauty of the spot, and saving the alternative of purchasing fertilizing material less effective. The scheme, saving at both ends, in every way commends itself. There is a general pride in keeping the park up to its high standard, and a pride no less marked in having the thoroughfares presentable. Vacant lots with bummocks of debris do not look well, and are in token of wastefulness.

Now that an election has been held in Cuba, students of political economy, who had, with much interest, looked forward to the event, are puzzled as to what lesson shall be drawn from it. They do not know whether to regard the Cubans as apathetic, or whether to attach significance to the triumph of the Nationalists, for this organization was easily victor. The result is not surprising, the Nationalists being the only party to carry on anything in the nature of a campaign. The Republicans, representing the extreme radicals, virtually withdrew from the contest, while the Union-Democrats, or Conservatives, were both outgeneraled and outnumbered.

The conduct of the election was marked by peace and good order. There was no disturbance, and the only cry of fraud has been raised by Estrada Mora, defeated candidate for mayor of Havana. In addition to charging fraud, the nature of which he does not specify, Mora declares

rival won by the votes of the mob, a statement indubitably correct. The absence of tumult from the polls may have been due in some measure to the presence of United States soldiers, but the part the troops played was wholly passive. They had nothing to do, no rioters to check, no noisy throngs to disperse. There were no crowds, and never a sign of excitement. This was the feature of the day for which there is difficulty in accounting. It had been thought that the novelty of the situation, if nothing else, would create at least the semblance of enthusiasm.

In Havana the Nationalists elected Alexandro Rodriguez mayor, with eighteen councilmen, a treasurer, correctional judge, and three municipal judges. In Santiago the Democrats had the only ticket in the field. In both cities there was displayed the utmost indifference. In Havana 60,000 have a right to the franchise. Of this considerable body only about 24,000 took the trouble to register, and 5,000 who had registered did not appear at the polls. This proportion is regarded as extraordinary. In American cities as large a proportion of registered voters might refrain from voting, but with the difference that the registration would be practically complete. It must be remembered, however, that no great principle was at stake, and the only prizes in sight were municipal offices. Yet it is strange, when in the entire island there are only 140,000 entitled to the franchise, these should have failed to recognize the responsibility resting on them.

The Nationalists are military—the outgrowth of the army life which has long employed a certain element. In its ranks are to be found veterans of the recent struggle with Spain and of the Ten Years' War. They look upon the men who led them in battle as proper leaders in civil life. They are not satisfied with quietude, and with any pretext would be glad to precipitate a revolution. Their instinct is to rebel against authority. Until forced to lay down arms they were engaged in guerrilla strife, and the predatory impulse still stirs them. Naturally, property-holders feel a lack of confidence in a party made up of professional patriots and men to whom the arts of tranquillity do not appeal. Yet the Nationalist policy may be regarded as a compromise, since the Republicans are so opposed to the United States as to resent the holding even of commercial relations, and the Democrats would not object to being absorbed by the power which rescued them from Spain and is pledged to protect them.

The personality of Rodriguez becomes of some interest. It was his wife who, with several other Cuban ladies, was arrested by Weyler, and during her imprisonment subjected to such gross indignities as to arouse the protests of civilized people everywhere. Hence she shares with her husband a part of the popular regard. Out of the votes cast, he received 13,073 to the 6,534 of Mora, and some of these were doubtless due to the esteem in which Señora Rodriguez is held. The new mayor is first of all a soldier, not averse to the rôle of agitator, but there is no reason to suppose that under the prevailing régime his administration will be marked by any untoward manifestation of his leanings.

The election was a personal victory for General Gomez, who has steadfastly held that the United States would as soon as possible make good its promise of independence. It demonstrated, also, that only the Nationalists had had the energy to formulate any plans, and that the prevailing feeling of the Cuban is an astonishing indifference. Either he thinks he is in good hands, or that, not being satisfied, to struggle against conditions would be useless; or he fails to comprehend the duties of citizenship. Perhaps an awakening may come later and the adoption of a constitution arouse a zeal that is dormant or lacking. People who have the privilege of voting, and deliberately refrain from exercise of it, do not give promise of capacity for self-government. The Cuban election, notwithstanding its commendable phase of orderliness, has been a disappointment to thoughtful people baving real concern for the future of the island.

The present year is one in which elections will be unusually prevalent throughout the country, owing to the unaccustomed generality with which the States will elect governors and State officials. It is also noticeable that this year's election of congressmen will be the last to be held under the present apportionment.

The States which will elect a governor, together with more or less complete State tickets, are Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, and Wisconsin.

Delaware will elect a governor only. There is no lieutenant-governor in that State.

The State elections in Iowa and Ohio this year are for the office of secretary of State only.

Because of the legal complications arising in Kentucky

through the shooting of Senator Goebel and the removal of Governor Taylor, the State election this year will be held to choose a governor to succeed Governor Beckham and a lieutenant-governor, which office is now vacant.

The only officials to be voted for in Pennsylvania, aside from the general national election, will be two congressmen at large.

Wyoming will hold a State election to choose members of the legislature, and Nevada to elect a supreme court judge.

Three States have already held their State elections. They are Rhode Island and Louisiana, which elected full State tickets in April, and Oregon, which chose a partial State ticket and congressmen in June.

There are also six States in which no State election is to be held this year. These are California, Florida, Maryland, Mississippi, New Jersey, and Virginia.

It will be seen by the foregoing that elections will be more or less general this year in thirty-nine States, in addition to the national campaign, in which the election of a President, Vice-President, and congressmen is common to all.

The States which will yet hold elections this year in advance of the national election, which occurs on November 6th, are Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Maine, and Vermont. Alabama chooses State officers in August; Arkansas elects a State ticket in September. The Maine election will be on the first Monday of September, and Vermont one week later, while Georgia votes on the first Wednesday of October.

The early State elections of a Presidential year have now lost much of the interest which attached to them when more doubtful and important States were included in the list. Of those which remain, the one which carried most significance—Oregon—has already voted, aligning itself squarely in the Republican column by increased majorities. The other preliminary elections yet to come include only the strong Democratic States of Alabama, Arkansas, and Georgia, and the equally strong Republican States of Maine and Vermont.

There will consequently be only passing interest in the early State elections unless the returns show surprises almost revolutionary in their character. This change has detracted largely from the influence of the preliminary elections on the voting in November, and has correspondingly enhanced the interest in the frequently doubtful States like New York and Indiana. Indiana is not the doubtful State it was previous to 1894. Since the latter date it has regularly gone Republican by good majorities, and its present steadiness is evinced by the fact that the Republican plurality in the off year of 1898 was only about six hundred votes less than that of the Presidential year of 1896. The record of New York on the contrary confirms it as a doubtful State of the first order, and the size of its electoral vote renders it this year a pivotal State also. In 1868 it was for Seymour against Grant; in 1872 for Grant against Greeley; in 1876 for Tilden against Hayes; in 1880 for Garfield against Hancock; in 1884 for Cleveland against Blaine; in 1888 for Harrison against Cleveland; in 1892 for Cleveland against Harrison; in 1896 for McKinley against Bryan.

Difficult as it is to believe that the great State of New York, with its immense manufacturing and financial interests, can be carried for Bryan—the arch-exponent of an unsound currency—there is reason to foresee that the election can be won by the Republicans, notwithstanding such a defection as New York. The situation in the West is not what it was four years ago. There is ample and cumulative evidence that the silver question has lost much of its hold on all the Western States which voted for Bryan in 1896. There is a Democratic split in Montana which promises defeat to that party in the State; the fusion pluralities of 1896 in Colorado and Idaho were cut down two-thirds in the elections of 1898, and reports encouraging to Republicans come from both States and from Utah as well; the fusion plurality in Nevada was reduced almost to nothing in 1898; and in the same year Wyoming, Washington, and Kansas were carried by the Republicans. These were all Bryan States in 1896, and their combined electoral vote nearly equals that of New York. The West is returning to the side of sound money, and is deeply interested in the growing expansion of Oriental commerce under Republican guidance.

While the present turmoil in China must of necessity disturb existing trade relations, the volume of business between that country and the United States had been increasing; not by leaps and bounds, but steadily enough to show that American merchants are learning the value of the Oriental market. They do not find there an untouched commercial field, but one in which many opportunities have been neglected. They are striving to supply the demand with the precise article demanded, and not by sending "something just as good." The results have, in a modest way, been gratifying, more as indicative of possibilities than of that which has actually been accomplished.

From reports compiled by Consul Fowler at Chefoo, and

from recent papers of Charles Denby, Jr., sometime secretary of the American legation at Peking, much information may be gleaned. In 1899 the foreign trade of China amounted to \$336,189,300, which was a gain of \$66,000,000 over 1898, and more than double the total of 1890. This shows plainly enough that the field is being exploited. China's imports in 1899 were, roundly, \$193,000,000 against exports of \$143,000,000. The increase of imports included cotton products, hardware, machinery, oil, opium, and sundries. The United States got no part of the increase in oil, but lost. China exported of tea, silk, hides, wool, and hams more than ever before. The value of the silk was \$60,000,000 and of the tea \$19,358,000. It shipped 30,000,000 pounds of cotton, rice, matting, tobacco, and hides from Mongolia and Tibet. Some of the hides, purporting to be wolf-skin, came from the common dog, but still the supply from cattle and sheep is practically inexhaustible.

Statistics as to the carriage of Chinese commerce afford a curious study. During 1899, 65,418 vessels cleared from treaty ports; of these, 25,350, with tonnage of 23,338,230, belonged to England; 22,548, with tonnage of 8,944,819, to China; 3,712, tonnage 2,839,741, to Japan; 2,078, tonnage 1,854,246, to Germany. After these came France, Sweden and Norway, Russia, and then the United States with 716 ships of 310,107 tons. In other words, the United States is not within hailing distance of its legitimate rank, although the record for 1899 makes a comparative showing that is encouraging. Its Chinese commerce reached last year an aggregate of \$32,000,000, almost equally divided between imports and exports. Between the Philippines and China there was harter only to the extent of \$50,000, but under Spanish rule and peace these figures had never gone above \$175,000. Imports from the United States to China during 1899 were \$4,147,702 greater than they had been in 1898, almost equal to the increase of Great Britain, which was \$4,672,146; but the total for England was \$28,936,083, whereas that of the United States was \$16,059,041. The apparent gain of the United States should have been made much greater, for large quantities of American goods are shipped to London, and go thence to China under the English flag. Consul Fowler recently noticed, among other goods, 80 barrels of nails from New York, cases of cigarettes from Richmond, cotton flannel from Boston, with clocks, windmills, and machinery from Chicago, but all entering Chefoo by way of Hong Kong and credited to the British flag. But notwithstanding the policy of shipping by a longer and more expensive route manufactures that should leave San Francisco and go direct, the United States is fast catching up with England in the race. In four years American trade has been doubled, while in the same period England's has fallen off 4,000,000 taels, a tael being 72.05 cents. In 1895, England's Chinese trade was five times that of the United States; in 1898 it was more than twice as much. In 1899, England was credited with \$38,996,097 and the United States with \$31,683,599, not a vast discrepancy, and one that would be less marked save for advantage American merchants give England by employing its route and carriers.

In 1897 the balance of Chinese trade was against the United States, \$3,978,853; in 1898 the balance was \$3,592,519 the other way; and last year remained so by \$866,733, although purchases made in China by the people of the United States were \$10,000,000 more than for the year previous, and nearly twice as much as made by the English. At one time the leading import from America was oil, but this is now so far from being the case that the trade in this commodity threatens to come to naught. This is not so much by reason of the belief that devils inhabit the American oil-can (though this does have effect), as that the oil is adulterated, and that other oil, set down in Chefoo at greater expense for freight, is sold under the price asked for the American article. So oil, once in the lead, constituting one-third of the entire export to China, has lost its place. Sheet-iron now leads, and the value of the sheeting sent to China for 1899 was \$6,924,570, a sum greater than the value of everything sent during any year prior to 1896. So the growth is not to be disputed.

A discouraging feature is the lack of American shipping. "I have seen but one merchant steamer under our flag since coming to China, ten years ago," says Consul Fowler in his report; "and," he adds, naively, "she had no right to it." Mr. Fowler's desire to awaken the interest of the mercantile American is shown in his report. He sets forth the scope of the market, appeals to his countrymen to compete, and shows that China, even though not a virgin field, is fertile and promising.

The committee on public utilities of the board of supervisors, under the leadership of Supervisor Charles Wesley Reed, is showing commendable activity in behalf of the public interest, and has scored another triumph by which the people will be saved at least forty thousand dollars during the present fiscal

WHAT THE STATES VOTE FOR IN 1900.

TRADE WITH CHINA GROWING.

THE GAS-LIGHTING CONTRACTS.

year. This week the bids for public lighting were opened and the contracts awarded. There were evidences of collusion among the old gas companies, but the Equitable Gaslight Company and the Independent Electric Light Company put in competitive bids. The difference between the bids was one dollar a thousand feet for gas against \$1.35, and 3.95 cents against 5 cents for electricity. Unfortunately the Equitable Gaslight Company has mains in a limited section of the city only, and could bid on the Hall of Justice, the morgue, the California Street police station, and the fire-engine houses in the northern part of the city, but was obliged to omit the City Hall and other public buildings where the greater proportion of the gas consumed by the city is used. In spite of this limitation of the field of competition a considerable saving for the city has been effected, and as the lines of mains are extended, further reductions may be looked for in the future.

As regards street lighting, the Equitable Company was unable to file a bid owing to lack of facilities for furnishing the service. Nevertheless, the effect of competition was seen in the concessions made by the old company. Welsh burners are to be substituted for the ordinary burners in the more thickly populated districts, and arc lights are to be removed from the locations where there are gas mains and placed where no light is now furnished in outlying districts. This offers eloquent evidence of the value of competitive service that is competitive more than in name, and, owing to the reduction in rates, suggests the advantages that would result from municipal ownership of both gas and electric plants.

At the time that this is written, the Democratic convention has not selected its candidates for President and Vice-President, nor has it adopted its platform. The committee on resolutions has devoted hours in deciding whether it shall express its opinion in plain language or shall veil it in the hope that it may thereby secure the support of certain weak-kneed Democrats who would hesitate to indorse the statement that black is black, but would enthusiastically declare that black is not white. Whatever the result of the deliberations may be, the outcome will be the same. Whether the Democratic convention at Kansas City declares in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, or merely indorses the Chicago platform, which advocates that ratio, the meaning will be the same. Bryan will be the nominee, and Bryan means free silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, whatever may be expressed in the platform. Under these circumstances the attitude of the Gold Democrats becomes interesting. At the last Presidential election, many of them voted for Palmer and Buckner as a protest against the "crown-of-thorns" hysteria of the Chicago convention. Many more, realizing the futility of voting for candidates having no possibility of election, wisely gave their support to William McKinley. This year many of them show an inclination to return to their old allegiance. Mr. Bryan is trying with his utmost strength to prevent their doing so, and thereby proving the danger that his election would involve. He is a fanatic on certain subjects, and his views have been proved to be dangerous and prejudicial to the interests of the republic.

The movement in favor of preserving the small remnant of the redwood forests in this State that remains in Santa Cruz and San Mateo Counties is evidently gaining ground, for at the meeting of the Sempervirens Club, held this week, a considerable accession of membership was reported, and associations with similar purposes are expressing a desire to affiliate and assist in the work. At this meeting a map was presented showing the land that it is proposed to set apart as a pleasure ground for the people of this State and their descendants. In the Big Basin proper are 14,000 acres belonging to about forty different owners. This land could be purchased at the present time for an average of not more than thirty dollars an acre, or something less than half a million dollars. It is proposed, however, to include the headwaters of the Pescadero and Scott Creeks in San Mateo County, extending the reserve to cover 34,000 acres. This would include land of less value than that in the Big Basin, and would reduce the average cost to about twenty-five dollars an acre, or \$850,000 for the entire reserve. This is considerably less than the original estimate, and it is possible that the expense of condemnation proceedings—which would be necessary in the case of some holdings—might increase it somewhat. Nevertheless, such an amount might be raised with comparative ease by popular subscription should proper efforts be exerted, and the result would well repay those who had contributed to preserve one of the greatest natural beauties of this State. The necessity for immediate action exists, as already the lumbermen have formed plans to cut away the timber in this section.

THE CITY BY THE ARNO.

Pleasure—Living Florentines—A New Automobile Club—Golf Links—Tennis and "Pallone" Matches—Faddist—Haunted Florence—Botticellian Cranks and Fra Angelican Freaks.

To-day we witnessed the inauguration of the automobile club of Florence. It took place in the Barhetti Rotunda near the Cascine. Around the circle twenty-one automobiles were ranged. They were examined by the Count of Turin, who represents the royal family in Florence. The Florentines must have something for their tax-money, so they get a royal prince. The count was good enough to express his princely admiration for the machines, of which there was really quite a fine showing. The fastest was a six-horsepower Stanley, belonging to Prince Strozzi.

We are neighbors of the prince, by the way. He lives across the street from us. Carping people might say that we lived across the street from him, for there is a Strozzi Palace, a Strozzi Street, and a Strozzi Square, while our hotel is on the corner of Strozzi Square and Strozzi Street. But none the less we have a right to say that he lives across the street from us. His habitation is finer than ours, for the Strozzi Palace is one of the sights of Florence. But it is unfinished. The prince's family have lived there for generations. Two or three hundred years ago the family decided to put an ornamental cornice on the palace, and got half way around, when they went broke and stopped. The cornice has remained unfinished ever since. If Prince Strozzi had a due regard for his ancestors he would finish his uncompleted palace. But apparently he prefers to live in an unfinished house and spend his money on automobiles. He had four machines at this opening of the Florence Automobile Club.

After the exposition proper, the members "conducted" their machines from the Rotunda out to Florence's beautiful park, the Cascine. Numbers of handsomely gowned women were seated on the automobiles, and one of them was driven by a lady. I inquired her name, and was told that she was "the Signorina Smith." The other ladies were all marchesas, duchessas, and contessas, but only Signorina Smith was daring enough to conduct a machine. The name sounds un-Italian. I think the Signorina Smith must be American. The club wound up by a "grand five-o'clock tea at four o'clock," at the Cascine. The Italians seem to think that "five o'clock" is a kind of leverage, instead of a time of day. You see signs on the Italian-English tea-rooms, "five-o'clock tea served at all hours." And the French even make a verba of it—*fiveocloguer*. "On fiveocloguera à quatre heures."

The scene was a very animated one. We were seated at one of the tables under the trees on the terrace of the Cascine Café. A fine military band was playing near at hand. Many of the automobile club were still speeding their machines around the circles and driveways, giving exhibitions of their skill in turning corners, stopping, hacking, and going ahead. On the other side of the round-point on which the *café* is situated the usual carriage parade of Florence was going on. Handsomely appointed victorias, broughams, breaks, dog-carts, and phaetons rolled past, drawn by well-groomed horses, with coachmen, footmen, and grooms in immaculate liveries. Not a few horsemen were to be seen, and among them numbers of uniformed army officers. On the other side of this driveway were four lawn-tennis courts with matches in progress on all of them, followed by groups of interested spectators. Beyond these courts again, the Italian game of "Pallone" was being played with great vigor. The elliptical course of a race-track stretched alongside the park harrier, where running races were in progress on this same day. Just outside the Cascine are the grounds of the beautiful Villa Demidoff, on which there is a golf links. And all these sports were going on at the same time on a beautiful spring day. Of a truth, the Florentines do not lack for amusements.

Parenthetically let me say that the Florence Golf Club was extremely hospitable to us wanderers from a far-off Western land, and sent us visitors' cards for their links and club-house. We were not slow to avail ourselves of the privilege during the short time we were there. The links are laid out adjacent to a speed-track at the Villa Demidoff. There are racing-stables there, and men in trotting-sulkies are continually exercising horses. Your golf hall takes you near a group of jockeys, horse-trainers, and hostlers, who are gathered round a couple of trotting-sulkies and talking to the drivers. Unconsciously you expect to hear them calling one another Jim or Pete, and talking English race-track slang. But no. They are Sandros and Titos, and their race-track lingo is *lingua Toscana*.

So, too, with the caddies. To play golf over a links where the caddies speak no English is in itself an odd sensation. But to have a golf caddy talking to you in Italian is even more odd. Otherwise, the little Italian caddies seem very much

like other caddies elsewhere. It will interest golf-players to know that for "once round" they are paid four cents. Late in the afternoons little girls straggle across the golf links, stopping to stare at the queer *giuoco Inglese*, or English game. They are freckled little girls, carrying bundles of school-books in straps and little lunch baskets—they are just like little school-girls in other lands and climes until you speak to them. Then their speech hewrayeth them.

But to return to the automobile club. The automobiles dash through the streets of Florence at a high rate of speed, and there are accidents every day. It is rather remarkable that here in Europe the authorities allow such freedom to automobilists. Here nearly everything is forbidden. It is forbidden to walk on the grass. It is forbidden to cross the railway lines. It is forbidden, almost, to cross the street. Therefore, why the automobilists should not be forbidden to drive their machines at such break-neck speed is remarkable. Horse-vehicles are prohibited from exceeding a certain speed. Horned cattle are not allowed on the streets of most large cities, owing to solicitude for the foot-passengers. I have seen loads of live steers transported across Vienna in vans drawn by horses. But the scorching automobilists are more dangerous than horned cattle. There have been so many accidents in France from their excessive speed that the prefects there have begun arresting automobilists exceeding ten miles an hour. Italy follows France in many things, and doubtless will in that. But as she is just beginning to organize automobile clubs, it will take her some time to begin to regulate them. But she will have to do it, as France is doing. Both city streets and country highways are made dangerous by the high-speed automobile.

On the day that the automobile club was inaugurated in Florence a circular space in the Piazza della Signoria was covered with mounds of flowers. At first we thought it was a flower-market, but on inquiry we found it was in commemoration of Savonarola, who was burned to death on this spot over four hundred years ago. A Florentine family has for centuries kept up the custom of thus honoring his memory. And around the great square of the Signoria where he was burned, *circa* 1500, sweeps the automobile of 1900.

Florence is the favorite haunt of the faddist. And the art galleries faddist is the most freakish of them all. There are art amateurs here—the genuine and the sham. And many of those who talk most glibly about the Cinquecento and that sort of thing strike me as being sham.

As to the Cinquecento, no one can deny the leadership of the Florentines in the Renaissance movement. Among the Florentine artists of that epoch are some of the greatest names in Italy. But they do not leaven the whole lump. There were inferior men among them and many mediocrities. But the faddists will not admit that. They insist that the whole Cinquecento is flawless; that every stone-cutter was a Michael Angelo and every dauber a Raphael. This fifteenth-century faddishness strikes me as being nineteenth-century nonsense.

My sense of humor is often aroused by hearing long disquisitions on art from ingenuous maidens who have spent a fortnight in Florence. After much talk about the Pitti and Uffizi galleries, they invariably get around to Botticelli. This name to me is like a red rag to a bull. I immediately attack that cinquecentist so viciously as to daze the art-loving maiden. Here in Florence it is my delight to stand before some famous Botticelli and note the crowd of adoring Uffizi-gallery, greenery-gallery maidens clustered at the master's shrine. They are limp and they cling. They sigh ecstatically. They exchange humid glances from tear-wet eyes for a moment, and hastily look back at the magic canvas. If I can secure an iconoclastic artist with whom to invade such a circle, it is indeed delightful to pitch into Botticelli. And how amusing to note the expressions on the faces around! First of contempt, as implying: "These men are Yahoos." Then of disgust, as meaning: "They are only barbarians." Then of pain, as concluding: "They are heretics." And finally of horror and of fear, as who should say: "They talk the talky-talky of the inner circle! They have been of the soul-soulful! They were once Botticellians! They must be hacksliders!" And they turn and flee.

The art patter, the studio slang, the faddist's jargon are easily picked up. An adroit use of it will impress the listener with the belief that the speaker knows what he is talking about.

But what matters it whether he does or not? The faddists have a right to their opinion. I have a right to mine. I dislike the work of Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Fra Lippo Lippi, and their imitators. The Florentine faddists like it. Why, I do not know. But I know quite well why I do not like it. It strikes me as being false, flat, untrue to nature, and ridiculous. There is a famous picture by Fra Lippo

THE CONVENTION
OF THE
DEMOCRATS.

FOR THE
BIG BASIN
RESERVE.

Lippi representing the Virgin and Child. It is an interior, in which there are a number of other figures. The perspective is so crude that a man in the background on a stair looks as if he were stepping from the Virgin's shoulder. The figures in the foreground, middle distance, and background have so absurd a perspective that they look like paper dolls of different sizes, cut out with scissors and gummed upon a background. The drawing is so extraordinary that it suggests a Chinese screen. As for the chief figures, the Madonna is grotesque and the infant Jesus preposterous. He has the face of a fat and flabby middle-aged man; the right hand is near the nose, with the fingers crooked in the gesture of benediction; he inevitably suggests an elderly person taking snuff. The picture, as a whole, always reminds me of Hogarth's cartoon of false perspective, where a person leaning out of a window is talking to another on a hillside about a mile away.

Another side-splitting picture which the Botticellians love is "Calumny." This also is an interior. The two leading figures, a lady and gentleman with nothing on, are before a seated Rhadamanthus. Into the judge's ears busy tongues pour calumnies. Between the erect figure of the naked lady and the recumbent figure of the naked gentleman—who occupies a most ungraceful semi-seated posture on the floor, hair-hauled to the judge's feet—there stands a figure like the Witch of Endor. The naked lady is shaped like the letter S. It is difficult to gaze upon this extraordinary composition without roaring with laughter. Its perspective, like Fra Lippo Lippi's, is childish, is Chinese, is aboriginal.

I am aware that the retort of the Botticelli faddist would be something like this: That in Botticelli's day painting followed the rules of *basso-relievo*; that, therefore, perspective did not count; that he was a great colorist; that I don't know what I am talking about, and "Pa-ta-tee!" and "Pa-ta-ta!"

To which I would reply that a painter who could not paint perspective, ought, instead of painting pictures, to have painted signs; that as for *basso-relievo*, Lorenzo Ghiberti wrought with a chisel in bronze, and in that stubborn metal accomplished distance effects, depth, and almost an atmospheric perspective which would put Botticelli to shame. The painter's apologists plead for his flatness the rules of another art. But a master of that art accomplished with his chisel what Botticelli failed to accomplish with his brush.

It may be said that the Botticelli faddists have as much right to their belief as I to mine. Granted. I do not quarrel with them because they think him great, but they quarrel with me because I think him funny. If they like well-done veal and I like under-done beef, they are welcome to their diet. But they must not try to make me eat veal.

I respect honest convictions, but I very much doubt at times the sincerity of the Botticellians. Many of them are young women with half-formed ideas, and most of their ideas seem to me to be second-hand. Their ideas are other people's ideas. They think other people's thoughts. They admire to order. They read Ruskin and rave Ruskinese.

From my attempts to read Ruskin I always believed that his mind was affected. My belief was verified when, some years ago, he went crazy and remained so till his death.

The crude realism of artists of this school seems to me almost like Indian picture-writing. In the monastery of San Marco in Florence there are a number of wall-pictures by Fra Angelico. In one cell there is a picture of the scene in the stable in Bethlehem. The Virgin and two saints are kneeling in an adoring attitude gazing at the infant Jesus lying on the ground. The figures are all ridiculous, and that of the infant Jesus is the most ridiculous of all. But as if to give the finishing touch to this study of the religious-ludicrous, the heads of an intelligent ox and of an intelligent ass are protruded from a box-stall at the back of the stable. Fra Angelico was doubtless a pious monk, but he was no Bonheur. His study of animals' heads must make animal painters weep.

How gross and earthy is this monkish mediæval art! It is so crude that it is within the grasp of the most humble wielders of the brush. I remember seeing in a California mission a picture of the scene from Revelation, where God upon his great white throne is surrounded by four-and-twenty elders saying "Holy, Holy, Holy," night and day. Some unskilled monk with his crude pigments had painted the picture for the simple Indian neophytes of Spanish California. So naive was its realism that, in addition to depicting the Creator as an elderly man with a long white beard, the artist had painted scrolls issuing from the mouths of the four-and-twenty elders on which was the legend "Santo, Santo, Santo." The effect of the monkish mediæval realism of Beato Angelico and his school upon our Florentine faddists of to-day is very much like the effect produced by the monkish mission artist on the minds of the simple aborigines dwelling on California's hills.

If any Florentine faddist should fall foul of me for these remarks and accuse me of ignorance of the "canons of art criticism," I will admit it. I will go further, and will admit that I am ignorant that there are any "canons of art criticism." There may be canons of art—there are no "canons of art criticism." This fact is proved every day. That Ruskin for half a century poured forth a stream of art-gabble; that he was believed by the faddists to be an art prophet; that he was regarded as one inspired; and that, finally, it was discovered that the man was moon-blind and mad, and probably had been mad for many decades of moons—is not this a biting commentary on the value of "art criticism"?

What is "art criticism"? What are its canons? Why, it changes with the advent of a new sovereign, and it varies with the passing of a Pope. A Borghese Pope would drive out the art-followers of a Medicean Pope as Christ drove out the money-changers from the temple. "Art criticism" changes like the fashions of skirts and bonnets, coats and trousers. A century ago Bernini was considered great. Now he is called *racoco*. Even Michael Angelo's fame seen in this our day to be dimmed, for sculptors claim that the head of his famous Moses is entirely out of pro-

portion to torso and limbs. They also say that in his still more famous "Pietà," the dead Christ is a pigmy and the mother is a giantess. Furthermore, they prove these charges by rule and line.

So absurd are the so-called "canons of art criticism" that scarcely a year passes without a change in the labels on the pictures in the European art-galleries. One year a picture will be labeled "painted by Raphael." Newspaper art critics attack its pedigree. The gallery art critics defend it. But they yield, and the label is changed to "school of Raphael." After another year it becomes "manner of Raphael." In the fourth or fifth years Raphael's name disappears and that of some obscure contemporary artist is substituted.

If gross blunders are perpetrated by professional art critics and curators of galleries, what shall the layman do? If he will take my advice he will do what he pleases and admire that which pleases him. There is no "canon of art criticism" which will make me admire things to order or affect to admire that which in reality leaves me unmoved. I have a great contempt for sham, and for the sham art amateur most of all. The kind of creature who professes to admire immensely a picture by Raphael; who modifies his or her judgment when told that it is by one of Raphael's pupils; who turns in indifference from the picture when told later that it is a "forgery"—what kind of a thinking creature is that? If the picture was a beautiful one before the discovery, why is it not a beautiful one after the discovery?

Some years ago a Swiss-Italian art critic, Morelli, wrote a series of letters in German reviews over the signature, "Ivan Lermionoff," attacking the "authenticity" of famous pictures in the Italian galleries. The letters caused a sensation. Morelli's identity was at last revealed, and he was bitterly assailed. But his attacks resulted in a great changing of labels. For example, there is in the Doria gallery in Rome a beautiful portrait of Queen Joan of Aragon. It was believed to be a copy of Raphael's portrait made by Leonardo da Vinci. But the attacks on its pedigree showed that it was not by Da Vinci, but by an obscure Dutch artist. A few years ago you would find crowds ever around the portrait of Queen Joan. Now there is none so poor to do it reverence. Why? Is it any the less a fine picture than it was before Morelli wrote?

The foregoing remarks are not to be understood as meaning that I do not admire "old masters," for I do—some of them, that is. But I refuse to affect to admire old masters or any other masters unless I genuinely feel an admiration for their work. I am not particularly fond of holy families. But I can not gaze upon Raphael's or Murillo's Madonnas without being impressed by their womanly dignity, their purity, their super-humanism; and I am always moved by the gigantic genius of Michael Angelo.

The walls of Florence are covered with posters announcing the candidacy of Gabriele D'Annunzio for election to the Chamber of Deputies. He does not live here, but has been taken up by the Extreme Left, or Socialist party, as their candidate. D'Annunzio was elected as a Conservative, but went over to the Socialists during the last session. He is an author who has won some considerable notoriety through several obscene romances. His latest book, "Fire," has caused much talk, as it is said that one of the characters in it is a thinly disguised sketch of Eleanor Duse, the famous Italian actress, who has been a very intimate friend of D'Annunzio. Last week Marcel Prevost criticised D'Annunzio in the Paris *Figaro* for thus making use of the artist as literary material, which brought forth a fiery telegraphic retort from the novelist. To this Prevost replied in the *Figaro*, and the two are still bandying epithets at long range.

D'Annunzio's candidacy is received here in Florence with mixed feelings. His new-found allies, the Socialistic Democrats, do not seem to look upon him with great cordiality. The Conservative or Monarchical camp, which he abandoned, rings with denunciation of D'Annunzio. *Il Nazion*, the leading Conservative organ of Florence, daily assails him with much bitterness. The clerical organs, also, while ostensibly keeping out of the campaign, do not fail to attack D'Annunzio. With half-hearted friends and active enemies, his chances of success seem to me small. That the novelist will be elected I very much doubt.

All the Italian cities are in a turmoil over the election. The recent crisis in the Chamber was brought about by the obstruction of the Extreme Left or Socialist Democracy. To stop this, the majority passed rules shutting off debate—something like the "previous question" in our House of Representatives and the "closure rule" in the House of Commons. It is the inevitable result of obstruction in all deliberative bodies, and is intended to prevent what we Americans call "dead-locks" and "filibustering." By the passing of these rules the Extreme Left was roused to madness. The sessions of the Chamber became almost riotous. The minority resorted to all sorts of methods to impede business, including such means as pounding continually on the tables and singing the Garibaldi hymn. At last the prime minister, General Pelloux, urged the king to dissolve Parliament, which he did, and the cabinet has appealed to the country for its approval. The elections are to take place in a few days, and the country is in a fever of excitement. It is understood that the Vatican, contrary to its usual attitude, will allow devotees of the church to vote this year. It is said that they are instructed to vote for men who will not oppose the Papacy even if not strictly Papal partisans. Doubtless the king believed dissolution to be inevitable, but it has dangerously excited the Socialistic Democrats. It was accompanied with some arbitrary measures which seem impolitic, such as the suppression of the radical journal *Italia*.

There is much dissatisfaction in Italy, much political unrest. The people groan under heavy taxation caused by the burden of militarism. United Italy is not united. The adherents of the Pope, who are counted by millions, look with an unfriendly eye upon the House of Savoy. The Radical Republicans, also to be counted by millions, look

upon the House of Savoy with more than an unfriendly eye. They believe that the throwing off of the foreign yokes under which Italy labored was due to Republicans like Garibaldi and Mazzini, and when Italy fell like a ripe pear into the gaping mouth of the greedy Savoy family they could not conceal their chagrin. The royal family attempts to placate them by erecting statues of Garibaldi as well as monuments to Victor Emmanuel, and endeavors to awe them by its vast army. But they are neither placated nor awed.

In my opinion Italy is politically in a very bad way. If the king's "appeal to the country" results in an increased government majority I shall be very much surprised. The Savoy family seem to be firmly seated in the saddle. But Italy is beginning to buck.

JEROME A. HART.
FLORENCE, May, 1900.

SWINBURNE'S SONG OF VICTORY.

(ASTREA VICTRIX.)

England, elect of time,
By freedom sealed sublime,
And constant as the sun that saw thy dawn
Outshine upon the sea
His own in heaven, to be
A light that night nor day should see withdrawn,
If song may speak not now thy praise,
Fame writes it higher than song may soar or faith may gaze.

Dark months on months beheld
Hope thwarted, crossed, and quelled,
And heard the heartless hounds of hatred bay
Aloud against thee, glad
As now their souls are sad
Who see their hope in hatred pass away
And wither into shame and fear
And shudder down to darkness, loath to see or hear.

Naught now they hear or see
That speaks or shows not thee
Triumphant; not as empires reared of yore,
The imperial commonweal
That bears thy sovereign seal
And signs thine orient as thy natural shore
Free, as no sons but thine may stand,
Steers lifeward ever, guided of thy pilot hand.

Fear, masked and veiled by fraud,
Found shameful time to applaud
Shame, and bow down thy banner towards the dust,
And call on godly shame
To desecrate thy name
And bid false penitence abjure thy trust;
Till England's heart took thought at last,
And felt her future kindle from her fiery past.

Then sprang the sunbright fire
High as the sun, and higher
Than strange men's eyes might watch it undismayed;
But winds athwart it blew
Storm, and the twilight grew
Darkness awhile, an unending shade;
And all base birds and beasts of night
Saw no more England now to fear, no loathsome light.

All knaves and slaves at heart
Who, knowing thee what thou art,
Abhor thee, seeing what none save here may see,
Strong freedom, taintless truth,
Supreme in ageless youth,
Howled all their hate and hope aloud at thee
While yet the wavering wind of strife
Bore hard against her sail whose freight is hope and life.

And now the quickening tide
That brings back power and pride
To faith and love whose ensign is thy name
Bears down the recreant lie
That doomed thy name to die,
Sons, friends, and foes behold thy star the same
As when it stood in heaven a sun
And Europe saw no glory left her sky save one.

And now, as then she saw,
She sees with shamefast awe
How all unlike all slaves and tyrants born
Where bondmen champ the bit
And anarchy foam and fit,
And day mocks day, and year puts year to scorn,
Our mother bore us, English men,
Ashamed of shame and strong in mercy, now as then.

We loosed not on these knaves
Their scourge-tormented slaves;
We held the hand that fain had risen to smite
The torturer fast, and made
Justice awhile afraid,
And righteousness forego her ruthless right;
We warred not even with these as they;
We bade not them they preyed on make of them their prey.

All murderous fraud that lurks
In hearts where hell's craft works
Fought, crawled, and slew in darkness; they that died
Dreaded not of foes too base
For scorn to grant them grace;
Men wounded, women, children at their side,
Had found what faith in fiends may live;
And yet we gave not back what righteous doom would give.

No false white flag that fawns
On faith till murder dawns
Blood-red from hell-black treason's heart of hate
Left ever shame's foul brand
Seared on an English hand;
And yet our pride vouchsafes them grace too great
For other pride to dream of; scorn
Strikes retribution silent as the stars at morn.

And now the living breath
Whose life puts death to death,
Freedom, whose name is England, stirs and thrills
The burning darkness through
Whence fraud and slavery grew,
We scarce may mourn our dead whose fame fulfills
The record where her foes have read
That earth shall see none like her born ere earth be dead.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne in *Saturday Review*.

Red, white, and blue, though the colors of the union-jack, were not used generally in England as marks of patriotism before the Queen's Diamond Jubilee three years ago. The old colors were red and white, and the innovation is said to be due to some dealer's importing a large stock of French decorations left over from the French national fêtes. Englishmen are cheering the three colors now, however, as vigorously as though they were Americans or Frenchmen.

A SIREN OF THE STREAM.

The Strange Experience of a Young Diplomatist in the Brocken.

I suppose most of the tourists of to-day know the Harz Mountains intimately, and have journeyed up to the top of the Brocken. Probably there is a branch railway to take passengers there from Harzburg. Probably the Ilsenfels has been utilized for a fashionable bathing establishment. However, when I went there many years ago, we did things in a primitive fashion, and drove all the way up from Harzburg. I was a young diplomatist at the time, attached to the embassy at Berlin. I was strong and full of spirits, well-favored, and with more money at my command than I knew how to spend. I found myself one hot August morning at Berlin, working away in my shirt-sleeves, when a note was brought to me from my chief, announcing that if I cared to take a week's holiday I was at liberty to do so. Berlin was a wilderness, the Thiergarten was a waste, and life was unendurable except between six in the evening and nine in the morning. Nothing loath, I ordered some traps to be put up, and wandered away to Brunswick. A week in August is of very little use, except to potter about in the German country. England was too far, and the time to remain there too short; so I spent two days in Brunswick, where I became fired with enthusiasm about Henry the Lion, his relics, and his tomb, and in the duke's palace I found upon a banner the ancient scroll:

"A Dieu mon âme,
Ma vie au roi,
Mon cœur aux dames,
Honneur pour moi."

From Brunswick I drifted, as a leaf in a stream, to Harzburg, where the idea suddenly occurred to me that I would drive up the Brocken. I chartered a conveyance and started at ten o'clock in the morning. The drive, I was told, would take me seven hours. The weather was perfect, the way was solitary. The bells on the horses' harness sounded faintly on the drowsy air. My driver rolled about on his box, engaged at the time in profound sleep, a pipe in his mouth, and a sweet-pea behind his ear. Our way lay upward, of course, and by the roadside a delicious stream dashed and foamed over the rocky soil. Several times I followed my driver's example, and slept; at last, impatient, I descended, bidding my *kutscher* hustle onward, and wait for me a mile or two further on. I heard the heavy carriage lumber away, it disappeared round a corner of the road, and I and the stream were alone.

I walked briskly on, my hands in my pockets, whistling. At the turn of the road I saw something that immediately arrested my attention. A rock, larger than the rest, stood in the centre of the stream. The water parted away from it in two lines of foam. Seated upon it, her face turned in profile toward me, was a young woman. Her head was bare, and her hands were bare, and her naked feet were swinging in the water, carelessly flicking the foam from side to side. It was a strange apparition to come upon suddenly in the wilds of the Harz Mountains. I approached diffidently. There is a sort of freemasonry among travelers. This strange creature nodded at me when she discovered my presence.

"You can't think how nice it is," she said, looking me in the face, as if she had known me all her life.

Instantly her manner set me at my ease.

"How did you get there?" I asked in the same tone.

"I took off my stockings on the bank, and waded across," she answered.

I stood looking at her, a meagre strip of running water between us.

"Take off yours and come, too," she cried; "there is room for two on this rock."

The utter ludicrousness of my position never struck me at the time; then, I felt irresistibly prompted to do as I was told, and in two moments was sitting by her side. The full midday sun fell on her face, but she did not seem to mind. I looked at her, and wondered at her extremity. In appearance she was very youthful. I should have guessed her between twenty and twenty-two. Her face was pale—of a clear pallor; her lips were chiseled, and of the richest carmine color. Her eyes were cat's eyes, fringed with long, dark lashes—eyes like nothing human, bewildering, absorbing, compelling. I caught myself wondering if they shone in the dark. Her hair peeled finely off her low, sensitive brow. It was arranged in delicious disorder, of which one could not make out the beginning nor the end. Added to all this, her gown was of fine texture and delicate taste—the gown of a woman who was fond of good dressing.

And this woman was sitting hare-headed, hare-footed, alone on a rock in the midst of the Harz Mountains!

"You are going to the Brocken?" she asked, interrogatively.

"Yes; are you?"

She nodded.

"Are you alone?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, quite tranquilly. "There is my carriage, and there"—as a man approached us from the road—"there is my—courier."

There was an infection—the very slightest—of hesitation as she spoke. The man, who came forward, was short, dark, ill-favored, more like an Italian boatman of a disreputable class than anything else. In his coarse ears hung silver ear-rings, and on his dark, greasy hand was a silver ring. He approached his mistress with a familiar air that appeared to me most offensive, and spoke to her in Spanish. She answered in the same language, not imperatively, as I had expected, but in a tone that seemed to imply confidence, friendliness. After shrugging his shoulders at her answer, he lounged away, and sat down somewhere in the shadow of the road.

"Do you mean to say you travel alone with this courier?" I said. "Where are you going, and where have you come from?"

She raised her indolent arms over her head, and stretched her lithe body as a leopard does in the sun. She opened her strange eyes to their fullest extent and stared. Whatever she found in my face seemed to satisfy her, for a moment later she spoke;

"Yes, I travel alone with my courier. I have come from Spain, and I am going somewhere, I don't quite know where. What does it matter? I would like never to know where I am going, nor what the country is, nor the day, nor the month, nor the year. I wish I had never learnt these things. What is the use of classing to-morrows and yesterdays? Isn't it enough that every day is to-day?"

As she said this a look of fatigue came over her face, her lashes fell, and covered, and hid away her peculiar eyes, her bosom heaved feverishly, and her breath came and went hurriedly. Whatever she was, the woman had feelings, and very sensitive ones.

An hour went by. I questioned her, and learned some curious details of her life. Her name was Sylvia, her husband's name Whitworth. He was a merchant, but he failed and deserted her. "I don't think I minded much," she said with her wonderful smile. "He was never true to me. Perhaps he is dead."

Had I been in my sane senses, as I now am, twelve years later, I should have laughed in my sleeve. As it was, I was not in my sane senses, and I fell in love with her. She was traveling, she didn't care where. For the night, at least, she was to stay at the same hotel as myself, at the Brocken. From me she gathered my slight history, my nationality, my appointment at Berlin, my family, my age.

"I suppose," she said, frankly, "that some people might wonder at my going about so independently, but I don't care a hutton what people think. I suppose if I had any inclinations toward wickedness I should be a very wicked person, but you see I have no inclination. I don't look at it from the moral point of view, because I don't believe in morality. I have no creeds, but I don't think it would amuse me the least to be wicked."

Presently we waded ashore. She dried her feet, or rather I dried them for her, on a dainty lace handkerchief. They were very lovely feet. At the contact of her warm, white flesh my fingers trembled. She saw they trembled, and, gently pushing me away, she finished the task herself, and then looked up at me with a smile. She invited me to enter her carriage with her, and I did so. As we got in, the courier muttered something rather savagely, and my charming friend bent her head down and conversed with him eagerly in a tone which sounded conciliatory. A little further on we met my carriage. We stopped, and with a pretty air of command Mrs. Whitworth signified her intention of changing carriages. We got in, and I arranged my rugs about her feet, my cushions at her back. She shut her eyes and went to sleep, while I sat watching her. As I watched her, a madness seemed to come over me. I have never in my life experienced anything like it before or since; it was like magnetism. Perhaps it was due to the sultry heat, the utter stillness, the slow progress of the carriage through the most beautiful scenes; or, more likely still, the hack-thrown head, the sensitive and fine profile, the parted crimson lips, the regular breathing, the undefined languor of pose, and the peculiar perfume that hung about my companion, that fired my ardent spirit. At last I softly took possession of the hand nearest me. It was warm and pulsating; the very touch of it seemed to bring into life all the feelings that lay dormant in me. I bent forward cautiously; in another moment I should have kissed her parted crimson lips, when suddenly, swiftly, the strange eyes opened, wide and full, as if she had not been sleeping at all.

"Ah," she said, softly, "what were you going to do?"

I, flushing scarlet, was murmuring some excuses, when she interrupted me:

"Never mind. I am not angry. But you were very bold."

I was going to answer, when, in quite a different mood, she inquired the use of a strong black box that lay on the seat opposite us. I replied that it was my dispatch-box, containing my papers, my passport, my valuables in the way of jewelry, and all the money and promissory notes I possessed at the moment. But before I had nearly got through my list my friend's interest had faded, and she was leaning over the carriage looking at the stream—the Ilsenfels, I heard her name it.

By this time we had arrived at the door of the apology for a hotel, which was then the only hostelry on the Brocken. I offered to assist Mrs. Whitworth, but she turned away with her courier, and I occupied myself in having my things stowed away in the room I had engaged over night. It was a tiny apartment, with walls no thicker than paper. In fact, the whole place was like a rambling and ill-built hut. The interior of this cabin was hot and stuffy, so, after inquiring the hour for *table d'hôte*, I lit my cigar and strolled outside. At some distance on the level hill top, where the hotel was placed, I could see my new friend and her courier walking up and down, engaged in an animated discussion. I turned off short, not wishing them to know I saw them. Infatuated as I was with this stranger, I could not help feeling her position was a peculiar one. Perhaps the romance and the mystery only served to enhance the charm.

At *table d'hôte* I saw no signs of my friend; afterward I went out to look at the sunset. The place was crowded with tourists—English, German, Swiss—all uninteresting to my eyes, so I avoided them. I went round toward the hack, and some one pointed out to me the curiosities of the place—where the witches assemble on *Walburgsnacht*, the Devil's Well, the Devil's Pulpit. Rough stones of volcanic strata, thrown up years before, strewed the bare and rugged mountain-top. In one place they were heaped about in great masses; among them was a hollow called *Schneefels*, where, in the winter, the snow is said to be thirty-five feet deep. Among these barbaric rocks I found Sylvia Whitworth. I asked her how she had dined.

"I dined here," she said, as if her rocky seat had been her houndoir-table. "There were so many people in the

hotel, all ugly and all old; and I can't eat when I see ugly sights. My courier brought me my dinner."

The sun was setting in pomp and splendor. From our high point of view we could see all the shimmer and color, and all the varying tints of a glowing August sunset. I pointed it out to my friend; she did not turn her head.

"I don't care for views," she said, gently; "I have seen so many, and I am tired of them."

I looked in her face. Her eyes had caught some strange lustre from the beautiful cloud-land of color about us; there was a vague disquiet visible in her manner, a fluttering in her voice. It seemed to me that she was under the mastery of some profound impression.

The warm night crept onward. We were alone, quite alone, under the throbbing summer sky, with the clouds and the heavens around us.

Instinctively, when I spoke, I spoke in a whisper. "How near we are to heaven," I murmured, "in this high place! How far better than heaven it is to be with you, like this."

A soft, warm breeze passed over our faces, and blew a straggling curl of her loosened hair across my lips; her soft, clinging draperies lay close beside me; her presence seemed to grow more and more compelling.

She smiled a slow, languorous smile—a smile that intoxicated and led me on. She laid her hand upon my arm.

"Heaven," she said, in a low, rapt whisper; "heaven is whatever we like to make for ourselves on earth; when we die we go out—so" (and she pouted her two perfect lips, and blew a sudden, short breath). "When I think," she continued, "that life, and life only, is ours, I sometimes wish to do more with my days—crime or good; or wickedness or virtue; it would not matter to me, if I could but enjoy it, whatever it was."

"But," I whispered awe-struck, "crime is found out, and then comes punishment."

"There are some crimes," she said, "which leave no trace. What trace does a ship leave in the sea five minutes after she has passed over it?"

Just then her surly courier approached. They talked excitedly for a few moments, and then she turned to me:

"This is pleasant! I hear there is no room for me. The last room was given to you. Not a corner left anywhere; and I am to sleep *à la belle étoile*."

Of course this was impossible. Willingly I gave up my room, and the courier lounged away.

For a few moments we sat silent, when suddenly upon us there sank a darkness as swift and as obscuring as a curtain. It was one of the strange atmospheric changes of the Brocken. In a breathless space it seemed as if the bright night had turned to a rolling, black mist. I groped for Sylvia's hand. I took it—she was not a bit frightened—into my clasp, warm and yielding. I drew her up from her low, rocky seat, and, placing her hand on my arm, I tried to remember my way back to the hotel. I could not see one yard in front of us. A thundering promise of great heat throbbed through the darkened air. I could hear my companion's hurried breathing.

"I wonder if we are all going to be killed?" she said, quietly.

Just then she stumbled over a stone. I threw out my hands to save her, and she fell forward, literally into my arms.

For one moment of madness I held her close in a wild embrace, kissed her perfumed hair, and her eyes, and her soft, wet lips, rapturously. The next moment she was lying passive in my arms, and sobbing like a child, while I endeavored, with every excuse and with every prayer I could think of, to reassure her. We found our way at last to the door, and I led her, still shuddering, up to my room; and, imploring her to forgive me, I said good-night, and stayed outside while I heard her close the door and lock it. I then repaired to the drawing-room, where an impromptu couch had been prepared for me.

* * * * *

The next morning, when all the tourists turned out to see the sunrise, I could discover her nowhere. I inquired of the host, and learned that Mrs. Whitworth had departed before sunrise, with her carriage and her courier. I went to my empty room, and discovered that she had taken my dispatch-box, containing all my valuables. I made no inquiries, and told no one of my loss; for she had infatuated me. Was the Spaniard her husband? I do not know.

Many years have passed. I never saw her again.

The annual report of the Suez Canal Company shows that the receipts last year exceeded those of 1898, which were \$2,400,000 ahead of all previous records, by \$1,300,000, so that the thirtieth anniversary of the opening of the canal was marked by unprecedented prosperity. Moreover, whereas the increase of 1898 was mainly due to a revival of Indian exports and to the transport of troops, these elements of traffic decreased in 1899 or were stationary, the increase being the result of economic developments of the Far East, Australasia, and East Africa. The aggregate receipts were \$18,800,000, and the working expenses, reserve fund, etc., \$8,000,000. This will allow a dividend of \$22. Official figures show that the average time of transit for vessels passing through the canal was eighteen hours thirty-eight minutes. The report directs attention to the decline in Indian trade, the increase in Chinese and other Eastern trade, and the considerable increase in American and Australian traffic.

The city of St. Paul, Minn., got one of the Spanish cannon captured in the war and set it up in front of the entrance to the city hall and court house. Later it was found to hold a charge of powder and ball, and furthermore, it was trained at an angle that would plant the missile in the coping of a fine business block across the street. A number of these guns were given, on application, to cities in Pennsylvania, and at Bradford it was found upon examination that the gun was loaded. The shell was shot into an embankment and afterward dug out, as it did not explode.

A MANHATTAN EVENING.

Summer-Night Diners-Out at Sherry's and Delmonico's—Many Styles Mingled—A New York Bud of Loveliness—The Crowd at the Martin.

On these hot, early summer evenings, when the universal hail of meeting friends is "Everybody's out of town; what are you doing here?" it is the practice of those who are in town to lounge out late and dine at a restaurant.

This has many advantages. City houses look very unfriendly at the beginning of the summer season, with their white ghosts of furniture and half-lit, echoing rooms. Most of the servants are either sent away or are in the country, and the loneliness of dining in a large oak-paneled room, with the Turkish rug rolled up in newspapers and the family portraits staring down through veils of cheesecloth, is unendurable to the convivial New York spirit.

So about half-past seven, when the lights are springing up in windows thrown wide to the heat, all the world left in town puts on its dinner-coat and its thinnest foulard and goes out to dine. It is a merry hour in which to drive up Fifth Avenue, for the diners are speeding to the halls of entertainment in hansoms, in automobiles, and on their own feet. Men saunter along in unovercoated evening-dress—alone, in twos, or with a lady who is daintily bonneted and palely clad, with her lifted skirt showing a fluff of lace ruffles about her broad-soled, patent-leathered feet.

In the automobiles and hansoms are all sorts and conditions of men and women, en route to some renowned *café*—tourists who are in town for a few days; solid old New Yorkers stopping over for a night or two in a transit from one country-place to another; young collegians with handsome, smooth-shaven cheeks, fresh as a girl's; solemn-faced Jews, with very gorgeous ladies much bejeweled and strenuously averse.

The avenue lies before them, and, according to their nature or mood, they eye its lamp-dotted length with interest, curiosity, indifference, or gloom. A woman's face, full of a sombre tragedy, flashes on you from the opened front of a hansom, a girl's follows it, glowing with youth and happiness. One couple sit close together, laughing into one another's eyes; another is sunk in the dreary silence of utter ennui. There is a love-story in process of evolution in this carriage, a quarrel in that. There is tragedy here in the drawn, white forehead under the Vivot bat, and comedy there, flower-crowned, with curled-up lips and radiant eyes.

Meantime, the lights on the great, brilliant thoroughfare grow bigger and brighter as the glow in the west pales. The long rows of lamps climb Murray Hill and dip out of sight beyond. On the top of the Waldorf-Astoria, high against the first, cold, shy stars, lights hang in hunches like clusters of glow-worms. The club windows are all thrown open, and inside one sees the lofty, sumptuous rooms, with shrouded lamps diffusing a golden lustre, and bald-headed men reading papers. Then comes the crumbling outline of the reservoir, that, at this hour, with the last, hot smolderings of sunset gleaming through the open arches, looks like some massive Roman ruin. Beyond, the broken chain of lamps begins again, and is repeated in the globes that edge the balcony and the roof at Delmonico's, and shine, round and opaquely yellow, against the cool, blue, night-sky.

Sherry's is just opposite, and if Sherry's has no balcony, girt with a formal line of lamps, it has an outdoor restaurant where one may dine on a narrow terrace that is shut off from the street by a wall topped with a line of *jardinières*.

On stifling nights the terrace is well filled, and with all the doors of the main dining-saloon and *café* thrown wide, the music from within floats out to the diners and drowns the plebeian noises of the avenue. But even in New York in mid-June there are evenings too cool for outdoor dining. Early this week I was there, and though some of the hardy ones sat it out from clams to coffee, others kept coming in, buffeted by gusts of the chilly, twilight breezes, the women shivering a little in their gauzy gowns and transparent guimpes.

Sherry's is, without doubt, the most magnificently fitted restaurant in New York. It is very gorgeous, with massive oak panelings, gilded moldings, and huge windows with fern-filled *jardinières*. The musicians really play well, and present a highly picturesque appearance in scarlet blouses, white trousers, and striped scarfs round their waists. They are Neapolitans, and play only on strings—guitars, bandurrias, and mandolins, so that the horror of music while you eat—having to shout at your *vis-à-vis*—is done away with. What one suffers with this in New York words can not express. I have had to sit during course after course heated into unwilling silence by the triumphant blare of a full orchestra, pounding through the popular airs of the day, with bland complaisance. Sherry's string band allows you to speak, and when they sing "Funiculi, Funicula," you do not want to.

From about seven to eight the diners begin to gather, and they are of all shapes, cuts, and makes. There are people in the fullest dress permissible for a restaurant, and people in the least full. A girl came in in a white duck suit, with a black hat, necktie, and gloves, her escort being a young man in tweeds. Close on their heels appeared a magnificent lady, dragging yards of cream-colored lace skirts over the parquet, and with the gleam of diamonds here and there on her corsage. Her escort was a heavy-jowled Jew; and a small, rat-faced Jew joining them, they sat down and made a little party of three.

In the corner a reserved table was vacant till close upon eight, when a skurrying rush toward it of several waiters proclaimed the arrival of its occupants. This was a real New York party—a big, gray, prosperous-looking man of middle age; a big, gray, prosperous-looking woman, very smiling and gracious, though suffering keenly from a combination of high mercury and tight clothes; two other men, one the elder man's friend, and one a boy, and then the *raison d'être* of the dinner, one of those lovely, flower-like young

girls that only seem to grow in New York. She looked about sixteen, and was dressed entirely in white, with a large hat full of white feathers. All the party paid her court in different forms. Her mother and father looked at her in open-eyed wonder and adoration. The elder man paid her those courteous attentions, half-flattering, half-tender, that anything so fresh and young and untried must evoke from a battered old worldling, who probably remembered her mother when she was just such another sylph-like bud. As for the boy, he was speechless with admiration, and if you had asked him what he had for dinner, would probably not have been able to tell whether it was broiled larks' tongues or hash.

A good many of the women, both at Sherry's and Delmonico's, where I went a few nights before, wear low-necked dresses, with net guimpes and sleeves. I am told by the initiated that this form of costume is quite the thing for restaurant dinners. And certainly one sees numbers of such dresses. There were several at Sherry's—all black—and at Del's one very splendid one of gauze and spangles, the wearer's extremely solid arms—she was a middle-aged lady, and there was a good deal of her—straining the bespangled net till one did not know at what moment it might not crack to bits.

Delmonico's is supposed to inhabit one of the most beautiful buildings in New York. Without admitting all that, one may safely say that it is a very harmonious and splendid structure, with its classic coldness of line, here and there breaking out into outflowings of ornament and the air of stately festival given by its lifted rows of lamps. According to the styles of the French restaurants in California, there is a *café* where the men may take ladies and smoke over their coffee. The laws that govern the patronage of both the *café* and the regular dining-saloon are very strict. No two ladies, coming without escort, will be waited on after six. And there are stories that a too-brilliant-looking lady, known or unknown, will fail to have her order filled at any time. This is the way undesirable people are politely got rid of. They are not requested to withdraw, but they find it impossible to get anything to eat.

The company at Delmonico's is not as various as it is at Sherry's. It does not strike so many notes of costume, or so many fine shades of social degrees. A good deal of it was Jewish, and ran to very light tulle hats and brilliant foulards. There were several pretty New York women, with their amazingly slender figures and irreproachable style, and good-looking New York men with their smooth faces and general air of immaculate trimness and finish. Certainly New York women are the most gracefully elegant creatures and New York men the cleanest-looking human beings in the United States.

But the left-over dwellers in town do not confine themselves to the restaurants of Fifth Avenue, from the Waldorf to the Savoy. There are hansoms that take the diners down-town as well as up. There are queer Hungarian and French places across town where one gets a *table-d'hôte* dinner and wine for fifty cents—very cheap this—and where the bored Gothamites hope to catch glimpses of a Bohemian existence which is more amusing than well bred. And then, of course, there is the Martin, where those who are supposed to know say one can get the best dinner in New York.

A few years ago the Martin was quite a small place, and one not only got good food at a reasonable price there, but also rubbed elbows with patrician, Bohemian, and artistic New York. One always saw somebody amusing—a popular actress, a celebrated singer, a well-known sculptor, or much-advertised dancer. Interspersed with these were members of that select circle who own all the good boxes at the opera and in whom the other nine-tenths of the city take such an interest. Such patronage, combined with an admirable *cuisine*, was bound to make any restaurant a success. The Martin succeeded past the most sanguine dreams. Its dining-rooms open from one another in a never-ending procession, and from seven to half-past eight one has to stand round waiting for a table. But the flavor of Bohemian days still clings to it. People dress any way there. I saw the most radiant apparel sitting at the next table to shirt-waists—cheap ones, too—and Ladysmith hats, which one buys now at Wanamaker's, for the kind of prices one likes to flaunt in the faces of one's friends.

The interesting people still go there, but they are lost in the crowd. An exploring look round the rooms in transit shows you so many faces of so many different kinds that the one or other face known to you is left unrecognized in the throng. Many languages also salute your ear, for the diners at the Martin come from all sections of the city and speak a variety of tongues. On hot nights it is stifling, and there is an orchestra that plays with a loud, high persistence from its secluded corner. But the dinner is good—so good that the hot air, stirred by the pulsings of many fans and vibrating with the accents of many countries, is forgotten, and even the loud and pugnacious blarings of the orchestra can be borne with fortitude.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, June 26, 1900.

Electrical wonders are so common in this age that the recent incident in New York, when Senator Depew delivered a speech over two hundred miles of wire, seems nothing very surprising. It was at the annual dinner of the Transportation Club, of which organization Senator Depew is president, and he was detained in Washington by senatorial business. At the proper time sixty telephone receivers were placed around the table, and a speech of some five hundred words was delivered in Washington to the complete satisfaction of the audience in New York.

The city authorities of St. Petersburg have resolved to raise a loan of \$11,845,000 for the purpose of rebuilding, repairing, and improving the buildings, streets, bridges, quays, and pavements of the city by the year 1903, when the two-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of St. Petersburg will be celebrated.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Siam's crown prince, who is studying at Oxford, is bound to be an up-to-date potentate like his father. He recently developed appendicitis, and enjoyed the modern operation for that misfortune.

Czar Nicholas the Second proposes to commemorate the completion of the Siberian railway by the erection in front of the Nicolai railway station—the starting point of the road—of a monument to the late Alexander the Third, on whose initiative the work was undertaken.

Among those honored by mention in the dispatches of Generals Methuen and Buller is an American lad of seventeen, Midshipman W. W. Sillern, of San Francisco, whose mother is now wife of the English Vice-Admiral, R. G. Kinahan, and who is a nephew of Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin. He is mentioned for conspicuous bravery.

"It is now supposed," says a London weekly, "that Lord Kitchener may be appointed military governor of the conquered (African) provinces, as his stern sense of duty has alarmed 'society,' which fears that, were he intrusted with the task of reorganizing the army at home, he would ignore the claims of the well-connected to live at the expense of the community."

A portrait of the late Walter Q. Gresham, Secretary of State under President Cleveland, is to be displayed with honor in the galleries of the Emperor of Japan. This tribute comes indirectly through Japanese authorities as a recognition of Mr. Gresham's services in successfully carrying through the treaty between Japan and this country which was negotiated during Cleveland's second term.

The Rev. Stephen Gladstone, rector of Hawarden, was asked by a deputation of the villagers to permit the church-bells to be rung when the news of the relief of Mafeking arrived. His answer was that he could not consent to that being done until peace was proclaimed. There was much indignation among the residents at his refusal. The rector, however, offered special thanksgiving services on the following Sunday.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's prophecy about the last survivor at the end of the century of his loved Harvard class of '29—that there would be only one left "when the twentieth century's sunbeams climb the far-off eastern hill"—has not been fulfilled. There are two survivors of this class—Charles Storer Storrow, of Boston, fellow of the American Academy, and Dr. Edward Linzee Cunningham, of Newport, R. I., both of whom have been unable to attend the commencement exercises.

By his will of October 23, 1883, John Ruskin said: "I leave all my estate of Brantwood aforesaid and all other real estate of which I may die possessed to Joseph Arthur Palliser Severn, of Herne Hill, in the County of Surrey, and Joanna Ruskin Severn, his wife, and to the survivor of them and their heirs, for their very own, earnestly praying them never to sell the estate of Brantwood or any part thereof, but to maintain the said estate and the buildings thereon in decent order and in good repair in like manner as I have done, and praying them further to accord during thirty consecutive days in every year such permission to strangers to see the house and pictures as I have done in my life-time."

King Humbert of Italy is burdened with many palaces to keep up, which takes two-thirds of his civil-list allowance of \$3,800,000 a year. He is going to sell a number of them, according to the London *Evening News*, including the palaces at Genoa, Milan, Capodimonte, and Palermo; the country seats at Val Tournanche on the south slope of the Matterhorn and at Vinadio in Piedmont; and all the domain property in the former kingdom of the Two Sicilies. He will retain the royal palaces at Turin, Venice, and Naples and the country seats at Monza, near Milan, at Val Savaranche in the Alps, and at Castelporziano. With the money from the sale of the rest he will rebuild the palace on the Quirinal.

During the siege of Ladysmith, when the supplies of rations for civilians ran short, Mr. Farquhar, the mayor, applied to the officer in charge of the British commissariat for food for the inhabitants, many of whom had joined the fighting ranks. He obtained permission to draw on the military supplies on condition that he hold himself responsible for the cost of the rations. Although the mayor agreed to this, it was not for a moment anticipated that such a claim would be pressed by the British Government. Now, however, it is stated, the claim has been submitted and a demand made upon the mayor for payment of thirty-five thousand dollars. The whole affair is said to be a flagrant piece of red-tapeism.

An interesting story of the capture by General Funston of several tons of Aguinaldo's private correspondence has just reached the War Department. The discovery of the hiding-place of this valuable mass of matter seems to have been a mere accident. While riding through the valley of the Rio Grande, about twenty miles from Cabanatuan, General Funston discovered a small bamboo ladder in a cleft of cliffs, and he stopped to investigate. The ladder was perfectly perpendicular, and beside it a rope hung from the brink of the cliff to the ground. One of the men pulled the rope and it rang an alarm bell back in the woods. Then the men quickly scampered up the ladder and at the top found a foot-path leading into the forest. They followed this and found a *cache* ingeniously hidden among the trees of a ravine and roofed over with nipa. It was evident that the place had been guarded and that the guard had fled on the approach of the Americans. When the nipa was removed General Funston discovered between thirty and forty large wooden cases packed with papers and documents. Everything that had been saved from Malolos when it fell after the assault by General Wheaton had been removed here.

"THE ONLY MAN IN CHINA."

How Tsze Hsi An, the Most Unbridled Female Despot the World Has Known, Has Earned that Title.

Recent happenings in China make especially timely the publication of "Chioa: The Long-Lived Empire," by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, author of "Jiorikisha Days in Japan," and "Java: The Garden of the East." The book has not been hastily put together to take advantage of the sudden demand for works relating to the Chinese Empire, but was already in type when the doings of the "Boxers" became the subject of daily cablegrams. Miss Scidmore tells us that she has visited Chioa seven times in the past fifteen years, with the result that the mystery of its people and the enigma of its future has only increased. "It is such an impossible, incomprehensible country that one labors vainly to show it clearly to others." The present, she holds, is only one of many similar dowfalls, and adds in her opening chapter:

This present "break-up of China," a catch-phrase which has lately aroused Occidental interest and anxiety, is an old story, very often repeated in this oldest surviving empire of the world, an old-owl subject fittingly dismissed in Colonel Yule's small foot-note, thirty years ago: "It has broken up before." Such a crisis, a mere break-up or change of dynasty, is nothing new to Confucius's people, and China will continue to break up at intervals for thousands of more years to come; the Chinese remaining the same, homogeneous, unchanging, incomprehensible people—the Chinese, only the Chinese, forever the Chinese, on matter under what alien flag they toil, by what ruler people they are conquered, or benevolently protected in inalienable spheres of influence. The physical endurance and vitality of the people as a race are no more remarkable than the endurance of the nation, of the body politic known as China, the survival of the decayed, crumbling, honeycombed old empire long after it should have logically ceased to hold together or exist.

Defying age and time and progress and the harsh impact of Western civilization, China continues, and will continue, to be China—whether "for the Chinese" only some centuries can tell. That same shibboleth of the handful of reformers in day, "China for the Chinese," is thousands of years old, too, heard each time the empire was exploited by northern Tartars, each time a native dynasty arose. It is raised now, as time-honored custom ordains, when yet another Tartar conqueror advances from the north, and vital thrusts are being dealt from the south, the east, and the west. There was a worse state prevailing when Confucius wandered from state to state, trying to rouse the rulers and people, and time may have only swung round again for another great moral teacher to rise up, scourge, and lead this certainly chosen people.

The Occident is fortunate in assisting at one of the many great dowfalls, but it need not assume that this is at all the end, the absolute and final ruin, the last wreck and crash of the old empire, of its curiuns, four-thousand-year-old civilization, all because the present *parvenu* Manchu dynasty happens to fall. "It has broken up before."

Most of our extracts are confined to two of the most important chapters of this exceedingly interesting volume, "The Decadence of the Manchus," the alien ruling family, and "Tsze Hsi An the Great," the dowager empress, who is supposed to be responsible for the present uprising.

After the mysterious death of Tsze Hsi An's son, the youthful Emperor Tungchih, from small-pox (no one investigates such deaths), Kwangsu, the four-year-old son of Prince Chun, was proclaimed emperor, against all the traditions of hereditary succession. The eastern empress, her legal widow of Heenfung, and Tsze Hsi An, the western empress, one of his concubines, embarked on another long regency, both again acting with Prince Kung:

The Eastern empress, the less assertive and forceful of the regents, died in 1881, and then Tsze Hsi An, only one in a palace full of concubines twenty years before, began her real reign, became sole and undisputed ruler of more than three hundred millions of people, usurper of the oldest throne, and autocrat of the largest empire of one people on earth, tyrant over one-fifth of the human race and one-tenth of the area of the world—a dizzy pinnacle for one of the sex despised by Buddha and Lao-tze and Confucius, in the land where woman is held in least esteem. . . . There have been empresses regent before in China, but no precedents avail for comparison with this masterful Manchu, Tsze Hsi An, the most remarkable woman sovereign and the most unbridled female despot the world has known. She rose from the harem's ranks, uneducated, ignorant of public affairs; but by sheer ability, by her own wits, will, and shrewdness, she attained the supreme power. Hers is the greatest of personal triumphs, her strength of mind and force of character and dominant personality having won every step; centuries of precedent and all the shackles of Oriental etiquette venerate by her masterful strategy and remorseless will. Her enemies have fallen away, sickened, and died, and scattered as chaff; no one has opposed her will and survived; no plot or intrigue has availed against her; no conspirator has found her unarmed or off her guard; and hers has been a charmed, relentless, terrible life.

When Kwangsu had attained the age of sixteen, his step-mother threw herself with arduous into match-making or wife-chosing. The examination and wedding-nut of candidates went on for nearly two years, narrowing down from three hundred original entries to thirty picked beauties, then ten, and finally to Yehonala, queen rose in the Manchu

garden of roses, and daughter of the empress regent's own brother:

No individual in the empire had less liberty of action than the lonely Kwaogsu during the few years he went through the form of ruling. Tied down by the ponderous etiquette of his station, he could neither live nor move of his own volition. Every act from birth to death, at any hour of the day or night, in the life of a Chinese emperor is prescribed by custom and regulated by minute rules; any deviation paralyzes and alarms the retinue. Yet, except for the burden and forms of sovereignty, Kwaogsu was a puppet and a mirror even after he had married and had ascended the dragon throne. The empress dowager, in the assumed retirement of E-Ho Park, still did it all; still terrorized and directed, and issued edicts which the hypnotized one of the Vermillion Peak, protesting, signed, and sometimes never saw at all. By the specious plea of filial devotion she lured him to repeated visits to her beautiful retreat at a time when her influence had waned and the young emperor was seeking a means of ridding himself of such petticoat tyranny.

In 1894, to break the tedium of her life without visible power, to keep herself in sight, and to please her insatiable vanity, the empress dowager jumped her age forward a few years, and began preparations to celebrate worthily her sixtieth birthday, that age of special honor in China:

In October of that year she expected to rival and surpass the celebration of the sixtieth birthday of the Emperor Kieolung's mother. Buildings were reconstructed in the suburban pleasure-grounds she had chosen for her own, and a broad, level, stone road, equal to the old highways, was built out from the new north-west gate of the Tartar city to her palace gates. Against the advice of Li Hung Chang and of every one who knew the strength of Japan, and remembered what foreign armies have done in China, the empress dowager and her reactionary Manchus urged and provoked the war with Japan. She wanted the spoils and trophies of war for her birthday triumph, to have the Emperor of Japan and a few captives brought her in cages. It was she who inspired the wording of the Chinese declaration of war, a piece of inflated verbiage, long-drawn out, inane, coarse, and vulgar. Her birthday preparations were rudely interrupted, and in magnificent phrases the dowager posed to the empire, and discounted a greater jubilee celebration after the war by assigning to military purposes some thousands of taels that had been high-handedly diverted for her contemplated holiday.

As reverses came, and yellow riding-jackets and peacock feathers were lifted from vicereyns and generals without stopping the advance of the Japanese, the empress dowager became frightened—the worst frightened one of all the imperial clan:

Jehol was not a possible asylum, since the Japanese army was coming from the east; and Mukden, the old home and citadel of the Manchus, where it was said they had been storing treasure for generations against the day of their expulsion from China, had already fallen to the Japanese. The empress dowager grew frantic, remembering the flight to Jehol and all that had followed thirty odd years before, and implored the recall of Prince Kung, the intervention of the European envoys, help from any one—anything for peace. The emperor exposed the dowager's frame of mind in edict after edict, and peace was desired, he said, if only as panacea to the elderly lady's nerves. The empress dowager and her conservative, foreign-hating faction had entirely lost "face" and all stomach and heart for war. There was no overbearing pride left in them then.

When the danger was past, the humiliating peace concluded, and three heaven-sent allies in Europe had wrested back from Japan the Lian-tung peninsula, Chinese insolence and self-sufficiency rose again:

However, the war had taught intelligent and progressive Chinese that a change must come if their country was to survive, and the awakening sense of the long-sleeping people at last made itself heard in Pekin. Although progressive ones in high places fell ill, died, or went into retirement, the young emperor, once freed from his hinged, foreign-hating tutor, continued to read foreign books, and summoned to him the "Modern Sage," Kang Yu Wei, a Cantonese scholar of the highest degree, who, as a secretary of the Tsung-li-Yamen, had had an opportunity of making himself known. Then the palace filled up with progressive young reformers, unsuspected advocates of reform declared themselves, and the Manchu conservatives were in panic.

Prince Henry of Prussia came with his terrible fleet, took formal possession of the German principality-on-leasethold of Kian-chau, and with a refinement of satire paid his respects to the despoiled landowner at Pekin:

The emperor stood up to receive the visitor as an equal in the audience-hall of the Summer Palace, and returned the visit with due courtesy. The traditions of insolent conservatism were broken, and while innovations were in the air, and all sacred precedents and customs were being disregarded, the empress dowager received Prince Henry face to face, instead of listening from behind a screen, as she had usually given audience in Chinese officials. The young Empress Yehonala was not heard of at either of these audiences, but Prince Henry suggested to the empress dowager that she should receive the ladies of the diplomatic corps, ignoring the reigning empress in a way that could not be thought of in Berlin, nor hardly in St. Petersburg.

All through the summer of 1898, succeeding Prince Henry's illuminating visit, reform edicts poured from the palace:

They called for changes by wholesale, for progress post-haste, and for regeneration overnight; for far-

reign studies to be made the test in the great examinations; for foreign system in the departments of the government. A host of incompetent and useless hangers-on were swept out of office by brief edicts, and there was coöperation at provincial capitals. It is said that an edict permitting or commanding the cutting of the queue and the adoption of foreign dress was written, but not given out. Schools of Western learning were authorized, and the many newspapers and magazines, that had been the first agents in the work of reform, were subsidized and encouraged, and others projected. The emperor announced that he would end his life of seclusion, go by railway train to Tien-tsin in September, and review his army in person and become a modern ruler.

The empress dowager's feelings may easily be imagined; but that shrewdest woman in Asia, "the only man in Chioa," as she has been called, having protested and interfered in vain, soon let it be known that she was the moving spirit behind the emperor, that she was inspiring the new departure:

She showed an ambition to be in the forefront of progress, to out-reform the reformers, to be more anxious than they were for railroads, steam-engines, and Western civilization. She would go to Tien-tsin by railway train, too, and attend the review, as European empresses do. She would adopt European etiquette, and dress for her own court, hold drawing-rooms, have foreign ladies presented, and entertain with fêtes and garden-parties, like the empress of Japan. Pekin was dazed; the Far East was aghast; but it was understood that the plans for the new etiquette were being formulated upon the past experience of the Japanese in changing from the old Eastern etiquette to European court customs. Only one Manchu nobleman of the court-circle has been educated in a foreign country in foreign ways, and has permitted her daughters to be taught on the same lines, and orders were given this Manchu family to devise and take charge of the changed ceremonies of the empress dowager's court. Before that family could reach Pekin the crash came, reaction reared, the *coup d'état* fell, the reformers fled for their lives, decapitations were made by wholesale, and the whole group of progressives who had roused the emperor to his country's needs and perils were exterminated. All were seized save Kang Yu Wei, in whom the emperor sent a last message to fly for his life. The emperor, in attempting to escape from the palace himself—to seek refuge at the near-by British legation, it is said—was seized by the empress dowager's eunuchs and carried off to the island palace in her suburban park.

The reformers had been too hasty and had counted without the empress dowager, whom they openly antagonized:

Chang Lin, reformer, in one memorial to the emperor, had dared to say: "The relation of the empress dowager to the late Emperor Tungchih was that of his own mother; but her relation to you is that of the widowed concubine of a former emperor." While they had written essays and memorials and inspired edicts, she had quietly mustered an army in the neighborhood; and the unsuspecting reformers confided in this Tartar general of hers, who immediately informed the dowager. It suited the Manchu general and all his kind to keep in the old order. Moreover, all the reformers were Chinese of the middle and southern provinces, their leader a Cantonese, the most hated of all Chinese by the Manchus, since the war of the allies, when Cantonese coolies worked for the foreigners and saw the Manchus defeated and with lost "face." The empress dowager had shrewdly hid her time, and her wits re-seated her on the throne, with her obstreperous step-son in some indefinite sort of durance, dethroned may be, or abdicated perhaps, but at any rate not of her way. The little episode of Kwangsu's play at ruling was over, and that two-hundred-and-forty-sixth Son of Heaven was set aside as easily as a puppet in a box, all because he had lacked the courage and force first to set aside and crush the empress dowager.

Then, "by request," the empress dowager unselfishly took up "the burden of rule in her old age," all that the invalid emperor might rest:

Not an allusion was made in the young Empress Yehonala, although two of Yehonala's brothers, nephews of the dowager, were among the proscribed and persecuted reformers. It was not known whether she remained in the Pekin palace or shared the imperial prison at E-Ho Park. As there were no imperial children, the Empress Yehonala counted for nothing in the tragic drama playing on in those thick-walled palaces, and had no such leverage as the beautiful concubine Tsze Hsi An made use of fifty years before. Eunuchs guarded her somewhere, as eunuchs guarded the emperor at E-Ho, and although eunuchs were ruthlessly decapitated with the reformers, Kang Yu Wei doubts if the government can ever be reformed until the palace is wholly rid of these pests, these Oriental survivals of primitive society, who are the arch-enemies of all progress and reform.

When Kwang Yu Wei had escaped to Shanghai, to Hong Kong, to Japan, and to Europe, he was pursued everywhere by spies and emissaries told off for his capture or murder:

Only the closest police surveillance protected him, and the price on his head was raised to two hundred thousand taels when he ventured as near as Singapore. As the last stroke, the vindictive dowager commanded that the tombs of Kang Yu Wei's ancestors should be desecrated and destroyed. Chinese hatred and malice, the greatest fury of revenge, could not devise direr punishment than such outrage of all that Chinese hold most sacred.

The wives of the envoys and the ladies of the diplomatic corps had never been, recognized during the thirty-eight years that legations had been established at Pekin, and alter the dowager's ready

assent in Prince Henry's suggestive it took months of pressure and insistence, and long discussions as to the form and order, before the audience took place:

The empress dowager protested against receiving any but the envy's wives because of the great number it would include, and it could not be explained to her that not all the envoys, or half the secretaries, were married. The Chinese braids could not comprehend such a condition, such unevenness, such irregularity. It could comprehend two, and two only. Proper consideration was finally accorded, and the wives of the British, German, Japanese, Russian, American, and French ministers, comprising the little group of legation *châtelaines*, were properly met by yellow chairs at the first palace gate, and carried to the doors of the reception-hall. Three reverences in advancing and retiring from the presence were made as in a European court, and Lady Macdonald, *duyenne* of the corps, read a short address. The shrewdly attired dowager made gracious remarks, and the guests were entertained at a feast in an adjoining hall. She did not sit with them, nor was anything seen or heard of the little Empress Yehonala in dethronement. Rolls of silk and pearl rings were distributed before the visitors took leave, and none who took part in the affair seemed to show more interest or pleasure than her redoubtable majesty, Tsze Hsi An. When the diplomats came out of that trance they found that the audience of the foreign ladies, so thrust upon the empress dowager, was construed as an official recognition of the usurper, a virtual acknowledgment that the real empress was dethroned.

Those few who have looked upon the countenance of the dowager describe her thus:

She is a tall, erect, fine-looking woman of distinguished and imperious bearing, with pronounced Tartar features, the eye of an eagle, and the voice of determined authority and absolute command. She has, of course, the natural, undomesticated feet of Tartar women, and is credited with great activity, a fondness for archery and riding and for walking, and with a passion for games of chance and theatrical representations.

Early this year the United States appeared as the great and good friend of Tsze Hsi An in securing written assurances that the happy powers would maintain the "open door" in trade, and therefore the integrity of China:

Whereupon the dowager empress felt herself again saved from the break-up, and safe in announcing, in an edict signed by Kwangsu, January 24, 1900, the abdication of Kwangsu, and the choice of Prince Chun as heir to the throne—son of Prince Puan and grandson of the dowager's own deceased consort, the Emperor Hienfung—a boy of nine, whose father and tutors have been rabid anti-foreign conservatives of the most virulent, unenlightened kind, leaders of the secret societies opposed to foreigners and Western progress.

Then a storm arose and Tsze Hsi An quickly produced the passive Kwangsu, and permitted him to assume the *role* of emperor during the brief new-year's audience with the foreign envoys. Miss Scidmore concludes:

In all topsyturvydom, surely nothing approaches this petticoat tyranny and bullying of poor Kwangsu—the one man in palaces full of women and eunuchs, yet unable to free or assert himself; a manikin majesty, who is put off and on the throne at short notice; set up and lifted down like a marionette or a piece of furniture, without as much as a "by your leave"; a pitiful "paper tiger" of an emperor.

Several of Miss Scidmore's chapters are devoted to the capital, Pekin, the objective point of winters and relief parties; one to the foreign missions, whose safety has been so gravely jeopardized; one each to the cities of Tien-tsin, Canton, and Shanghai, and two to the Great Wall. The volume is illustrated from photographs and drawings, the frontispiece being a portrait of the dowager empress, from a painting on silk.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.50.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Mrs. Steel's New Story.

There is more of the mystery and secret impulses of modern India in Mrs. Flora Annie Steel's "Voices in the Night" than in any history that ever was written, and the reader feels that her descriptions are veritable, in spite of the fact that the book is a novel with a dozen purely conventional figures among its characters. The pompous, fussy lieutenant-governor; his charming wife, with memories of past flirtations and narrow escapes from serious errors of judgment; the precocious youngster whose heroic soul is up in arms before he can talk plainly; the English governess, wise as a serpent yet harmless as a dove; the sport-loving, reckless, but thoroughly courageous and lovable hero, who is rather out of favor in the beginning; the drunken hostler who develops strange virtues under stress—these are not new acquaintances. Under other names they have appeared in other stories of the Far East, and it is nearly always possible to predict their course and finish when they are first introduced.

But Mrs. Steel's story is not made up of the adventures of these people. There are other figures, convincingly real, and they hold the reader's interest. They are "the educated youngsters of India"; the ambitious, shallow, yet imaginative young men who have cut loose from some of the superstitions of their ancestors, yet can not reach the plane upon which the foreigners move, and who plot mutinies and dream of successful revolutions. They are the pure-bred Brahmin who marries an Englishwoman and sacrifices home, relations, friends, and heirlooms; the money-lender who fattens off the decaying members of families that once were noble; the Rightful Heir, slowly surrendering the last jewels of his house to gain money for his vices; the native mother who struggles to retain something for Sa'adut, the child who will inherit only an empty title; the simple, loyal, superstitious servants who serve their own at the cost of life without a murmur. These are the figures that stand out vividly in the shifting scenes of the story. And only one who knows them well, and their traditions and impulses, can write of them as Mrs. Steel has written.

There is movement, life, and color in every chapter of this novel; act after act of a drama that is serious and amusing by turns, but never wearisome, and quite often enough there is a sudden tense straining of the threads of interest that stirs the emotions of the coolest reader. The book easily wins a place beside that notable earlier work, "On the Face of the Waters." Its art is as finished, its views of the Brahmin's India even more photographic in detail.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Eight Eventful Years in American History.

The fifth volume of "A History of the People of the United States," by John Bach McMaster, opens with the second term of Monroe and the appointment of Andrew Jackson to the governorship of Florida, the newly acquired territory of the United States. Though the time covered in this portion of Professor McMaster's chronicle is only a little more than eight years, it includes some of the most important political movements of American history—the first disquiet caused by vexed questions of constitutional rights and privileges, and the notable revulsion of feeling which marked the earliest overthrow of an administration by popular enthusiasm. The history of events that governed the career of those great leaders, Clay, Calhoun, and Jackson, is carefully told in these chapters, and its perusal will well repay the reader whose interest in present conditions has obscured his memory of past events.

The election of John Quincy Adams in 1825 by the House of Representatives, the charges of treachery brought in consequence against Clay, the growth of the sentiment that Jackson had been betrayed, the final revolution that placed the hero of New Orleans in the Presidential chair, and the political changes that followed during his administration, form the thread upon which the historian's review of the prominent events of those years are strung, and no episodes worthy of consideration are missed. The election of Calhoun as Vice-President under Adams, and his reelection to the same office under Jackson is one of the remarkable records of those times. The inception of the Monroe doctrine, the story of the national bank, the disputed boundaries of Maine and Oregon, and the agitation over the proposed purchase of Texas, are among the weighty issues of the times that are treated at length, and contemporary claims and criticisms are quoted freely.

In strict accordance with his title, Professor McMaster presents studies of the life of the people in the towns and on the frontier, aside from all questions of government or political policy. The story of early efforts in the literary field and the development that produced Cooper, Bryant, Sparks, Simms, Bancroft, Longfellow, and others, is sketched, and the account is fresh and entertaining. The entrance of the workingman into politics, the socialism of Owen and Fanny Wright, the beginning of the Anti-Masonic party, the problems of slavery as they affected the tariff, the independence of Cuba, the accession of new territory, and the position of political leaders, are phases that have a peculiar interest in these later days.

The history is eminently readable, its maps are

valuable illustrations, and its index is thorough. The work as a whole can not be ignored by those who would study the progress of civilization and the science of government in the United States.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Stephen Phillips, the English poet, has completed the first rough sketch of the metrical play he is writing for Richard Mansfield, but he has not yet found a name for it.

Laurence Hutton is at his home in Princeton preparing a volume of papers to be called "A Group of Players and Other Sketches."

Beatrice Harraden has been seriously ill in London.

Edmond Rostand, the brilliant author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to revise the proofs of his new play, "L'Aiglon," for publication in Paris. The English version, by the way, is to be brought out in this country next autumn.

General Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, has decided to refuse the many publishers' offers made to him to write an account of the Mafeking siege. The reception now being given to reprints of his accounts of the Matabele and Ashanti war indicate the eagerness with which the public would take up a new book by him, but the general, in view of his military promotion and forthcoming honor of K. C. B., feels that he should not identify himself with the shilling-hunting crowd of war-correspondents and amateur specialists.

"The Last Sentence," a novel by Maxwell Gray, has just been published by D. Appleton & Co.

Archibald Clavering Gunter has written a new novel entitled "The Princess of Copper." According to the publishers the novel is divided into the following "unique, exquisite, and powerful episodes": "The Rocky Mountains," "The Waldorf-Astoria," "A New York Young Lady," "A Great City After Dark," and "Una and the Lion."

The Macmillan Company has in press an elaborate work on "Historical Jurisprudence," by Guy Carleton Lee, of the historical department at Johns Hopkins University.

The various manuscripts upon which Miss Bradon will be engaged for the next four years are a historical novel based on the siege of Calais; an Eastern story, suggested by a passionate lover in Miss Pardee's Turkish tales; and another in Byron's "Bride of Abydos"; and a story of the Harz Mountains, "with audacious flights in German diablerie."

Anna Katharine Green calls her new detective story, which will be issued early in the autumn, "The Circular Study," from the room in which the studious hero does his work.

John Kendrick Bangs has in hand two new books which are approaching completion. One of these is "The Olympian Nights," in which a purely human being finds himself on Mount Olympus in the company of the gods now fallen from their high estate and languishing under nineteenth-century conditions. It will be published serially, and is, in a sense, a pendant to "The Houseboat on the Styx." The other work is "A History of the Twentieth Century."

A councilman of Cambridge, Mass., is trying to secure an appropriation from the city for the purchase of "Elmwood," the home of James Russell Lowell, for use as a public library.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish in a few weeks a new novel by Adela E. Orpen, entitled "The Jay Hawks." It is a romance of free-soil and border-ruffian days in Kansas.

The third of the trilogy of religious books by the Rev. John Watsoo (Ian Maclaren) will be ready for publication in the fall. It will be entitled "Children of the Resurrection," and form a fitting sequel to the "Upper Room" and "The Companions of the Sorrowful Way."

The Earl of Dunraven's new work, in two volumes, "Self-Instruction in the Practice and Theory of Navigation," is being published by the Macmillan Company.

D. Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, has written a novel with the invention of an air-ship as the central figure.

"Familiar Fish: Their Habits and Capture," by one of the most experienced of American freshwater fishermen, has just been published by D. Appleton & Co.

R. D. Blackmore's beloved market-garden and orchard, near Teddington, has already been cut up into building lots.

D. Appleton & Co. are preparing to bring out a new edition of "The Red Badge of Courage," by the late Stephen Crane, with a portrait of the author and a biographical sketch by Ripley Hitchcock. It was Mr. Hitchcock who accepted the book from Mr. Crane, at the recommendation, it is said, of W. D. Howells.

OLD FAVORITES.

BELMONT, CAL., June 21, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inclosed are some verses found in a newspaper years ago. I think perhaps I am not the only one who would like to see them in print otherwise than in a book. Very sincerely yours, JULIA REID.

At Four o'Clock.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever in mid-afternoon,
Ah, happy day of happy June!
Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,
The piney wood with perfume fill,
And breathe across the singing sea,
Land-scented breezes that shall be
Sweet as the gardens that they pass,
Where children tumble in the grass.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
And long not for thy blushing rest,
In the soft bosom of the west,
But bid gray evening get her back
With all the stars upon her track,
Forget the dark, forget the dew,
The mystery of the midnight blue,
And only spread thy wide, warm wings
While Summer her enchantment flings!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever let thy tender mist
Lie like dissolving amethyst
Deep in the distant dales, and shed
Thy mellow glory overhead!
Yet wilt thou wander—call the thrush
And have the wilds and waters hush
To hear his passion-broken tune,
Ah, happy day of happy June!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Fate.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no need;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face,
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied; and this is fate.

—Mrs. Susan Marr Spalding.

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A Practical Book on Fresh-Water Game Fish. By EUGENE MCCARTHY. With an Introduction by Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Junior University, and numerous Illustrations. Uniform with "Familiar Trees," "Familiar Flowers," and other books by F. Schuyler Mathews. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

This useful and informing book by one of the most experienced American anglers meets the demand for a practical handbook which shall describe the habits and environment of the fresh-water game fish commonly met with in this country, and explain in a simple and easily comprehensible way the methods of their capture. As an expert fisherman, Mr. McCarthy is able to speak with authority regarding salmon, trout, ouananiche, bass, pike and pickerel, muskallunge, perch, carp, and other fish which are the object of the angler's pursuit. His clear and practical counsel as to rods and tackle and their use, and the various details of camp life, render his book a most helpful companion for all sportsmen and campers. Dr. David Starr Jordan has read the manuscript, and has lent the weight of his approval by writing an Introduction. The book is profusely illustrated with pictures and useful diagrams.

The Last Sentence.

A Novel. By MAXWELL GRAY, author of "The Silence of Deao Maitland." No. 287, Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Appletons' Canadian
Guide-Book.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. A Guide for Tourists and Sportsmen from Newfoundland to the Pacific. 12mo. Flexible cloth, \$1.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A New England Father and Son.

The story Edwin Asa Dix tells in "Deacon Bradbury" reveals some traits of New England character which are not particularly admirable, yet they are worthy of the study he has given them. The proud, upright, unyielding, unswerving, inarticulate natures chosen as his principal figures may not be unknown elsewhere, but the stony hill-sides of Vermont have known them well for generations. In spite of the grayness of such lives, whose sorrows and joys have only restrained utterance, the novelist finds them rich in suggestion, their silences expressive, their undemonstrative positions full of dramatic force. And some find bright colors in these scenes, where nature is gracious at intervals and the scent of the spruce and the pine is borne on summer and winter winds alike.

A son whose lapse from the high moral standard held by these simple village people brings the first real, crushing sorrow to Deacon Bradbury, is, after all, the best-loved possession of this stern yet kindly father. The first fault is really forgiven, but the boy feels that there is a shadow between him and his parents, and resents the injustice which is manifested in the walk and conversation of his neighbors. Another test finds him true, but his father, too ready to accept the conclusion of guilt which circumstances seem to point out, questions him sternly and suspiciously, and provokes an answer that appears to confirm the unfavorable report. The son is driven away, and the father, secretly mourning his loss, cries out against the Providence that has brought such sorrow upon him. He leaves the church, feeling that the course is demanded of him in his changed convictions, and the family are plunged into even deeper gloom by this action on the part of the father who had always been a leading member in religious circles, the descendant of a long line of Puritan Bradburys. Two years go by, and in a business committee-meeting the father hears his absent son called a thief, and the old spirit blazes up. He denies the charge and defends the boy whom he had actually given up when the blow first fell upon him. And then the truth comes out, and his innocence is established, not only of the second offense charged against him, but of the first as well. The son returns to the home which had never been happy since his departure, and again takes up the life and receives the affection that was his in the beginning, and might have been his all the time had he met his accusers bravely and not allowed the pride wounded by injustice and suspicion to close his lips.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Romance of a Patriot Soldier.

Robert Neilson Stephens continues his romances of a century past with admirable taste and skill, and with no diminution of power. "Philip Winwood," his latest story, has for its hero a gallant officer of the Continental army, whose loyalty was sadly tried by the disaffection of his young and beautiful wife, for her heart was set on seeing the gay sights across the ocean in London, and her sympathies were, in consequence, with the king and his Tory supporters. The chronicle begins with the youth of the central figures, and the picture of the boy who came to New York from Philadelphia, penniless, an orphan, and without friends, and was at once befriended by the girl he afterward married, is well drawn.

The story is told in the words of a boy friend, who witnessed Philip's first meeting with Madge Faringfield and the offer of a home by her father. The narrator also grows up to be a suitor for Madge's hand, but the capricious beauty chose Philip, who had remained in the employ of her father, and won the regard of all the family. The first battle of the Revolution came just after the marriage, when the day was set for the young couple to sail for England, and Philip at once was eager in his country's cause. Madge, in spite of her father's sympathy for the patriots and secret aid in their plans, took the side of the royalists, with her mother and younger brother. The disappointed lover was also a Tory, but he did not lose his affection for his boyhood friend. Philip and Madge were separated for three years, he fighting with the American troops, she at home in New York, often a guest at Tory entertainments and always the centre of admiration. The two figures in the story whose character is in bold contrast with that of their associates, and who cause nearly all the trouble, are a worthless brother of the heroine and a British captain who is attracted by her beauty and grace.

A plot to capture General Washington was one of Madge's wildest schemes, but it failed. Soon after, to avoid the consequences of this traitorous act, Madge and her unprincipled brother escaped to England. There, after years of disconcerting experiences, poverty, and sorrow, Philip found her. The war for independence was over, and after the long term of service and the wearing grief over the loss of his wife, honors and happiness were his at the end.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

The people introduced in Violet Hunt's novel, "The Human Interest," are not altogether charming, but they are not wooden. The story is well

told, even with a problem left unsolved at the end. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

Professor George Stephen Goodspeed is the author of "Israel's Messianic Hope, to the Time of Jesus," a study in the historical development of the fore-shadowings of the Christ in the Old Testament and beyond. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The sixth volume of the attractive Hawthorne edition of the works of the Brontë Sisters contains "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," by Anne Brontë, with an introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward and a portrait of the author. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75.

In the Eclectic School Readings Series the latest issue is "Alice's Visit to the Hawaiian Islands," by Mary H. Krout. The little volume is well written and full of interest. Matters of opinion concerning the recent history of the country are handled with discretion, and the views offered are suited to the readers for whom the work was prepared. The illustrations are good and numerous. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 45 cents.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's story, "Helbeck of Bannisdale," first published in May, 1898, and reprinted no less than eight times since, is now issued in a new edition in one volume of six hundred and fifty pages. The work has received the serious attention of critics and reviewers throughout the English-speaking world, and still retains its bold upon the reading public in spite of the flood of more romantic novels. It deserves its vogue as a study of character and ethics. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Still another volume on the exposition city, but one that justifies itself thoroughly, is "Paris," by Esther Singleton. It is intended to supplement the guide-books and add to the dry statements of facts something of greater artistic and literary value. It quotes from the great writers, Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, P. G. Hamerton, and others, accounts of monuments, buildings, and views, and gives illustrations of the sights described. The maps and engravings are of lasting interest and value. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

More has been written about the works of Herbert Spencer than about the philosopher himself, and Hector Macpherson's volume, "Spencer and Spencerism," will be welcomed by friends and critics alike. It is an authorized biography and study of Spencer's development and line of labor, at once an interpretation and an appreciation. It is not a slavish reproduction of Spencer's writings in its illustrative portion, but a lucid, coherent presentation of his idea of the great evolutionary process. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The vital history of a State is told in "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," by Eva Emery Dye, and told with art and power. The book is full of scenery, laconic dialogue, and stirring deeds of courage and faith. Few novels of American border-life are half so entertaining. Not alone to readers who have seen the results of the development of that Western empire, but to all who care to know how the land was won and held, will this volume appeal. The scenes it pictures so well will not be forgotten soon by those who study them, and they deserve to be remembered. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

Among novels that possess the charm of unfamiliar scenes and people, romantic yet real, Allen Raine's stories of Welsh life merit more than passing regard. Her pictures are well drawn, her characters speak and act with little thought of criticism, and her stories have a compelling interest from the first complication to the final clearing-up. Her latest, "Garthowen," is a worthy successor to "Mifanwy" and "By Berwen Banks." It tells of two brothers, one selfish and ambitious and the other generous and unstudied, who become rivals. There are many dramatic situations, and the ending is happy. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The July Century Magazine.

Among the leading features of the Century Magazine for July are "Macaroni," by Maude Caldwell Perry; "The Story of Ann Powell," by Annie E. Tynan; "Sarah Porter: Her Unique Educational Work," by William M. Sloane; "In One Fellowship," by Louise Herrick Wall; part five of "Dr. North and His Friends," by S. Weir Mitchell; "How to Safeguard One's Sanity," by J. M. Buckley, LL. D.; the ninth paper of John Morley's "Oliver Cromwell"; "Artistic Paris," by Richard Whiteing; "The Romance of the Institute," by Arthur Colton; "The Commercial Ascendancy of the United States," by the Hon. Carroll D. Wright; "In the Panic," by Will Payne; "Memories of a Musical Life," by William Mason; and "The Praying-Match," by Elizabeth Cherry Woltz. The verse is by Virginia Woodward Cloud, Ada Foster Alden, Florence Wilkinson, and Elizabeth Barnett Esler, and nine characteristic drawings entitled "A Pictorial View of the Exposition," are contributed by André Castaigne.

STEPHEN CRANE'S LAST STORY.

The following letter from England, written to an American friend by Robert Barr, the novelist, concerning the last days of Stephen Crane, will be found especially interesting:

"HILLHEAD, WOLDINGHAM, SURREY,
"June 8, 1900.

"MY DEAR . . . : I was delighted to hear from you, and was much interested to see the article on Stephen Crane you sent me. It seems to me the harsh judgment of an unappreciative, commonplace person on a man of genius. Stephen had many qualities which lent themselves to misapprehension, but at the core he was the finest of men, generous to a fault, with something of the old-time recklessness which used to gather in the ancient literary taverns of London. I always fancied that Edgar Allan Poe revisited the earth as Stephen Crane, trying again, succeeding again, failing again, and dying ten years sooner than he did on the other occasion of his stay on earth.

"When your letter came I had just returned from Dover, where I stayed four days to see Crane off for the Black Forest. There was a thin thread of hope that he might recover, but to me he looked like a man already dead. When he spoke, or rather whispered, there was all the accustomed humor in his sayings. I said to him that I would go over to the Schwartzwald in a few weeks, when he was getting better, and that we would take some convalescent rambles together. As his wife was listening he said, faintly: 'I'll look forward to that,' but he smiled at me, and winked slowly, as much as to say: 'You damned humbug, you know I'll take no more rambles in this world.' Then, as if the train of thought suggested what was looked on before as the crisis of his illness, he murmured: 'Robert, when you come to the hedge—that we must all go over—it isn't bad. You feel sleepy—and—you don't care. Just a little dreamy curiosity—which world you're really in—that's all.'

"To-morrow, Saturday, the ninth, I go again to Dover to meet his body. He will rest for a little while in England, a country that was always good to him, then to America, and his journey will be ended. "I've got the unfinished manuscript of his last novel bere beside me, a rollicking Irish tale, different from anything he ever wrote before. Stephen thought I was the only person who could finish it, and he was too ill for me to refuse. I don't know what to do about the matter, for I never could work up another man's ideas. Even your vivid imagination could hardly conjure anything more ghastly than the dying man, lying by an open window overlooking the English Channel, relating in a sepulchral whisper the comic situations of his humorous hero so that I might take up the thread of his story.

"From the window beside which I write this I can see down in the valley Ravensbrook House, where Crane used to live, and where Harold Frederic, he, and I spent many a merry night together. When the Romans occupied Britain, some of their legions, parched with thirst, were wandering about these dry hills with the choice of finding water or perishing. They watched the ravens, and so came to the stream which rises under my place and flows past Stephen's former home; hence the name, Ravensbrook.

"It seems a strange coincidence that the greatest modern writer on war should set himself down where the greatest ancient warrior, Cæsar, probably stopped to quench his thirst.

"Stephen died at three in the morning, the same sinister hour which carried away our friend Frederic nineteen months before. At midnight, in Crane's fourteenth-century house in Sussex, we two tried to lure back the ghost of Frederic into that house of ghosts, and to our company, thinking that if re-appearing were ever possible so strenuous a man as Harold would somehow shoulder his way past the guards, but he made no sign. I wonder if the less insistent Stephen would suggest some ingenious method by which the two can pass the barrier. I can imagine Harold cursing on the other side and welcoming the more subtle assistance of his finely fibred friend.

"I feel rather like the last of the Three Musketeers, the other two gone down in their duel with Death. I am wondering if, within the next two years, I also will get the challenge. If so, I shall go to the competing ground the more cheerfully that two such good fellows await the outcome on the other side.

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The Miller Company having begun their engagement with light drama, are giving us for a change this week a play which, in dramatic parlance, is full of strong situations, and in which most of the leading characters have ample opportunity to exhibit their strength and facility in depicting strong emotion. "The Tree of Knowledge" is an interesting play, and its lines are above the average of the ordinary drawing-room drama. The central female character, that of an adventuress, is played with admirable art by Sadie Martinot. Thrown out in clear, soft relief against the phosphorescent splendor of that dazzling but doubtful dame is the calm, pure outline of Monica Blayne's character. This character-contrast reminds one of a similar effect which formed one of the interesting features of "When We Were Twenty-One," and, like the Phyllis of that play, Monica Blayne is a sweet, wholesome-natured, loving-hearted girl, with a measure of insight, and a pleasant ingredient of girlish roguishness to redeem her from the insipidity that not so many years ago always characterized the domestic girl-angels of the hearth. Margaret Anglin rendered this part with full charm and intelligence, and made of it a pretty picture of modest, tender, playful girlhood.

And Sir Mostyn Hollingworth was a good, kindly, guileless old man (whom I wrongfully suspected of laying a trap when he told his wicked daughter-in-law of the ruin of the family fortunes), and Mrs. Whiffin was just the loving, irrational, patient, partial parent that we meet in life almost daily. And Brian Hollingworth and Nigel Stanyon were men friends who loved each other passing well; and Major Blencoe was a good-hearted, rich old fellow, who offered a proposal and an apology in a breath, and who tried to induce his peculiarly embarrassed old friend to accept a loan from him as a favor, an accommodation, merely to relieve him from a surplus of idle capital.

How pleasant and peaceful it all sounds! What an appeal it seems to make to the generous emotions! How idyllic is the prosperous pastoral life in this English village, "far from the madding crowd," and how pretty is that quiet, woodland setting to the Stanyons' cottage, wherein we saw the still, tranquil reaches of the stream glisten placidly in the light of the golden afternoon, until the coming of the red sunset glow threw the outlines of the tree-trunks dark against its rosy surface, and sober twilight fell.

But what a bad taste it left in the mouth after all! For, even with a closing act in which Monica Blayne sweetly gives herself to a loving but self-deprecating lover, even with the pretty part the loyol, fluttered, happy mother plays in this little scene of whole-hearted home affection, the bad taste is left. For there is a series of repulsive scenes in the fourth act, in which the emotions that rage are black and ugly ones, discreditable to human nature; in which, too, the irruption on the scene of the self-sacrificing, nobly intentioned friend was made in so threatened a manner, his appearance was so much that of a villain on evil bent, and his actions toward the woman so brutal and extravagant, that the whole situation struck one as distasteful, intemperate, and false.

Unselfish friends, who wish to save the honor of their comrades, do not, as a general thing, and especially in polite circles, threaten the lives of the false wives who assail it, nor would they, when suspecting an elopement, nobly and self-abnegatingly put aside thoughts of misconstrued motives and shin up the rear window and sneak in the back way.

The character of this insanely meddling and obviously unnatural friend was rendered by Morgan, who, as the victim of a seated sorrow, was pallid, mysterious, and insincere. But in truth, to my taste, in spite of his romantic rôle and the bedazzling influence of his boyish beauty, Morgan was natural and attractive but for one moment during the entire evening. That was at the moment of his entrance, when the house overwhelmed him with the cordiality of his greeting, and he was genuinely, delightfully, boyishly embarrassed. But this extremely handsome and curiously, unreasonably attractive young man has utterly false standards of acting. It is a pity, for behind all his mistakes he has the gift of a marked personality from the dramatic point of view. And his audience listens with an added stillness and intensity of attention to all his lines. Yet in attempting to render the character of Nigel Stanyon, who is a loving son, a loyal friend, a humble lover, and a faithful steward, Morgan bestows upon that worthy youth a full equipment of the mannerisms suitable to a villain. He wears continually a constrained and furtive air. He rarely looks his interlocutor in the face, and then generally with a threatening

expression or an air of veiled hostility. He slouches in his seat or stands with his back turned, as if he hated to meet the frank gaze of an honest man. His inflections are unnatural, fiftful, trying to the ear and the comprehension, and he keeps the attention on an uncomfortable strain in trying to dodge the obliquities and perversities of his delivery in order to snatch a moment's understanding of the text. His standard, in depicting emotion, is of the volcanic order. He loves to stand rigid, inert, but smoldering, and then suddenly dart forth a fiery flash of feeling. In doing so he frequently knocks down a piece of furniture, or anything at hand, and the suddenness and noise of the onslaught, combined with the cameo-like features and darkly intense manner of the actor, send a delightful thrill down the backbone of adoring, freely admiring, artistically inconsequent youth. And so Morgan is a great favorite, and, although he does not know how to act, a great actor. But he could not be he would. If he would divest himself of his mantle of sinister suggestion, and adopt in an honest part the demeanor of an honest man; if he would strip himself of his eccentricities of manner; and if he would make a study of natural, easy, unforced, intelligent, and intelligible delivery, he would make a big advance, and his youth, his enthusiasm, his natural gifts, and his opportunities would soon do the rest.

Equal to the interest roused by Morgao's re-appearance was that felt in again seeing and greeting Sadie Martinot. This lady has an old acquaintance with San Francisco, dating back to the time when Boucicault was the darling of the stage in Irish folk drama. Sadie Martinot was then the prettiest, most piquant, most seductive little witch that ever coquetted with a fond Irish heart to those pretty, amusing idyls of peasant life. She was absent for many years from San Francisco after her Boucicault engagement, and her most notable re-appearance was in "The Passport," a very good play, very cleverly played at the California Theatre some five or six years ago. Later still, she made her appearance in a silly extravaganza, which gave her absolutely no opportunity to show the nice and delicate art which characterizes her acting. In appearance she has changed so decidedly that the warmth of the greeting given her by the house was dashed by a chill of doubt. Miss Martinot has colored her abundant tresses a flamy red, she has added an appreciable number of pounds' weight, and she has changed for the worse the style of wearing her hair. The red hair hardens her face and lessens the delicacy of the blonde coloring which was a prominent element in her prettiness. Furthermore, she has adopted, as a clew to the character of the adventuress she represented, a bearing that conveyed an assumption of the isolated self-confidence of the successful and heartless snarer of men's souls. Her rôle was well-played. She is always neat and finished in her work, provided it be of the kind that offers a chance for real acting, and it gives one a most heart-felt satisfaction to see Miss Martinot placed in a company that will give her talents full play.

I fancy, however, that from the extravagance of the apostrophes addressed to Belle by her numerous lovers, the author had in his mind a woman whose appearance was less luridly and palpably that of an adventuress. A delicate, blue-eyed, Lady Audley kind of a Circe, who won confidence and admiration at the first glance of her confiding, guileless eyes. More hearty she could have had, but Miss Martinot's ability is unquestioned. Both she and Worthing—who, by the way, did an excellent piece of work—represented characters that were frankly lacking in any solid qualities. They lived candidly and solely for self, and disdained to assume a virtue when they had it not. There was a faint threat of silly tradition hovering in the air when Belle clasped hands with Monica, and I feared for a moment that she was going to ask for that same old embalmed kiss that the soiled sisterhood of the drama are always exacting from the pure young heroines. But Mrs. Hollingsworth strolled away, consistent and self-contained enough to leave an innocent-seeming, but deeply wicked message in the hands of purity. This was a woman with a satin-cased sashet-bag for a heart, or perhaps a gleaming, prettily tinted, daintily flavored ice. So she remained consistent to the end, in all but a momentary gesture of desperation when she left her unconscious husband and fled with her richer lover.

Miller, who played the part of the weak and infatuated husband, had one or two scenes of emotion which he rendered with his customary care and attention to detail, but his rôle compelled him to be one of the lesser figures.

No, I do not think it is an edifying or artistically pleasing spectacle to see enacted on the stage scenes which depict at too great length and with too much realism the wicked ascendancy which bad women gain over the baser passions of men. But I saw in the audience, toward the close, such a beautiful, edifying, and cheering bit of missionary work done, that I came away soothed and elevated. Two young women, in the middle of the final love-scene, started to put on their hats. A young man with them uttered one little, little, detaining word, and after a moment's struggle, the hats were replaced in their owners' laps. Noble young man! May you and others like you continue the good work. I have seen helplessly exasperated people "tch!" and talk at, and even hiss such offenders, with no effect upon

the unfeeling tower of tulle. But it remains for the girls' best young men to effect a reform—even husbands, meek and ineffective as is their position in comparison, might lend a helping hand to this worthy cause. Noble young man! For this that you have done may she whose hats you may have the sweet privilege of providing in the future give you always such prompt and lovely, such whole-hearted and unquestioning obedience. JOSEFITA.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"A Marriage of Convenience."

Henry Miller and his excellent company will be seen for the last time in "The Tree of Knowledge" at the Columbia Theatre this (Saturday) evening, and next week Sydney Grundy's adaptation from the French, "A Marriage of Convenience," which he produced at the Baldwin Theatre in 1898, will be the bill. Its scene is laid amid the court society of the period of Louis the Fourteenth, and the costumes and stage settings are very elaborate.

The story of "A Marriage of Convenience" concerns a certain Count and Countess de Candale, whose marriage had been arranged in the usual French fashion, without their having even met until all is settled. Just before the ceremony, they confess candidly to each other their mutual dislike and love for some one else. They agree, however, to keep this to themselves, and hear the proper appearance to the outer world, while really continuing faithful to their pre-nuptial disposal of their affections. Each gradually becomes attracted to the other, although in the meantime they have induced an old uncle to present their petition to the king to annul their marriage. They meet at a masked-ball, to which they have gone with separate escorts, and the husband protects the wife from an offered insult. This unveils the mutual affection, and they are anxious to withdraw the petition for divorce, which, after a number of clever complications, they are able to do.

Mr. Miller's next production will be a revival of "The Liars," one of the greatest of his successes at the Columbia Theatre last year.

Hoyt's "A Contented Woman."

The sixth week of Dunne and Ryley's successful season of farce-comedy will begin on Sunday night at the California Theatre with a revival of Hoyt's satire on the new woman in politics, "A Contented Woman." Norma Whalley will appear in the leading part, Grace Holmes, which was created by the late Caroline Miskel Hoyt, for whom the play was written, and afterward played by Belle Archer. Since Miss Whalley was seen at the Orpheum with Walter Jones, she made a flying visit to her English home and, during a short visit to the exposition, purchased some magnificent Parisian gowns and hats, which she will have an opportunity to display to advantage. J. Sherrie Matthews will be the Benton Holme, whose wife runs against him for the office of mayor of Denver; Harry Bulger will appear as Boyle Doyle, proprietor of the principal refreshment parlor; Bessie Tannehill will be cast as Aunt Jim, an earnest advocate of woman suffrage; Walter Jones as Van Dyke Beard, Holme's butler; Tony Hart as Uncle Todie, Aunt Jim's brow-beaten other half; Mary Marble as Mary Peet; and Maude Courtney, Adele Estee, Ethel Kirwan, Phil Ryley, and Louise Gunning will have the other rôles.

"At Gay Coney Island," in which Matthews and Bulger have been seen here before, is to follow.

Third Week of "The Geisha."

"The Geisha" has resumed its place in the hearts of the Tivoli patrons, and enters on the third week of its prosperous run on Monday night. It is a wonderfully fetching little opera, with its brilliant Oriental scenes, its lively, catchy music, and its amusing comedy. Helen Merrill, Annie Myers, Grace Orr, Ferris Hartman, and Tom Green are perfectly at home in their new rôles, and Edwin Stevens and Georgie Cooper do clever work in their original creations of the Marquis Imari and Juliette Diamant, respectively. Judging by the crowded house each night, "The Geisha" could run for several weeks yet, but the management announce that before the opening of the grand-opera season "Wang" will be given a short revival, with Edwin Stevens in the leading rôle.

At the Orpheum.

Among the new entertainers who will be introduced at the Orpheum next week are Smith and Fuller, who will present a novel musical sketch on some unique instruments invented by Mr. Smith; Stella Mayhew, a recent deserter from the legitimate stage to the vaudeville; Barrere and Jules, who will perform a number of marvelous new feats of agility on the parallel and horizontal bars; the Four Cohans in another of George Cohan's successful farces, "Money to Burn"; and a new series of biograph pictures, including a sensational view of the Battle of the Upper Tugela, obtained under great difficulties and at a great expense.

Those retained from this week's bill are Clayton White and Marie Stuart, assisted by Eva Randolph; the Quaker City Quartet; and the Todd-Judge Family.

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THE PASSION PLAY.

The Actors as They Appear Off and On the Stage at Oberammergau—Anton Lang as the Christ.

It takes ten years and a thousand men, women, and children to make the "Passion Play" (writes a correspondent of the New York Sun from Oberammergau). A quarter of a million visitors come here to see it, and millions of people who can not come are interested in it. All this is because, away back in 1632, a poor fellow from the cholera-stricken outside world managed to climb up into Oberammergau before he, too, died of the plague.

Eighty-four of the villagers also died before the inhabitants fairly knew what was the matter, and then the Oberammergauers vowed that if heaven would deliver them from the plague they would show their gratitude by performing, every ten years, the mystery of the sufferings and death of Christ. This vow they have kept as faithfully as they have been permitted to, and there appears now to be no fear that they will ever abandon it.

The "Passion Play" is the supreme fact in the life of these villagers. In America it is popularly supposed that every mother sees a future President in her boy. In Oberammergau she has another dream. She secretly yearns for him to grow up and be the Christ in the "Passion Play." In the meantime, while he "is growing up," she has ten-yearly ambitions for him, ranging from the rôle of the infant son of Adam and Eve to that of John, the Beloved Disciple. The present importance of the "Passion Play" began with 1850; since that date, including the Christus of that year and of this, there have been only four interpreters of the rôle.

Every one has read of Josef Mayr's interpretation of the rôle in 1870, 1871, 1880, and 1890. Those who saw him then said there could never be another Christus to equal him, and many have refrained from visiting Oberammergau this year because they did not want to see another man in Mayr's place. If it had been possible for him to take the rôle again he would certainly have had it, for the villagers themselves shared the feeling that nobody else could satisfy them. But although Mayr is only fifty-one years old, his beard is perfectly white, and he looks at least sixty. Wigs and dye are not allowed in the play, so it was manifestly impossible for Mayr to take the part this year.

That being settled a year or two ago, the village opinion quickly decided on Anton Lang as Mayr's successor. Lang lives with his father, King Herod, in the house over there by the barn-yard. He is only twenty-five years old, but with his long hair and his beard he looks older. He has followed his father's calling as a potter, and has lived in Oberammergau all his life, except for a short time when he was at Munich, sixty miles from here. His life is said to be blameless, and he is beloved by all the villagers.

Josef Mayr was said to be the ideal Christus, but Lang is much nearer the traditional Christ type. Mayr is like an old king in his bearing. He is tall and he makes every one of his inches count. This year he speaks the part of the opening of each act. Formerly this was done by the choragus, the leader of the singing band of guardian angels. But by way of showing special honor to Mayr, the separate part was created for him, and the most splendid costume worn on the Passion stage was devised for him. He has, by the way, a special dressing-room immediately adjoining his entrance, and every possible honor is paid him.

To those who did not see Mayr as Christus he does not seem to have been fitted for the part. Where Mayr is majestic and regal, Lang is the embodiment of gentleness and humility. But this humility is never lacking in dignity. There is indescribable sweetness and patience in his bearing, but without anything of weakness or servility. Mayr is dark, with eyes which would be likely to blaze under provocation, although there is a deep sadness in them. Lang, on the contrary, is fair, with blue eyes which express very perfectly the yearning compassion of Christ. His hair is beautiful, falling about his face in soft waves of brown. To see him on the street he appears round-shouldered, but in the play this disappears, or at least what remains seems to be really in harmony with the bearing of the Man of Sorrows.

It has been told over and over again how the Passion players enter into their parts. Lang is no exception to the others. In the scene in the Garden of Gethsemane his face is often covered with tears. The cross which he carries is really heavy, and it is the best tribute to Lang's impersonation that he never becomes a mere figure in the crowd, no matter how little he does or says. He has a good voice, though he is open to the criticism which may be made of all the players: he is inclined to be declamatory. This is partly excused, however, by the laudable desire of everybody to make the words of the play audible throughout the great auditorium, a

task which is harder because the stage is uncovered.

Next to Christ the character in which the people take the most interest is unquestionably Judas. The proof of the dramatic fervor of these villagers is in the history of this rôle for the last forty years. In 1870 a young painter named Johan Zwick was St. John. He had an ideally lovely face, and again got the part in 1880. In 1890 the committee chose this man for the part of Judas, and this year he plays it again. We went to see Herr Zwick the other evening, and caught him in his paint-spattered working-clothes, sitting in the bare living-room of his vine-covered, broad-eaved house.

"Do you like to take the part of Judas?" we asked.

"No, no!" with a shake of his bushy head.

"Had you thought of taking it before the committee chose you in 1890?"

"No, I had never dreamed of it. But if I must, I must. This year I did want to take it again, because I thought I could do it better."

"And do you want to take it again in 1910?"

"No!" earnestly. "I want them to give me another part where I will be a friend of Jesus, so that I can die as his friend."

He seemed to make his rôle in the play a personal matter, and felt that he could not die comfortably until he had justified himself by coming out on the side of Christ.

Before seeing the play one feels a good deal of interest in the part of Mary, but the rôle is not a very important one. There are no really striking rôles for the women, who furthermore—this year at least—do rather badly with the parts they have. Anna Flunger, daughter of our friend Tobias, the postman, is the Mary. She is the granddaughter of a Christus and the niece of Francisca Flunger, who was the Mary in 1870 and whose impersonation was considered ideal. The same certainly can not be said of the present Mary, whose chief recommendations are dark hair, large, dark eyes, and a pathetic voice. She is only nineteen, however, and is rather handicapped for playing the part of the agonized mother of a grown son. In her own home, where she helps her mother in the care of the house and the dairy, she is more attractive and appears to be a gentle and modest girl. Mary Magdalen's father has an inn, so his daughter has enough to keep her busy, this year at least.

It is interesting to look up the people who have taken the leading rôles in past seasons. We walked into a house, the other day, to look at some wood-carvings, and were waited on by a portly, almost toothless woman of about forty. She was the Mary in 1880! Rosa Lang, who was the Mary of 1890, is in a convent.

Visitors to Oberammergau ten years ago will remember Peter Rendl, who took the part of John, the Beloved Disciple. He was only nineteen years old then, and now, at twenty-nine, he is John again. Three years ago he married a daughter of Josef Mayr, and the two young people may be found between the plays in a little booth which they have filled with Peter's wood-carvings. Nobody need shrink, by the way, from commercial dealings with the Passion players, for in private life they seem to preserve their stage character, if it is admirable, and to lose it if it is evil. Josef Mayr, for instance, has quite a courtly bearing in his worst-worn suit of every-day clothes as he has in his imposing rôle on the stage.

John's father, Thomas Rendl, is a wood-carver, also, and makes a splendid Peter this year. He takes the place of Thomas Hett, who, after being Peter for so many years, had to lose it when he got to be over eighty. Of the other apostles we have a special liking for Bartholomew, who is a tailor and makes wonderful Tyrolean costumes for the peasants. One of the Jameses is a farmer, Nicodemus is a baker, the choragus of the guardian-angel chorus is a blacksmith, Caiaphas is a grave-digger, Pilate is a wood-carver, so is Annas the High Priest, and so it goes. The more one thinks of it, the more wonderful it is. The extent to which the people identify themselves with their parts is shown in the fact that both Anton Lang and Josef Mayr are commonly called Christus Lang and Christus Mayr. There is a peculiar custom here by which each house has a name, and the owners are often known by the house name better than by their own. For instance, Georg Krach lives in a house whose name is Schusterjügel; next to this is a house with the name Schneiderle. A delicious combination, which would have pleased Mark Twain, is that of Alois Guggemoos and his house name, which is Zwergl. The power of the play, however, is shown in the fact that the house name of Josef Mayr's dwelling is now Christumayr, though it was formerly Rappale.

Herod has just now given us another proof of the influence the play has on the village people. He had stopped his work to speak to a passing neighbor (who looked rather like Joseph of Arimathea), when his son, the Christus, came out of the house and went down the street. Christus spoke a word or two to the old men as he passed. They, instead of going on with their gossip, turned and watched him until he was out of sight. There was a certain curiosity expressed in the act which was rather strange, considering Herod and Christus are father and son. The villagers will turn to look after Anton Lang, whom they have known all their lives, even

though they rarely pay that tribute of curiosity to the tourists.

The strangest thing in many people who see the "Passion Play" is not that the parts should be so well filled, but that they should be filled at all. Where in America would you find a community where the middle-aged and elderly butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers would let their hair grow long and dress up, or as they would doubtless say, rig up, in strange, outlandish costume? It is a delight to watch these men here. It may be that they have quite a prominent part in the council of the Sanhedrin, or they may have nothing to do except rig up and figure in the populace. But with what seriousness they do it, whichever it is! And they are as proud to have you single them out on the street and tell them that you noticed them in the play as well as an American or English middle-aged man would be embarrassed thereby. But that is the difference between the rest of the world and Oberammergau.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Modesty.

This modest head of lettuce
With blushes is confessing
How very much cut up she feels
To see the salad dressing.

—Detroit Journal.

An Abbreviated Romance.

To gain sweet Mabel's hand and heart
The young lieutenant pressed his suit
By means of music's pleasing art.
But while he softly played the flute
Sweet Mabel merely played the Lieut.

The grizzled captain came and told
How the battle he had scrapped,
Then made a sudden sortie bold,
And Mabel, in his arms unwrapped,
Confessed the climax now was Capt.

—Willis B. Hawkins in Life.

Unanswerable.

Why is it that the wandering fly,
When might be happy in the gleam
Of summer sun, prefers to die
And thereby spoil the breakfast cream?

Why does the hateful sparrow thrive
While song-birds into silence sink?

Why does the paste-brush still contrive
Somehow to get into the ink?

Why does it rain each holiday
And shine throughout the trillsome week?

Why does the freckle find its way
Unerring to the fairest cheek?

Why do the weeds displace the flowers?
Why does a discord drown the song?

In short, upon this world of ours,
Oh, why does everything go wrong?

—Washington Star.

An Expert Opinion.

Some sound the "I," while others don't, and so it's
"gnlf" or "goff."
But when you meet a man who says that once he
drove right off
And played a whole half day without a "fozzle" or
a "scruff,"
Remember that his n't "gnlf" nor "gnff," pronounce
it simply "guff."—Boston Globe.

The first two of the Burton Holmes lectures will take place at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday, July 19th, and Sunday, July 22d, the subject to be dwelt on being "Manila."

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EDITED BY

J. WEST ROOSEVELT, M. D.

Late Physician in Charge of Seton Hospital for Consumptives; Visiting Physician to Bellevue Hospital, and Attending Physician to Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

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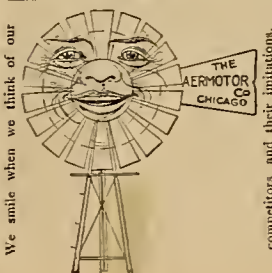
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VANITY FAIR.

THE OLD DAGUERREOTYPES.

Up in the attic I found them, locked in the cedar chest,
Where the flowered gowns lie folded, which once
were brave as the best;
And, like the queer old jackets and the waistcoats
gay with stripes,
They tell of a worn-out fashion—these old daguerro-
types.

Quaint little folding cases, fastened with tiny hook,
Seemingly made to tempt one to lift up the latch
and look;
Linings of purple and velvet, odd little frames of
gold,
Circling the faded faces brought from the days of
old.

Grandpa and grandma, taken ever so long ago,
Grandma's bonnet a marvel, grandpa's collar a
show;
Mother, a tiny toddler, with rings on her baby
bands
Painted—lest none should notice—in glittering,
gilded bands.

Aunts and uncles and cousins, a starchy and stiff
array,
Lovers and brides, then blooming, but now so
wrinkled and gray,
Out through the misty glasses they gaze at me, sitting
here
Opening the quaint old cases with a smile that is
half a tear.

I will smile no more, little pictures, for heartless it
was, in truth,
To drag to the cruel daylight these ghosts of a van-
ished youth.
Go back to your cedar chamber, your gowns and
your lavender,
And dream 'mid their by-gone graces, of the won-
derful days that were.

—Saturday Evening Post.

Some years ago the Parisians decreed that colored
evening clothes were *chic*, and every man in Paris
arrayed himself in all the tints of the rainbow. The
American colony took it up, and Mrs. Mackay gave
a large ball at which all the men were dressed in
that fashion. It was revived in Paris the other even-
ing at the flower dinner dance given by the Count
and Countess Boni de Castellane at their magnificent
new house in the Avenue Bois de Boulogne, which,
if the ecstasy of those who called the account from
the French metropolis can be relied upon, was the
fête of the season. The ladies had been asked to
come as flowers, and the men to wear colored dress-
coats. The costumes were all charmingly carried
out and were most original, while the bright-colored
coats—red, white, green, gray, cream, lemon, etc.,
every shade with different facings—had a most happy
effect, and did away with the dismal black which
usually dims the brightness of the ball-room. One
hundred and fifty guests sat down to dinner at small
tables, each laid for six, which were set in the long
hall surrounding the great staircase. The hostess
wore a beautiful red poppy dress, with a big poppy
in her hair. The Princess Henry of Prussia, looking
exquisitely fair, wore an Ophelia dress, represent-
ing sweet-scented jasmine, with long garlands of
pretty flowers falling from her hair and diamond
dew-drops shining among them. The dress was of
palest green tulle, covered with sprays of jasmine
and embroidered with diamonds. Another sensa-
tional entrance was that of three lovely women who
came arm-in-arm, representing the national flag
of France. They were the Duchesse de la Rochefou-
cauld, dressed as a corn flower; the Duchesse de
Luyne, as a white carnation; and the Duchesse
d'Uzès, as a red carnation. The Grand Duchess
Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, accompanied
by the Grand Duke Alexis, was received in royal
state by the host and hostess. The almost entire
absence of Americans and the presence of Royalists
of the most ardent sentiments were noticed.

At Dundee recently, in his speech opening a bazaar
promoted to purchase the Momfeth golf links, Sir
Arthur J. Balfour, the noted English statesman,
said that he placed golf at the head of all outdoor
games because it exists primarily not for those who
look on, but for those who act; not for the specta-
tors, but for the participants in its pleasures.
Contrasting golf with the national game of cricket, he
said: "Cricket is not a game for the husky. A great
match takes three days. No husky man, except on
rare occasions, has three days to give to a great
match. Still less has he the time to go through the
requisite practice to enable him to do himself justice
when these three days arrive. In the second place,
cricket is not for the middle-aged, still less for those
advanced in years. Cricket loses its charms when a
man reaches middle-life, and finds that he can no
longer stoop to field the ball with his old agility, or
run between the wickets with his old speed; but
golf, while it is preeminently a game at which elas-
ticity of muscle and litheness of limb produce
their natural and legitimate fruits, is a game from
which the middle-aged and those who are past
middle life can derive pleasure, not the less poignant
nor the less keen than they had in the first flush
of their youth. The length of the drive may diminish,
the length of the handicap may increase, but though
the player has to acknowledge that he no longer
possesses his ancient cunning, though new heroes
occupy the field where once, may be, he excelled,

still he can go round the old course with undimin-
ished joy, gain health, gain recreation, gain pleasure,
with no less success, and in no less ample measure
than he did in the earlier years of his golfing career.
This has sometimes been used as an argument by
the young, and, I will add, by the ignorant, as an
argument against the merits, against the preemi-
nent merits, of our national game. It is no argu-
ment. It is perfectly true that if golf is an art which
a man might take up at his will when all other
means of enjoyment have left him—a pastime which
he can begin with success in his old age—probably
a game of that sort could never rank in the first
class of games; but those who think that golf may
be so described show themselves totally ignorant of
the game they are criticising, and they have only got
to carry out their own precepts and attempt after
middle life to learn the great mysteries of the god-
dess of golf to discover how great is their mistake,
how fatal their blunder has been in too long delay-
ing their introduction to joys which they might have
enjoyed to the fullest measure had they begun
earlier."

A woman who has just returned from London has
not yet recovered from her astonishment at the ex-
tent to which English women are using paint. "I
had heard so much of the beautiful English com-
plexions," she says in the *New York Sun*, "that I
was not prepared for the shock, and it was not easy
to understand why the women used paint, for they
seemed in reality to have very little need of it. The
women I saw in the streets, the shops, and the art-
galleries seemed to be entirely without it. They all
had the high color I thought a peculiarity of the
race, and had no apparent need of paint. They had
too much color for beauty according to my
ideas, unless one accepted them as the out-and-out
dairy-maid type, and there was scarcely one of
them who did not look as if she would be improved
by the judicious use of a powder-puff. They were
free from cosmetics of any kind, however, and
seemed natural. It was among the smart set of
women that the use of paint seemed rampant. I
say rampant, because most of it looked as if it had
been put on for its own sake and out as an aid to
beauty. At the opera there was scarcely a woman
to be seen who had not applied rouge with a liber-
ality that suggested that she had taken into con-
sideration the size of the building and wanted her
cheeks to look as red from the box opposite her as
to the persons seated with her. And the strangest
thing about their cosmetics was that most of them
would have looked better without them. Paint is
distinctly the fashion in London, and it is plainly
put on for that reason, and not to increase a
woman's natural good looks. I went to a very
smart garden-party one afternoon, and learned that
I was wrong as to my conjecture as to why so much
was used at the opera. There was quite as much on
view that bright sunny afternoon, and few of the
women thought it necessary to resort to the favor-
ing protection of a veil. On a coaching-party, one
day, I saw that paint was quite as popular in sport-
ing as in indoor society. There were, of course,
many women who did not disguise themselves in
this way, and were satisfied with their natural com-
plexions, or some slight and artistic modification of
them. But the number of conspicuously painted
women was appallingly large."

"It certainly can not be attributed to the example
of the French, as paint is distinctly out of the mode
in Paris," continues the writer. "When I was there
ten years ago, the pale woman was the fashion, and
so she is to-day. Women who have naturally high
colors see to it that they obtain the popular degree
of paleness. Women pale already rub on an extra
layer of chalk, in order to look a little bit whiter
than their friends. The procession of white-faced
women in the Bois every afternoon would lead a
stranger to think that Parisians were becoming very
anæmic were it not for the invariable redness of the
lips. They are always like cherries. This is rarely
the result of nature, but it is a pendant to the rage
for white cheeks that the lips shall be ruddy enough
to proclaim perfect health. The cosmetic usually
employed to produce this result was a kind of paste,
although there were as well liquid preparations that
accomplished the same result. This style of beauty
is thoroughly artificial, and the succession of pale-
faced women became a little monotonous after a
while. But it was rather an improvement on the
highly colored English type, and it looked about as
natural."

In a court-room of the borough of Richmond last
week a man came in contact with the servant
problem and regrets it. It all came about in this
way (points out the *Basar*). The wife was ill, and
so it fell to him to engage a servant, and he em-
ployed a portly, middle-aged person who had de-
cision of character. He had not ceased to plume
himself upon his success ere domestic vicissitude
dragged him into the police court. There he heard
the proverbial other side of the story. All he knew
was that he was being sued for a week's services,
when he had been served less than half that time.
His adversary appeared, her face florid with right-
eously indignation, her ample proportions snugly
pinned into a comfortable woolen shawl. She
stated her side of the case with a clearness of detail
that found favor with the court. It seems the fateful
day was Monday. She stated that it was wash-day,

and that there was company. She got the break-
fast. The company came trailing down one at a
time. The company ordered other things for break-
fast. She complied. Then more company came
down and ordered something else. Then the rest of
the company came later, and found more fault.
She dwelt upon the details and her voice vibrated
with emotion. She further stated that the washing
was well under way, when the company from time
to time made contributions to it. They hurled large
hurdles down the back stairway. Finally, as soon
as she had the washing properly adjusted to the
line, a neighborly calf wandered into the yard, pulled
the line down, dragged part of the clothes in the
mud, and then ate up the rest. Thus was reached
the limit of human endurance. Then she sought
her mistress, gave warning, and demanded a full
week's pay. As she finished her statement she
looked as threatening as a turkey gobbler, and the
defendant—why, he saw that he had no case at all.
So he just paid up everything and went home a
wiser man. It was only one more of the variable
phases of the disturbing servant problem.

A voice of protest is raised from Princess Salm-
Salm, in *Success* for July, against the popular belief
that all marriages between American heiresses and
foreign noblemen turn out badly. She says: "The
general impression is that these marriages are apt to
result in unhappiness, but personal knowledge of
them during my long residence in Europe has con-
vinced me that such is not the case. As a matter of
fact, the proportion of wholly successful marriages
among those that are called international is remark-
ably large. Naturally, I have been interested in the
matter, and have kept myself informed, but I have
heard of not more than three unfortunate marriages.
There is a saying in Germany that all well-born
and well-bred American women are princesses.
Therefore, a prince can not marry beneath him by
taking one for a wife. If she is altogether Yankee,
she is barred from no social class in Europe. But
if there happens to be German blood in her
veins, than she is regarded as inferior by birth to
her aristocratic husband. He has made a mis-
alliance, and can not formally take his wife into
the society of his own social equals. The same
distinction prevails to a greater or less extent in
the other countries of Europe, and for this reason,
a man of noble family rarely takes a wife in the
United States who is not wholly American on both
sides for at least several generations. Being a
daughter of practical America, she almost always
has strong common sense and excellent executive
ability. She manages his large establishment, with
its retinue of servants and other dependents, with
much efficiency. She makes her husband's home a
charming one. What the average German or
Englishman loves above all else is his home. Dur-
ing his youth he may be wild, but nearly always, if
the conditions are such as the American wife knows
how to make, he settles down and proves a good
husband. This, however, can hardly be said of
French or Italian members of the nobility. I should
not like to see a daughter of mine the wife of one of
them. But the men of the more northerly races
have the home instinct, and will be domestic if given
a fair chance. In Germany, in particular, the hus-
band spends more time at home than is ordinarily
the case in the United States, and the wife and
mother devotes more attention to her household and
little ones."

The *London Daily Mail* remarks that the fashion
of pet-dogs having their miniatures painted is quite
a novelty, and a very pretty one, as dogs are often
very much beloved and sometimes not very long-
lived. For the Princess of Wales's last birthday the
prince commissioned Mrs. Massey to paint the mi-
niatures of "Punchie" and "Billie," the Japanese
and Chinese spaniels who are the princess's favorite
companions; and these, with several other mi-
niatures, including Lady Gosford's Aberdeen terrier,
"Rip," are on exhibition at the Fine Art Society, in
Bond Street. The miniature painted of the Prince
of Wales's French bulldog "Peter" is now on ex-
hibition at the New Gallery, where there are a num-
ber of other dog miniatures on view.

There are great-grandchildren of Lafayette
now living, but the immediate family connection has
 dwindled to a bare fifty. La Grange, the country
home of Lafayette, a few leagues from Paris, has
been a shrine for a century for visiting Americans,
and when the marquis was alive was noted for its
hospitalities. The present family keeps a portion of
its traditions in this respect.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The watering-carts of a certain Irish town are decorated with patent-medicine advertisements. An innocent Irishman from the rural districts looked at one the other day, and remarked: "Faith, it's no wonder D—— is healthy, when they water the streets with Jones's sarsaparilla!"

Upon beholding some life-like snap-shots of himself for the first time in the papers during the campaign of 1892, the day after he had spoken in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Senator John Sherman is said to have remarked to a friend: "Well, well, our time for criticising the newspaper men is over. They have us to rights now. Here I am just as I am, and I'm a caricature of what I have always thought I was."

There was one occasion when Sir Henry Irving received from one of the supernumeraries of the Lyceum Theatre in London an answer which seemed to satisfy him. It was the man's duty to say simply, "The enemy is upon us," which he uttered at rehearsal in a poor, whining way. "Can't you say it better?" shouted Irving; "repeat it as I do." And he gave the words with dignity, with all his well-known dramatic force. "If I could say it like that," replied the man, "I shouldn't be working for twenty-five shillings a week."

In the lately issued memorials of Charles Henry Pearson, once one of Australia's chief men of affairs, an amusing story of his student life at Oxford deals with a wayward genius, whom he styles "L.": "It was one of his troubles that he was afflicted with self-consciousness. One day he confided to a friend that he had determined to try getting drunk as a possible cure. The friend argued against the plan, but attached no particular importance to the matter, and presently forgot all about it. Late that night, as he was at work, he was startled by a noise as of some one stumbling upstairs and falling against his door. He opened his oak, and 'L.' staggered in and threw himself on a chair, very drunk and muttering, 'Self-conscious still; self-conscious still!'"

Ex-Judge W. H. Moore, of Chicago, organizer of half a dozen gigantic steel and iron combinations, has made it an inflexible rule never to allow his utterances to be printed. It was recently reported that he was going to Europe, and a reporter visited him to verify the rumor. But the Chicagoan was as obdurate as ever. "You won't say whether you are going away, judge?" was asked. "I never talk for publication," was the suave answer. "Can't you tell us anything about the condition of the iron business?" "I do not talk for publication." The reporter had pursued his victim into the elevator, which was slowly descending. Renouncing any ambition for the coveted interview, he said: "A fine day, judge." "Not for publication," was the instinctive reply.

Charles Macklin, the noted English actor, was on one occasion boasting of the perfection of his memory, declaring that he had so trained it that he would undertake to recite anything upon once bearing it. Samuel Foote offered him the following sentences as a test, a test to which he proved unequal: "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear coming up the street pops its head into the shop. 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber, and there were present the Picinnies, and the Jollies, and the Garrylies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round hutton at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."

A determined lady from the West visited Washington, D. C., not long ago, for the purpose of interviewing a member of the Cabinet on a subject of interest to her. She called, as it happened, just at the time when the frauds in the Cuban postal department were made public, and the majority of the President's advisers, absorbed in considering the matter, had given instructions that they were not to be disturbed. "So you refuse to take my card to the Secretary?" asked the determined lady of the messenger. "It would be against my orders, and I don't dare to," replied the messenger, politely. The visitor turned away in high dudgeon, but a bappy thought occurred to her, and she retraced her steps. "Here, my man," she said, insinuatingly, "here is fifty cents; now will you take my card in?" "I'm paid a bigger salary than that to keep your card out, madam," responded the darkey, shaking his head.

The *Saturday Evening Post* guarantees the following to be the latest anecdote about Mark Twain: "Mark Twain has been living quietly in England for some time now, and were it not that he appeared to give evidence before a royal commission on the question of copyright, scarcely a soul outside his private and particular friends would have known he was there at all. The other evening he was dining at the house of a friend, and seated next to him was an American who had only that day reached

England. They were, of course, talking war, and the new-comer, wishing to know the feeling in England in the matter of the future of the Transvaal, asked Mark Twain how he found public sentiment in England regarding the independence of the republic. 'Well,' said the genial humorist, 'I find the English are paraphrasing a part of the burial service. They are all quietly repeating, "Mr. Gladstone giveth and the Lord Salisbury hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."'"

BARRINGTON'S RUSE.

Exposed by a Well-Meaning Stenographer.

"Now, Arthur," said Mrs. Barrington, as her husband put three hand-bags in the seat beside her in the sleeper, and banded over six baggage-checks, "I want you to be sure and write to me every day, and tell me everything you think, just how much you miss me, and all about the way the servants get along—don't omit any of the details, thinking that I shall not be interested, for every word that you write, dear, will be precious to me. Put plenty of local color in your letters."

"Oh, I'll keep you posted," he replied. "You go ahead and have a good time and don't worry about me. I'll get along some way. Of course it'll be lonely and all that, but I'll manage to pass the time. It'll be rather dismal for me to sit on the front porch alone when it begins to get dark, thinking of you in the gay crowd having a good time, and never giving a thought to—"

"Arthur Barrington," his pretty wife interrupted, "if you continue to talk that way I just shan't go. You know I shall think of you every minute I'm away, and if the doctor hadn't said the sea air would be good for me I wouldn't have thought of accepting Aunt Laura's invitation. Please don't fret me, love, will you? Remember that, wherever I may be, and no matter how gay my surroundings, I shall be thinking of you and" (lowering her voice to a whisper) "my soul will still be communing with your soul."

They threw kisses at each other as the train moved away. Then Barrington went to his office and began writing letters. They were to his wife. He wrote fourteen of them—enough to last two weeks. In general outline the letters were the same. He started each by filling a sheet with endearing words and declarations that he was very lonely without his darling. Then followed the local color she wanted in the form of comment on occurrences of the day in and around their home. The letters were not dated, but he sealed and addressed them, and arranged them in a bunch, so that his stenographer could take off the top one day after day, and drop it into the mail-box.

He had been gone nearly a week when there came a telegram for him. Of course telegrams had to be opened, and when Miss Wildreth, the stenographer, read the message, she turned pale:

"Why don't you answer my questions about the housemaid's ankle and your liver? Am awfully worried."

That was what Elizabeth Barrington had telegraphed. After studying the matter for a while Miss Wildreth decided that it was necessary for her to act. She was clever enough to hold a position that not more than one man out of fifty could have filled, and she had the habit of keeping her eyes and ears open. Still, she said to herself:

"The housemaid's ankle. I can see how he might know something about his own liver, but—why should his wife, of all people, want him to see about it? Well, if I ever get married—"

But instead of finishing what she had started to say she wrote the following dispatch:

"Leg and liver O. K. Don't worry."

It was about ten o'clock the next day when another telegram for Arthur Barrington was received. It read:

"Yesterday's letter contradicts telegram. Why are you deceiving me? Are you better to-day? Shall I come home?"

The stenographer's reply was as follows:

"Am true as steel. Don't think of coming home."

Miss Wildreth had just begun to feel that she had succeeded in settling the disagreeable business when a messenger boy arrived with another telegram in which her employer's wife said:

"Don't understand. What do you mean by being true as steel? Something tells me you are worse. Wire immediately."

The stenographer replied:

"Never mind reference to steel. Am all right." Mrs. Barrington watched eagerly for the postman on the following day, and when he handed her Arthur's letter, she opened it with trembling fingers. Eagerly she scanned the first page and was about half through the local color when she jumped up and ran to her aunt, crying:

"Merciful goodness, what can this mean? Three days ago Arthur wrote that the housemaid was still laid up with her lame ankle, which I have tried in vain to get him to tell me about, and that he was not feeling well, and the doctor had told him his liver was out of order. Yet here in to-day's letter he tells me that the housemaid has just fallen out of a cherry-tree, spraining her ankle, and that he made himself a Welsh rarebit night before last and ate so much of it that his liver is all upset. Why on earth did the housemaid climb a cherry-tree when she had

a lame ankle, and what ever possessed Arthur to eat a Welsh rarebit when the doctor had just warned him about his liver?"

Her aunt was trying to figure it out, when Elizabeth Barrington happened to think of the telegram she had received the day before.

"This letter must have been written about the time they were sent," she said. "I'm going home. Something's wrong. Arthur's liver trouble has gone to his head. My poor darling has lost his reason. He writes a thing and then denies it by telegraph. By starting to-night I can be with him to-morrow forenoon. Oh, how shall I pass the weary hours?"

Miss Wildreth broke down and made a full confession when Mrs. Barrington rushed, wild-eyed and pale, into her husband's office. Then the two young women sat together in the private room and wept.

"If I hadn't accidentally knocked over the pile of letters he left to be mailed," the stenographer sobbed, "they would not have been mixed up; there would have been no reference to the spraining of the housemaid's ankle before it happened and his liver would not have troubled him until he ate the rarebit. How shall I ever be able to explain it to him?"

"You needn't try," Mrs. Barrington answered. "I'll explain to him when he comes out of the woods. Dear old fellow! I'm so glad he doesn't know anything about this. He mightn't be having a good time at all if he did."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

The Housewife's Part.

Oh, men, and oh, brothers; and all of you others, I beg of you pause and listen a bit, And I'll tell without altering any of it, The tale of the housewife's part.

Mixing and fixing,
Brewing and stewing,
Basting and tasting,
Lifting and sifting,
Stoning and boning,
Toasting and roasting,
Kneading and seeding,
Straining and draining,
Poking and soaking,
Chooosing and using,
Reasoning and seasoning,
Paring and sharing—

This is the housewife's part.

Filling and spilling,
Pounding and sounding,
Creaming and steaming,
Skimming and trimming,
Mopping and chopping,
Coring and pouring,
Shelling and smelling,
Grinding and minding,
Firing and tiring,
Carving and serving—

This is the housewife's part.

Oiling and boiling and broiling,
Buying and trying and frying,
Burning and turning and churning,
Pricing and icing and slicing,
Hashing and mashing and splashing,
Scanning and planning and canning,
Greasing and squeezing and freezing—

This is the housewife's part.

Aching and baking and making and shaking,
Beating and beating and seating and treating,
Oh, men, and oh, brothers, and all of you others—

Do you envy the housewife's part?

—*Sadie M. Best in New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Delicious Flavor.

Coffee, tea, chocolate, and many summer beverages are given a rich and delicate flavor by the use of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Lay in a supply for camping, fishing, and other excursions.

He thinks it's golf: "Does he play golf on Sunday?" "Well, I should hardly call it that; he just walks a good deal and swears occasionally."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

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(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.VVO
Scotch Whisky

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ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N.Y.

(Mention this paper).

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A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all affections of the skin.

"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a real relief."—*General Agent, Delightful after Shaving.*

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

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Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,

at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,

Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.

Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, July 26

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, August 21

Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, September 15

Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, October 10

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

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No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and

connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Nippon Maru.....Tuesday, July 10

America Maru.....Friday, August 3

Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, August 29

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

S. S. Moana sails

via Honolulu and

Anchorage for Sydney,

Wednesday, July 11,

at 8 P. M.

S. S. Australia, for

Honolulu only, Wed-

nesday, July 25, 2 p.m.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 114 Montgom-

ery St. Freight Office, 421 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:

For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., July

5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, change

to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11

A. M., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August

4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,

July 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, August 1, and

every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,

July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, August 3, and every fourth

day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San

Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and

Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., July 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24,

28, August 1, and every fourth day thereafter. For

further information see fold.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., Seventh of each month.

The company reserves the right to change steamers,

sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris),

from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

St. Paul.....July 18 | New York.....August 8

St. Louis.....July 25 | St. Paul.....August 15

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every

Wednesday, 12 noon.

Friesland.....July 18 | Westernland.....August 1

Southwark.....July 25 | Kensington.....August 8

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation

Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General

Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street

SOCIETY.

The Magee-Dean Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Flora Grace Dean, daughter of Mrs. William P. Shaw, to Mr. Walter Magee, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, took place Saturday morning, June 30th, at the home of the bride's mother, 1920 Van Ness Avenue. The ceremony was performed at eleven o'clock by the Right Rev. William Ford Nichols, D. D., assisted by the Rev. R. C. Foute. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her grandfather, Mr. Simeon Wenban; Miss Ethel Dean, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor; and Mr. Clarence Follis acted as best man.

After the ceremony an elaborate wedding breakfast was served. Those who sat at the bride's table were Miss Ethel Dean, Miss Gladys Merrill, Miss Manie Pulhemus, the Misses Jean and Florence Hush, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Wagner, Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. C. Tobin, Mr. Ralph Merrill, Mr. George L. Cadwalader, Mr. W. McLean, Mr. T. Driscoll, and Mr. W. M. Hamilton. When the wedding cake was cut the ring fell to Miss Gladys Merrill, and Miss Morgan caught the bride's shower bouquet of lilies of the valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Magee sailed for Yukonhama in the afternoon on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric*, and expect to travel in the Orient for several months.

The Rixford-Campbell Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Louise Carmelita Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Campbell, and Dr. Emmett Rixford took place at Christ Church, Sausalito, on Tuesday, July 3d. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Henry Hewitt. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father; Miss Cornelia Campbell, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Mr. W. W. Sanderson was the best man. Miss Cameline Rixford and Miss Frances Reed were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Louis de F. Bartlett, Mr. H. A. Yeasell, Mr. Hans Barkan, and Mr. Allyn Rixford acted as ushers.

The church ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents, and later in the day Dr. and Mrs. Rixford left for the south, where they will spend their honeymoon.

The Fourth at Burlingame.

The members of the Burlingame Country Club and their friends enjoyed a most delightful time on Independence Day. An excellent programme had been laid out by the board of directors, and every arrangement had been made for the amusement and convenience of those who were present.

At 10:30 A. M. the ladies' golf tournament for the Prince Poniatowski challenge cup began over 18 holes, medal play. The contest was open to all lady players, and the cup must be won twice by the same player to become her property. Mrs. George Doubleday (*née* Moffitt), who won the cup last year as the representative of the Oakland Golf Club, was not present.

Miss Carn Crockett, having made the best score, 115, was declared the winner. Her competitors and their scores were as follows: Mrs. Jean W. Bowers, of Los Angeles, 118; Miss Alice Hoffman, 124; Mrs. Gilman Brown, of San Rafael, 124; Miss Edith McBean, 131; Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, of Alameda, 134; Mrs. Frederick Magee, of Oakland, 137; Miss Dunham, of Oakland, score not returned.

Miss Crockett played an excellent game, remarkable for its precision. She found Mrs. Jean W. Bowers, of Los Angeles, an opponent worthy of her best efforts, for the latter finished a close second. The other pairs in the contest were Miss Hoffman and Mrs. Sherwood, Miss McBean and Mrs. Magee, and Mrs. Brown and Miss Dunham.

During luncheon, a delightful concert was given on the club porch, and, later in the afternoon, eleven members of the Burlingame Country Club competed in the live-pigeon shoot for the Carolan cup, which must also be won twice to be held. Mr. W. H. Howard won the cup last year. This year it was captured by Mr. Fred Tallant, who killed 18 birds out of 20. The score of birds killed by the other contestants was: Mr. W. Lent, 17; Mr. W. S. Hobart, 11; Mr. W. H. Howard, 11; Mr. A. H. Whitney, 9; Mr. C. P. Ranul-Duval, 7; Mr. Will Tubbs, 7; Mr. H. J. Fortman, 6; Prince Poniatowski, 5; Mr. D. Drysdale, 3; Mr. J. Downey Harvey, 2. Mr. W. Lent pressed Mr. Tallant closely, and would have tied him had he not missed his last shot. The other contestants withdrew upon missing three birds.

Dinner-Parties at San Rafael.

Quite a number of enjoyable dinner-parties have been given recently in the private dining-room of the Hotel Rafael. On Thursday of last week Mr. E. M. Greenway gave a dinner at which he entertained Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Ben Oxnard, of New Orleans, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Miss Katharine Dillon, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, and Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy Bray, of St. Louis.

At another pretty dinner-party recently given at the same place, those at table were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle,

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Miss Katharine Dillon, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy Bray, Mr. William O'Connor, Mr. E. M. Greenway, and Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle.

At Hotel Del Monte.

Society will gather at the Hotel Del Monte during the week beginning August 13th, as it has been selected by the committee on the annual carnival of sport that is to be held at that resort. The programme during the week will consist of golf, polo, tennis, pigeon-shooting, base-ball, and the Pacific Coast Polo and Pony Racing Association will hold its fifth annual meeting.

Among the San Franciscans who are now sojourning at the Hotel Del Monte are the Misses Alice and Ethel Hager, Mrs. T. H. Breeze and Miss Louisa Breeze, Mrs. James Jerome and Miss Jerome, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McAllister, Mrs. S. W. Pease and Mrs. D. R. Pease, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. C. E. Green and family, Mr. and Mrs. S. Clayburgh and family, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Johnson and family, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Seely and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Mighell and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Warden, Mrs. J. N. Knowles and the Misses Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Glover, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Campbell, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. L. O. Kellngg, and Mr. Emil Bruguière.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Lucia Kittle, daughter of Mrs. John Kittle, to Dr. Harry M. Sherman, will take place at noon to-day (Saturday) at the summer home of the bride's mother, near San Anselmo, in Marin County. Dr. Sherman is a prominent member of the Bohemian and University Clubs.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey gave one of the most enjoyable dinners of the season at the San Rafael Golf Club on Sunday, July 1st. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Miss Katharine Dillon, Miss Cosgrave, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Fred H. Greenwood, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Miss Cora Smedberg entertained a number of friends at her home in San Rafael on Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow recently gave a dinner at their residence in San Rafael in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Oxnard, who are here from New Orleans. Those at table were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Tallant, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mrs. Fred H. Green, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin have returned to New York from their trip to Kentucky, and are at their home, No. 587 Fifth Avenue. They will sail for Europe soon. Mr. Haggin has begun the erection of a new summer home upon his Elmendorf stock-farm, in Fayette County, Kentucky, that will probably be the handsomest private dwelling in that portion of the State. The house, it is said, will cost considerably more than one hundred thousand dollars, and will be a very imposing structure of old Colonial design. Mr. Haggin is reported to have purchased Melrose Farm, and if this is true, he now owns in one tract about three thousand acres of the finest blue-grass land in Kentucky, much of it in woodland and beautiful rolling pastures. He is the largest land-owner in Fayette County.

William Waldorf Astor has set all London talking by publishing in his own paper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the following: "We desire to make known that the presence of Captain Sir Berkeley Milne, of the Naval and Military Club, Piccadilly, at Mr. Astor's concert last Thursday evening, was uninvited." As Captain Milne is one of the most distinguished naval officers and a former commander of the royal yacht *Osborne*, no end of speculation has been caused by this remarkable announcement. "The Astor concert was largely attended, and so far as can be learned nothing occurred during the entertainment to justify Mr. Astor's present action."

The *Oregon* was near the end of her voyage to Taku when she struck an uncharted rock in the Gulf of Pechili. Chefu is on the north coast of the province of Shantung, about two hundred miles from Taku. Captain Wilde reported the damage severe, the rock having penetrated the side of the ship above the double bottom; but she was taken off and towed to Japan to be docked, and will be able to renew her glorious career. No ship since "Old Ironsides" has held so warm a place in the hearts of the people of this country as the *Oregon*.

Every stranger who enters the White House is counted by an automatic register. The instrument is held in the hand of one of the watchmen stationed at the door, and for every visitor he pushes the button. Congressmen, senators, members of the Cabinet, and newspaper men are not counted.

This is the best time of the year to visit the Tavern of Tamalpais. Mill Valley is in its prettiest summer garb, and the absence of fog makes the panoramic view of the bay, ocean, and surrounding country from the summit and veranda of the Tavern an incomparable one.

LATE VERSE.

The Aim.

O Thou who invest not alone
The swift success, the instant goal,
But hast a lenient eye to mark
The failures of the inconstant snail,
Consider not my little worth,—
The mean achievement, scamped in act,—
The high resolve and low result,
The dream that durst not face the fact.
But count the reach of my desire,
Let this be something in Thy sight—
I have not, in the slothful dark,
Forgotten the Vision and the Height.

Neither my body nor my soul
Thy earth's low ease will yield consent,
I praise Thee for the will to strive;
I bless Thy god of discontent.
—Charles G. D. Roberts in the *Criterion*.

Fate—Destiny.

I am Mortality—Death is my doom:
Matter in transit, a cloud for the tomb;
A soldier of fate, for spoil or for fame;
For love or for hate, for honor or shame.
I am Mortality, born of her womb.
I am immortal; a prisoner set free:
Destiny, careless of Earth's elegy;
Soul-winged of spirit, a star in the night;
With Heaven to inherit, with God in the fight:
I am immortal, this my degree!
—Stephen Henry Thayer in the *Outlook*.

Desire.

My God, what is Desire in thee?
A thing to puff away at a breath?
Thou hast made stronger things;—these three—
Life, and deathless Love, and Death.

My God, what is Desire in me?
A rock to split my life upon?
A blast that rises on the sea,
And whirls my soul and sweeps it on?

That blast beginneth very low;
There starts and freaks a willful breeze;
And back and forth the whispers go
Of some fair island never seas.
Through fresh'ning lap of waves is heard
Faint sound of laughter, blown afar;
And hint as though a mocking-bird
Were singing to a lonely star.

Sweet odors fly upon the wind;
The spirit wakes, and yearns and calls,
Breaks forth, and pants to leave behind
The old obstruction of her walls.

Then leaps the sea, and spurns her bounds:
Beyond the beach the surges roll;
But, through the upnar, something sounds
That seems the death-cry of a soul.
—Dante Dandridge in the *Independent*.

Time.

Time is the mighty master of us all:
Upon his coming and his going wait
Love, and swift death, and day and night—and
fate.
Princes and flowers before his sickle fall,
Who round kings' gardens builds a prison wall;
Beggars by him are brought to high estate:
And his alone the skill to modulate
Life's broken stops in measures musical.

So life's true singers shall of Time go free,
His minstrels, over all the world to range,
Till they shall find, past waters deep and
strange,
Their native land, and that pure liberty—
Last-born of the quick womb of time and
change—
Whose breath is life's alternate harmony.
—Alexander Blair Thaw in the *Cosmopolitan*.

Hereafter.

Dawn a long dreamland corridor I fled;
Ever it grew more dark, more chill, more drear,
While, with veiled faces which I knew were dead,
Went with me shapes of fear.

"Ah, leave me!" prayed I; "I can dare alone
The darkness, if ye take from me this dread."
"Forever must we walk with thee," said one;
"We are the gentle deeds thou hast not done."

Then saw I, faintly outlined overhead,
Another host, countless and dark and still;
Yet, was it a voice which made the dense air
thrill?

"We are the comforting words thou hast not said,"
—Margaret Vandegrift in the *Century Magazine*.

Sigmund B. Schloss died shortly after noon on Sunday, July 1st, after a lingering illness of eleven months. He was born in San Francisco forty-two years ago, and was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Schloss. During President Cleveland's second administration, Mr. Schloss received the appointment of United States consul in Cassel, Germany, and until recently was associated in business with Messrs. A. W. Blow & Co.

Official Sanitary Reports.

Moët & Chandon White Seal Champagne is absolutely pure; there is not the slightest admixture of any deleterious ingredient as is so generally found to be the case with other brands of champagne. For this reason it has justly earned the confidence of the hygienist, who in general is chary in bestowing commendation upon champagnes, knowing as he does how frequently such wines are "doctored" at the expense of the health of the user.—*United States Health Reports, Washington, D. C.*

Pears'

To keep the skin clean
is to wash the excretions
from it off; the skin takes
care of itself inside, if not
blocked outside.

To wash it often and
clean, without doing any
sort of violence to it, re-
quires a most gentle soap,
a soap with no free al-
kali in it.

Pears', the soap that
clears but not exoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially
druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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First-class quiet Family Hotel.
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Rutherford are now sojourning in Aix, France.

Mrs. Harry M. Gillig and her daughter, Miss Gladys Crocker, returned from their visit to the Paris Exposition on the White Star steamer *Majestic*, which arrived at New York on the twentieth ult., and are now at their summer home at Larchmont.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and the Misses Harvey, who arrived from the East last week, leave for Monterey in a few days, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Follis (*née* Gwinn) are expected to reach here in a few days from their extended journey around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilman Brown, Miss Edith McBean, and Miss Alice Hoffman have returned from Burlingame, where they went for the golf tournament on the Fourth of July, and are now at San Rafael.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has returned from the East, and is at her country home, the "Hacienda del Pozo de Verona," near Pleasanton.

Mrs. W. H. McKittick and Miss O'Connor are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow at their cottage in San Rafael.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford left for the East on June 25th in her private car, "Stanford," accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Lathrop, Miss Jennie S. Lathrop, and Miss Bertha Berner, her private secretary. Mrs. Stanford sails shortly for Europe, and expects to remain abroad for a year. Miss Lathrop and Miss Berner will accompany her on her foreign travels, which include a visit to the Holy Land. Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop will go with them only as far as New York, and will return to California in a few weeks.

Miss Ethel Keeney left for New York last week, and will spend the summer at Glenwood on the Hudson.

Miss Caro Crockett and Miss Genevieve Carolan were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman at their home in San Rafael on Saturday and Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay have arrived in London, where they are being entertained by Mrs. Mackay. Toward the end of the month they will visit the Paris Exposition, and then go to Trouville. On August 12th they are due in Scotland, where Mr. Mackay has taken a charming place, and will entertain big house-parties through the shooting season.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Watson (*née* Moody) are in Paris.

Mrs. John Malmesbury Wright is spending the summer at Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan and Miss Thérèse Morgan have gone to the Hotel Rafael, where they will spend the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Nichols (*née* Tubbs) have returned from their wedding journey, and are staying at the Tubbs residence in East Oakland.

Mr. John Dolbeer and Miss Dolbeer, accompanied by Miss Warren and Miss Helen Wagner, left Monday for the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Walter have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Heller at San Rafael.

Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow has gone on a business trip to Seattle, where he expects to remain about three weeks.

Miss Florence Callaghan, Miss Mabel Hogg, Miss Gertrude Carroll, and Miss Elizabeth Y. Murphy, of Mountain View, were the guests of Mrs. N. G. Arques at San José recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stone (*née* Havemeyer) are the guests of Mr. Stone's sister, Miss Stone, in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs returned to the city on Thursday from a month's visit to the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Leta Gallatin are visiting Mrs. Charles Robin in Sacramento.

Mr. Edgar Peixotto is visiting his brother, Mr. Ernest Peixotto, in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Beaver have gone to San Rafael with their family for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard, Miss Georgie Shepard, and Miss Molly Dutton are at Lake Tahoe, where they will remain for several weeks.

Miss Elise Clark is the guest of Miss Florence Josselyn at Woodside.

Mr. J. D. Speedick was in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton (*née* Dunn) are to return to this city next month. They are at present visiting Scotland, after spending several weeks in London, and are to sail for New York about July 15th.

Miss Ella Morgan has gone to the Hotel Rafael, where she will spend the month of July.

Mrs. H. C. Taft and Mr. Maxwell Taft have returned to Oakland from the East, accompanied by Miss Crissie Taft, who has just graduated from Miss Scoville's school in New York.

Mrs. Alec B. Wilberforce is visiting her father, Hon. R. C. Sargent, in Stockton. Mr. Wilberforce is still in Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin came to town on Monday, and made a short stay at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John R. Jerome and Mrs. Jerome Case Bull came up from Santa Cruz during the week, and are staying at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck and the Misses Edna and Gertrude Van Wyck are now in London. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot have arrived in Paris from Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vail enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Gray spent the Fourth of July at the Hotel Rafael.

Professor G. R. Agassiz, of Harvard University, has returned to town after a short trip through the

northern part of the State, and is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Richardson returned on Friday from a short visit to the McCloud River and Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann have taken a cottage at Ben Lomond, Cal., for the month of July. In August Mrs. Mann leaves for the East and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Harnes and Miss Belle Harnes are spending the month of July at Deer Park Inn.

Miss Blanche Wertheimer has returned from the East accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. L. Rothschild, and the Misses Rothschild, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Flint were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Professor W. R. Dudley, of Stanford University, was a guest at the California Hotel on Tuesday.

Mr. L. A. Batchelder, the United States vice-consul at Auckland, and Mrs. Batchelder, spent a few days at the Occidental Hotel early in the week. They have just returned from the Antipodes and are en route to their home in Salem, Mass.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were the Misses Harrington, of Colusa, Mr. and Mrs. James Rowan, of Victoria, Australia, Mr. Ben Lawson, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Stewart, Mr. William G. Cooke, and Mr. Fred S. Brown, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown, Mr. H. J. McFarlin, Mr. Reuben G. Hunt, and Mr. C. Byron Russell, of Alameda, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Page, Mr. Charles Sonntag, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Newman, Mr. E. Avery McCarthy, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, Mr. William B. Collier, Jr., Bishop and Mrs. Moreland, Mr. Grant M. Smith, and Mr. Arthur B. Watson.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. Robert Dalziel, of Oakland, Mr. Rufus P. Jennings, of Berkeley, Mr. J. A. Landsberger, and Mr. Robert J. Holmes, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Huggins, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Alexander, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Oates, of Santa Rosa, Mr. N. A. Snook and Mrs. M. E. Snook, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Johnson, of Cincinnati, O., Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moss, of Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. W. Behrens, of Boston, Mr. J. M. Wright, Mrs. Max L. Rosenfeld, Mrs. S. Clayburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Parrish, Mr. P. C. Hale, Mr. R. C. Hale, and Mr. O. A. Hale.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Brennan and Mr. E. Ehrman, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Heydenfeldt, of San Rafael, Mrs. W. H. Seamans, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Churchill, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. James Hay, of Valley Spring, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Boring, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Sanborn, of Salinas, Mrs. W. P. Verve, of Los Gatos, Mr. Charles H. Pearson, of New York, Mr. L. Hartman, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. and Mrs. V. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A., after a short stay in this city, sailed for Nagasaki on the transport *Grant* early in the week. Upon his arrival in Japan he will immediately proceed to Taku, where he will take command of the United States expeditionary relief force.

Rear-Admiral Lester A. Beardslee, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Beardslee have returned to Mill Valley from their fishing expedition to Port Angeles, Wash.

Captain J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., commandant of the United States naval station at Port Orchard, is seriously ill at Providence Hospital, Seattle, Wash. He is suffering from an attack of *la grippe*, complicated with pleurisy, and has been at the hospital for about three weeks. Mrs. Coghlan is with her husband. While his condition has been quite serious, a change for the better has taken place, and it is expected that he will recover at no distant date. Commander William T. Burwell, U. S. N., who has been placed temporarily in command, recently returned from the Philippines, where for fifteen months he commanded the *Wheeling*.

Mrs. Bell, wife of Brigadier-General J. M. Bell, U. S. A., now in the Philippines, returned from Manila on the *Sumner* on Sunday, and is staying at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant Walter S. Volkmar, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., was at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Surgeon W. H. Rush, U. S. N., when discharged from treatment at the Mare Island Naval Hospital, will proceed to Washington, D. C., for examination for retirement, and then home to await orders.

Mrs. Baxter, widow of Colonel J. H. Baxter, U. S. A., is visiting her nephew, Mr. Porteous Baxter, one of the editors of the Seattle, Wash., *Post-Intelligencer*.

Lieutenant M. C. Gorgas, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island Navy Yard and ordered to the *Iowa*.

Mrs. Moses, wife of Captain F. J. Moses, U. S. M. C., has left for Manila to join her husband.

Captain N. J. Watson, U. S. V., of Pittsburg, Kas., who fought with the Kansas volunteers in the Philippines, and who, after they were mustered out, joined one of the new volunteer regiments, arrived on the transport *Sumner* on Sunday, July 1st, with Mrs. Watson, and they are at the Occidental Hotel.

He is en route to his home to recuperate. Paymaster John Clyde Sullivan, U. S. N., and Passed-Assistant Brownlee R. Ward, U. S. N., were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Captain A. S. Polhemus, assistant-surgeon, U. S. A., has left for Fort Leavenworth, Kas., where he will rejoin his command.

Commander George A. Bicknell, U. S. N., who was relieved from the command of the United States gunboat *Monocacy* in Chinese waters about the first

of June, arrived here on the steamer *Nippon Maru* last week, and is at the Occidental Hotel with Mrs. Bicknell. He has been on duty on the Yangtze-Kiang River during the past eighteen months.

Major W. P. Biddle, U. S. M. C., who arrived from the East early in the week, en route to China, was a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant William H. McMinn, U. S. A., retired, who resides at Mission San José, spent a few days in town early in the week.

Among the other officers who will sail from this city on Tuesday, July 10th, to join the Asiatic station are Captain O. W. Farenholt, U. S. N., who has been appointed commandant of the Cavite naval station, to relieve Commander C. C. Cornwell, who has been ordered to the naval hospital at Mare Island for treatment, Lieutenant-Commander W. F. Halsey, U. S. N., Commander G. S. Ogden, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander J. C. Colwell, U. S. N., Lieutenant C. B. Brittain, U. S. N., Lieutenant F. W. Ryan, U. S. N., and Lieutenant R. H. Townley, U. S. N.

The Tennis Tournament.

The thirteenth annual tournament for the tennis championship, gentlemen's singles, of the Pacific States was held on the courts of the Hotel Rafael, at San Rafael, on July 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th, under the auspices of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association, directed by the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association. There were twenty-five entries, and the all-comers' contests resulted as follows:

Mr. J. O'Brien defeated Mr. Alan Owen, 6-0, 6-0, 6-1; Mr. Samuel Hardy defeated Mr. Grant Smith, 6-2, 6-2, 6-2; Dr. C. B. Root defeated Mr. A. Stewart, 6-2, 6-1, 6-1; Mr. Sumner Hardy defeated Mr. Duval Moore, by default; Mr. Robert Whitney defeated Mr. Percy Kahn, 6-3, 6-2, 7-5; Mr. R. Hunt defeated Mr. J. A. Code, 6-1, 6-2, 6-2; Mr. W. B. Collier defeated Mr. F. Brown, 6-0, 6-4, 10-8; Mr. J. O'Brien defeated Mr. Alan Owen, 6-2, 6-2, 6-1; Mr. Samuel Hardy defeated Mr. Merle Johnson, 6-1, 6-2, 6-0; Mr. Merle Johnson defeated Mr. M. Leventritt, by default; Mr. H. Crowell defeated Mr. R. Nicholson, by default; Mr. Sumner Hardy defeated Dr. C. B. Root, 6-0, 6-2, 6-2; Mr. R. Hunt defeated Mr. Robert Whitney, 6-3, 6-2, 6-3; Mr. W. B. Collier defeated Mr. H. Crowell, 6-2, 6-4, 6-3; Mr. W. Cook defeated Mr. Paul Jones, 7-5, 6-4, 6-2; Mr. W. Allen defeated Mr. Percy Bailey, 6-1, 6-3, 6-1; Mr. P. Murdoch defeated Mr. T. Murdoch, by default; Mr. J. O'Brien defeated Bishop W. H. Moreland, by default; Mr. P. Murdoch defeated Mr. J. O'Brien, 6-1, 6-1, 6-2; Mr. Sumner Hardy defeated Mr. Samuel Hardy, by default; Mr. W. B. Collier defeated Mr. R. Hunt, 1-6, 8-6, 9-7, 7-5; Mr. W. Allen defeated Mr. W. Cook, 9-11, 6-4, 7-5, 6-4; Mr. Sumner Hardy defeated Mr. P. Murdoch, 6-2, 7-5, 6-4; Mr. W. B. Collier defeated Mr. W. Allen, 6-1, 4-6, 6-1, 6-2; Mr. Sumner Hardy defeated Mr. W. B. Collier, 6-0, 10-8, 6-1, thus winning the tournament and the All-Comers' Cup.

On Wednesday Mr. Hardy was defeated by Mr. George Whitney, who successfully defended his title to the championship of the Pacific States by a score of 6-2, 6-4, 6-4. Upon the conclusion of play, Mr. Whitney was presented with the beautiful silver championship cup, which now becomes his personal property, as he has won it three times.

In the consolation doubles, played on Wednesday, Dr. C. B. Root and Mr. G. Smith defeated Mr. H. Crowell and Mr. R. Hunt, 4-6, 6-3, 6-1; Mr. A. Stewart and Mr. F. Brown defeated Mr. P. Kahn and Mr. —, Watson, 6-2, 6-0; Mr. R. Nicholson and Mr. Samuel Hardy defeated Bishop W. H. Moreland and Mr. Percy Bailey, 6-1, 6-2; Mr. Grant Smith and Dr. C. B. Root defeated Mr. A. Stewart and Mr. F. Brown, 6-3, 6-4; and Mr. Samuel Hardy and Mr. R. Nicholson defeated Dr. C. B. Root and Mr. Grant Smith, 6-2, 7-5, 10-8. The winners received a pair of rackets.

FOR CORRESPONDENCE THE "HAWAIIAN BLUE" note-papers in the several shapes has proved the most popular of any of this season's creations. To be had only at Cooper's, Art Stationers.

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Ladies' Tan Oxfords, LXV, heel..... .85
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While all signs point to the reelection of McKinley, while the better judgment of the country is convinced that a change now would be foolish and fraught with disaster, the followers of Bryan are figuring out the possibility of success. The tabulated estimates they put forth are not so wholly baseless that Republicans can afford to view them with equanimity, nor to be serenely confident. That Bryan has a chance is a matter too grave to be met with mere expressions of incredulity. It should incite the friends of the administration to renewed efforts. Senator Hanna recently admitted that the contest might be so close as to turn upon

the three votes of Delaware, and Mr. Hanna is not an alarmist.

To arrive at anything like a definite conclusion, the votes of former years must be considered. In 1888 General Harrison received almost fifty-nine per cent. of the electoral vote. The country had become alarmed and disheartened at the policy of Cleveland, and this was an expression of revolt. During the incumbency of Harrison the lines of protection were strengthened, confidence restored, and business was marked by a general revival, nevertheless, four years later Cleveland was reelected, receiving more than sixty-two per cent. of the electoral vote, while Harrison got less than thirty-three per cent., the rest going to Weaver.

In 1896 there had been the experience of another era of hard times, and this, coupled with the threat of silver, caused the return of the Republicans to power under the leadership of McKinley; but McKinley received a majority of 95 in the electoral college—15 less than had been given to Cleveland. Bryan's total vote was 176. He carried the South, the States that had been Weaver's, and four that had been in the Harrison column. Various calculations are now being made as to the assured strength of the present candidates. One gives that of Bryan as 144, whereas in the campaign of 1896 he had 176. It is therefore obviously based on hope rather than upon a regard for probabilities. It is from a Republican source; but so are twelve combinations showing how Bryan might not alone gain over four years ago, but actually secure election. Some of the combinations are not impressive, but others seem reasonable. It is well to note in the first place that in 1896 Bryan's vote (electoral) was as follows:

Alabama.....	11	Kentucky.....	1	South Carolina.....	9
Arkansas.....	8	Louisiana.....	8	Tennessee.....	12
California.....	1	Mississippi.....	9	Texas.....	15
Colorado.....	4	Missouri.....	17	Utah.....	3
Florida.....	4	Montana.....	3	Virginia.....	12
Georgia.....	13	Nebraska.....	8	Washington.....	4
Idaho.....	3	Nevada.....	3	Wyoming.....	3
Kansas.....	10	North Carolina.....	11		

The first combination of the twelve, giving Bryan 228, the number necessary to a choice being 224, makes the following changes and additions:

Alabama.....	11	Louisiana.....	8	Tennessee.....	12
Arkansas.....	8	Mississippi.....	9	Texas.....	15
California.....	9	Missouri.....	17	Utah.....	3
Colorado.....	4	Montana.....	3	Virginia.....	12
Florida.....	4	Nebraska.....	8	Washington.....	4
Georgia.....	13	Nevada.....	3	Wyoming.....	3
Idaho.....	3	North Carolina.....	11	Maryland.....	8
Kansas.....	10	South Carolina.....	9	Minnesota.....	9
Kentucky.....	13	South Dakota.....	4	Indiana.....	15

In support of these figures a number of facts are advanced. The change of the California vote, while an assumption, may not be fancy. In 1880 this State gave Garfield 1 vote and Hancock 5; in 1892 Harrison got 1 from it and Cleveland 8; while in 1896, when McKinley got all but a single vote, the biggest plurality of any elector was 1,822. The Gold Democrats received 2,006 of the popular vote. With no Gold Democrats in the field there are enough votes not yet determined to turn the scale. Kentucky seems to be still closer, and, indeed, likely to drop back into its old place with the Democracy. In 1896 McKinley did get 12 out of 13 of its electoral votes, but the highest plurality was 281, while the Palmer-Buckner ticket there had a following of 5,104. Circumstances in Kentucky have changed. Neither the Goebel law nor the political turmoil culminating in Goebel's murder have helped the Republicans. By 1898 the Democratic majority in a State election had risen to 12,164. Maryland's switch from Democracy can hardly be regarded as permanent. In 1899 the Democratic candidate for governor received a plurality of 12,123. Minnesota is now the stronghold of fusionists. In a straight issue between the two great parties, it doubtless would remain Republican. Now it is distinctly in danger. Indiana is in the Bryan column here because, like New York, it is a seesaw State, alternating regularly since 1872. This does not, however, seem logical nor conclusive.

Space will not permit the full presentation of other combinations, although those placing New York in line for Bryan are particularly interesting. The first of these corre-

sponds with the one given above, except that it gives California to Bryan, with Idaho, Kansas, South Dakota, Washington, and Wyoming, but has Delaware and New York Republican. New York was for Seymour in 1868, Grant in 1872, Tilden in 1876, Garfield in 1880, Cleveland in 1884, Harrison in 1888, Cleveland in 1892, McKinley in 1896. But McKinley's plurality was 268,325. Two years later the Republican plurality was only 13,830 on the congressional vote and on governor 17,786. In 1896 the Palmer-Buckner vote was 18,972, more than enough to overcome the apparent strength of Roosevelt. So the victory of 1900 is not something Republicans can consider won in advance.

The reports that come from China regarding the progress of hostilities and the fate of the foreigners penned up in Peking are marked by uncertainty and unreliability to a great extent.

The dispatches of one day are denied the next, and on the following day an entirely new story is spread broadcast, only to be contradicted later. This confusion is not surprising when it is remembered that the only source of information is the Chinese themselves, and also that the whole country is in a state of turmoil. In the face of this condition of affairs the civilized world is compelled to draw conjectures as to what has happened to the foreigners in Peking from what was known before the present disturbed condition began, and to sift the truth from the mass of contradictory rumors. Though nothing authentic and official has been heard from Peking since June 27th, the situation at that time was sufficiently serious.

The foreign legations in Peking, with two exceptions, were located on Legation Street, covering a space about one-half mile in length. The British and Austrian legations were on cross streets, and only a short distance from the others. Each was surrounded by a brick wall from ten to fifteen feet high, and eighteen to twenty-four inches in thickness. The buildings were of brick, with tile or corrugated-iron roofs, and therefore fire-proof. All were more or less prepared to withstand attack. The British legation had a large supply of arms and ammunition, and the German, French, and Russian legations were well provided in this particular. The Russians always had a force of Cossacks there, and the French and Germans had soldiers. On May 30th a small force of international troops was sent to Peking to protect the legations, and these succeeded in entering the city. It is not probable, however, that the entire force defending the legations numbered more than from four hundred to five hundred men.

Such was the situation at the beginning of the acute phase of the trouble. It is evident that the legations could have held out against ordinary riots, but the situation has proved not to be an ordinary one. During the latter part of June the situation became so threatening that the foreigners congregated in the British, and, according to later reports, one other legation—the identity of which is not yet known—in order to concentrate their defense, and here they were besieged by a force of 15,000 Boxers and regular troops, the latter being armed with modern rifles. These are understood to have been under the direction of Prince Tuan, who desires to profit by the disorder to place himself upon the throne. The legations were commanded by Chinese artillery, but this was not used, the reason, as it appeared later, being that Prince Ching, who opposes Tuan, seized all the ammunition. The latter, with a force of 10,000 regular Chinese troops, is defending the foreigners. On June 24th it was reported that the supply of food at the legations was running short, and the women and children particularly were suffering in consequence. On June 30th or July 1st, according to a persistent report, the ammunition was exhausted, and all the foreigners massacred by the fanatics. Later reports have denied this, and declared that the besieged are still safe, the most authoritative being a telegram received by Minister Wu, the Chinese representative at Washington, from the director-general of imperial telegraphs at Shanghai.

Outside of Peking the chief interest centres around the

and Tien-tsin, where the allied forces of America, Europe, and Japan are concentrating to march on Peking. On June 10th a force of 2,000 allied troops, under Admiral Seymour, left Tien-tsin to repair the railway between that place and Peking. They had advanced only about one-half of the distance when they found themselves surrounded, and fought their way back with the utmost difficulty. On June 11th a force of 3,000 Russians left Tien-tsin to relieve the legations, and nothing has been heard from them since. On June 17th the Taku forts opened fire on the allied warships, and after a return bombardment, marines were landed and the forts captured. For two weeks there was little change in the situation. There were 12,000 allies at Tien-tsin and 8,000 at Taku. Opposed to these were Chinese estimated at 200,000, about one-half of the number being before Tien-tsin. The Chinese have superior artillery, but they were unable to make any progress.

With the beginning of the present month a new era has opened in the struggle. The allied powers realize that they have sadly underestimated the strength of China. This was partly the result of the ease with which Japan defeated the Celestial Empire a few years ago, but since that time China has been exceedingly active. The material for the largest army in the world they have always had. During the last two or three years the Chinese Government has been devoting itself to drilling and arming these hordes. German and Russian officers have been pressed into service, and modern artillery and small-arms have been purchased.

The commanders of the allied forces at Tien-tsin soon realized that an advance with the force at their command was out of the question. Even should they succeed in cutting their way through to Peking, they would leave Tien-tsin and Taku at the mercy of the Chinese, and would themselves be shut off from retreat. Admiral Kempff reported to this government that 60,000 was the smallest force that could hope for success, and the allied forces numbered barely one-third of that number. Immediate reinforcements were necessary, and Japan was the only nation that could supply them. But here international jealousies interposed. Russia feared that if Japan did the lion's share of the fighting, it would claim the lion's share of the reward. Germany refused to take any position that would appear antagonistic to Russia. The others held back. At last an agreement was reached, which has not been made public, but it probably provides that Japan shall gain no territorial indemnity, but shall be repaid its expenses by a money indemnity from China. Japan is hurrying forward 23,000 troops; Russia has landed 8,000; Germany is sending troops and warships; two regiments of United States troops have been ordered from Manila to reinforce the one already there, and other nations are making like preparations.

The interpretation of the law has never been reduced to a science any more than has the making of it. Therefore it happens that the judicial mind, viewing a proposition from one standpoint, does not perceive that which to another judicial mind, but with another standpoint, is clear as day. Already from the federal bench have come two decisions bearing upon the status of Puerto Rico, both sustained by precedent, else had they never been promulgated, and each frankly contradictory of the other.

According to Judge Lochren, of the Minnesota district, the doctrine is sound that the constitution, of its own force, extends to all territory brought under the sovereign jurisdiction of the United States by treaty stipulation. According to this the tariff laws of the country embrace Puerto Rico, and no special legislation is needed to make them operative. In this decision certain importers found great comfort, and certain other importers and protectionists read the portent of economic disaster. To the latter there may be comfort in realization that beyond gratifying an emotion akin to vanity, the Lochren decision failed to have effect. It might as well not have been.

Judge Townsend is of the federal bench, too, sitting in the southern district of New York. He is certain that the Puerto Ricans are foreigners, although their land must be regarded as part of the United States. He is unwilling to accord them a more definite status. He seems to have great regard for the Paris stipulation that the civil and political rights of the inhabitants of territory acquired from Spain shall be determined by Congress. This stipulation is unique, nothing similar to it appearing in other treaties. So far as the lay judgment perceives, Townsend has not fortified his position strongly. Certainly, no treaty stipulation could override a constitutional provision, any more than such liberty would be permitted to ordinary legislation. It would appear that if there rests in the stipulation all the potency and weight he ascribes to it, the supreme court erred in relation to the analogous California case wherein it ruled that tariff rates applied immediately to annexed terri-

tory; but there are earlier decisions that apparently sustain him.

The main question remains still to be settled, and nothing less than the supreme court will be accepted as a finality, because every litigant will believe in the justice of his contention, and be able to get judges of equal standing to declare him right. An importer, as long ago as June of last year, demanded that his tobacco from Puerto Rico be admitted duty free. Lochren would so admit it; Townsend would leave the matter to Congress, and while that body was waiting to act leave the importer in a quandary. The question is one of such importance that an early settlement of it would be welcome. If determination of the Puerto Rican status can only be made by Congress, that body should lose no time; while, if the constitution defines and prescribes it, a supreme court promulgation of the fact would save much confusion and delay, and stay the output of confusing judicial opinion for the next opinion to contradict. Doubtless Judges Lochren and Townsend are both able men, but if there were no authority competent to set theirs aside, Puerto Rico would remain a problem.

The preamble of the Democratic platform made last week in convention at Kansas City contains what is evidently intended shall be made the keynote of the campaign. It is a declaration of faith in the Declaration of Independence and allegiance to the constitution, followed by the corollaries that "any government not based on the consent of the governed is a tyranny"; that to impose any government on a people is imperialism and a violation of our constitution; and that "imperialism abroad will lead inevitably to despotism at home."

The planks which form the body of the instrument may be briefly summarized as follows:

A denouncement of the Puerto Rican law, passed by the last Congress, "as a bold and open violation of the nation's organic law, and a flagrant breach of the national good faith," and which is characterized as the first act of an imperialistic programme, and evidence of a tendency toward a colonial policy.

A demand for the prompt and honest fulfillment of every pledge made to Cuba, and complaint that we still withhold the government from its people and plunder its revenues, to the disgrace of the American people.

A condemnation of the present Philippine policy, citing as its evils, unnecessary war, the sacrifice of life, and the encouragement of "greedy commercialism"; and offering as a substitute policy "an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to give to the Filipinos, first, a state of government; second, independence; and third, protection from outside interference such as has been given for nearly a century to the republics of Central and South America."

A rehearsal of the evils of trusts under the name of "private monopolies"; a charge that they are the legitimate product of Republican policies, and a pledge of unceasing warfare against them by the Democratic party. The proposed anti-trust warfare is outlined to include enforcement of present laws against trusts, and the enactment of more stringent ones providing for publicity in corporate affairs, and requiring all corporations to show that their stock is not watered, and that they do not purpose to monopolize any business, before they are permitted to do business outside the State of their origin. The Dingley tariff law is condemned as a trust-breeder, and it is declared that it should be amended by putting the products of trusts on the free list.

A re-affirmation of the Chicago platform of 1896, and a reiteration of the demand therein for an "American financial system," and as a part of such system "the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation."

The minor planks of the platform embrace a variety of subjects which space compels us to group. They include a demand for the immediate construction of the Nicaragua Canal by the United States; a promise of Statehood to Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma; the improvement of arid lands; the continuance and enforcement of the Chinese exclusion law; the reduction and repeal of the war taxes; the election of senators by the people; opposition to the shipping subsidy bill; opposition to government by injunction; and a paragraph extending sympathy to the Boers.

On this platform the convention nominated William J. Bryan for President and Adlai E. Stevenson for Vice-President.

Adlai E. Stevenson is a native of Kentucky and was born in 1835. He studied law and has generally continued its practice as his private business. In national politics, he first appeared in 1864, when he was made a Presidential elector on the McClellan ticket. As a youth he had removed with his father to Bloomington, Ill., where he now resides and

where in 1869 he formed the legal partnership with General Ewing, which still exists. In 1874 he was nominated by the Greenbackers, and with the indorsement of the Democrats was elected to Congress in a district which had been considered strongly Republican. He was renominated by the Democrats for the succeeding term and was defeated, but was again elected by the Democrats in 1878. He was appointed First Assistant Postmaster-General by President Cleveland during his first administration. In 1892 he was elected and served a term as Vice-President, in the second administration of President Cleveland. In 1896 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the nomination of President in the Chicago Democratic Convention, since which time his only part in public life was as a member of the international bimetallic commission appointed by President McKinley in 1897.

In nothing else perhaps has American rule in Cuba exercised an influence so benign as in the establishment of schools. This was undertaken in the face of great difficulties, one of which was the total absence of any educational system, and the other a bitter native prejudice. The Cubans held that the schools would be devoted to the Americanizing of the island, with a view to annexing it. So thoroughly has this prejudice been overcome that the Cubans themselves are enthusiastic supporters of the schools. One mayor desired a municipal tax for the purpose of aiding them, deeming the liberal funds supplied by the general government too little.

The organization of an educational system for Cuba was a grave problem. There was nothing to remodel, but a beginning had to be made. At the close of the war there were no children at school, even in Havana with its population of 160,000. After a year of American occupation the enrollment amounted to 40,000, but there was no provision for the schools. The Cuban secretary of justice and public instruction essayed the task of formulating a system, and while his intentions were excellent the result was absurd. The civil authorities had their hands full in looking after law and order, and health. Finally, at the solicitation of the Secretary of War, Alexis E. Frye went to Cuba to undertake solution of the problem. How well he succeeded is shown by the fact that there are now 3,000 schools and more than 140,000 pupils. This is all due to the patience, enthusiasm, and untiring zeal of Mr. Frye. He was offered a salary of \$5,000, but offered to give his services for nothing. Later, he was given a salary of \$2,500, but every cent of this he expends among the needy schools. Mr. Frye is a graduate of Harvard, has been successful in pedagogy and as a writer of text-books. He was once superintendent of instruction in California, and his home is in the southern part of this State, where he raises oranges and fine horses. It is due to his efforts that several hundred Cuban teachers are now in the United States, taking normal courses under the best of instructors, and all without expense to themselves.

In Cuba, at first, Mr. Frye encountered violent opposition. Letters and petitions denouncing him poured into the government. He was cordially hated, roundly vilified, but made no retort and was never swerved from his purpose. He drew up in a single night the entire plan of the educational scheme. It was at once approved. In the popular feeling toward him there came a reaction. Now a large part of the work is in the hands of the Cubans themselves, and they are anxious to serve. Half a million dollars has been expended for modern school furniture. Books are furnished free, and night schools are about to be opened for adults, this being in response to an insistent demand. There is also to be a normal school for those who can not take advantage of the opportunity to visit and study in the United States. A man of less determination than Mr. Frye would shrink from undertaking so great a work, and a man of less ability would have made a failure of it. There were poverty and ignorance with which to contend; an army of children to be mustered and controlled. In Cuba are 50,000 orphans, while parents in many instances have been made so poor by the war as to be unable to provide for their offspring, so that they are virtually public charges. But none is to be denied the benefits of education.

It must not be supposed that Cuba is well supplied with teachers. Mr. Frye availed himself of such material as was at hand, hoping to raise the *personnel* to a proper standard. Salaries are high, and in the matter of pay no distinction is made between men and women. The lowest salary paid in Havana is \$900, and the lowest anywhere in the island \$600. This is higher than is given for similar services in this country, but living expenses also are higher. Of course the teachers are not well trained, many of them being novices, but they are eager to learn and every facility is being provided. No examinations have been made yet, but after the summer at Harvard there will be examinations and the formal issue of certificates. The teachers who are being trained here will be expected to give their less fortunate

fellows, so far as possible, the benefits of their course and of the object-lessons they will see in this country. The fact that they were invited, that not only museums, laboratories, and libraries are open to them, but that they are welcome guests in homes of refinement, shows the interest American educators, inspired by the indefatigable Frye, take in the cause of Cuban education. In looking after the comfort of his charges, Mr. Frye even saw to it that they were provided chaperons, to assuage the Castilian tendency to criticise any undue approach to social freedom.

However much American rule in Cuba has fallen short of perfection, in the matter of schools it has been as near faultless as is possible for human effort to be. The Cubans already know this, but as they observe the effect of education and enlightenment, they will be more and more grateful. The men in whose hands must rest the future of the island are now acquiring in schools just brought into existence the knowledge that is indispensable, and without which there can be no real freedom.

Those who have been interested in enlarging the field where woman may work for her own living and thereby secure independence if not a competence, have almost invariably devoted their attention to mercantile pursuits, and particularly those that had theretofore been occupied exclusively by men. Though there was a certain lack of originality in this, the mistake—if such it is to be called—was natural, for there was sufficient originality in woman desiring the man's burden, when the movement first began, to excuse any lack elsewhere. The public mind has now become accustomed, if not universally reconciled, to the idea of women workers, and that there should be an expansion of the idea is to be expected.

It is one of the curious incidents of this reaching out for men's work that certain classes of work peculiarly suitable to women have been overlooked. An organization of women having its head-quarters in London, but world-wide in its scope, has now set about remedying this defect as far as possible. This is the women's Agricultural and Horticultural International Union. Though its home is in London, it is interesting to know that the suggestion and the incentive came from California. At the International Congress of Women Workers held in London last year, the delegate from California was Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard. For a number of years she had been gathering facts about the women farmers of California, and she naturally selected this subject when called upon for an address. It may surprise many unfamiliar with the subject to know that there are a number of women in this State conducting large and successful farms. It certainly surprised the delegates at the congress, and Mrs. Howard's suggestion to form a union to encourage this class of work among women was immediately acted upon.

It is not the purpose of the union to develop a class of farmers on a large scale among women, but rather to give them thorough and practical training in those branches of agricultural work for which women are specially fitted. These are horticulture, floriculture, dairy work, and like pursuits. The drift to the cities has closed women's eyes as well as men's to the opportunities in the country, but a counterdrift seems about to set in, and this union should do much good in encouraging it.

The reception tendered by the Union League Club to Morris M. Estee on Wednesday evening was a fitting tribute to one of California's leading citizens who has been called to a position of the greatest importance. In honoring Judge Estee—for such is to be his title henceforth—President McKinley honored California, and it is but fitting that Californians should express their appreciation. Judge Estee has passed the greater part of his life in this State; here he began the practice of the law, and by ability and application made for himself one of the leading positions at the bar. In the public life of the State he has always been an important figure; he has stood among the foremost in the councils of the Republican party since its earliest days in this State. Not only in political life has he been prominent, but he has ever been ready to render effective aid to the development of the material resources of California. Agriculture, horticulture, viticulture, and viniculture each owes much to his energy and his intelligent initiative. The position to which he has been called is one of the utmost importance. He is to be the head of the judicial system of Hawaii, and as such he must interpret and reconcile the new laws and the old. He goes out as a pioneer to hew a new track where none has been before him, guided only by the general principles of right and justice that underlie all American law. Those who have known him here feel assured that he will bring to his new position those qualities that will make for success, and he takes with him the best wishes of the many friends whom he leaves behind.

CALIFORNIA AND ITALY.

Her Rich Valleys and Ours—Lombardy a Great Gardeo—Thrift and Industry—Wonders of Irrigation—Milan and Turin—Great Tunnels and Great Engineers.

Milan.—From Florence to Bologna the railway runs over magnificent mountains. The Apennines are inferior to the Alps in grandeur, but none the less these mountain passes are bold and beautiful. To show how abrupt the climb, there are forty-seven tunnels on this railway within the space of one hundred miles. And after climbing zigzag grades and winding through curved tunnels, the train suddenly emerges upon the crest of a ridge, and you see far below you a luxuriant valley and in its centre a large and handsome town. You think you have reached the summit. But no. You are looking back upon the valley from which you have climbed, and the city you see is Prato, which you passed through many miles behind. You have yet much climbing to do before you cross the lofty mountains between the valley of the Arno and the valley of the Po.

From Bologna to Milan the railway runs through the heart of Italy. The rich Lombardy district is traversed, and the train passes through many large and thriving towns. At all of them there is much excitement over the election, and the walls are covered with election placards. The newspapers contain nothing but "campaign news," and our fellow-passengers talk excitedly over the chances of the various candidates. To me it seems as if the conservative sentiment of the country condemns the radical democrats for their obstruction. But the arbitrary dissolution of the chamber grates upon the people. Probably the government will be returned with a majority, but a diminished one. The radical democrats will surely make gains.

Here in Milan the campaign is at white heat. A great mass-meeting was held last night at the Arena. It was interesting to see how much political meetings and political methods here resemble those of our own country. The immense building was crowded, while outside there was a large gathering, addressed by speakers in the open air—exactly like our own "overflow meetings." The first speaker was Signore Di Christoforis, a Milanese deputy, who is up for reelection. The Hon. Di Christoforis, when he arose, was received with much applause. Evidently he is what politicians in our country call "an old war horse." His speech was a fiery one, and this—translated from *Il Secolo*—was his peroration:

"The people of Milan have reaffirmed in this magnificent explosion of enthusiasm their sincere love of liberty. This is not a political meeting. It is the personification of the popular party. The candidates of the popular party speak to-day, not to this meeting alone but to all Italy. Friends and fellow-citizens, this moment is grave. It is solemn. The question at issue is liberty or slavery. The people must show by their votes that the government must respect the liberty conquered upon the battle-field. Oh, my fellow-countrymen, choose between liberty and slavery!"

This sounds very much like the Democratic campaign speeches delivered from the American stump during the attempted passage of the Force Bill a few years ago.

Milan is a strongly democratic city, but there are conservative towns around it. At the little village of Rogoredo, a short distance out of Milan, there was a flaming poster, evidently from the anti-radicals, running in this wise:

"Citizens of Rogoredo!
"Let us stop and think. Are we not brothers? Why should we hurl epithets at each other's heads? Why should we foster these intestine quarrels? Are we not sons of the same mother, Rogoredo?
"Let the priest remain undisturbed in his parish. Let the bishop remain unassailed in his diocese. Let the cabinet minister remain unassaulted at his desk.

"Let us maintain things as they are, and above all let us stand together for the upbuilding of our grand and beautiful city, Rogoredo."

Rogoredo, I may remark, is about the same size as that metropolis across the bay from San Francisco—of which many San Franciscans have never heard—called Klinkner-ville. As Berkeley is to Klinkner-ville, so is Milan to Rogoredo, for Klinkner-ville is a suburb of Berkeley and Rogoredo is a suburb of Milan. Great fleas have little fleas.

But while Milan is excited over politics, business goes along just the same. It is the most industrious and most prosperous city in Italy. The difference between northern and southern Italy is marked. There is much Helvetian, Slavic, and Teutonic blood here in Lombardy. Were not the Longobardi, who invaded this valley from the north, a Teutonic tribe? The Milanese are a more serious and thrifty people than the pleasure-loving Romans or the volatile Neapolitans. The shops are far superior to those of other Italian cities. Milan is a great manufacturing centre and very largely supplies the rest of Italy with goods of various kinds. Even Rome, a city of nearly half a million people, relies upon Milan for such things as haberdashery, which seems absurd. If you order shirts in Rome, and press the tradesman hard, he will admit that he has to have them made in Milan. The magnificent *galleria*, which runs from the Cathedral Square to the square of La Scala, is

lined with fine shops filled with choice goods, such as gems and jewels, silks, silverware, bronzes, statuary in hisque, terra cotta and marble, fine leather goods, gloves, fans, and articles of luxury of every description. In the southern Italian cities the shops in the *gallerias* are frequently small and contain inferior goods. Not so in Milan. These *gallerias* add very largely to the retail business of European cities, where at times it rains pitilessly for weeks. The people can not walk in comfort upon the streets. So they walk under the arcades and in the *gallerias*, which are filled with inviting *cafés* and beautiful shops. A man who has to go out into the rain to buy something will stay at home unless the article is an absolute necessity. But when strolling through a magnificent *galleria*, lofty, architecturally imposing, decorated with frescoes and statuary, lighted by day by a vast glass dome and at night by myriads of electric lamps, a man is apt to buy things that he does not need because they attract his eye. Women may possibly be affected in a similar way.

The great *galleria* in Milan is probably the finest in Europe. It cost eight millions of lire. From one of its entrances it looks on the famous La Scala opera-house. This and the San Carlo in Naples are enormous—no theatres in the world are larger. La Scala is so big that it is an elephant on the hands of any manager, and therefore it is closed nearly all the time. When we were in Milan we were fortunate enough to find it open afternoons and evenings for a local charity *fête*. The interior is well worth seeing.

When La Scala has been used as an opera-house in recent years the performances have been mediocre. I heard Melba sing Gilda in "Rigoletto" there some years ago. With the exception of the prima donna's *rôle*, it was the worst performance of "Rigoletto" I had ever heard. The same year I heard her in New York and London, and in both cities she was the centre of a fine operatic troupe. Here in Milan, in music-loving Italy, in La Scala, one of the historic opera-houses of the world, the performance was beneath contempt. In all the theatres of Italy to-day I have not seen a single lyric or dramatic artist whose name has ever been heard of outside of Italy. The three who have more than local fame—Duse, Salvini, and Novello—are all playing in other countries.

Milan does not abound in art galleries, still there is a fine collection here in the Brera Palace. This gallery was much admired by George Eliot, and frequent references to it are made in her letters and journal. She visited Milan more than once. Before the death of George Henry Lewes her journal contains numerous references to what "George" thinks of Luini's pictures in the Brera Gallery. After "George" died, she said she did not care to live. But not many months after the death of Lewes she took to herself a young husband, one John W. Cross. On their honeymoon trip they stopped at Milan for a time, and in her journal are references to what "John" thinks of the Luini pictures in the Brera Gallery. This is an interesting psychological study. As the French say, "One nail drives out another."

I call Lewes her husband because she called him so. As a matter of fact, George Henry Lewes and Marian Evans were never married.

It is a pleasure to visit a city like Milan, even if it does not abound in such treasures of art as Rome and Florence. Its broad streets, its fine squares and magnificent parks and public gardens are a relief to the eye of an American after dwelling for weeks upon the narrow streets and pinched-up squares of Rome. And its great cathedral is inexpressibly fair to look upon. I am aware that many prefer the purer and colder Gothic of the north. But to me there is no more beautiful building in Europe. The gigantic semi-Byzantine St. Peter's seems tawdry compared with this creation of the Gothic Renaissance.

Some writer once likened architecture to "frozen music." The metaphor comes to my mind as I gaze upon the myriad marble buttresses, pinnacles, and statues of the Milan Cathedral. They suggest chants, invocations, canticles, prayers, soaring up toward the heavens and suddenly arrested and held in mid-air.

Turin.—We have been traveling through the rich valley of Lombardy. On our right, to the north, lie the snowy peaks of the Swiss Alps, while ahead of us, to the westward, are the Maritime Alps, dividing Italy and France. From these great mountain ranges many streams pour down upon the plain, which, divided and subdivided by irrigating canals and ditches, transform into one great garden this valley of the Po. It would be difficult to find anywhere in the world a spot better combining the requisites of fertile soil, thrifty tillers, non-wasteful irrigation, intelligent husbandry, and economic utilization of the land. There is in this valley scarcely a square rod of the earth's surface that is not cultivated. There is no waste. On every hand you see

AN UNFILLED
FIELD FOR
WOMEN WORKERS.

FITTING TRIBUTE
TO A FAVORED
CITIZEN.

of nodding grain, which at this season stands over four feet high. The grain is sown in rows, and between the rows are long lines of mulberry and fruit-trees; rows of grapevines are planted parallel with the fruit-trees, and the vines are trained in long loops from trunk to trunk of the trees. Thus not only is the soil-space utilized, but even the air-space. Running at right angles to these rows of trees and vines are other rows of olive-trees, with raspberry and blackberry-bushes in rows parallel to them. In every inch of space in this criss-cross of trees and vines and bushes the tall grain is growing. If our wasteful Western farmers should plead that such husbandry will "exhaust the soil," the reply is that it has been tilled here for three thousand years and is not exhausted yet. True, the soil is intelligently enriched. It is not only not exhausted, but it is the most productive district in the world. Several crops a year are garnered from the rich Lombardy plains. Even rice is raised here. I have seen rice-fields under tropical suns, tilled by stolid Asiatics, and could scarcely believe that white labor could compete with them. In our Southern States the raising of rice is profitable only with negro labor. But here in Lombardy the rice-fields are tilled by white men and women, and they not only make it pay, but pay well. The choicest Italian rice brings the highest price of any in the market.

I believe the United States to be the greatest country in the world, California the most favored State of the United States, and the Santa Clara Valley the richest valley in California. That valley is, indeed, an agricultural gem. In its orchards you see apple, pear, peach, plum, prune, cherry, apricot, nectarine, almond, fig, orange, and olive-trees; around the rim of the valley, where the foothills rise, you see fine vineyards of wine, raisin, and table grapes; vast tracts are devoted to the raising of blackberries, raspberries, and strawberries; thousands of acres are utilized for the raising of vegetables in large quantities, such as asparagus, onions, and tomatoes; great vegetable seed-farms are also to be found there, and where other products are not raised to advantage you see thousands of acres sown to hay and grain. The soil is fertile, the climate is good, the people are prosperous and thrifty. The farms and orchards are well kept and trim. In the Santa Clara Valley you frequently see orchards of fruit-trees bordered with lines of ornamental palms, and the roadways along which these palm-lined orchards lie are marvels in America. In Santa Clara County there are nearly four hundred miles of county roads, which are not only well-kept but which in summer are sprinkled daily. There may be other rural districts in the United States where all the county roads are sprinkled daily, but I never saw or heard of any. In short, the Santa Clara Valley is agriculturally and horticulturally a marvel. It is fair to look upon, and its handsome roads are a delight to drive or ride upon. As we traveled through the Lombardy plain the California valley rose continually before my mind's eye. But I was forced to admit that the Italian valley has no peer, even in our own incomparable State.

To this it may be said that Lombardy is much older. Granted. But is it necessary for a new community, before learning anything, to live as long as an older one? Must California wait until the year 4900 to be as wise as three-thousand-year-old Lombardy? Are we not the heirs of all the ages? Should we not profit by their stores of wisdom? Does California profit by it? I do not think so.

Anglo-Saxon California is half a century old. Yet she has done little in that long period to utilize all of her mountain waters. The great productiveness of these fertile Lombardy plains is made possible by the intelligent use of water. Irrigating canals and ditches run in every direction. They run under railways. They run under buildings. I even saw one running, brick-arched, under a dwelling-house. For ages the lands in Lombardy have been burdened with riparian easements—the right of a man to run water over his neighbor's land to get it to his own. In California we have not yet reached the stage of a just and intelligent water law. In fact, our law is largely the common law of England—a law devised centuries ago for a land of continual rains with no need of irrigation. Yet this is the law which our supreme court applied to a land where there is urgent need of irrigation and few and scanty rains! If that Lombardy peasant farmer out yonder in the field were told of this, he would think California a vast insane asylum and the California supreme court the Incurable Ward.

Lest those unfamiliar with the subject should believe the foregoing to be unwarranted language, I will say briefly that the California supreme court, following the English common law, decided that the owner of land bordering a water-course was entitled only to the usufruct of the water; that if he used it he must return it to its original course unimpaired in quality and undiminished in volume. Yet what it is principally needed for in California is agriculture and mining, which must diminish and impair it. Therefore our streams flow uselessly to the sea. And this is the law of California!

I am aware that attempts have been made to remedy this grotesque state of affairs. The Wright irrigation law is one. But it has accomplished nothing except to increase water litigation. After half a century of occupancy of California, an intelligent Anglo-Saxon community in its unintelligent use of the mountain waters which God gives them is three thousand years behind the peasants of Lombardy.

The province of Piedmont has 3,200,000 inhabitants and contains 11,400 square miles. This is about the area of Los Angeles and Riverside Counties. The province of Lombardy has 3,700,000 inhabitants and contains 9,000 square miles. This is about the size of San Diego County. The two provinces together contain about 20,000 square miles, which is about one-eighth the area of the State of California, yet this rich valley supports seven millions of people. How many can California support when we stop fighting and go to irrigating?

As we traveled over this great garden we passed through many towns with famous names—towns that recall battles, some of them the world's decisive battles. Battles of Bonaparte's first Italian campaign, when the young general swept

resistlessly through Alta Italia—names like Lodi, and Rivoli, and Marengo. Other names which suggest the theatrical campaign of "the nephew of his uncle," or Napoleon the Little, as Victor Hugo called the nephew of Napoleon the Great—towns like Novara, Solferino, and Magenta—some of which gave a name to a new color in the millinery age of Empress Eugénie, or to a new duke like Macmahon, in the mushroom peerage of Emperor Napoleon. No wonder there have been for ages many battles over this rich valley of Lombardy. It is a country worth fighting for.

At last we began to climb the hills of Piedmont, and reached the city of Turin, cradle of the House of Savoy.

I had never visited Turin before. Probably most American travelers pass from France into Italy by way of Nice and Monte Carlo. I did not know that it was so modern and so handsome a city. Unlike most Italian cities, its blocks are rectangular and its streets are broad. It had been destroyed so many times that its inhabitants finally decided to build it straight instead of crooked, and they did so. There can be no doubt about the matter—while narrow, dark, and winding streets like those of Naples or Genoa may be picturesque, they certainly are not handsome. Turin, on the other hand, impresses one, not by its picturesque but by its broad streets, its spacious squares, its shaded avenues, and its magnificent boulevards. In fact, most of the streets seem to be boulevards. They have double rows of lofty trees in the centre of the roadway, through which runs a parked footway. On either side of this driveway, and next to the houses on both sides other footways, also lined with rows of splendid trees. Then there are miles of arcaded buildings lining these handsome boulevards. I have heard Frenchmen boast of the Paris boulevards, and of the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, which they call the "finest street in the world." Nevertheless, I have always believed that Vienna has some boulevards far finer than any in Paris. As for arcades, Turin has miles of arcades where Paris has rods. The Parisians boast of their boulevards. The "grand boulevards" of Paris are, indeed, fine avenues. But what leagues of monotonous thoroughfares they dignify by that name—such as those blank and dreary streets the "boulevards extérieurs" and "boulevards d'enceinte." And the mangy plane-trees which line their boulevards are not beautiful. These sickly vegetables struggle valiantly for life in their evil habitat, but fail. Their roots take up a meagre sustenance from a gas-soaked soil; their branches absorb lethal currents from leaky electric wires; a daily sight in Paris is the removal of dying trees from the boulevards. The trees of Turin are magnificent poplars, chestnuts, and elms, and while Paris is big and Turin little, the Piedmont city is all boulevards. A visit there might moderate the boastfulness of a Parisian—if anything could.

By the way, it is curious that Turin should surpass Paris in arcades, when one recalls that the Rue de Rivoli, Paris's boasted arcade, was built with the proceeds of plunder "conveyed" from Turin.

The newspapers of northern Italy are superior to those of the south. The best Italian newspapers are to be found in Piedmont and Lombardy. I knew the high character of the Milanese journals, for the *Secolo* and *Corriere* are read all over Italy. But I was surprised to find in Turin one of the best all-round newspapers I had seen in Italy—the *Gazzetta del Popolo*. It is better printed than most of them, better arranged, and very much better edited. It is made up of from twelve to sixteen pages the size of the one before the reader. Small pages are much more convenient than large ones, to which complexion the daily papers of America will soon come. The *Gazzetta* contains numerous foreign and domestic telegrams, well arranged and carefully headed, and the best "commercial department" I have seen in any Italian newspaper. Turin is a commercial city.

But a truce to newspapers. Newspaper talk interests only newspaper men. However, here is an anecdote I found in a Turin newspaper which may interest others as well. I give it first in the original:

"Dinanzi al giudice X . . . comparisse in qualità di testimone certo individuo malconcio dall'ultima guerra.—Alzate la mano destra, dice il giudice.—Signore, non posso.—Perché?—Sono stato ferito al braccio destro.—Ebbene, alzate la mano sinistra.—Impossibile: ferito anche qui.—Allora, prosegua gravemente il giudice, alzate la gamba; nessuno è ammesso a prestar giuramento senz'alzare qualche cosa!"

Although I had never heard or read this story, it had an indescribably familiar ring. Here is a free rendering:

In Judge X's court there recently appeared as a witness a veteran of the late war.

"Hold up your right hand," said the judge.

"But, judge, I can't."

"Why not?"

"Wounded in the right arm."

"Then, hold up your left hand."

"Can't do it, judge—wounded there, too."

"Well, then," said the judge, "hold up your left leg, then—no one can testify in my court without holding up something."

Now this story was entirely new to me. Yet it seemed familiar. Could it be that by the theory of metempsychosis I had heard it in another epoch and as another being? But no. The more probable theory is that it was an American yarn which had been "lifted" by the Italian journal, and that its American twang betrayed it.

Modane.—Turin is on the great highway of travel between France and Italy by way of the Mont Cenis tunnel. But the Mont Cenis tunnel does not pierce Mont Cenis. The mountain through which it is bored is called the "Col de Fréjus." The old Mont Cenis pass is seventeen miles to the eastward. The tunnel is eight miles in length, and is nearly a mile below the top of the mountain it pierces, whose top is about nine thousand feet above the sea. The tunnel was begun in 1857.

The French engineer, Sommier, directed this great work, as one learns from the monuments erected to him. Over two thousand men were employed night and day for thirteen years. It was finished in 1870. The tunnel cost 75,000,000 francs, 50,000,000 of which were paid by France and

25,000,000 by Italy. The tunnel is twenty-six feet wide, nineteen feet high, and contains a double track.

The St. Gothard tunnel was the next after the Mont Cenis to pierce the Alps. Note the difference in cost and time. It took ten years to bore the St. Gothard—from 1872 to 1882—and the tunnel cost about 57,000,000 francs, as compared with thirteen years and seventy-five millions for the Mont Cenis. The St. Gothard railway and tunnel together cost 238,000,000 francs. In crossing the Alps by the St. Gothard railway there are seventy-nine tunnels in all, with a total length of twenty-nine miles. There are over one hundred bridges and fourteen viaducts. This great enterprise was directed by Louis Favre, the famous engineer, who died in the tunnel in 1879 smitten by apoplexy.

I am told that a third tunnel is now in course of construction at the Simplon Pass; that it is superior to either of the others in every respect; that it has four tracks instead of two, is better ventilated, and is brilliantly lighted with electric lights. It will be interesting to see how much less will be the number of millions and how much fewer the number of years required for this third boring of the Alpine range.

Some years ago there started in Italy a spectacular pantomime called "Excelsior." It was so successful that it was reproduced in Paris at the Eden Theatre. From there it was taken to the United States, where its success was repeated. It was produced in San Francisco, where it had a long run. Theatre-goers may recall it. It was an allegorical representation of "the triumph of civilization." One act was devoted to engineering. There were scenes representing miners laboring like troglodytes in the bowels of the earth, boring mountain tunnels. Suddenly the rock-demons appear and attack the miners. For a moment the result is in doubt. The engineer-in-chief for stage purposes is himself laboring with a pickaxe at the head of his squad; he makes agitated gestures signifying that all is lost. The miners turn to flee. But a crash of music is heard. A number of fairies appear, clad principally in pink tights with electric lights in their hair. The fairies extend their wands, the fiddles in the orchestra perform an agitated *pizzicato*, the trombones gurgie lugubriously, and the demons flee. Thereupon Signorina Foljambe, the boss fairy, executes a *pas seul*. She is soon joined by the engineer-in-chief, and it becomes a *pas de deux*. The miners lay aside their picks, join the fairies, and it becomes a *grand ballet électrique*. The curtains fall upon this pleasing apotheosis of the triumph of electricity and civilization over darkness and rock-demons.

At the time it was a little difficult to understand the genesis of this queer ballet. But it is evident that it was due to the effect produced upon the ardent Italian imagination by the great tunnels piercing the Alps. The long years the work was in progress, the thousands of men engaged in it, the new processes evolved in boring the tunnels, the use of the electric light and the compressed-air drill, the vast sums of money required, the hundreds of lives lost in accidents, and, finally, the dramatic death of several of the engineers while at their posts—all these things powerfully impressed the Latin mind. Hence it is that in Turin, the nearest large city to the first Alpine tunnel, you see monuments commemorating these great engineering works and their builders, the great engineers. One monument in particular is a daring piece of sculpture. It is an enormous heap of granite blocks, down which are hurled the forms of the writhing rock demons, while the apex is crowned by a beautiful female figure, the Genius of Civilization.

There are monuments to Engineers Sommier and Favre, in several cities here, French and Italian. On the French side of the frontier there is a particularly handsome one to Sommier, in the little city of Annecy. Our American engineers have accomplished marvels in spanning mighty rivers, boring great tunnels, and crossing lofty mountain ranges. These are their monuments. But are there in America any other monuments to American engineers?

JEROME A. HART.
ST. GERVAIS (Mt. Blanc), June, 1900.

Professor Herman V. Hilprecht, the Babylonian explorer, who in the spring of this year went to the East to superintend the excavations in Assyria and Babylon in the name of the University of Pennsylvania, describes in a letter just received the important results of his journey. He says: "The results of our researches exceed everything that has so far been known about Babylon. We found the great temple library and priest school of Nippur, which had been destroyed by the Elamites, 228 B. C. The library consists of sixteen thousand volumes, written on stones, and covers the entire theological, astronomical, linguistic, and mathematical knowledge of those days. We also unearthed a collection of letters and biographies, deciphered the inscriptions of many newly discovered tombstones and monuments, and espied, finally, best of all, five thousand official documents of inestimable value to the student of ancient history. The net result of our journey consists so far of twenty-three thousand stone writings."

Statistics of death by lightning in the United States in 1899, collected by the weather bureau, show a total of 536. A large percentage of the fatalities occurred in August, a total of 133, though in every month they are reported. Pennsylvania leads with 56, Illinois coming next with 41, other States showing the following figures: Ohio, 34; Indiana, 28; Minnesota, 24; New York, 23; Michigan, 21; Massachusetts, 11. The Southern States show the fewest deaths, Florida having only three fatalities and Louisiana eight. Not one of the Pacific Coast States figure in the tables.

In Philadelphia a case has just been finished concerning a diamond which has caused two years' litigation in the law courts, sent four persons to the penitentiary for long terms, and has cost big sums for lawyers' fees.

"MESQUITE."

The Star Rider of the Ranch and His Last Victory.

Miss Glendower sat on the ranch-house piazza, shading her eyes from the white glare of the sun by holding above them—in beautiful, beringed fingers—the last number of a Boston magazine. It was all very new and delightful to her, this strange, unfinished country; and each day developed fresh charm. As a spectacle it was perfect—the very desolation and silence of the desert stirred something within her that the Back Bay had never remotely roused. Viewed from the front row of the dress circle, nothing could be more fascinating to her art-loving sense than this simple, wholesome life lived out as Nature teaches, and to feel that, for the time, the big, conventional world of wise insincerities was completely shut away behind those far, purple mountains out of which rose the morning, desert sun.

As for becoming an integral part of all this one's self—Ah, that was a different matter! The very thought of her cousin Blanche and her husband, Roy Madison, deliberately turning their backs on the refinements of a higher civilization, and accepting the daily drudgery and routine of life on a cattle ranch, filled her with wondering amazement. When she fell to speculating on what their future years might be, she shuddered. From the hollowed sole of her modishly booted foot to the crown of her sleek and perfectly poised little head, Miss Glendower was Bostonian.

But, for the short space of time that she waited Lawrence Irving's coming, the life here was full of charm for her—its ways were alluring; and not the least among its fascinations was "Mesquite." She smiled amusedly at the tall cowboy's utter unconsciousness in there being any social difference between them; at his simple acceptance of her notice. Miss Glendower was finding vast entertainment in his honest-hearted, undisguised adoration. She had come West for experiences, and one of the first—and decidedly the most exciting and interesting—had been found in Mesquite. Besides, it gave her something to write of when she sent her weekly letter to Lawrence Irving. She sometimes found writing to him a bit of a bore when topics were wanting.

But Mesquite—The boy was a revelation of surprises every day. There was no horedom where he was. Amusing; yes, that was the word. There he was now, crossing the bare and hard-heaten square of gray earth that lay between the ranch-house and the corrals. Though he was looking beyond the piazza to where the other boys were driving a "bunch" of bellowing, dust-stirring cattle into an inclosure, yet she felt it was she whom his eyes saw. He was coming straight toward the house—and her. That, she knew. Miss Glendower knew many things—learned in the varied experience of her eight-and-twenty years. Her worldly wisdom was more—much more—than his would be at double his age. Mesquite was twenty.

He looked up with unconcealed pleasure in her presence as he seated himself on the piazza—swinging his spurred heels against each other, while he leaned his head back against one of the pillars. Miss Glendower's eyes rested on the burned, boyish face with delight. There was something so naive, so sweetly childish about him. It was simply delicious to hear his "yes, ma'am," or his "which?" Just now his yellow hair lay in little damp rings on his forehead, like a baby's just awakened from sleep. He sat with his big *sombrero* shoved back from a forehead guiltless of tan or freckles as the petals of a white rose. But the lower part of his face was roughened by wind and burned by the sun to an Indian-red, making his blue eyes the bluer—those great, babyish eyes that looked out with a helying innocence from under their marvelous fringes of up-curling lashes. The blue eyes were well used to looking upon sights that would have shocked Miss Glendower's New England training; and the babyish lips were quite familiar with language that would have made her pale with horror and disgust to hear. But, then, she didn't know. Neither could he have understood her standpoint.

He was only the product of his environment, and one of the best things it had taught him was to have no disguises. So he sat to-day, looking up at his lady with all his love showing in his face. And so he rode beside her that night, as the day's red hall of burning wrath dropped down behind the western desert-rim of their little world; across sand-hills that opened sweet flowers to the night-wind's touch; and across barren alkali flats to the post-office, half a dozen miles away.

There was only one letter for Miss Glendower that night. It began:

"I will be with you, my darling, twenty-four hours after you get this. Just one day more, love, and I'll hold you in my arms again! Just one more week, and you will be my wife, Audrey. Think of it!"

She had thought; was thinking now. She was also wondering how Mesquite would take it.

So they rode homeward. As they loped across the wide stretch of white desert flats that reached to the sand-hills, shutting the ranch from sight, the twilight fell, and with it came sharp gusts of wind that now and then brought a whirl of desert dust. Harder and harder it blew. Then it fell upon them in its malevolence, to catch them—to hold them in its uncanny clasp an instant—and then, releasing them, go madly racing off into the farther twilight, moaning in undertone as it went. Then heat-lightning struck vividly at the horizon, and the air everywhere became surcharged with the electric current of a coming desert sand-storm. They heard its roar coming up the valley. Audrey Glendower felt her nerves a-tingle. This, too, was an experience. In sheer delight she laughed aloud at the excitement showing in the quivering horses—their ears nervously pointing forward, their nostrils distended, as with long, eager strides they pounded away at the wind-blown levels.

Then the storm caught them at its wildest. Suddenly a tumble-weed—dry and uprooted from its slight moorings somewhere away on the far side of the flats—came whirling

toward them broadside in the vortex of a mad rush of wind in which without warning they were in an instant enveloped. As the great, rolling, ball-like weed struck her horse, Miss Glendower took a tighter grip on the reins and steadied herself for the runaway rush into the dust-storm and the darkness. The wild wind caught her, shrieked in her ears, tore at her habit as though to wrest it from her body, dragged at the braids of heavy hair until, loosened, the strands whipped about her head, a tangled mass of stinging lashes.

She was alone—drawn into the maelstrom of the maddened element; alone—with the fury of the desert storm; alone—in the awful darkness it wrapped about her, the darkness of the strange storm and the darkness of the coming night. The frightened, furious horse beneath her terrified her less than the weird, rainless storm that had so swiftly slipped in between her and Mesquite, carrying her away into its unknown domain. Where was he? Aside from the mastering fear that was gaining upon her, spite of her struggle for courage, was a consciousness that more than all else—more than every one else in the world—it was Mesquite she wanted. Had an army ridden down to her rescue she would have turned away from them all to reach out her arms to the boy *vaquero*. Perhaps it was because she had seen his marvelous feats of daring in the saddle (for Mesquite was the star rider of the range), and she felt instinctively that he could help as none others; perhaps it was because of the past days that had so drawn him toward her; perhaps (and most probably) it was because he had but just been at her side. However it might be, she was praying with all her soul for his help—for him to come to her—while mile after mile she rode on, unable to either guide or slacken the pace of her horse. His pace had been terrific; and not until it had carried him out of the line of the storm, and up from the plain into the sand-hills did he lessen his speed. Then the hoofs were dragged down by the heavy sand, and the storm's strength—all but spent—was left away back on the desert.

She felt about her only the softest of west winds; the dust that had strangled her was gone, and in its place was the syringa-like fragrance of the wild, white primroses, strewing the earth as the heavens were strewn with their night blossoms. Just above the purple-black bar of the horizon burned a great blood-red star in the sky. It danced and wavered before her—rising and falling unsteadily—and she realized that her strength was spent, that she was failing. Then, just as the loosened girth let the saddle turn with her swaying body, a hand caught at her bridle-rein, and—

Ah, she was lying sobbing and utterly weak, but unutterably happy, on Mesquite's breast—Mesquite's arms about her! She made no resistance to the passionate kisses the boyish lips laid, half fearfully, on her face. She was only glad of the sweetness of it all; just as the sweetness of the evening primroses (so like the fragrance of jasmine, or tuberoses, or syringa) sunk into her senses. So she rested against his breast, seeing still—through her closed eyelids—the glowing, red star. She was unstrung by the wild ride and the winds that had wrought on her nerves. It made yielding so easy.

At last she drew back from him, and instantly his arms were unclucked. She was free. Not a second of time would he clasp her unwillingly. Neither had spoken. Neither after resetting the saddle, when he took her again in his arms and lifted her, as he would a little child, upon her horse, did they speak. Only when the ranch buildings—outlined against the darkness—showed dimly before them, and they knew that the ride was at an end, did either voice what was uppermost in their minds.

"Yo' don't—Yo' ain't—Oh, my pretty, yo' ain't mad at me, are yo'?"

"No, Mesquite," came the softly whispered answer.

"I'm glad o' that. Shore, I didn't mean fur to go an' do sech a thing; hut—God! I couldn't help it."

But when lifting her down at the ranch-house gate he would have again held her sweetness a moment within his clasp, Miss Glendower (she was once again Miss Glendower of the great world) let her cool, steady voice slip in between: "The letter I got to-night is from the man I am to marry in a week. He will be here to-morrow. But—Mesquite—I want you to know that—I shall always remember this ride of ours. Always."

Mesquite did not answer.

"Good-night, Mesquite," She waited. Still there was no reply.

Mesquite led the horses away, and Miss Glendower turned and went into the house. Being merely an uneducated cowboy, he was remiss in many matters of courtesy.

When Lawrence Irving arrived at the Madison ranch, his host, in the list of entertainment he was offering the Bostonian, promised an exhibition of bronco-riding that should stir even the beat of that serene gentleman's well-regulated pulse.

"This morning," said he, "I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to get my star bronco-huster out for your edification, Lawrence, for the boys are telling me that he's been 'hitting the jug' pretty lively down at the store for the past twenty-four hours (and he's never been much of a drinker, either), but when I told him Miss Glendower wanted to show you the convolutions of a hucking horse, it seemed to soher him up a bit; and he not only promised to furnish the thrills, but to do the business up with all the trimmings—for he's going to ride Sobrepaso, 'the man-killer,' a big, blaze-face sorrel that every *vaquero* in the country has given up unconquered. Mesquite himself refused to mount him again some time ago; hut to-day he is in a humor I can't quite understand—spite of the had whisky he's been trying to get away with—and seems ready to tackle anything."

"I'm grateful to you, Roy, for—"

"Oh, you'll have to thank Audrey for the show. Mesquite is doing it for her sake solely; he has been her abject slave ever since she came."

Both men laughed and looked at Miss Glendower, who did not even smile. It might have been that she did not hear them.

They rose and went out to the shaded piazza, where it was cooler. The heat was making Miss Glendower look pale.

They, and the ranch hands who saw Sobrepaso—the "beautiful red devil" Mrs. Madison called him—brought out into the gray, hard-beaten square that formed the arena, felt a thrill of nervous expectancy—a chilling thrill—as Mesquite made ready to mount. The horse was blindfolded ere the saddle was thrown on; hut with all the fury of a fiend he fought, in turn, blanket, and saddle, and *cincha*. The *jaquima* was slipped on, the stirrups tied together under the horse's belly, and all the while his squeals of rage and maddened snorts were those of an untamed beast that would battle to the death. The blind then was pulled up from his eyes, and, at the end of a sixty-foot *reata*, he was allowed to go bucking and plunging in a fury of uncontrolled wrath around the inclosure. At last, sweating, and with every nerve twitching in his mad hatred of the meddling of man, he was brought to a standstill, and the blind was slipped down once more. He stood with all four feet braced stiffly, awkwardly apart, and his head down, while Mesquite hitched the cartridge-belt (from which hung his pistol's holster) in place; tightened his wide-rimmed battered hat on his head; slipped the strap of his quirt on his wrist; looked again at the fastenings of his big, jingling spurs; and then (with a quick, upward glance at Miss Glendower—the first touched caressingly a little hunch of white primroses he had plucked that morning from their bed in the sand-hills and pinned to the lapel of his unbuttoned vest, before he gathered into his left hand the reins, and made ready for his cat-like spring into place. So, quickly his left foot touched the stirrup, there was the sweep of a long leg thrown across the saddle, a sinuous swing into place, the blind whipped up from the blood-shot eyes, the spurred heels grip on the *cincha*, a shout from the man, a devilish sound from the mustang, and Mesquite was ready for the maddened horse's first upward leap as he went blindly fighting his way around and around the inclosure.

Mesquite sat the infuriated animal as though he himself were but a part of the "man-killer." His seat was superb. Miss Glendower felt a tremor of pride stir her as she watched him, that her lover should witness this matchless horsemanship. She was panting between fear and delight while she watched the boy's face, wearing the sweet, boyish smile—like, yet so unlike, the smile she had come to know in the past weeks—and the yellow curls blowing back from the bared forehead.

Sobrepaso rose in his leaps to great heights, almost falling backward, to plunge forward again, with squeals of rage that he could not unseat his rider. The boy sat there, a king; king of his own little world, while he slapped at his horse's head and withers with the *sombrero* that swung in his hand. Plunging and leaping, around and around, now here and now there, about the inclosure they went, the horse a mad hurricane and his rider a centaur. Mesquite was swayed back and forth, to and fro, hut no surge could unseat him. Miss Glendower grew warm in her joy of him as she looked.

Then, as the "man-killer" gave another great upward leap, the pistol, swinging from Mesquite's belt, was thrown from its holster, and, striking the cantle as it fell, there was a cloud-like puff (not from the dust raised by heating hoofs), and a sound (not the terrible sounds of a maddened horse), and the boy swayed backward with the boyish smile still on his lips, and the wet, yellow curls blowing back from a white forehead that would grow whiter.

Miss Glendower did not faint, neither did she scream; she was one with her emotions held always well in hand, and she expressed the proper amount of regret the occasion required, shuddering a little over its horror. But to this day (and she is Mrs. Lawrence Irving now) she can not look quite steadily at a big red star that sometimes burns in the West at early eve, and the scent of tuberoses, or jasmine, or syringa makes her deathly sick.

IDA H. MEACHAM STROBRIDGE.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1900.

Arthur A. Leeds, of Tioga, met Stephen Crane several years ago under circumstances which showed how little the novelist traded upon the fame that came to him:

"Mr. Leeds got off a train at Delaware Water Gap. The only man on the platform was humped up against the side of the depot, gazing into space. He looked like a farmer's boy. His trousers were baggy, his coat battered, and his hat rowdy.

"Say, carry this stuff to the hotel for me, will you?" asked Mr. Leeds. The man grasped the bags and started in the wake of Mr. Leeds toward the hotel.

"When the hotel was reached, Mr. Leeds lost sight of his porter for a few minutes, while he greeted friends. Looking around for his baggage, he saw the man who had packed it to the hotel sitting on the piazza, with his legs on the railing. He was reading a book.

"Who's that man?" asked Mr. Leeds.

"Oh, that's Stephen Crane, some one said. The next day Crane left the place before Mr. Leeds had an opportunity for explanation."

Signor Constantino Maes, the Italian archaeologist, says that three thousand bronze tables, constituting the records of Rome, from its foundation to the time of Vespasian, are buried in the marsh at Ostia, near Rome, having been carried to Ostia after being rescued from the fire which devoured the capital in the year 69 of the Christian era. Signor Maes suggests that the marsh should be completely drained in order to recover this historic treasure.

Four hundred elk teeth were sold in Spokane, Wash., the other day for \$1,000. The demands of the members of the Order of Elks and the growing scarcity have increased the value of the teeth. Fourteen years ago a Montana man paid only \$80 for an Indian head-dress that contained 800 elk teeth. Last year a similar head-dress containing only 280 teeth sold for \$200.

BURNED IN FLOATING PRISONS.

Great Calamity at the Docks in North River—Three Ocean Steamers Destroyed—Terrible Fate of Officers and Crews—
Heroism and Cruel Greed.

Across the North River, opposite Christopher Street, at the long piers on the Hoboken side, was seen last Saturday afternoon a spectacle that was never equaled in this city, and so terrible that those who saw it can never forget it. The piers were the property of the North German Lloyd Company, the greatest owner of steamships in the world, and at the piers rested four of their finest steamers. Just before the stroke of four there was a puff of smoke from a bale of goods on one of the docks, and then a burst of flame that seemed to sweep half the length of the long pier almost instantly. Within ten minutes the fire had reached the steamers with their open hatches, taking on freight, and great clouds of smoke shot through with red tongues of flame rose up and floated over toward the city. The steamers, all of which were passenger vessels, and filled with hundreds of men and women, officers, deck-hands, freight-handlers, stewards and their help, many visitors, and the engineers, firemen, and coal-passers, who labor far below the water-line, were helpless in that sudden whirlwind of fire.

With the first alarm the two fire-boats, the *Van Wyck* and the *New Yorker*, started for the conflagration, and dozens of tugs steamed up to give what aid was in the power of their masters. The giant *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* was the first to receive assistance. Hawseers were passed to the tugs, and the great vessel was slowly pulled out into the stream, flakes of fire showing all along her sides. The *Bremen* was next to be loosened from her moorings, and the *Saale* moved a few moments later, but both were on fire from bow to stern. The *Main* was even more advanced toward her doom, a furnace, blazing aloft and below, and pouring smoke and flame from every open gangway, hatch, and port.

All this time, above the roar of the flames was heard the screams of frenzied men, women, and children. Many leaped overboard, and for minutes the river was thick with floating bodies, but there were scores who escaped death in the flames only to meet it in the water. Some were helped aboard the tugs, but the crews of these boats were wild with the prospect of possible gain in assisting to save the steamers, and gave little heed to the cries of the drowning. Instances were reported of actual refusals to render aid to those in the water, and efforts to keep the struggling wretches off the boats unless promises of reward were made. It is difficult to credit these stories of inhumanity, but they are supported by good evidence.

Streams of water were soon pouring into the burning vessels. Officers had remained at their posts on all three of the steamships whose destruction was certain, and they lost their lives in trying to save others. But below in each of the doomed vessels were penned up scores who could not escape. The hatches were spouts of fire, and there was no other way. The ports were not large enough to allow the shoulders of even the most slender to pass, and though heads and arms were thrust out, no struggles could avail to enlarge the narrow openings. And so, in the midst of smoke and flame, yet able in many cases to look out upon the faces of willing yet helpless rescuers, within sound of their voices, one after another sank down and perished.

The *Bremen* was towed across the river to the New York side, but burned fiercely in spite of all efforts, and set fire to the pier occupied by the boats of the People's Line. The *Saale* was towed away to the Jersey flats, where she sank. The *Main* was still fast at the pier, but a little before midnight the tugs pulled her out and away to the beach at Weebawken. And here the most wonderful escape of the many took place. Seven hours after the flames had taken possession of the ship, fifteen men crawled out of the blazing ruin. They had been shut up in a coal-bunker in the lowest hold, and had endured indescribable tortures from the heat and smoke. Many above them had been suffocated.

At least four hundred men and women were picked up by the boats in the river, and there were many instances of heroism where rescuers leaped into the water to help the exhausted ones. But most agonizing of all the sights were those before the crews of the tugs as they steamed slowly along the sides of the burning ships and saw the haggard, begrimed, despairing faces and burned and blackened arms thrust from port-holes. One woman sat quietly, praying in a foreign tongue, and when she saw the men on the tug, asked for water. A cup was passed to her and she made a last effort to drain it, but dropped from sight almost as it touched her lips. In another state-room a man sat writing rapidly, and then, as the door sank down, leaving a square of blistering flame, he raised a pistol from the table before him and pulled the trigger with the muzzle touching his forehead.

Rev. John Brosnan, a Catholic priest of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, stood on the bow of a tug and administered the rites of his church to those about to die as the boat passed before the line of ports, every one of which was filled by a terror-stricken face. Crucifix in hand he stood close to the side of the floating, blazing prisons, and held it out to the sufferers, uttering the words of peace and benediction that brought consolation to many.

Not less than two hundred and fifty were lost in the flames or the stream. On Thursday morning will occur the funeral of the victims. The services will be held at Hoffman's morgue, and the procession will move out past the burned piers to Flower Hill Cemetery, where the company owns plots. There are missing from the crews of the three liners one hundred and forty-four, and of these fourteen were women. Pensions will be given under the rules of the company to the families of the officers and members of the crews who perished. The loss to the North German Lloyd Company through this catastrophe is not less than six mil-

ions of dollars, as the vessels alone were worth more than one-half that amount. The tug captains who rendered assistance in towing out the *Kaiser Wilhelm* and the *Bremen* have made claims amounting to a quarter of a million dollars for salvage. Should this figure be approximately correct, a number of the tugs will receive ten thousand dollars for less than an hour's work. The captains of these small but important vessels resent the charges of inhumanity brought against them, and offer one thousand dollars for evidence convicting any officer of cruelty or neglect during the fire.

This morning the rescued *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* sailed for Europe, all traces of her narrow escape from the flames having been removed. Among her ten hundred and thirty-one passengers were three hundred and twenty-nine survivors of the crews of the burned steamships. As they marched down the gang-plank to go aboard, the crowd of spectators broke out in cheers. When the great steamer moved down the river she bore over near the dismantled, twisted, and desolate hull of the *Saale* resting on the bar north of Ellis Island, and the sailors who had once known the wreck as a home stood at the rail and raised their hands to their caps in silent salute as they passed.

The North German Lloyd Company, the oldest and richest of any steamship company in the world, will now have an opportunity to lead in a reform. There is a great outcry against wood piers and wharves, which become soaked with oil and spirits and burn like kindlings, and it is possible that the new piers to replace those in ruins will be built of iron. But it is more than probable that the catastrophe will be forgotten a month hence, and the agitation for life-preserving details die out as the flames died in the hulks resting on the Jersey shore. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 3, 1900.

GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena,
Where among other trophies may be seen
Tassoni's bucket (in its chain it hangs)
Within that reverend tower, the Guilandina,
Stop at a Palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini,
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you—but, before you go,
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray,
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis a Lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious family;
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold
Broder'd with flowers, and clasp'd from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With scripture-stories from the Life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The dual robes of some old Ancestor—
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and you will not,
When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride of an indulgent Father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria.
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preach'd decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the Nuptial Feast,
When all sat down, the Bride herself was wanting.
Nor was she to be found? Her father cried,
"Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And fill'd his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guess'd,
But that she was not!

Wearied of his life,
Francesco fled to Venice, and, embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived—and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perish'd—save a wedding ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra."

There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest bad she conceal'd herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fasten'd her down for ever!—*Samuel Rogers.*

The Sultan possesses no crown, coronation being unknown in Turkey.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ali Ferrouh Bey, the Turkish minister to this country, is a regular member of the Washington Fencing Club, of which Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, is president, and is one of its best swordsmen.

Baron de Schickler, whose horse won the Grand Prix, is one of the most popular sportsmen in France, and one of the luckiest. In 1868, when he won the Prix de l'Empereur with Suzerain, Napoleon the Third, in congratulating him, said: "You must go on breeding horses like that." "I will, your majesty," replied the baron; and he has kept his promise, for four Grand Prix stand to his credit.

The German emperor has not yet been crowned, although he has reigned for twelve years. It has now been settled that the two-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the kingdom of Prussia is to be celebrated at Königsberg by the coronation of his majesty and the empress, and the festival will last for a week. All European sovereigns will be invited to the ceremony, which will be of magnificent description.

Considerable interest attaches to the personality and history of Wu Ting Fang, Chinese minister to the United States, who is a dignitary of importance in his own country as well as here. His appointment to his present post bore more than ordinary political significance, because he plays a prominent part in the liberal party of China. He represents the progressive element among his countrymen. Minister Wu studied law for four years in London and was admitted as barrister in the Inner Temple. He speaks English with ease and fluency.

When one of the Utah delegates-at-large to the National Democratic Convention at Kansas City fell by the wayside, Mrs. Joseph M. Cohen, a Gentile of that State, was unanimously chosen by the vote of the Utah delegation to sit in his place. She enjoys the distinction, therefore, of being the first woman ever to sit in a convention nominating candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. It is said that when the enthusiasm broke forth upon the nomination of Bryan, she waved a little flag, screamed and applauded like any man, and joined the continual wheel procession that went round and round the floor.

A story illustrating the democratic simplicity of the King of Sweden and Norway is told in the *Echo de Paris* by M. Gaston Bonnier, the botanist. M. Bonnier was botanizing near Stockholm, when he met a stranger similarly occupied. The two fraternized, and M. Bonnier suggested that they should lunch together at an inn. "No, come home and lunch with me instead," said the stranger; and he led the way to the palace and opened the gate. M. Bonnier was naturally astonished; but his new acquaintance was most apologetic. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I happen to be the king of this country, and this is the only place I've got to entertain anybody in." So they went in, and lunched and talked hotly together all the afternoon.

William Ashmead-Bartlett Burdett-Coutts, whose letters from South Africa describing the neglect of soldier patients in hospitals have stirred the Tory ranks of England, is American born, having Plymouth, Mass., for his birthplace. He is now forty-nine years old. After he made England his home, he was educated at Torquay and at Keble College, Oxford, where he won a scholarship. He was elected member of Parliament for Westminster in 1885, and sat for that constituency a number of years. In 1881 he was married to the aged Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who was thirty-seven years his senior. His American name, Bartlett, he altered at the desire of his wife to hers. For a time the funny journals referred to them jocularly as "the Bartlett pair," but by actively aiding his philanthropic wife in continuous good deeds, he has lived down the joke of his adoption and marriage.

An interesting London libel suit, which has been on trial in the court of Lord Russell of Killowen, the lord chief justice, resulted on June 26th in Prince Charles De Looz of Corswaren, the heir presumptive of one of the leading families of the Continent and a direct descendant of the Spanish King Charles the Fourth, getting a farthing damages against a newspaper which had included him among a list of alleged convicts wearing coronets. The paper referred to, one of Sir George Newnes's publications, said that De Looz was among twenty thousand aristocrats occupying European prison cells. The latter sued for twenty-five thousand dollars damages, and Sir George Newnes paid forty shillings into court as sufficient to compensate the prince for any damage done to his character, claiming that if the prince was not in prison he had at least been convicted of swindling lodging-house keepers in Paris on the false pretense that he was about to marry the wealthy Princess Demidoff.

Professor D. A. Kent, who has recently been appointed chief adviser of the Turkish Government on all matters relating to the development of agriculture and forestry in the Sultan's domain, is a resident of Jewell, Ia. Professor Kent has received notification from the Turkish minister at Washington that his term of service will commence at an early date, and that he will be expected to remain in Turkey five years. The appointment came to the professor through the good offices of Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson. The Sultan wrote Secretary of State Hay asking him to advise him where to find the best man for the position. Secretary Hay referred the matter to Secretary Wilson, and he selected Professor Kent. The latter has served many years in the Iowa Agricultural College at Ames. He entered this college in 1870, and was one of the first students to graduate from the institution. He became an instructor in the college in 1890, and eventually left to develop sixteen hundred acres of land near Mud Lake, Northern Iowa. As a writer on agricultural subjects Professor Kent is known throughout the United States.

THE LOVE OF A STATESMAN.

Pictures of Washington Society in "Senator North"—Mrs. Atherton Describes the Course of a Passion in a Political Field.

The heroine of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's latest novel, "Senator North," is a more attractive figure than the hero, for he is a man beyond middle age, and married, but he is a leading figure in the Senate, and his ability is acknowledged. The story has mainly to do with their acquaintance, friendship, and love, and many of the scenes display the hardly restrained passion that moves most of Mrs. Atherton's characters. Betty Madison is the daughter of a widow, wealthy, and prominent in the most select circles of society in the national capital. She has passed the years of girlhood, and is old enough to know what she wants when she announces a new determination to her mother:

"I see you are afraid I am going to marry an Oriental minister or something. I hear that one is looking for an American with a million. Well, I am going to do something you will think even worse. I am going in for politics."

"You are going to do what?" Mrs. Madison's voice was nearly inaudible between relief and horrified surprise, but her eyes flew open. "Do you mean that you are going to vote?—or run for Congress?—but women don't sit in Congress, do they?"

"Of course not. Do you know I think it quite shocking that we have lived here in the very brain of the United States all our lives and know less of politics than if we were Indians in Alaska?" This is the whole point I can't and won't go back to what I left here two years ago. My day for platitudes and pouring tea for men who are contemptible enough to make society their profession is over. I am going to know the real men of my country. It is incredible that there are not men in that Senate as well worth talking to as any I met in England. The other day I picked up a bound copy of the *Congressional Record* in a book-shop. It was frantically interesting."

"It must have been I. But, my dear—of course I understand, darling, your desire for a new intellectual occupation; you always were so clever—but you can't, you really can't, know these men. They are—they are—politicians. We never have known politicians. They are dreadful people, who have come from low origins, and would probably call me 'marm'."

"You are all wrong, Molly. I bought a copy of the 'Congressional Directory' a day or two ago, and have read the biography of every senator. Nine-tenths of them are educated men; if only a few attended the big universities, the rest went to the colleges of their State. That is enough for an American of brains. And most of them are lawyers; others served in the war, and several have distinguished records. They can not be bores, whether they have blue blood in them or not."

A few days later Betty seizes her first opportunity. She meets Lady Mary Montgomery at a reception:

Lady Mary's tired, white face had set into an almost mechanical smile, but as her eyes met Betty's they illumined with sudden interest and her hard-worked muscles relaxed.

"You are Betty Madison?" she exclaimed. And as the two girls shook hands they conceived one of those sudden and violent friendships which are so full of interest while they last.

"How awfully good of you to call so soon!" continued Lady Mary, after Betty had expatiated upon her long-cherished desire for this meeting. "I hoped you would, although Miss Carter rather frightened me with her account of your mother's aversion to political people. But they have all been so good to me—all your delightful set." She lowered her voice, which had rung out for a moment in something of its old style, albeit platitudes had worn upon its edges. "I couldn't stand just this—although I must add that many of the official women are charming and have the most stunning manners; but many are the reverse, and unfortunately I can't pick and choose. It seems that when one gets into politics in this country that is the end of nine-tenths of one's personal life; and Washington is certainly the headquarters of democracy. Here every American really does feel that he is as good as every other American; I wish to heaven he didn't."

"Washington is a democracy with a kernel of the most exclusive aristocracy," said Betty, with a laugh. "Some one has said that it is the drawing-room of the republic. It is the hotel drawing-room with a Holy of Holies opening upon the area. I'm sick of the Holy of Holies, and I've never enjoyed a half-hour so much as while I've been looking on here—waiting for you to be disengaged."

"Oh, this is nothing. You must let me take you to a large evening reception. That is really interesting, for you see so many famous people. Can't you dine with me to-morrow? We've a big political dinner on. About fifteen members of a Senate and a House committee, that are deliberating a very important bill, are coming. Senator North—he is well worth meeting—is chairman of the Senate committee, and my husband, although a new member, stands very high with the chairman of his committee, most of whom are old members of the House. Senator Ward also will be here. Do come, if you have nothing more important on hand. I can easily get another member of the House committee."

"Come! I'd break twenty engagements to come." Betty's eyes sparkled, and she lifted her head with a motion peculiar to her when reminded that she was the favored of gods.

At this dinner Betty meets the New England senator, who attracts her from the first, and upon whose life her influence is soon felt:

The two men fell into conversation with one another, and Betty turned her attention to Senator North. He was standing alone for the moment, glancing about the room. His attitude was one of absolute repose; he did not look as if he ever had hurried or wasted his energies or lost his self-control in his life. His face was impenetrable; his eyes, black and piercing, were wholly without that limpidity which reveals depths and changes of expression; his mouth was somewhat contemptuous, and betrayed neither tenderness nor humor. If possible, he stood even more squarely on his feet than the other men. He had the powerful, thick-set figure which invariably harbors strong passions.

"I don't know whether I like him or not," thought Betty. "I think I don't—but perhaps I do. He might be made of New England rock, and he looks as if he could swallow him before he'd yield an inch. But I can feel his magnetism over here. Why have all these men so much magnetism? Is that, too, senatorial?"

Senator North caught her eye at the moment, and turned at once to Lady Mary. A moment later he had been presented to Betty, and they stood alone.

"I once mended your hoop for you, when you were a little girl, just in front of your house; but I am afraid you have forgotten it."

"Oh—I think I do remember it. Yes—I do." She evoked the incident out of the mists of childish memories. "Was it you? I am afraid I was looking harder at the hoop than at its mender. But—I recall—I thought how kind you were."

And then he inquired for her mother, and spoke pleasantly of his own and his wife's acquaintance with Mrs. Madison at Bar Harbor. Betty wondered afterward why she had thought his face repellent. His eyes defied investigation, but his mouth relaxed into a smile that was very kind, and his voice had almost a caress in it. But at the moment she was too eager to hear him express himself to receive a strong personal impression, and while she was casting about in her mind for a leader, she was obliged to give him her hand.

"Good night," she said, with a little pout, "I am so sorry."

"So am I," he said, smiling and shaking her hand. "Good night. I shall look forward to meeting you again soon."

The second meeting follows shortly. Betty had gone into the Senate gallery, and the senator came up to speak to her:

"But tell me, Mr. North," said Betty, squaring about and putting her questions so pointedly that he, perforce, must answer them, "would you really not like to make a speech down there that would thrill the nation, as the speeches of Clay and Webster used to? And you could make a speech like that. Why don't you?"

"My dear Miss Madison, if I attempted to thrill the American people by lofty emotions and an impassioned appeal to their higher selves, I should only bring down a storm of ridicule from seven-eighths of the American press. . . . An American statesman of to-day must be content to legislate quietly, to use his intellect and his patriotism in the committee-room, and to keep a sharp eye on the bills brought forward by other committees. As for speeches, those look best in the *Record* which make no appeal to the gallery. There, you can not say I have not made you a speech!"

"Well, make me another, and tell me why you even consider the power of the press. I mean, how you bring yourself even to think about it. You have defied public opinion more than once. You have stood up and told your own State that it was wrong and that you would not legislate as it demanded. I am sure you would defy the whole country, if you felt like it."

"Ah, that is another matter. The hard-headed American respects honest convictions, especially when they are maintained in defiance of self-interest. I never shall lose my State by an unwavering policy, however much I may irritate it for the moment. I could a heterogeneous Western State, of course, but not a New England one. We are a conservative, strong-willed race, and we despise the waverer. We are hard because it has always been a hard struggle for survival with us. Therefore we know what we want, and we have no desire to change when we get it. There goes the bell for executive session. You and I must go our different ways."

Senator North took dinner with the Madisons, then came twice a week regularly to see Betty. She played for him, and they talked on many subjects in which they discovered a common interest, usually avoiding politics:

"Have you loved many women?" asked Betty, without preamble.

He stood up and turned his back to the fire. Betty noted again how squarely he planted himself on his feet.

"A few," he said, bluntly; "not many. I have not overworked my intuitive faculty, if that is what you mean. I was not thinking of myself when I spoke."

He stared down at her for a few moments, during which it seemed to Betty that the air vibrated between them. Her breath began to shorten, and she dropped her eyes, lest their depths reveal the spark which was active enough in her.

"Will you play for me?" he asked. "I lost a little girl a few years ago who played well, although she was only sixteen. I have disliked the piano ever since, but I should like to hear you play."

She played to him for an hour, with tenderness, passion, and brilliancy. A gift had been cultivated by the best masters and hours of patient study.

When he thanked her and rose to go, and she put her hand in his, her face expressed all the bright earnestness of genuine friendship; there was not a sparkle of coquetry in her eyes.

"Will you come in often on your way home when you are tired and would like to forget bills and things, and let me play to you? I won't talk—you must get so tired of voices!—and the practice will do me good."

"Of course I will come. The pleasantest thing in life is a charming woman's face at the close of a busy day. Good-by."

When he had gone, Betty got into the depths of a chair and covered her eyes with her hand. For the first time she knew out of her own experience that love means a greater want than the satisfaction of the eye and mind. She would have given anything but her inherited ideals of right and wrong if he had come back and taken her in his arms and kissed her; and she loved him with adoration that he did not, that in all probability he never would; that although he had the great passions which stimulate all great brains, the inflexible honor which his State had rewarded and never questioned for thirty-five years must make short work of struggles with the ordinary temptations of man.

The evenings in Betty's houroir became a regular thing:

He talked to her sometimes about his family life. His wife had been a beautiful and accomplished girl, the daughter of a governor of his State, and he had married her when he was twenty-four. She had been a great help to him, both at home and in Washington, during those years when he needed help. She had not broken down until after the birth of his daughter, but that was twenty years ago, and she had been an invalid ever since. He spoke of this long period of imperfect happiness in a matter-of-fact way, and Betty assumed that by this time he was used to it. He alluded to his wife once as "a very dear old friend," but Betty guessed that she was nearly obliterated from his life. Of his sons he expected great things, but the larger measure of his affections had been given to his daughter, or it seemed so, now that he had lost her.

During the last week of the session he saw him from the Senate gallery only, but she consoled herself by admiring the cool deliberation with which he worked his bills through, with Populists thundering on either side of him.

The Madisons go to the Adirondacks for the summer, and it chances that Senator North spends his vacation in the same neighborhood. They soon meet, and by Betty's invitation:

He stood watching her as she rowed toward him, and she was sure that she made a charming picture out on that great, dark lake below the pines. The forest rose almost straight behind him, but she knew the winding paths which made ascent easy, and many a dry, leafy platform, where one might sit. A hundred times she had imagined herself in that forest with him; its dim-cast solitude had become almost his permanent setting in her fancy. But as the boat grazed the shore, she said, hurriedly:

"Get in and let us float about. I am sure it is cold in there. I am so glad to see you again."

As her hands were occupied, he took the seat in the stern at once, and she pulled out a few yards, then crossed her oars.

"You see, I have obeyed orders," he said, smiling. "Fortunately, I am an early riser, particularly in the country."

"I thought the change would do you good. It must be hot in Washington."

"It is frightful."

He looked as well as usual, however, and his thin gray clothes became his spare though thick-set figure. He was smiling humorously into Betty's eyes, but his own were impenetrable. They might harbor the delight of a lover at a precious opportunity, or the amusement of a man of the world. But there was no doubt that he was glad to see her and that he appreciated the picture she made.

"I hope I never may see you in anything but white again," he said. "You are a gracious vision to conjure up on stifling afternoons in the Senate."

Betty did not want to talk about herself. "Tell me the news," she said. "How is that tariff bill going?"

It is during this meeting that the feeling that has grown up between the two is first discussed frankly:

She dropped her hands. "Yes," she said, "I'd rather suffer anything; I'd rather make myself over than do without you. And I couldn't, I couldn't! Every least thing that happens, I want to go straight to you about it. I know that trouble is ahead, although I haven't admitted it before. I want you in every way! In every way! And I can't even have you in that. I never will speak like this again, but I'd like you to know. If you love me, you must know how terrible it is. I am not a child. I am twenty-seven years old."

"I know," he replied; and for a few moments he said no more, but looked down into the water.

"I am not a believer in people parting because they can't have everything," he continued, finally. "It is only the very young who do that. They take the thing tragically; passion and disappointment trample down common sense. If love is the very best thing in life, it is not the only thing. Every time I have seen you I have wanted to take you in my arms, and yet I have enjoyed every moment spent in your presence. The thought of giving you up is intolerable. We both are old enough to control ourselves. And I believe that any habit can be acquired."

"And will you never take me in your arms? Have I got to go through life without that? I must say everything to-day—I will row out into the middle of the lake, if you like, but I must know that."

"You can stay here. There are certain things that no man can say, Betty, even to the most loved and trusted of women. The only answer that I can make to your question is, that if I find I must leave you, I certainly shall take you in my arms once."

"Are you sorry I told you I loved you? Would it be easier if I had not?"

"Probably. But I am not sorry! Love can give happiness even when one is denied the expression of it."

"I never intended to tell you. I was afraid if I did you would leave me at once."

"So I should if you were not—you. But I should think myself a fool if I did not attempt to achieve the second best. I may fail, but I shall try. And life is made up of compromises."

After the return to Washington Betty plans a *salon*, and her wishes are furthered by the friends she has made among the congressmen. This is a scene from her first formal dinner:

No one was more than ten minutes late, and at eight o'clock the party was seated about the great round table in the dining-room.

Senator North sat on Betty's right, Senator Ward on her left. Next to that astute diplomatist was the lady in azure and white, whom he admired profoundly and understood thoroughly. She never knew the latter half of his attitude, however. He was a gallant American, and delighted to indulge a pretty woman in her fads and ambitions. Mrs. Madison achieved resignation between the Speaker of the House and Senator Maxwell, and Sally Carter was paired with Senator March.

Betty had meditated several hours over the placing of her guests, and had invited as many pretty and charming women as the matrimonial entanglements of her statesmen would permit. Fortunately it was early in the year, and a number of wives had tarried behind their husbands. The family portraits on the dark old walls had not looked down upon so brilliant a gathering for half a century, and Betty's eyes sparkled, and she lifted her head, her nostrils dilating. The light in her inner life burned low, and her brain was luminous with the excitement of the hour. And he was beside her: there really was no cause for repining. It was Senator Ward at one end of the table and Burleigh at the other who finally started the topic of Miss Madison's intended *salon*, not only that those unacquainted with her ambition might be enlightened, but that the great intention should receive a concrete form without further delay. A half-hour later, when the women left the table, Betty had the satisfaction of knowing that whatever the final result of her venture, her stand was as fully recognized as if she had written a book and found a publisher and critics to advertise her.

That it was not owing altogether to her desire for a prominent place that Betty planned the entertainment is proved by this interlude:

After a few minutes he was able to talk apart with Betty. They moved gradually toward the end of the room and sat down on a small sofa.

"I am glad you came to-night," she said; "it was my impulse to go to you when I heard how the vote had gone."

"I knew it," he replied, "and if I could have come straight up here to the old room, I should have hung up the vote with my overcoat in the hall."

He looked harassed, and his eyes, while they had lost nothing of their magnetic power, were less calmly penetrating than usual. They looked as if their fires had been unloosed more than once of late and were under indifferent control.

"You will not come to that room again!"

"No. And I shall soon cease to come here at all except on Thursdays."

"You almost have done that now. I think I get more satisfaction watching you from the gallery than anything else. You look very calm and senatorial, and you always are standing some one in a corner who is trying to make a speech."

"I am relieved to know that I do not inspire the amazement of my colleagues. It is a long while since I have felt calm and senatorial, however. But these are days for alertness of mind, and even the most distracting of women must be shut up in her cupboard and forgotten for a few hours every day."

"I think I rather like that."

"Of course you do. A woman always likes a strong lover. And you have plenty of revenge, if you did but know."

"I know," she said; and as she raised her eyes and looked at him steadily, he believed her.

"Tell me, at least, that you miss coming to that room—I want to hear you say it."

"Good God!"

Betty caught her breath. But when women feel fire between their fingers, and are reckless before the swift approach of a greater wretchedness than that possessing them, they are merciless to themselves and the man.

"Can you stay away?" she whispered. "Can you?"

"It is the one thing I can do."

"Do you realize what you are saying?—that you have put me aside forever? Are you willing to admit that it is all over? How am I to live on and on and on? Can you fancy me alone next summer in the Adirondacks?"

"Hush! hush! Do you wish me to come? Answer me honestly, without any feminine subterfuge."

"No. I do not."

"And I should not come if you did, for I know the price we both should pay better than you do, and only complete happiness could justify such a step. You and I could find happiness in marriage only—we both demand too much! But I also know that the higher faculties of the mind do not always prevail, and I shall not see you alone again."

She pushed him further. "You take this philosophically because you have loved before and recovered. You feel sure that no love lasts."

"When a man loves as I love you, he has no past. There are no experiences alive in his memory to help him to philosophy. With all the world the last love is the only love. As for myself, I shall not love again and I shall not recover."

Many of the moving scenes in the Senate at the time of the excitement preceding the declaration of war against Spain are described, for Betty was an interested spectator. But there are other interests. A proposal from a senator, which is accepted as an escape from her infatuation for Senator North, and then broken when its impossibility becomes apparent, follows. Then comes the death of Mrs. North, the invalid wife, and a few months afterward another meeting of the lovers in the Northern retreat:

She rowed swiftly across the lake. It was almost June now, and the warmth of summer was in the air, the paler greens among the grim old trees of the forest. The birds had come from the south, and were singing to the accompaniment of the pines, the roar of distant cataracts; and yet the world seemed still. The stars were white and faint, the moon was tangled in a tree-top on the highest peak.

He might have been the only man awake as he stood with the forest behind him, and she recalled her fancy that although her horizon was thick with flying mist, his figure stood there, immovable, always. He looked as if he had not moved since he stood there last, but the mist was gone.

"I have on a white frock, and a blue ribbon in my hair," she said, nervously, but smiling, "else I could not have forgotten that a year has come and gone."

He, too, was smiling. "I think it is the only year we ever shall want to forget," he said. And he bowed up the lake.

This is the end of the story, and the reader is left to imagine that Betty and her elderly lover marry and live happily ever after.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

LITERARY NOTES.

Love and War in Wall Street.

Novelists and playwrights make frequent use of the great interests and exciting scenes of Wall Street and the Stock Exchange, but it is not often effective. The battle is too far away. The booming of the guns is heard and the smoke of the powder is seen, but the results must be imagined. Even when one is near enough to look down upon the confusion and conflict, it is hard to realize that the scene means death and destruction to many. The wounds and fatalities are not discovered by the spectator. Without knowledge of the causes that bring on the struggle, without personal interest in the combatants, the field and its engagements do not stir the feelings. In "The Banker and the Bear," Henry Kitchell Webster's latest story, these difficulties are overcome. The author describes the inclinations and development of his characters, and writes the history of the institutions with which they are identified before the time of stress, and, when the crisis approaches, the desire to see the opposing forces meet, to bear the crash, is fully aroused.

In spite of its familiar and thorough treatment of banking houses and methods, and of speculative interests and their various connections, Mr. Webster's story is never dull. Its figures are alive and forceful. They dominate the situation, and while one realizes that the stage-settings are complete and practicable, the attention is not distracted by them. The story of the bank controlled for two generations by Bagsbury & Co., is attractive in itself, but the cold, inflexible old man who founded it, and the ambitious, wary, yet impulsive son who followed him, have a more compelling interest. Melville Sponeley, the keen, courageous, unfeeling speculator, and Curtin, his weak-minded instrument, are portraits from life. There is a bright young woman, Dick Haselridge, who plays more than an ordinary part in this drama of New York business circles, and the wife of the speculator and the wife of the banker are contrasts that appeal with force when the light falls upon them.

It is a good story told in a direct, vigorous way. Many of the scenes are dramatic, but there is seldom a touch of melodrama. Even when the positions are familiar they are sketched with an art that lifts them above the commonplace. Among realistic studies of modern life it deserves a prominent place for its truth, its force, and its attractiveness.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

When the Prince of Orange Came Over.

Ronald MacDonald has done well in his first novel, "The Sword of the King," and his task was not an easy one. The story is told by Philippa, daughter of Sir Michael Drayton and wife of Major Edward Croyston, in the closing years of the seventeenth century, and her words and phrases have the flavor of old-time records. The fair historian was the true child of a martial sire, and it was her spirit and loyalty that won the favor on which the story is builded.

When William of Orange came to England, Sir Michael Drayton was among the first to offer him allegiance, but he was too old to do battle, and he had no son at home to bear his father's sword. Philippa in sport dons the suit of a brother who fell at Salisbury, and on her favorite horse drills the awkward men who are to serve under the banner of the prince. By a sudden turn of events she is thrust forward into action, and chances to interpose her weapon in time to save the royal aspirant from a blow that might have been fatal. The prince rewards her with his own sword, offered to replace the one broken in her hands, and vows to grant any favor its bearer may ask at any time. Before the day is over the masquerading girl puts him to the test, for her lover, already among William's supporters, is charged with treachery, and seemingly the evidence is strong against him. The prince hardly keeps his word, and the coil becomes serious, but Philippa's beauty and wit save the cause in the end, and the captain is restored to favor.

In manner and in matter the book might well be the work of such a woman as Philippa—no tender maiden, governed by sickly sentiment, but a brave and ready daughter of a house that had been true to the king's cause from the beginning. The first picture of her childhood days is drawn with art, yet with almost too great a richness of detail, and in many of those that follow there is a feminine inconsequence and amplifying that might be wearisome were it not so well done. But as a whole the story wins regard, and its charms are distinctive.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Comprehensive Work of Reference.

"The International Year Book" is a volume of nearly nine hundred pages, and has twenty-six fine illustrations and a dozen maps corrected by comparison with the latest surveys. The work is arranged alphabetically with subject titles on the top of pages, greatly facilitating the prompt discovery of the article desired. Every paragraph has been written with care, and each article revised by the editor, Frank Moore Colby, professor of economics in New York University, with the consulting editor, Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University.

Among the contributors to the volume are Professors Carpenter, Day, Norris, and Jacoby, of Columbia University; Dr. Reis, of Cornell University; Professor Paton, of the Wesleyan University; Dr. Benjamin, of the United States Natural Museum; Esther Singleton, Dr. H. L. Clark, of Olivet College; Charles E. Hill, C. E.; M. N. Baker, Ph. B.; Wilfrid Lay, Ph. D.; Hutchins Haggood, and Dr. Frederic Tabor Cooper.

This is the second edition of the work, and it is a complete and down-to-date compendium of the world's progress. To political leaders, journalists, men of affairs, and citizens who want to have a hook at elbow that is trustworthy for reference, a comprehensive compend of the condition of the world, of recent great events, of movements in all departments of human activity, this book can be commended. The book is more than its title indicates, and of a higher order than most year-books hitherto. The aim has been at solidity, and the general tone is that of a serious work—encyclopedia rather than annual. History in all branches of progress, from discovery to literature, is noted with brevity and understanding, and in biography there are many valuable essays. There are especially excellent articles on astronomy, psychology, philology, archaeology, geology, and biology.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Century Company announces the discovery of a new romantic novelist in a young New Yorker, Bertha Runkle, whose maiden effort is to be the Century's leading piece of fiction for the next eight months, beginning in the August number. It is described as a dramatic romance of love and adventure, and is entitled "The Helmet of Navarre." The scene is Paris during the siege by Henry of Navarre, and the action occupies but four days.

The third edition of James Lane Allen's tale of the Kentucky hemp-fields, "The Reign of Law," is already in preparation.

F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "In the Palace of the King," is about to begin a serial appearance in the London *Sphere*. Lorrimer Stoddard is said to have created an exceptionally strong play out of Crawford's novel, which is to be used next season by Viola Allen. He has made a good many changes in the story.

Mrs. Oliphant's "Personal Memoirs of Queen Victoria" is now finding serial publication in England in twenty-nine shilling parts.

W. E. Norris, author of "Matrimony" and "Mademoiselle de Mersac," recently completed a new novel, which will be called "The Flower of the Floak." This story will be published about August first by D. Appleton & Co.

Ernest Vizetelly is shortly to present a new translation of Zola's "Germinal," which will be published in London by Chatto & Windus. Several New York publishers are said to be bidding for the book.

Cy Warman has written a new volume of stories for publication in the fall, entitled "Short Rails."

A book of short stories, by Quiller-Couch, is scheduled for publication in September. "Q" calls his new volume "Profitable Ghosts," which suggests the spirit world from a new point of view.

Morley Roberts is early in the field with a Boer war novel. It is called "The Fugitives," and will be brought out next month.

A new book by Gilbert Parker, entitled "The Lane That Has No Turning," will be published soon.

Excellent character sketches of both the Republican and Democratic Presidential nominees will be found in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for July. Dr. Charles B. Spahr writes of Mr. Bryan and the principles that he represents, while a friend of President McKinley tells of his personal traits and the record made by his administration.

The Appletons have in press a new novel, "The Girl at the Halfway House," by E. Hough, author of the "Story of the Cowboy," which received strong commendation when first published. It deals with scenes during the days of pioneer life in the West.

Since the appearance of "Aylwin," the reading public has been eagerly awaiting the advent of Theodore Watts-Dunton's "Reminiscences." It will be an especially interesting volume, for he was an intimate friend of Swinburne, Rossetti, Tennyson, and the whole group of later Victorian poets and writers.

Jane Barlow has written a volume of short stories, which will be brought out under the title of "Another Creel of Irish Stories." Miss Barlow, whose inimitable tales of the peasant classes have won distinction for her, will be especially remembered as the author of "Irish Idylls" and "Bogland Studies."

Mark Twain is expected shortly at his old home in Hartford. He has now been traveling abroad for several years. To a friend who asked him recently if he did not enjoy traveling, he replied, tersely: "No, I don't. I do it for the sake of my family.

If I had my way, I'd settle in one spot and never move. In fact, I can't understand how any writer can be persuaded to move of his own accord. Old Bunyan was in luck when they threw him into prison. If I had been in his place, they'd never have got me out."

LATE VERSE.

The Poet's Lay.

He that has sipped from the honey-cell,
O listen him, and wish him well!
His are the thoughts that live with roses,
With cloud-shapes where the sun-gate closes;
The glintings through green summer leaves
Are in the measures that he weaves;
There all the secrets murmured, purled
By brooks, or in the rosebud curled,
Or in the winds of the nesting-tree,
Not sleep can keep from melody.
Light fancy has he, frail and fair,
Like the orchid, rooted in the air;
And yet so searching is his art,
Gray earth grows happy at her heart,
And wonders he, the while he sings,
At strangest bright, eternal things.
The accent is not all his own,
Betimes the god sings on alone.
—John Vance Cheney in *Atlantic Monthly*.

The Poet's Bequest.

With all its leafy voices spake to me
My guardian tree,
As I sat dreaming in my shady seat:
"I shall outlive thee."
Then answered I, dream-fashion, as was meet:
"This charge I give thee:
Make, then, his dreams as pleasant and as sweet,
Who shall hereafter fill this shady seat,
As mine for me,
Thou long-outliving, kindly, dooryard tree!"
With fragrant sighing, as I passed her place,
And half-bid face,
The wild rose spake beside the crumbling wall:
"I shall outlive thee."
Then I (as one who heeds a far-sent call):
"A charge I give thee,
O rose, solace and peace to him befall
(As once to me) who, by this crumbling wall,
Shall feel the grace
Of unknown things in thine averted face!"
Wherefore this legend do I leave for him
Who here outlives me:
"I drank the cup of joy, filled to the brim;
Nothing misgives me.
Drink thou thereof; and all once mine be thine;
Then, in thy turn, as glad the cup resign."
—Edith M. Thomas in *July Century Magazine*.

Kipling's New Story.

The title of Kipling's new story, "The Kim of the Rishti," has been the occasion of much comment, but no effort seems to have been made to interpret it as the author intended. "Kim" is short for Kimball, which is the name of a little boy who is the son of a "Tommy Atkins" in India, and who has been brought up in the barracks. Rishti signifies surroundings or quarters; so, after all, there is nothing very weird or mysterious about the name of the forthcoming book. Mr. Kipling has spent seven years in writing this story, hence critics are debarred at once from accusing him of pot-boiling in this instance. "Kim" is known by the natives as "Little Friend of all the World," and the chief theme of the tale is the search made by a Llama priest for the river of life. "Kim of the Rishti" is not completed as yet, and will not appear in book-form until the fall of 1901.

The mysterious Fiona Macleod, like W. B. Yeats, George Moore, and others in the group of young Irish writers, is giving serious attention to the drama. She is said to have three plays under construction. One, if not all of them, will probably be produced by the Irish Literary Theatre next winter.

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"No need to say that it abounds in very fine passages, descriptions, and delicate touches. . . . The book is worth reading for his pictures of trees and animals alone, even if it were not for many other things."
—JOSEPH E. CHAMBERLAIN, EVENING TRANSCRIPT, Boston.

PUBLISHED JULY 2.

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—SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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seems by the dignity of its treatment, by its tense drama, tender pathos, and narrow approach to tragedy to be a story that has long been waiting for a perfect artist to interpret it in the true way."
—THE NEWS.

THE THIRD EDITION.

IN PREPARATION.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

LITERARY NOTES.

"In Circling Camps."

Good novels of the Civil War are rare, but Joseph A. Altsheler has achieved a distinct success in his latest romance, "In Circling Camps," built on the adventures of a young Kentuckian, who sees Lincoln inaugurated and then enlists on the Union side, while all his friends are firm for the Southern cause. The views of Washington during the anxious days when the Republican President elect was awaited in the national capital are impressive, and the description of that dispiriting inauguration is a graphic presentation of an historic event. The author has shown in earlier works his skill in sketches of battle scenes, but his stories of Shiloh and Gettysburg in this volume are stronger than anything he has done. The career of the young soldier who writes the record bore him through campaigns with the armies of the Tennessee, the Ohio, and the Potomac, and it was his fortune to meet many of the inspiring figures of the great conflict. Grant, Lee, and Jackson were seen at close quarters and described, and the strength of the figure that overshadowed all the great captains is shown in a clear light.

The romantic interest of the story is not wanting. A lovely girl who is admired by a young officer among the Confederates is the heroine, and her escape from those who guard her, the hurried marriage by night to the Union soldier who rescues her, their long ride through the mountains and forest wilderness, their capture, and her fearless and successful dash for liberty, are among the striking episodes of those trying times. There are many other figures who have a telling influence on the course of events, among them a typical private soldier of the regular army who had served his country for thirty years, and could find no pleasure when he was not wearing uniform.

The tone of the work is one that recommends it to all readers. It is loyal but never hither, and its recognition of true courage and manliness wherever manifested is instant and positive. Its portraits of the great leaders are drawn with firm lines and in fairness. It is a romance, but its history is true, and its philosophy shows no tinge of partisan feeling.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

An April Romance of the New Virginia.

There is in "The Heart's Highway," the latest novel from the husky pen of Mary Wilkins, little of the humor, grim or quaint, that marks the stories and sketches whose scenes are laid in the New England she knows so well, yet the tale is not a sad one, though a dark shadow hangs over its hero almost to the end. The Jamestown colony in Virginia, in the spring of 1682, are the place and time chosen for this romance, and the story is told by Harry Wingfield, tutor to Mary Cavendish. Bacon's Rebellion is still a tender memory with those who have prominent places in the chronicle, and the indignation of those who resent the enforcement of King James's Navigation Act is about to bring on another outbreak. Mary Cavendish, an heiress in her own right, but the ward of Madam Judith, a stern old royalist, heads a plot against the law and authority of the province, and the opening chapter describes the arrival of powder and bullets from England, shipped in secretly in cases supposed to contain finery for the young lady's own needs, but intended for use against the militia when the uprising takes place.

The tutor is forced into the plot by his love and position of trust, for he fears that Mary will be compromised by her rash undertaking. Near as he is to the beautiful, capricious, and spirited young woman, and dear as she is to him, Wingfield is restrained from open expression of his desires and intentions, as he is a convict, has been transported from the mother country for a mysterious felony, yet is kept in Madam Judith's house, treated as an English gentleman, and believed in by the girl he has known since she was a child. Catherine Cavendish, an older sister of Mary, and Sir Humphrey Hyde, who tries to win the heiress, and who is aided by Wingfield, in despair of the possibility of his own dreams coming true, are the other figures whose interests are most nearly connected with those of the hero and heroine. But many other characters are introduced, and they are all in harmony with their surroundings.

There are some pretty pictures of a Virginia spring-time, with sunshine and the fragrance of honey locusts and peach-blossoms over and through them, and there are gloomier views, and the clash of swords and the flash of fire-arms. The colors are brighter, the shadows darker than usual with Miss Wilkins, but the painter's art is the same.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Principles of Government for a Hundred Years.

The new era of justice, equality, and liberty dawning upon the oppressed and suffering which was heralded by the French Revolution, brought vast political and social changes throughout the world. Those changes have had common features where they have occurred, but they have not produced the same political conditions in all countries. Professor Edmund Hamilton Sears has made a study of this new era and entitles his volume "An Outline of Political Growth in the Nineteenth Cent-

ury." It is not only a readable work, containing an impressive fund of information, and displaying the result of patient and long-continued labor, but it is a valuable contribution to the history and philosophy of government.

In his classification of the nations for consideration, Professor Sears calls attention to the fact that political conditions differ among races of widely varying characteristics and methods of thought. Democratic government could not mean to the Spaniard what it means to the Saxon; it could not produce the same results among the Norwegians and the Slavs. He accordingly groups those who have had a common development or a common political experience. The Latin and Teutonic nations of Continental Europe are given more than one-third of the book, Great Britain and her colonies have the second largest section, the United States comes next, and Spanish and Portuguese America, and the unclassified countries, such as Japan, India, Siam, and Liberia, are treated in the concluding chapters. The work contains six hundred closely printed pages, and is supplied with a complete index.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

New Publications.

J. Bloundelle Burton's latest story, "The Sea-farers," is a romance of the South Sea, with no lack of interest. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Stevensoniana" is a reprint of various miscellany associated with Robert Louis Stevenson. Published in paper covers by M. F. Mansfield, New York; price, 25 cents.

Six short stories of life in Paris, all bright and entertaining, are contained in the volume entitled "A Diplomatic Woman," by Huan Mee. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

Eight chapters on books as revealers and interpreters of human life make up Professor W. H. Crawshaw's thoughtful volume, "Literary Interpretation of Life." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Two of the late issues in Cassell's National Library Series are Sir J. Maundeville's "Voyages and Travels" and Sir Francis Bacon's "Wisdom of the Ancients" and "New Atlantis." Published in paper covers by Cassell & Co., New York; price, 10 cents each.

"Quaint Nuggets" is a dainty little volume made up of choice paragraphs from the writings of Thomas Fuller, Joseph Hall, John Selden, George Herbert, and Izaak Walton, selected by Eveline Warner Brainerd. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, 45 cents.

Late issues in the Temple Classics Series are "Poems: Narrative, Elegiac, and Lyric," by Matthew Arnold; "Silex Scintillans," by Henry Vaughan; "The Golden Legend," by William Caxton (two volumes); "The Citizen of the World," by Oliver Goldsmith (two volumes). Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

That genial and genuine humorist, Robert J. Burdette, offers in his latest book, "Smiles Yoked with Sighs," some sixty pieces of his verse, each one light and rhythmical and mirthful, though some have unexpected plaintive notes, and the volume will be taken down and referred to, after it has been read and read again, oftener than any of his earlier works. The outline drawings by Will Vawter that ornament the margins and titles are amusing, yet add little to the poet's charm. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; price, \$1.25.

Personal investigation in communities of the East, the South, and the West, was the foundation for Charles B. Spahr's volume, "America's Working People." It is a practical, thoughtful, suggestive work, that should be read by those who write and speak on questions concerning political economy. Its descriptions of life and conditions in New England factory villages, in Southern mills, in mining towns of Pennsylvania, new settlements in Arkansas, Mormon neighborhoods in Utah, on bonanza farms of the North-West, and among the trades-unions in Chicago, are real and show no tint of prejudice. The conclusions offered are neither hopeless nor brightly confident. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

W. H. Fitchett's graphic, entertaining, and philosophic work, "How England Saved Europe," is brought to a conclusion in the fourth volume, just from the press, and which treats of Waterloo and St. Helena. It sums up the achievements and delinquencies of Napoleon, and while it is hardly as denunciatory as that old-time favorite with Englishmen, the biography by Sir Walter Scott, it is not sparing in its conclusions. That the great Corsican was without morals, narrow-minded and petty, and a failure in many things where ordinary talent might have been successful, is demonstrated by the author. The portraits and maps and the complete index are valuable features of a study which can not be passed without serious consideration. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

D'ANNUNZIO'S LATEST NOVEL.

It is a rather curious coincidence, just at this time, when people are discussing the interesting question in literary ethics raised by Mrs. Wharton's latest story, "The Touchstone" (says the *Bookman* for July), that current gossip should afford a parallel case in real life, which, if well founded, is even more flagrant than Glennard's act in publishing the letters of the dead woman who had loved him. The names of Eleanora Duse and of Gabriele d'Annunzio have been so closely associated during the last few years that it was to be expected that upon the appearance of his new novel, "Fuoco," critics would seek to identify the well-known Italian actress with his latest heroine, the tragedy-queen Foscarina. No one, however, could have foreseen the virulence of the abuse which has been showered upon him, both in his own country and in France, where the story is now appearing in the *Revue de Paris*, some journals going so far as to insinuate that the author of "Trionfo della Morte" sought the acquaintance of Signora Duse in the first instance solely for the purpose of winning from her lips, as Stelio Effrena does from La Foscarina, the secrets of her early life which she has so carefully guarded from the public, and that having won all that he needed for the purpose of his story, he has treated her as Stelio treats the heroine of "Fuoco."

D'Annunzio has always been singularly indifferent to the opinion of his countrymen, and for a while he let the storm rage unheeded; but the appearance of an article by Marcel Prévost in the *Figaro*, under the caption "Le Secret Sentimental," stung him at last into making something like a public defense. Prévost, who at that time had not read "Fuoco," took it, nevertheless, as a text for a discussion of the extent to which an author is justified in betraying his own sentimental adventures, "ses crises à deux," and specifically inveighed against "that strange literary sadism of certain writers who seek above all to relate what will cause pain to the woman they have abandoned." Discretion, he holds, is a sacred obligation, which should oblige novelists to content themselves with depicting general cases rather than individual instances.

The immediate interest of this article is the swift response which it brought from the author of "Fuoco," first in the form of a telegraphic dispatch and later in a three-column exposition of "The Purity of 'Fuoco.'" "I knew," he says in the former, "that I should have to pay very dearly for the reception which was formerly given me in Paris. I waited tranquilly, for I am not one of those who can be frightened or discouraged. No living person will ever be able to close my path. But I little imagined that, under guise of a chivalrous revolt, they would involve in such malicious and stupid falsehoods one of the noblest names that to-day adorn the roll of Latin art. . . . 'Fuoco' has no more connection with every-day reality than has 'La Duchesse Bleue,' 'La Fauve,' 'L'Année de Clarisse,' and so many other French novels whose heroine is the 'new actress.'" In his more lengthy defense of "Fuoco," D'Annunzio says, regarding the moral tone of the book, which, like all his others, has provoked sharp attacks:

"I consider that this book, like the preceding ones which infringed upon the current morality of mankind, is profoundly moral, because my interpretation and my representation of pleasure are the only ones which could lead to a tragic intuition of evil and a tragic sentiment of life. It is only after seeing what power of destruction is contained in the gentlest of human passions, after having passed through sin and sorrow, after having plunged his eyes into the terrible eyes of danger, madness, and death, that the hero can begin to live again. This is why I have ventured to dedicate my poem to 'Time and Hope,' to Time, the father of prodigies, and Hope, which alone aids us to discover the un hoped-for."

All this discussion is calculated to whet curiosity, so that the announcement that a translation is being prepared by Mrs. Heinemann, the wife of the London publisher, will probably meet with more favor than it deserves. Mrs. Heinemann, it may be remembered, is already known in literature as "Kassandra Vivaria," the former protégée of D'Annunzio, and author of "Via Lucis"; so that there can be no question that the translation is in safe hands. But even a cursory perusal of the original leaves no doubt that it is a mistake to translate it into English at all. In "Fuoco" D'Annunzio has carried to a greater extent than in any preceding work his theories of rhythmic prose, and the result is a sequence of exquisitely cadenced periods which have all the charm of verse without the monotony of rhyme. But little or nothing of this can be preserved in the English tongue, while the obscure symbolism of the story and the long disquisitions upon art, in which the hero continually indulges, will prove as wearisome to the average reader as the unspeakable audacities of some of "les crises à deux" will be repellent. Yet it is bound to find a ready sale, since, in spite of the author's denial, many readers will insist upon seeking for La Duse between the lines.

The curiously picturesque features of Thomas Jefferson's early life have attracted Hezekiah Butterworth, who is writing a juvenile book for D. Appleton & Co., which will be called "In the Days of Jefferson."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Miller Company in "The Liars."

The versatility of Henry Miller and his sterling company was again displayed to advantage this week in Sydney Grundy's charming comedy of manners, "A Marriage of Convenience." It is such a strong contrast to the modern drawing-room comedy, "Miss Hobbs," of the first week, and the melodramatic "The Tree of Knowledge" of the second, that it is a pleasure to be able to chronicle despite the general excellence of the previous productions, that "A Marriage of Convenience" is the most satisfactory which has yet been offered—both as regards the work of the dramatist and the actors. For the first time during the engagement Mr. Miller indulged in a rôle worthy of his capacity, and repeated his success as the Comte de Candale, dressing the part with exquisite taste, and giving us a graceful, refined, convincing impersonation, which ranks on a par with his clever work in "Heartsease." Frank Worthing, in attempting to make his Chevalier de Valcos a distinct foil to the calm, clear-headed count, introduced bits of buffoonery and exaggeration here and there, which took him entirely out of the picture and spoiled what should have been one of his best creations, for he possesses the poise, refinement, and distinction necessary for the rôle.

Miss Anglin made a fascinating countess and displayed an amount of mirth and vivacity which was unsuspected after seeing her as the stiff-necked Miss Hobbs and the calm, gentle Monica. Her handling of the scene where she tries on the yellow silk domino, and follows the directions of Marton as to how she shall conduct herself at the *bal masque*, was as dainty a piece of comedy-work as has been seen on the Columbia stage for a long time. Miss Dale was delightful as the maid, Marton, and Mr. Walcott, as the blustering general who suddenly becomes converted to the morals of the time, could not have been improved upon.

The one stage-setting of the play, with its rich, graceful furniture of the Louis Fourteenth period, was charmingly worked out, the costumes were magnificent and tasteful, and the stage management the very best.

Next week Mr. Miller will revive Henry Arthur Jones' "The Liars," in which he opened his season here last year, and in which E. J. Morgan scored such a pronounced hit. It is what may be called a "drawing-room" play, in the vein of his "The Case of Rebellious Susan," and hinges on the complications which arise from a wife's indiscreet flirtations. Lady Jessica, the neglected young wife of Gilbert Nepean, an elderly gentleman, is madly loved by Edward Falkner, an African explorer. To amuse herself she encourages him, and when her husband is absent she announces that she is about to visit her aunt in the suburbs of London, but hints to Falkner that she has frequently mistaken the path, and may find herself at the Star and Garter Hotel at Shepperford. Of course, he meets her there, but the inopportune arrival of her husband's brother when she is about to sit down to dinner with her admirer, proves very annoying. Gilbert is notified by his brother that all is not quite as it should be, and immediately hastens to his wife, who, surrounded by devoted friends, is trying to concoct a story which will exculpate her. Needless to say, it fails, and when all seems lost, Falkner himself appears upon the scene and shoulders all the blame. Then Sir Christopher, a mutual friend of husband and lover, steps in and cleverly adjusts matters by taking Falkner abroad with him to continue his career as an explorer, and bringing about a reconciliation between the unbending husband and his indiscreet wife.

"The Only Way," the dramatization of Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities," in which Mr. Miller has been starring this season, is in active rehearsal, and will be produced on Monday, July 23d.

Revival of "At Gay Coney Island."

"A Contented Woman," Hoyt's clever satire on the fair sex in politics, has been drawing excellent houses at the California Theatre during the week. This is due not only to the fact that it is one of the best and most ambitious of the Hoyt farces, but because the leading rôle was intrusted to Norma Whalley, the English beauty, whom the papers have made the heroine of a love-affair with Walter Jones, the comedian, who "folded his tents, like the Arabs, and silently stole away" to Chicago, to marry a Mrs. Pulsifer, who is described as a "wealthy blonde widow." Miss Whalley does not

possess either the refinement or beauty of the late Caroline Miskel-Hoyt, but she is far superior to Belle Archer in the rôle of Grace Holmes, for the latter sorely disappointed her admirers here last year by delivering her lines in an amateurish, spiritless manner, with a lack of variety of gestures, and a succession of gowns that looked as if they had done service for several seasons. Miss Whalley's main recommendation is her earnestness, and this, coupled with her good looks and pretty gowns, should prove a factor in her favor, if she intends to desert the comic-opera and vaudeville stage for the legitimate.

The hits of the piece were undoubtedly the character studies of Bessie Tannehill as Aunt Jim, the woman's-rights advocate, and Tony Hart as Uncle Todie, who manages to deceive his shrewish wife and finally gets gloriously drunk and musters up courage enough to tame the tyrant. Matthews was at home as Benton Holme, who runs against his wife for the mayoralty of Denver, and Bulger, Andrew Bode, and C. Herbert were excellent as the saloon boss, ex-prize-fighter, and bar-keeper, respectively.

Next week "At Gay Coney Island," in which Matthews and Bulger have been seen here several times before, is to be revived. These comedians will appear in their original rôles of Dr. Aiken Payne and Hi Price. Phil Ryley will be Mique La Maque, Tony Hart will appear as Benson Hurst, David Andrada as Tom Gunn, George Wiseman as Noise E. Barker, Mary Marble as Billy Due, Norma Whalley as Della Ware, and Bessie Tannehill as Mrs. Payne, *etc.* Ann Teek.

"By the Sad Sea Waves" will follow.

"Wang" at the Tivoli.

"The Geisha" will give way at the Tivoli Opera House next week to the ever-popular "Wang," which has been revived here several times since it was first introduced to San Francisco theatre-goers by De Wolf Hopper and his former wife, dainty little Edna Wallace Hopper. Edwin Stevens will again be seen in his best rôle, that of the Regent of Siam, and Ferris Hartman will appear as the keeper of the royal elephant. Others in the cast will be Helen Merrill, Annie Myers, Grace Orr, Aubrey Davenport, George Cooper, William Schuster, Arthur Boyce, Harry Cashman, and Tom Greene, and a special feature of the production will be the elaborate Oriental scenery and picturesque costumes which the opera calls for.

On Monday, July 30th, the sixth annual season of grand opera is to be inaugurated. Among the artists who will be members of the company this year will be Signors Salassa and Avedano, who became such favorites here last year; Signor Dominico Russo, tenor; Signor Alessandro Nicolini and William Schuster, basses; Signorina Italia Vittoria Repetto and Anna Lichter, sopranos; Signorina Lya Pollettini and Frances Stuart Graham, contraltos; and Signor Quinto Zani, baritone. All the standard operas will be given, and several important works are to be produced for the first time in this city.

The Orpheum's Bill.

The principal feature of the Orpheum's bill next week will be the re-appearance of Lillian Burkhardt in a dainty little play entitled "Captain Suzanne," by Brandon Hurst. In it Miss Burkhardt dons the uniform of a hussar, entertains a Prussian major while her husband escapes, and finally saves him from further prosecution by fighting a duel with swords, in which she kills her adversary. It is said to be an intensely dramatic sketch, and calls for an elaborate stage setting. John Donohue and Mattie Nicbols, singing, dancing, and acrobatic comedians of note, will also be new-comers.

Those retained from this week's programme are Smith and Fuller, in their novel musical act; Barrere and Jules, who do some thrilling feats of agility and balancing; Stella Maybaw, a clever impersonator of negro characters; the Quaker City Quartet, in their sketch, "Fun in a Barber Shop"; and Clayton White and Marie Stuart, supported by Eva Randolph, in a laughable new skit.

The Burton Holmes Lectures.

At the Columbia Theatre on Thursday afternoon and Sunday evening next, San Francisco theatre-goers will have an opportunity of hearing the first of the Burton Holmes lectures, "Manila," which are to be delivered on this coast under the direction of Henry Miller. In the East these lectures have become an acknowledged factor in the amusement and educational world, being an annual event at Daly's Theatre, New York, during the Lenten season, and in other Eastern cities during the balance of the dramatic season. The illustrative features, which consist of a profusion of magnificently colored lantern slides and a large series of motion pictures taken in the countries lectured upon, are said to far excel anything heretofore attempted or seen in this city.

Louis Francis Brown, who is to deliver the lectures, is a native of Boston, where his family have been associated with the Burton Holmes lectures, spending his summers in foreign lands in company with Mr. Holmes, obtaining material for the lectures to be given during the ensuing winter. Mr. Brown has been for the past three months in Europe, visiting the "Passion Play" of Oberammergau and the

Paris Exposition, in the interest of several New York magazines for whom he is to write a number of articles to appear during the winter months. Mr. Brown will reach San Francisco on July 15th, visiting the Grand Cañon of Arizona en route, where he will put the finishing touches to his lectures on this marvel of nature, which will be one of those included in his San Francisco course.

Besides "Manila" and "The Grand Cañon of Arizona," his subjects will include "Japan Revisited," "Round About Paris," "Moki Land," and "The Hawaiian Islands."

The Gilbert-Steer Controversy.

W. S. Gilbert, the librettist and playwright, does not improve as to disposition as he grows older. Report says that he is a most just justice of the peace, even if his remarks from the bench are very scathing; but when it comes to a matter concerning the stage and plays that have been written by him, his irritability seems to increase rather than to lessen. Much fun has been had in London over his latest outbreak. Miss Janet Steer, an actress of considerable worth, who is slightly known in this country, was about to produce "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "Comedy and Tragedy," under the personal coaching of the playwright. At the last minute Mr. Gilbert withdrew in a huff and wrote largely to the London papers about the impossibility of his lending his countenance to a production in which the leading actress was so totally incapable as Miss Steer. As he had attended all the rehearsals, and had many times expressed himself as being greatly pleased with all that had been done, these letters caused much surprise. The plays, however, were presented on June 14th, and proved most successful, but Gilbert did not feel disposed to let the matter rest, and wrote Miss Steer as follows:

"MADAM: I further understand that last night you materially altered the business as arranged by me, and as it was played under my direction by Mrs. Kendal, Miss Anderson, Miss Rose Leclerc, and, indeed, by every other lady who has played Galatea under my stage management during the last twenty-eight years. I must ask you to advance and kneel in front of Cynisca from her left, not from her right; to throw yourself on your knees in front of her, without any exclamation; to fall at Cynisca's feet, and not on any account to cross Pygmalion, or, indeed, do any business not arranged at rehearsal. If you do not comply with my wishes in these respects I will apply for an injunction to prevent your playing the piece, or otherwise, as I may be advised."

The next day Mr. Gilbert wrote again:

"I understand you interpolated several exclamations last night while Miss Repton was delivering her important speech at the end of the second act of 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' thereby greatly impairing the effect of that speech and causing it to be indistinct and confused. As this was not done at rehearsal I had no clue to your intention, or I should have cautioned you before this. As it is, I must direct your attention to the necessity of keeping silence during the delivery of the important speech in question. As, unfortunately, experience has taught me that a mere request of mine is not likely to receive much consideration at your hands, I have instructed Miss Repton how to deal with the difficulty should it arise again. My instructions to her are to stop short at the first interruption, remain silent until the interruption ceases, and then begin again. Should the interruption be repeated, she is again to stop until the annoyance ceases altogether."

Miss Steer writes that the real difference of opinion resulting in Mr. Gilbert's exultation arose from quite another matter. She says:

"When arranging with Mr. Gilbert for the production of the two plays, a question which he made an imperative condition was that I should engage Miss Repton, who, apparently, is a *protégée*, for the part of Cynisca. On Wednesday evening I requested her to wear the wig provided for the part, and she curtly refused, whereupon Mr. Gilbert interfered, and vehemently stated he would not allow her to disfigure herself by wearing a wig. After some emphatic expressions of opinion, Mr. Gilbert left the theatre."

When his letters failed to have any effect, Gilbert tried to obtain an injunction preventing Miss Steer from presenting his plays, but the English courts did not agree with him, and the American actress continues to draw crowded houses.

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OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets, San Francisco, June 27, 1900.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 1/8) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1900, free from all taxes and payable on and after July 1, 1900. ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

THE SENSATIONAL THEATRE.

Should Be Reformed by Home Censorship.

The July *Century Magazine* expresses the opinion that the two great plagues which threaten American society to-day are the sensational press and the sensational theatre. "These institutions," it adds, "are conducted upon the same principle, or lack of principle, and upon the same general lines. The theory upon which they act is that the great bulk of the public, the mass from which they draw the greater part of their revenue, is not only incapable of appreciating what is intellectual, instructive, wholesome, or inspiring in the printed page or in the drama, but is addicted naturally to what is morbid, abnormal, audacious, startling, or unclear, and will pay handsomely for the gratification of a depraved appetite. In other words, the scheme is to make money by pandering to vice, at the cost of the wholesale demoralization of the youth who are to be the backbone of the American nation of the future."

"The policy is not only diabolical, but fatuous. That it has proved temporarily successful can not be disputed. Journals which outrage truth, common sense, and decency still circulate by the million, and fortunes have been made by the villainous exploitation of wholly worthless and abominable plays. But evils of this kind, in the long run, work their own remedy. There is not, perhaps, any reason for expecting a sudden or speedy revival of public morality, but, sooner or later, dishes reeking of one particular spice will pall upon the palate, and in most cases satiety is followed by disgust. The sensational newspaper, which is permitted to publish the most revolting details of the police courts, can avail itself of a wider variety of horror and impurity than the theatre, which, luckily, can not, for obvious reasons, exceed certain limits, and is thus condemned to a damnable iteration which must, in time, become tiresome. These limits have been reached, or, at all events, very nearly reached, and already there are indications that mere vulgarity, which is no longer a novelty, is losing its power to attract the crowd. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the motive that fills the benches at a notoriously coarse play is curiosity, and when this once has been satisfied, no disappointed, as it is apt to be, it ceases to exist and can not easily be revived. For this reason an epidemic of stage indecency, such as that with which we have recently been afflicted, is seldom of long duration. Moreover, the theatres responsible for it will not readily rid themselves of the contamination. When they revert to the cleaner drama they will find that they have fallen lower in the scale of respectability, and have alienated their former patrons without securing others to fill their places."

"This is a consoling reflection, backed up by experience, but such and irremediable mischief has been done. The hardening influence of familiarity is proverbial. The growing insusceptibility on the part of New York audiences to any shock from the commission upon the stage of gross offenses against good taste, good manners, and good morals has long been noted, with something like dismay, by old play-goers, and as city theatres are largely supported by out-of-town visitors, the deterioration would appear to be typical. Words, gestures, actions, and innuendoes which would have been resented, instantly and fiercely, fifteen or twenty years ago, now excite merriment only, not indignation. Nor is this callousness a phenomenon peculiar to the cheaper theatres, or what are supposed to be less cultivated audiences. It is even more conspicuous in the most fashionable houses. The truth can not be stated too plainly—unmistakable references of the most objectionable and vicious sort, smacking-room pleasantries, are habitually and freely uttered before young women presumably reared in all imaginable delicacy and refinement, and are heard without the least apparent embarrassment. Insidious poison of this kind, which saps the foundations of modesty and slowly deadens all the finer instincts, is incomparably more dangerous to the moral health of the community than the clumsy and brazen vulgarity which carries its own antidote with it."

"To say that the evil amounts to a national peril would scarcely be an exaggeration. How to deal with it is a problem by no means easy of solution. The difficulties in the way of the most obvious and most practical remedy, an official censorship, seem to be insuperable. Jealousy of State rights would prevent the establishment of any central national authority, even if there were no other obstacles to such an arrangement, and recent experience has shown us only too clearly what would be the result of any attempt in the direction of local censorships. With such power in the hands of politicians as would be inevitable, the last state of the stage would be worse than the first."

"But the case is not absolutely hopeless. Much could be effected in the way of theatrical reform if only the parents and guardians of the young could be aroused to a sense of the responsibility that rests upon them. The daily press, even the most corrupt, ignorant, and unscrupulous part of it, may be depended upon to indicate the nature of every new play that is produced. If it is impure, the details are always described with loving relish. No hallucination on the subject is possible. The father who permits his daughter to attend such a performance

disgraces himself, does her a grievous wrong, and becomes a partner in a nefarious and contemptible enterprise. It is by the young, not by the old, that the theatre is mainly supported. Let the elders exercise a little discrimination and rightful authority, and guard their daughters against pollution as carefully as they protect them from hardship, and every manager, out of sheer necessity, will become a censor on his own account."

THE LAMBS AND THE "EWES."

The Two Notable Theatrical Clubs.

In spite of the melancholy forebodings of Bishop Potter over their isolation, actors manage to extract a good deal of fun out of life. One of their most enjoyable jollifications is the annual Wash of the Lambs (says Hillary Bell in the *New York Press*). This ceremony occurs with uncommon formality every June. Ordinary folk take their tub in the morning as a matter of hygienic habit and think nothing of it. For their yearly bath, however, men players make extraordinary preparations. Invitations are sent out a month ahead, and the lavatory event is looked forward to for half a year. It takes place usually at the summer house of Clay M. Greene at Bayside. This playwright is one of the few provident members of the club who have enough money to support a country establishment, and, being hospitable as well as prosperous, his custom is to invite the Lambs to a wilderness of soap and towels and the sound for a bath-tub. What with eating, drinking, bathing, and land and water sports of all kinds, the Lambs are as merry as dolphins.

Their pranks sometimes cause consternation along the coast, for it is an unusual thing for them to go cruising in the most fantastic of costumes. On one occasion the *Press* man was visiting a house on the Sound whose host happened to be an occasional guest at the Lambs. Suddenly the ladies on the piazza were alarmed by the landing from an outlandish craft of De Wolf Hopper arrayed as Dick Deadeye, Harry Dixey as the captain of the *Pinafore*, and Digby Bell as Little Buttercup. The appearance of these apparitions on the lawn—one tolling a bell, the other tooting a fish-horn, and the third delivering an oration through a megaphone—last none of its alarm when the curious trio forcibly carried off the host in their boat, in which he disappeared under the shadow of a black flag embroidered with skull and cross-bones. The amount of beer drunk, edibles eaten, and fun undertaken by the Lambs at their annual Wash is incredible. No entertainment in a play-house can equal the humors of men actors let loose at the sea-side. Like as not, many of Bishop Potter's parishioners would agree with him to do away with the players' isolation for this occasion, at least. But the Lambs keep their Wash strictly to themselves, and no outsiders are permitted to watch or wonder at the most unique of actors' enjoyments. Their annual bath occurred on Wednesday at Mr. Greene's place, and Bayside will not cease to discuss it for a month to come.

Actresses have no such capacity for enjoyment as is declared by actors. The Lambs in their Wash, their Gambol, and Sunday night meetings catch hold of a great deal of the merriment of life. The Professional Woman's League, which may be considered the feminine counterpart of the Lambs, and called the Ewes, is in perpetual discord. Women, professional or social, are not clubbable creatures, as may be seen by the frequent dissensions in Senosis and the jealousies of the Twelfth Nighters. The P. W. L. seems to have been organized for petticoat rivalries. One-half of it is continually trying to get Mrs. A. M. Palmer out of the presidential chair, while the other is perpetually insisting on holding her in, and the strife over the government of this worthy woman has kept the club in hot water almost since the day of its foundation.

A new dissension is now agitating our actresses. They object to the admission into membership of the P. W. L. of ladies with pasts. Actors have no such fastidiousness, for many of the Lambs have had a variety of wives, and no account is made of their superior advantages in matrimony. On the other hand, the Ewes are all at loggerheads just now over the fact, as they state it, that "improper persons were and are being admitted in the League." No names are mentioned except that of Mrs. Langtry, who, being now in England, can be held up as an awful example without fear of a libel suit. But there are other blushes on the cheek of propriety. The Ewes are bleating lustily at present over the discovery that one of their latest members is announced as the co-respondent in a coming divorce suit. The blame of this matter is, oddly enough, laid at the door of Aunt Louisa Eldridge, who is accused of "being so good-natured that she vouches for any one without sufficient investigation." Consequently, as the Ewes say, "because of the disreputable persons being brought into the League," various prominent members have picked up their petticoats scornfully, resigned from the club, and will not longer be Ewes for anybody.

If actors are permitted to have an assortment of wives, why should not actresses be allowed a complement of husbands? There can not be one standard of virtue for the Lambs and another for the Ewes. Clubs devoted to stage people may not look propriety too closely in the eyes and at the

same time preserve their organization. Mrs. Palmer, herself the chief Leaguer, has had two husbands, and shall the membership be denied privileges accorded to the president? The trouble with the Ewes seems to be that they admit many stage-struck young and middle-aged women who want to be actresses, but who have no prospect of engagement in the theatre. These amateurs have no conception of the temptations of an actress's life, and resent her possession of experiences that can never come to them. The only way out of their past and present discords is for the Ewes to cast out those who do not know their ways and manners. Thus relieved of inquisitors, the Ewes may have a gambol and an annual bath, and as much fun as its Thespian brother.

No such contention as now distresses the P. W. L. has ever bothered the Actors' Club, whose lambs and rams and wethers hold high carnival on land and sea without inquiring in an unprofessional and impolite way into anybody's past.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Love and Law.

In the twilight's gloaming
Stood a maiden young and fair,
Watching anxiously for some one,
Whom was certainly not there.
Long she peered into the darkness,
While her mind was fraught with fears,
And her heavy, hanging eyelids
Showed the mark of recent tears.
Oh, the woe that woman suffers!
Oh, the heartaches and the pangs!
Only partially atoned for
By her bangles and her bangs.
Faithless man come to the maiden,
When is waiting there for you;
Clasp her gently to your bosom—
Tell her she is life in you.
Then be sure to get your letters,
(On this point depends your fate.)
For in case you shake the maiden,
She may choose to litigate.
Never let a heartless jury
See those notelets where you say
That the girl's your "tootsey-pootsey";
For it gives you dead away.—*Ex.*

Fleur de Lis.

To give her French publicity,
My sister calls them "fleur de lis";
Then murther, when it talks amiss,
With quite an air says: "fleur de lis";
While good Aunt Sarah, curt and spruce,
Blasts of her garden "finer de luce";
But Uncle John, whose wit ne'er lags,
Exclaims: "Them wimmen all mean flags."
—*Chicago Record.*

In Cherubtown.

In Cherubtown it's quite the thing
To go a-sprinting on the wing,
To gallivant the livelong day
And with the cherubs play;
To perch upon a fluffy cloud,
And go star-gulping with the crowd.
Life there has naught of human ills,
No endless chain of horrid bills,
No tailors' nut to make a haul,
For cherubs wear no clothes at all.
But spend their time in endless flights
Through sunlit days and star-crowned nights;
Just to be frivolous they're hired,
And, strange to say, they're never tired,
Although in rest they can't sit down,
They don't do that in Cherubtown!
—*Kate Masterson in Life.*

Her New Hat.

The picture of innocence! That's how she looked,
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Reduced from \$5," it read.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

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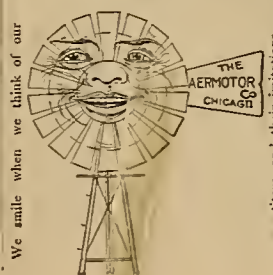
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VANITY FAIR.

Mr. W. S. Witham, of Georgia, who controls thirty-three banks and cotton mills, and believes that marriage is a good thing for his business, started from Georgia for New York a fortnight ago on a special train, having as his guests about a score of beautiful young ladies and as many single men chosen from his banks and mills. The avowed purpose of his excursion was to promote flirtations which might lead to marriages among the young people who accompanied him, for he believes that all his cashiers ought to be married, and as a special inducement to the young people he makes it a practice to present a check for five hundred dollars to every man who succeeds in winning the hand of a lady en route. A preacher accompanied the party, and was always ready to be called from his berth at any hour of the night. The promoter of this unique and wonderful matrimonial bureau had, in order to suit all tastes, made it his special business to select for the trip short girls and tall girls, slim girls and plump girls, blonde girls and dark girls, shy girls and spry girls—in fact, he had gone through Georgia from one end to the other and picked for his purpose the fairest flowers of the State. Wherever the train stopped the best hotels were patronized, and the young people were always left to themselves as much as possible. The Chicago *Times-Herald* recommends Mr. Witham's match-making scheme "to thinking people generally, and to capitalists in particular," but thinks certain improvements should be made. For instance, Mr. Witham ought to have added "an orchestra, containing a violin, a flute, a cello, and a harp, to play soul-stirring, dreamy airs. There should have been plenty of poetry aboard, too. There is nothing like poetry to put people in the mood for love. Indeed, it would be well for the Georgia banker to hire a corps of good, willing poets who could produce poetry as the party went along that would be suitable to any occasion or any emergency that might arise. Furthermore, it would be wise to avoid stops at large cities, in which the noise and hustle would be likely to disturb the blissful dreams of the excursionists. Rather let the objective points always be seaside or mountain resorts, where love is in the air."

Commenting on the oft-repeated question whether "society" women drink, a London periodical says, apropos of the popularity of "American bars tended by American women" at several recent charity fetes in London: "I should have thought that every man of any knowledge of what is going on had made up his mind on this point. It is impossible for the average society woman to get through the fatigue of the many functions she has to attend nightly without taking a pick-me-up or two, mostly of an alcoholic description. The suggestion of my contemporary is that the number of pick-me-ups largely exceeds a modest couple, and that we really are confronted with the grisly problem that drunkenness, pure and simple, is making its way among the ladies of our most exclusive circles. Well, that is so, only it is not quite the thing to call it drunkenness—which is a condition relegated to the lower orders. There are hundreds of women in society who are prone to indulgence in the delights of alcohol, but they manage their little bouts so well that their husbands do not suspect them. And it is always so easy for a woman to plead a headache and take a long, luxurious 'lie down' until the momentary effect has passed away. It would be rather surprising if these gadding butterflies of fashion did not drink. The drain upon their nervous strength is terrible, and a glass of champagne or a nip of brandy gives weary beauty just the sparkle and momentary brilliance which is needed to carry her through. This is perhaps legitimate enough, but we see the other side of the question in fashionable women who have to retire to asylums in order that they may shake off the curse of drink. You will hear that Mrs. A. or Lady B. has started for the Continent—say rather started for Dr. So-and-So's Home for Inebriates, where, of her own consent, she will spend the year that you believe she is putting in on the Continent. That word 'Continent' is blessedly comprehensive. You would never guess what had happened. Mrs. A. returns from 'Lucerne' or 'Biarritz' in a year's time. She has been living quietly under the doctor's orders, and now is quite restored. The thing is neatly and quietly done and the woman's health and reputation saved."

The French ecclesiastical authorities have been having trouble with the skirt and the bicycle ever since the two became closely associated. It was Cardinal Richard who, not long ago, declared that priests should not ride in their cassocks because it compelled them to use women's wheels, and the resulting spectacle was not regarded as edifying. That effort to separate the skirt and the bicycle marked an earlier stage of the bicycle's popularity than the one which has just attracted the attention of Paris. Outside of the capital the bicycle has not passed out of use to the same extent as in Paris, so the bicycle costume is still a matter that actively interests the women of the provinces. The situation is the same in France that it is here to-day (remarks the *New York Sun*). In the country, where the bicycle is a necessity, it is as much in demand as it is in the cities, where it was always

no more than a fad, it is seen less frequently, and bicycle dress as a topic of interest is as dead as a door nail. It is from the provinces that the last ecclesiastic to become active in the discussion of the skirt and the bicycle sends his vehement protest. The Archbishop of Rouen has denounced the divided skirt worn by most of the women riders in France in terms that make its final disappearance seem a matter of only a short time. He bases his objection to the bifurcated skirt first, on the ground that it is unwomanly, and, second, on the more orthodox ground that the wearing of such a garment by a Christian woman is un-Christian. The priests of his diocese have been instructed to continue the church's warfare against this garment, and the first militant step taken by the archbishop was to refuse admission to all women who came to the cathedral wearing the despised costume. Rouen is a central point for many French cyclists, and most of the women in these parties arrive in divided skirts. But they are not allowed to enter the cathedral unless they take advantage of the opportunity held out by the verger. He has laid in a stock of long skirts that are rented to women arriving in bicycle dress of the kind which the archbishop has forbidden. They pay a franc apiece for the use of the long skirts, and the compromise satisfies the spirit of the archbishop's prohibition. The women of Rouen who wear bifurcated skirts when attending to the ordinary affairs of life are not finding it so easy to overcome the episcopal objections to their style of dress. It has already begun to disappear, and the only visitors who have to cover themselves with an extra skirt in order to enter the historic church will be those strangers who have not heard of the archbishop's prohibition.

The Atlanta *Journal* is distressed at the lack of interest taken in athletic sports by Southern women. "In Atlanta there are possibly not more than four or five women who play tennis moderately well, not more than a half-dozen who play golf, very few who wheel, and still fewer to join in other outdoor amusements," says the writer. He is too gallant to hint that his countrywoman is indolent. He says her "innate modesty may have something to do with her persistent refusal to place herself on a footing with her brother in sports and athletics, but that seems improbable." The energetic minority in the South is making efforts to rouse the apathetic sisters to athletic activity, "but what the future holds in that line is a totally unknown quantity." The New York *Commercial Advertiser* ventures this explanation: "The Southern girl does find time to read, and write, and talk, as we all know, although she can not fence and dive, and pays no attention to cricket or polo. She is apt to take more interest in the little curls on her brow, the magnolia tint of her complexion, and the picturesque droopiness of her shady hat than in a score of golf, a bicycle gymkhana, or a rowing match. These things necessitate inelegant haste, and bustle, and the raising of voices, all of which the Southern lover of grace disapproves. Give her a fan and a pretty frock, a red parasol and a young man to talk to, and the average Southern girl is willing to let her Northern sister take all the violent sports and all the glories thereof. She may fade faster than her open-air sister of the North, and she may not have as sound a constitution, as broad shoulders, and as deep a chest, but she keeps her hands small and white, and she doesn't learn how to be rough in voice or manner."

One of the oldest women's clubs in London, the Somerville, has just been compelled to close its doors owing to the decline in the support given the club. The Somerville was started in Regent Street about twenty years ago, when the objects of a woman's club were somewhat different from what they are now. The club was founded in order to provide a resting-place for those tired by the exertion of shopping, and also to offer facilities for reading the papers. The object of the more modern ladies' club is to give women the opportunity of developing that social equalization of the rights of men by which she has already appropriated his coat, his collar, his tie, and, to a great extent, his conversation and amusements.

Newport is regarding with mild interest the Earl of Yarmouth's preparations to establish a theatrical company there for the summer months, which is to include among its members May Robson, the clever comedienne, who has gained a reputation as one of the best impersonators of eccentric characters, and Mrs. Clara Bloodgood, who has had two years' experience on the professional stage. With the Earl of Yarmouth at the head of the company, it is not expected that the artistic standard of the performances will be very high. But it is less on artistic grounds than on any other that little success is anticipated for the enterprise. "It was a different thing to have a titled aristocrat visit Newport for the first time and take part in amateur theatricals, from having him return a year later and give professional performances," said a Newport cottager, the other day, "and he ought to remember that it takes a very striking celebrity to last through two Newport seasons. It was not known when he came there last year that the Earl of Yarmouth had any idea of becoming an actor. I don't know that a knowledge of that would have made any difference in the manner of his reception, for Newport likes to

be amused in the summer, and will take up almost anybody who can accomplish that. But after a not very glorious career on the professional stage, made possible largely by means of his social successes at Newport, he can scarcely expect to be taken up with the same warmth the next year. Newport is very indulgent toward anybody who has furnished it diversion, but any attempt to utilize the value of acquaintance there for a financial benefit is likely to be resented very promptly. For that reason it will be interesting to see the outcome of the earl's attempt to establish himself as a professional manager there."

According to London *Truth*, the Czar has issued a ukase positively prohibiting baccarat playing within his dominions, even in private houses, under pain of a heavy fine, and on the second conviction a prolonged term of imprisonment. Consternation reigns at St. Petersburg. But *Truth* says that the British aristocrats contemplating visiting Russia are not much concerned, for baccarat has been quite supplanted in England by the game of "bridge," knowledge of which is now almost as essential in society for men and women as evening clothes.

The world-famous Moulin dancing-hall of Paris, situated on the historic heights of gay Montmartre, the Mecca of every pleasure-seeking foreigner, is likely to fall into the control of an American syndicate, headed by a wealthy brewer. Eight hundred thousand dollars has been offered for the property as it stands, and the deal will probably be consummated. The idea of the syndicate is to Americanize the resort, making elaborate improvements and eliminating certain French features.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, July 11th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 4% (old)	500	@ 114		
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 104 1/2-105		
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 118 1/2		
Northern Cal. Ry.				
5%.....	5,000	@ 113		
Oceanic S. Co. 4%.....	10,000	@ 104-106	104 1/2	104 3/4
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 119		120
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	3,000	@ 111 1/2		111 1/2
S. V. Water 6%.....	5,000	@ 115	115	
	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Water.				
Contra Costa Water.....	315	@ 70 1/2-71 1/2	71 1/2	72
Spring Valley Water.....	100	@ 94 1/2-95	94 1/2	95 1/2
Gas and Electric.				
Equitable Gaslight.....	245	@ 3 1/2-4 1/2	3 1/2	4
Mutual Electric.....	175	@ 12-12 1/2		12 1/2
Oakland G. L. & H.....	30	@ 48-49 1/2	49	50
Pacific Lighting Co.....	40	@ 44		
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	970	@ 48-49	48	48 1/2
S. F. Gas.....	330	@ 4 1/2		5
Insurance.				
Fireman's Fund.....	10	@ 229		
Street R. R.				
Market St.....	75	@ 63 1/2-63 3/4	63 1/2	
Powders.				
California.....	50	@ 160	155	162 1/2
Giant Con.....	130	@ 86 1/2-87 1/2	86	87
Vigorit.....	100	@ 3	2 1/2	3 1/2
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.....	175	@ 8 1/2-8 3/4	8 1/2	8 3/4
Hawaiian.....	100	@ 88	87	89
Honolulu S. Co.....	1,045	@ 32 1/2-33	32 1/2	
Hutchinson.....	795	@ 24 1/2-24 3/4	24 1/2	
Kilauea S. Co.....	460	@ 19 1/2-20	19 1/2	20 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.....	400	@ 46 1/2-47	46 1/2	47
Pauahau S. P. Co.....	820	@ 31-31 1/2	31	31 1/2
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	142	@ 117 1/2-118	117 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.....	5	@ 93	93 1/2	

Vacation over, the board again in session, but no reactionary influence felt. Business continues light and prices are heavy. Sugars seem to feel the effect of the Japanese laborers' action, and are sliding down the scale. Contra Costa Water has held its own, the stockholders evidently feeling sure of victory in the courts. Giant has been dull and heavy. Spring Valley Water and gas and electric stocks have been fairly well sustained. Equitable Gas forged ahead on the city contracts that it has obtained, but has suffered a decline. Transactions in bonds were light, and the activity expected by the street has failed to materialize.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dr. Macnamara, a noted ex-teacher of England, once asked a boy in a rural school the definition of the word "pilgrim." "A pilgrim," answered the boy, "is a man who travels from place to place." "I do that," said the inspector; "am I a pilgrim?" The answer came: "No, sir; a pilgrim is a good man."

Handel is said to have had such an appetite that on one occasion he ordered dinner for three at a hotel and presented himself alone to enjoy it. "Shall I serve dinner, sir, or wait for the company?" said the waiter. "Company?" said Handel, "vat company? I am ze company; serve ze dinner, prestissimo."

General de Galliffet one day, in the corridors of the Chamber of Deputies, was talking to a friend, when he suddenly heard cries from the Chamber of "Assassin! Assassin!" With a laugh, he said to his friend: "They are calling for me," and with perfect calm he entered, and called at the top of his voice: "Voilà! Voilà!"

Among the many stories told lately in connection with the late Duke of Argyll is one concerning a distinguished officer of the army who called on the duke at Inverary Castle, and was told by the servant that he was not at home. "Where is he?" asked the officer. "He's awa', awa'," was Donald's hesitating reply; "awa' washing himself." The duke was at a sea-side watering place.

A clergyman who gave evidence in a horse-dealing case became somewhat confused in his account of the transaction in dispute, and the cross-examining counsel, after making several blustering but ineffective attempts to obtain a more satisfactory statement, said, "Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?" "I acknowledge my ignorance," replied the reverend gentleman; "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or between a bull and a hully—only a bull, I am told, has horns, and a hully"—here he made a respectful bow to the advocate—"luckily for me, has none."

When the gallant Welsh captain, David Gam, was sent forward by Henry the Fifth to reconnoitre the French army before the Battle of Agincourt, he found that the enemy outnumbered the English by about five to one. His report to the king is historic: "There are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." This quaint forecast of the result of the battle at once spread through the camp, and doubtless every yeoman-archer of the valiant company felt an inch taller. We know that it was almost literally justified by the event. Poor Gam's dry humor was equalled by his courage. He was killed while in the act of saving the life of his prince.

A Shelby County justice of the peace, whose residence and civil district adjoin the Mississippi State line, had an abnormal appreciation of the responsibility of the office, and never lost an opportunity to exercise his prerogative of demanding that peace be preserved. One day his son and a hired man got to fighting on a stretch of the farm near the fence which separated the two States. The old gentleman mounted the fence, and, with an air of authority, commanded: "In the name of the State of Tennessee I demand peace." Just then the fence gave way, and as he went down with the fence toppling to the Mississippi side, he yelled to his son: "Give 'em h—ll, Billy! I've lost my jurisdiction!"

During the honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, it is said that the young member of Parliament said to his bride: "Do you prefer to know nothing and to be free of all responsibility, or will you hear everything and be bound to strict secrecy?" Mrs. Gladstone was far too true a woman not to choose the second alternative, and she never betrayed the trust reposed in her—a course which naturally compelled her often to appear indifferent or ignorant of what was going on. Indeed, at one time stories of Mrs. Gladstone's obtuseness were widely current in society. In 1885 an indiscreet lady asked Mrs. Gladstone how her husband was bearing up under the many vehement attacks made on him. "I do not think he is much affected by them," replied Mrs. Gladstone, "for I hear him every morning singing in his bath." "He is like a kettle, then," replied the lady, "which sings when full of hot water"—a retort which, though it may not have pleased the wife of the premier, probably appealed to her sense of humor.

Edward Hanlan, ex-champion oarsman of the world, relates a good story of how he delivered a speech after winning his second race in England. His first victory had found him unprepared. He was ready for his second with a speech, composed for him by a newspaper friend, neatly copied out on paper and stored away for use in his coat pocket. When the crowd outside the club-house insisted upon seeing and hearing the winner, he was helped out upon a window ledge by his friends, and held there by the coat-tails and the legs. The crowd

cheered him wildly. He was too confused to speak. They cheered him again. He threw out his hand in a gesture of helplessness, and moved his lips in some inaudible mumble of apology for his inability to deliver a speech. They could not hear, on account of the noise that they were themselves making, but they encouraged him with a generous applause. He saw his escape, and proceeded to shake his head and work his lips in a fine frenzy of oratory, gesticulating eloquently and smiling his thanks. The noisy and good-natured crowd cheered him to the echo, and his friends drew him in from his precarious position on the window ledge. "You carried that crowd along in style," they congratulated him; "what did you say? We couldn't hear you." "Yes, give us an idea of your speech," the reporters put in, drawing out their note-books. Hanlan took the manuscript from his pocket. "Here's the whole thing," he said; "do you want it all?" "Well, rather," they answered; "that speech made a hit."

DOBLEY'S SHOPPING EXPERIENCES.

He Tries to Buy a Belt and Succeeds.

Mr. Dohley was at his office when he received this telegram:

Please stop in at Sellemthing's on your way home and buy me a belt; waist measure, twenty-ooo. HONORA.

That meant that Mrs. Dohley wanted a belt in a great hurry, and as they were starting for out of town by an early morning train Mr. Dohley supposed that it was to wear with a traveling dress. He hated to shop, but it was understood that when a case of necessity arose he was willing to sacrifice himself. So he kept the message and stopped off at Sellemthing's half an hour before closing time. He wondered if belts came under the head of notions or jewelry, but, wishing to be quite sure, he asked a floor-walker, who said belts were in the basement.

Mr. Dohley went down in the elevator, wondering much, and asked another man about belts. This man mopped his brow, for it was a warm afternoon, and repeated inanely, almost idiotically:

"Belts? Not on this floor," said the man reproachfully.

"They said upstairs they were on this floor," said Dohley, savagely. He hated being sent on a wild-goose chase about a dry-goods shop, and sometimes it seemed as though it were a sort of game that the salespeople played on customers, especially when it was nearly time to close.

"We only have athletic belts and swimming belts on this floor," said the floor-walker.

"Then what are you talking about?" asked Dohley. "Where are they?"

The floor-walker designated the direction that led to the athletic goods, and Dohley proceeded, although he knew quite well that he would not find the belt Mrs. Dohley wished for among them. But he wanted to teach the floor-walker a lesson in politeness.

After pretending to buy, he strode upstairs and wandered among the aisles like a lost soul, looking for belts. Seeing some things depending from a line with buckles on them, he approached jauntily, and said to the young woman in charge:

"Let me see some of these in your very latest designs, please."

"The very latest have gun-metal and rhinestone buckles," said the young lady. "This has a horse-shoe on one and a fleur-de-lis on the other. Eight dollars a pair."

"A pair?" exclaimed Mr. Dohley. "Do you sell 'em by the pair?"

"Usually," said the young lady, haughtily.

"I only wanted one," said Dohley, "twenty-one inches."

"How many inches?" asked the young lady, in a frightened tone.

"Twenty-one," said Dohley, "waist measure."

"The waist measure doesn't matter," said the young woman.

"Doesn't?" asked Dohley. "I should think the waist measure would matter considerably in a belt."

"These aren't belts," said the young woman; "they are stocking-supporters."

"Oh—" said Dohley, "I thought—"

"Cawh!" said the young lady, turning her back deliberately on Dohley.

Mr. Dohley turned away crestfallen. It now only lacked fifteen minutes of six, and he knew what to expect in the way of attention from the clerks at that hour. He saw a pleasant-faced young woman standing by a counter full of hats, and he approached her.

"Can you inform me," he said, "where I can find belts for sale?"

"I can not," she said, calmly.

"Would you be good enough to find out?" asked Dohley, in desperation.

"I would not," she said, haughtily.

"And why not, may I ask?" said Dohley.

"Because I don't choose to," said the young woman, "and I think you are impudent!"

Just then a salesman came up and handed the lady a hat which she pinned on her head, handed him payment for, and left after a look of scorn at Dohley, who perceived that he had been addressing a customer instead of a saleswoman.

"Belts! Belts!" he said, hoarsely, clutching the clerk's hand.

"What kind of belts?" asked the clerk, in surprise.

"Not a championship belt," said Dohley, feebly; "nor a swimming belt, nor an athletic belt, nor an electric belt, but a belt—a feminine belt—twenty-one inches. Please lead me to them."

The man pointed to a counter across the room, where two girls were dusting things and putting them away. They paid no attention to Mr. Dohley, but carried on an interesting conversation.

"Please show me some belts," said Mr. Dohley.

"What price belts?" asked the saleswoman.

"How can I tell what I want till I see them," said Dohley.

"He can't tell then," said the other girl again, addressing space. "He's a shopper. They always come in at six on a hot day."

"Here are some of the newest belts," said the young woman. "This gold braid with a real turquoise buckle. They are a dollar an inch and the buckle comes extra."

"Isn't that rather high?" said Dohley.

"Not for gold belts," said the girl.

"I think my wife would prefer a plainer sort of belt," he said.

"His wife?" said the space talker, sarcastically.

"There is no call for plain belts," said the girl, shoving the tray away in the case. "What time is it, Mame?"

"Ten minutes to six," said the other girl. "I should think folks would know better than to come in at such a time."

"Perhaps you'd like a sixty-five cent belt? Or, how about a leather belt?"

"Well, how about it?" said Dohley. "Let me see it?"

She took out a box of leather belts. There was a dangerous glitter in her eye.

"Do you think a lady would like one of those belts?" he asked.

"It depends on the lady," said the girl, pertly. "Some would and some wouldn't. That's an old-style belt. The pulley belt is the newest thing."

"Why didn't you let me see them in the first place?" asked Mr. Dohley. "That is what I want: the newest thing in belts."

The girl took out a box of satin belts of different colors. "What size?" she asked.

"Waist twenty-one inches," he said.

"Then you'll want a nineteen belt," said the girl.

"Why should I want a nineteen belt for a twenty-one-inch waist?" he inquired.

"Because you take two or three inches less in these belts," explained the salesgirl.

"Are you sure of that?" he asked.

"I have one on," said the girl.

"How much are they?" said Dohley.

"Two-fifty each," said she.

"I'll take two," said Dohley, desperately.

"Well, well, well!" said the girl who talked to space.

Dohley escaped with his belts through a door, the grating of which had been put up except in one space through which he was allowed to pass eyed by the saleswomen as though he were a criminal. When he got home he displayed them to Mrs. Dohley.

"The very newest thing," he said.

Mrs. Dohley tried one on and it fitted.

"Well," she said, "you can shop better than I. They are perfectly lovely. Shopping is a perfect torment to me. The saleswomen and men are so disagreeable on hot days."

"I don't know that I exactly care for shopping," said Dohley; "but when it comes to a belt hunt, give me the scent and I am game."—*New York Sun.*

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4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,
July 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, August 1, and
every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,
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SOCIETY.

The Sherman-Kittle Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Lucia Kittle, daughter of Mrs. John Kittle, to Dr. Harry M. Sherman, took place at the Episcopal Church, Ross Station, on Saturday afternoon, July 7th. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by the Right Rev. William Ford Nichols, D. D. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her mother, Mrs. John Kittle. Miss Ethel Kittle was the bridesmaid, and Dr. Willits acted as best man.

After the church ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served at the summer home of the bride's mother, and, later in the afternoon, Dr. and Mrs. Sherman departed on their honeymoon.

Among other guests at the church and wedding breakfast were Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Latham and Miss Latham, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. William Barber and Miss Barber, Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. Berry, Dr. and Mrs. H. O. Howitt, Mrs. H. F. Allen, Mrs. Sarah Coffin, Miss Marion Coffin, Miss Ethel Warren, the Misses Moore, Mr. James Coffin, Judge Ward McAllister, Mr. Benjamin Dibblee, and Mr. Albert Dibblee.

The Crawford-Clay Engagement.

At a tea given at her home, "Level Lea," in Fruitvale, on Friday afternoon, July 6th, Mrs. C. C. Clay announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Anna Clay, to Mr. Harden Lake Crawford, of New York. No date as yet has been set for the wedding.

Among the guests present were the Misses Jean and Florence Hush, the Misses Josephine and Kate Chabot, the Misses Ethel and Carmen Moore, the Misses Mona and Laura Crellin, the Misses Irene and Mary Barker, the Misses Lohse, Mrs. William Magee, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Mrs. George Hammer, Miss Landers, Miss Ethel Valentine, Mrs. Henry Nicholls, Mrs. Robert Knight, Mrs. Thomas Pbeby, Miss Florence Starr, Miss Emma Grimwood, Mrs. Howard Bray, Miss Grace Holt, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Augusta Kent, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Lucy Moffitt, Miss Ethel Kittredge, Miss Jane Rawlings, Miss Sadie Hale, Mrs. Oscar Gowing, Mrs. Irving Lundborg, Mrs. Harrison Clay, Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Selby, Mrs. S. P. Tuggle, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Eleanor Warner, Miss Mabel Foster, Mrs. L. F. Geisler, Miss Orie Jackson, Miss Emily Adams, Miss Blanche Lechter, Miss Sara Drum, and Miss Elsie Marwedal.

The Webster Dinner and Drive.

Mr. Bruce Webster entertained a number of his friends at Fairfax Villa near San Rafael on Saturday night, July 7th. The party was driven to the villa from the Hotel Rafael in a four-in-hand, and the moonlight drive home after dinner was a very delightful one. Among Mr. Webster's guests were Colonel and Mrs. Marion P. Maus, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Cora Smedberg, Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. Augustus Sutro, Mr. West, and Mr. Samuel G. Boardman.

San Rafael Theatre-Party.

A number of San Franciscans who are spending the summer at San Rafael made up a theatre-party on Wednesday evening and witnessed Henry Miller's charming revival of "A Marriage of Convenience." After taking dinner, they returned to San Rafael by the late boat.

Those in the party were Colonel and Mrs. M. P. Maus, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Mary Kip, the Misses Helen and Bertha Smith, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Cora Smedberg, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. Samuel G. Boardman, Mr. Lawrence Scott, Mr. Danforth Boardman, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. Bruce Webster, and Mr. B. West.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Grace Burr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Burr, to Mr. Charles Wilder, who until recently occupied the post of Hawaiian consul-general in this city, took place in New York on Tuesday, July 10th, at the Church of the Holy Apostles. Rev. W. H. Williams, who was at one time pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church on Post Street, was the officiating clergyman. Mr. and Mrs. Wilder will spend their honeymoon in Honolulu, and later will return to this city, where they will make their permanent home.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Idolene Snow Hooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Hooper, of Alameda, to Mr. Sumner Crosby, son of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Crosby, of Boston.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Louise Bien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bien, of 2920 Pacific Avenue, to Mr. A. B. C. Dohrmann, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann, of this city.

Mr. Lawrence E. Van Winkle gave a pretty dinner-party at Fairfax Villa on Tuesday, July 10th, at which a moonlight drive was taken through Ross Valley. His guests were Mr. and

Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mrs. Fred H. Green, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Mrs. J. A. Folger and Mrs. Adam Grant recently gave a six-handed euchre card-party at the Hotel Rafael. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. George Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. William Kip, Mr. and Mrs. Landers, Major and Mrs. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. Froelich, and Mr. Grant.

Mr. Augustus Sutro gave a dinner recently at Fairfax Villa, at which he entertained Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Louise Sussman, Mr. West, Mr. Bruce Webster, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson entertained at dinner at their home in San Rafael on Saturday, July 7th. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Miss Katharine Dillon, Miss Cosgrave, Mr. E. M. Greenway, and Mr. Fred A. Greenwood.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Books on London and Great Pictures.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Popular attention seems so centred in Paris these days that descriptive literature of more than mere guide-book interest is not lacking. Such new books as Miss de Forest's "Paris as It Is," lately reviewed in the *Argonaut*, and "Stones of Paris," by Martin, are delightful expositions of the French capital. One would be equally interested in similar descriptions of London, but not knowing what to put my hands upon of this nature, I ask the *Argonaut* for help. Will you mention some books, whether recent or not, that deal with London in something of the spirit that these deal with Paris?

Also, I have tried vainly to find a history or dictionary of art from which one may discover something of the history of a famous painting without searching through pages of purely technical matter upon "values," "chiaroscuro," "compositions," etc. Lübke's history quite fails to enlighten me. The charming description in the letter from Florence in your columns last week of the famous picture of Queen Joan has greatly aroused my interest, but I do not know where to look for the desired information. Again, will the *Argonaut* help me?

I think I am not the only one of your readers who would be glad to know of books upon both of these subjects which the *Argonaut* could suggest.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[Sir Walter Besant's "London," published by Harper & Brothers, is descriptive, historical, literary, and interesting. There is a "South Kensington Universal Catalogue of Art," but it is doubtful if it would meet all the requirements of our correspondent. The biographies of the great painters usually give the particulars desired.—EDS.]

Public bequests amounting to over \$5,000,000 were made by the late Baron Adolphe de Rothschild in his will. His art collections of sacred objects, goldsmith work, enamels, ivories, etc., go to the Louvre Museum, together with \$60,000 for the cost of installation; such articles as the Louvre does not want are to go to the Cluny Museum, while the collection of armor goes to the Musée d'Artillerie. The largest bequest is for the establishment of an ophthalmological hospital in Paris. The sums allotted to the relief of the poor by various authorities in Paris and its neighborhood amount to over \$4,400,000. A sum of \$8,000 a year is to be shared annually among forty poor working girls. In all cases no distinction is to be made on account of religion. The interest of \$700,000 shall be applied to aiding needy priests, rabbis, and ministers of the religions existing in France—Catholics, Israelites, and Protestants. This clause is dated in 1890, and was left unaltered, although Baron de Rothschild kept making changes in his will till shortly before his death this winter.

The Fourth of July was celebrated in Paris by the unveiling of the statue of Lafayette given to France by school-children of the United States. The occasion was made a *fête* which was honored by the presence of President Loubet, who accepted the statue in the name of France, and interpreted its significance. There is a statue of Lafayette at Washington, erected by the French people, and the presentation of a statue of the hero by the youth of America to France is a proper and timely reciprocation of French generosity.

It used to be supposed that a perfect sapphire must be of a dark, rich, blue tint. Now the discovery of a new sapphire mine in the Rocky Mountains, where stones were found varying in their shades of color from a light steel blue to the deep blue tint, and again from a lovely amethyst to a ruby red, has changed all that. These new sapphires have become the rage. They touch the whole color scale of blue, red, and purple.

One of the most important industries of the Bahama Islands is the gathering of pink pearls. It is the only place in the world where the pearls are found. The pearls, when perfect, bring very high prices, it is said, ranging from fifty dollars to five thousand dollars.

SUMMER VERSE.

Boat Song.

When we boated, you and I,
Swaying willows kissed the stream.
Was it? Yes, 'twas last July!

Little cloudlets flaked the sky,
Just to make it bluer beam,
When we boated, you and I.

Once again the lilies shy
Blow. Ah, did they fairer seem—
Was it? Yes, 'twas last July!

Far from you the days dragged by,—
Wintry hours without a gleam,—
Since we boated, you and I.

You were cruel then. Your eye
Gayly mocked my hope supreme.
Was it? Yes, 'twas last July!

Still I love you. Do you sigh?
Sweetheart, make it true—my dream;
While we're boating, you and I,
Say you love me—this July!

—Samuel Minturn Peck in *Bazar*.

By the Summer Sea.

Far in the distance meet the sky and sea,
And melt together in an azure haze,
As dim and dreamy as eternity,
With vast, vague spaces lost in mellow maze.

The white-winged ships are flitting far away,
The white-winged gulls are circling there on high;

O snowy wings, I long to leave this clay,
And follow, follow you through sea and sky!

I watch the billows with their emerald glooms,
Forever restless, rushing on and on,
The breakers beating like an eagle's plumes,—
Wild beings, seeking peace forever gone!

Here, wading with their pink and pearly feet,
The beautiful barefooted children play;
Their faces, like their joys, are fresh and sweet,—
Blonde childhood in a blonde midsummer day!

Their life is laughter and their love is bliss,
Free from regret for perished years of yore,
Their world is one great blossom, youth a kiss,
Ere storms shall thunder, "Fled for evermore!"

I watch them, pensive, till the day is done,
And melancholy twilight follows noon,
Till like a blood-red tulip sinks the sun,
And like a snow-white lily comes the moon.

—Walter Malone in *Harper's Weekly*.

The Song of the Canoe.

Dip! Dip!
And I thrill with the start—
For the ripples run and the waters part
At the Song the paddle sings.

Drip! Drip!
And lo, it brings
The word of a sweet command to me,
And leaping to answer it—I am free!

Water-weeds weaving in vain to stay me.
Fain, fain
Are the reeds arrayed at my prow to delay me—
Vain, vain,
They cast their lure and they bid me bide,
For the paddle swinging along my side—
Dip! Dip!
Hath a dearer bribe than the still things know,
And I go. I go!

Lo, I am come of a wilding birth—
The Brown God's cunning my mother made,
In the days of the younger earth.
He wrought her stanch in sinew and thong,
Making her slender and supple and strong
And lithe as his knife's own blade.
He garnished her bravely, without and within,
Breathed into her being the soul of desire,
To follow the wake of the mad marsh-fire,
Thistle-drift's sister and Will-o'-the-wisp's kin.

Out on the trail that the free things know,
I go! I go!
On an airy quest that is never won;
And tempting me, daring me, luring me on,
The iris wings of the dragon fly—
Till the day is done and the last lights die.

Glide! Glide!
Across the calm of the evening tide
When the first white stars begin.

Creep! Creep!
Where the lilies sleep—
Stars in the sky as soft, as deep—
The paddle singing me in.

Hush! Hush!
For the tall reeds brush
My side as though they love me.

Rest! Rest!
On the inlet's breast
With the roof of the leaves above me.
—Arthur Ketchum in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Owing to the present delightful weather, the Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway announces a special trip to the summit of Mt. Tamalpais for this (Saturday) evening, July 14th, leaving San Francisco (via Sausalito Ferry) at 5:15 P. M., arriving at the new Tavern in time for dinner, giving ample time to view the sunset; returning the same evening so as to arrive in San Francisco by 11:30 P. M. There is no more delightful trip than ascending Mt. Tamalpais on a moonlight evening.

It seems that a copy of the first folio of Shakespeare has just been unearthed in Yorkshire.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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STORES Trunks for One Dollar a Month.
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The Argonaut in Paris

Persons visiting the Exposition at Paris, and desiring copies of the *Argonaut* during their stay in that city, may obtain the same at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera. It will also be found at the California Head-quarters, No. 1 Place de l'Opera, and on the tables of the Southern Pacific reading rooms, 29 Boulevard des Italiens. The *Argonaut* will be sent direct from this office to those sending us their subscriptions.

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Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements in and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

The Misses Emily and Genevieve Carlan have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell at their home in Ross Valley during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Collis P. Huntington have closed their New York residence and opened their country house at Throg's Neck, Westchester, N. Y., for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin sailed for Europe last week. They will remain abroad three months, and will visit London, Paris, Germany, Switzerland, and Rome. They will start for home on October 6th.

Mrs. S. A. Keith and her son, Mr. William H. Keith, have left Paris, and are making an extensive tour of Germany and Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fnlis are expected to arrive home to-morrow (Sunday) from their trip around the world.

Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker and family are at Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman, Miss Blanding, and Miss Susie Blanding are at the Tavern of Castle Crag.

Miss Helen Wagner has returned from Del Monte, and is now at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Azalea C. Keyes, chaperoned by Mrs. J. R. Mackenzie, after a short stay in Honolulu, will proceed to Sydney, Australia, on the Oceanic steamer *Moana*, which sailed from this city on Wednesday.

Mrs. Andrew Martin has gone to Monterey.

Mr. J. C. Wilson has returned from Highland Springs, where he spent the Fourth of July with his family.

Miss Laura Bates has returned from a visit to friends in San Rafael.

Mrs. F. F. Law and Miss Law have returned from Del Monte.

Mr. H. B. Taylor leaves next week for a short visit in Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Carroll, Miss Gertrude Carroll, and Mrs. W. R. Whittier have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin at their home in Ross Valley.

Mrs. E. B. Croker will occupy the Crunker villa at Larchmont for the summer with her guest, Miss Evelyn Laughton, of Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Kimball (née Thomas) have been visiting Mrs. Kimball's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Thomas, at their home in San Rafael during the past week.

Mrs. Jean Bowers and Mrs. Robert Fry, Jr., have gone on a pleasure trip to Alaska.

Mrs. Edward Barron and son came up from Mayfield during the week, and were at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., and Mrs. Augustin S. Macdonald have taken a cottage at Rnwardennan, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, for the summer.

Mayr James Phelan, Miss Mullie Phelan, and Mr. Walter S. Martin sailed from New York for England on Thursday, en route to the Paris Exposition. They expect to return to San Francisco about September 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. William Romaine are spending the summer months at Palm Alto.

Miss May Perkins arrived in Oakland from the East on Saturday last. She was accompanied by Mrs. Young and Miss Lettie Early, of Washington, D. C., who will be the guests of Senator and Mrs. Perkins. In a few days, accompanied by Miss Perkins, they will depart for a trip to Alaska. On their return the party will spend a month in Mexico.

Miss Laura Taylor is spending the summer at Rnwardennan.

Mrs. George L. Culburn, Miss Maye Culburn, and Miss Polly Dunn have returned from Santa Cruz.

Miss Louise Sussman has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Heller at their home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Weller, of San Mateo, were at the Palace Hotel a few days ago.

Miss Grace Hecht has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. Mark Gerstle and Mrs. William Gerstle, at San Rafael during the past fortnight.

Miss Gladys Merrill and Miss Eleanor Eckert have been the guests of Miss Charlotte Evans at Los Gatos.

Miss Anna Vnnrhees when last heard from was traveling with friends in Switzerland. Mr. and Mrs. Hincley Taylor, who accompanied her from here, are still in Paris.

Dr. J. J. Henderson is taking an outing in the eastern part of Nevada and will return to town the first week in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest R. Folger were the guests of Mrs. J. A. Folger at the Hotel Rafael on Saturday and Sunday last.

Mrs. D. F. Verdenal, of New York, is to spend the summer with her daughters, Mrs. William Forsyth and Mrs. Lee L. Gray, who are occupying cottages at Santa Cruz.

Miss Florence Lundborg, who has been studying art in Paris for the past three years, arrived home Saturday last, and is the guest of her brother, Mr. Irving Lundborg at Linda Vista.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvain Weill returned on Monday last from a month's visit at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Dohrmann returned on Monday from their trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone was at the Hotel Rafael on Saturday and Sunday last visiting friends.

Miss Jane Rawlings, of Linda Vista, is the guest of Miss Anne Appersn, at Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Sentt have arrived in London.

Mrs. W. Z. King and her daughters, the Misses Flina and Onnette King, have gone to Santa Cruz for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Houghton have returned to their apartments at the Vendome, San José, for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Hendryx, of Los Angeles,

have been guests at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. Claude Sharon, of Oakland, sails on the steamer *St. Paul* for Nome.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Townsend registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Anderson came up from Ben Lomond early in the week, and were at the California Hotel for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Thomas were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. F. Marion Wigmore, of Los Angeles, is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Farquharson enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Prince David Kawanakoa, Mr. William H. Cornwall, Mr. John D. Holt, and Mr. John H. Wise, who were the Hawaiian delegates to the Democratic National Convention at Kansas City, returned to town on Monday, and are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. William Boericke and daughters, of Mill Valley, Mr. W. H. Emerson, of Boston, Mr. H. B. Taylor and Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, of Oakland, Dr. J. M. Seward, Miss Seward, and Mr. John Seward, of Orange, N. J., Mr. Everett G. Starr, of Oregon, Mrs. M. O'Brien, Mr. J. M. O'Brien, Mr. Emile White, Mr. G. L. Rathbone, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Mr. H. H. Hewlette, Mr. Ray M. Pike, and Mr. J. F. Babcock.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Singer, Mr. H. T. Williams, and Mr. Thomas Williams, Jr., of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bates, of Reno, Nev., Mr. G. H. Van Meter, of Alameda, Mrs. W. G. Tyler, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Ront, of Los Angeles, Mr. G. D. Edwards, of St. Louis, Mo., Mrs. J. W. Johnson, of Chicago, Mrs. S. F. Woodward, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Grant, of Ogden, Utah, Mr. A. P. Stanton, Mr. Sheldon G. Kellogg, Miss Annie G. Sheppard, Miss E. Louise Sheppard, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Spinney, and Mr. and Mrs. John Larkin.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. J. Crocker, of San Luis Obispo, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Clark, of Santa Rosa, Mr. and Mrs. V. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento, Mrs. J. Hoffman, of Oakland, Mrs. E. Dinkelspiel and Miss Dinkelspiel, of Bakersfield, Mrs. W. A. Mackinder, of St. Helena, Mr. A. Elliott, of Berkeley, Mr. F. H. Taylor, of Pittsburg, Mr. C. D. Smith, of Birmingham, Mr. E. W. Garrison, of New York, Mr. J. S. Van Buren, of Hong Kong, Mr. L. H. Bell, of Carson, Nev., Mr. C. C. Royce, of Chico, Mr. T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, and Mr. W. A. Joseph, of Chicago.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Surgeon-General George M. Sternberg, U. S. A., is expected in San Francisco early next week, when he will inspect the general hospital at the Presidio, which has risen to the rank of the most important military hospital in the country, caring, as it does, for all the sick soldiers returning from the Philippines. General Sternberg left Washington July 3d, and is taking in the army and navy hospital at Hot Springs, Ark., and the hospital at Fort Bayard, N. M., on his way.

Rear-Admiral Lester A. Beardslee, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Beardslee sailed for the Orient on Tuesday, July 11th, on the Japanese steamer, *Nippon Maru*. They are to make a tour of the world.

Mrs. Potter, wife of Major Samuel O. L. Potter, U. S. V., arrived in London from Manila, via the Suez route, on June 21st, and is at the Hotel Howard, Norfolk Street, Victoria Embankment.

Lieutenant B. C. Gilbert, U. S. A., who arrived from Manila June 30th on the transport *Samner*, has been appointed instructor at West Point. After a brief visit with relatives here, Lieutenant Gilbert left Sunday, July 8th, to spend the rest of his leave with his parents in New Mexico.

Commander C. S. Sperry, U. S. N., late of the cruiser *Yorktown*, of the Philippines squadron, arrived here on Monday in the *Rio*, from Shanghai, whither he had gone from Manila. He is on his way home, having been relieved from sea duty. After a short stay at the Occidental Hotel he departed for the East.

Mrs. D. S. Gordon, wife of Colonel D. S. Gordon, U. S. A., and her daughter Cornelia, left Washington, D. C., for this city on July 5th. They will spend the summer here.

Mrs. W. H. McKittick, wife of Captain McKittick, U. S. A., has returned from Bakersfield and is staying at Fort Mason with her father, General Shafter.

Lieutenant-Commander Edward J. Dunn, U. S. N., passed a few days in Los Angeles last week as the guest of his mother, Mrs. C. Dunn, before sailing to join his ship in Samoa.

Major John D. Hall, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hall are spending a fortnight in San José at the Vendome.

Commander J. S. Ogden, U. S. N., registered at the Palace Hotel last week.

The competitive examination for the selection of a cadet for the West Point Military Academy has been completed at Berkeley, and Mr. James Joseph O'Hara, residing at 2707 Vallejo Street in this city, was declared the successful contestant. The young man received his appointment shortly afterward from Senator Perkins. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, also of this city, residing at 105 Clark Street, stood second in the competition, and will accompany Mr. O'Hara to West Point as alternate. Mr. O'Hara comes from an old military family, his great-grandfather having played a conspicuous part in the surrender of Cornwallis's army to Washington at the end of the colonial days, and his father, Major James O'Hara, First Artillery, U. S. A., having gained distinction at the repulse of the night attack

of the Filipinos at Manila. Major O'Hara, recently promoted from captain of the Third Artillery, has been relieved from duty as commanding officer at Alcatraz, and will join his new station with the First Artillery in Florida.

Among the naval officers who sailed for the Orient to join the Asiatic station on the Japanese steamer, *Nippon Maru*, on Tuesday, July 10th, were Commanders C. T. Forse, Perry Garst, and J. S. Ogden, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commanders J. C. Colwell, J. C. Fremont, R. H. Galt, and W. G. Halsey, U. S. N., Surgeon A. R. Alfred, U. S. N., Naval Constructor T. F. Ruhm, U. S. N., Lieutenants C. B. Brittain, W. H. G. Bullard, R. K. Crank, W. A. Gill, H. P. Huse, R. D. Hashrouck, J. J. Knapp, H. B. Price, T. W. Ryan, C. S. Stanworth, and R. H. Townley, U. S. N., Ensigns J. F. Babcock, W. J. Crnnan, and D. C. Hanrahan, U. S. N.

In the announcement of recent appointments by the President of cadets-at-large to the Naval Academy, the name of David McDougall Le Breton recalls to mind the conspicuous gallantry of his grand father, the late Rear-Admiral David McDougall, in 1863, in the Straits of Shimonosiki, Japan, when our flag was insulted, our legation burned, and our countrymen, through an edict of expulsion, were in imminent danger, a temerity no doubt encouraged by the knowledge of our Civil War, in which, at the time, the United States was involved. His ship, the United States ship *Wyoming*, the only United States man-of-war in those waters, entered the straits to investigate the outrages, and encountering three fully armed vessels, destroyed them and silenced some shore batteries that were pouring shot and shell upon his decks. Had this brilliant action taken place at any other time than during the Civil War, "the world," to use the words of Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, "would have echoed with its signal bravery, gallantry, and skill." If young Le Breton is a chip of the old block, he will be a worthy son of a distinguished grand sire.

Rear-Admiral John W. Philip died at the Navy Yard in New York June 30th of heart disease. During the war with Spain Admiral Philip commanded the battle-ship *Texas* and participated in the destruction of Cervera's fleet, as well as in the other important naval movements in the West Indies during that war. Upon being raised to the grade of rear admiral by the passage of the Naval Personnel bill, he became commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Admiral John W. Philip was nearly sixty years old. He was appointed to the naval academy in 1856, and entered the navy as midshipman January 1, 1861.

— THE ENGRAVING OF ROMAN LETTERS NOW so much in vogue for visiting cards requires the best skill of the most expert engravers. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Statinners, can be relied upon for the very best class of workmanship in this particular.

— TRUSTS AND COMBINATIONS DO NOT AFFECT Jesse Moore Whisky. Its fame is established, its quality is the finest, and it is always the best.

— DO NOT GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A jar of California Strawberry Cream for the skin. Made from the fruit juice, at Greenbaum's, 200 Post.

— After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 214 Post St.

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American plan. European plan.

Vacation Shoes
FOR THIS WEEK.

Ladies' Tan Lace and Button Shoes, mostly narrow toes and widths.....\$1.15
Ladies' Kangaroo and Calf (Laird, Schober & Co) Shoes......65
Ladies' Tan Golf Shoes.....\$2.50
Ladies' French Kid (Herber's) Shoes, what are left......25
Ladies' Tan Oxfords, L.X.V. heel......95
Men's Tan Hand Welt Lace Shoe, pointed toes, narrow widths; sizes, 9, 10, 11.....\$1.00
Men's Calf Button and Congress, full plain toe, small sizes, narrow widths......75
Children's Patent Leather and Kid Shoes, odd lot......25

Most all of above small sizes. No mail orders filled. We will not exchange or return money on these goods. See prices in windows and bargain counter. We also have full lines of new Summer Footwear. Popular prices.

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FINE SHOES

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Personal Impressions Advertiser for June.

PIANOS have long been made in San Francisco, but the departure of Byron Mauzy is unique. Heretofore pianos were bought because they had the virtue of utility, but they were absolutely out of harmony in the rooms they were placed. Would you put a "colonial" table in your Moorish room, or a wigwam in your Louis XV.? Why then a piano that in no way fits except in tone? Byron Mauzy specially designs instruments to suit their environment, or the superior taste of the purchaser, so the piano stands as an original thing rather than one like a thousand more. Besides having individuality, the highest skill is lavished upon their execution, and perfection is guaranteed. Call for particulars of this original purpose.

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California Books

A Handsome Series of New and Useful Publications.

The Southern Pacific Company has published for free distribution the following books and pamphlets which may be obtained from any Southern Pacific Agent, or T. H. Goodman, General Passenger Agent at San Francisco. If you apply by mail inclose a stamp for each publication.

Resorts and Attractions Along the Coast Line is a handsomely illustrated folder giving a description of the health and pleasure resorts on the coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Shasta Resorts, embellished with beautiful half-tone engravings, describes the scenic and outing attractions of the vast and wonderful Shasta region, the grandest of pleasure grounds.

California South of Tehachapi tells all about the charms of that remarkably favored semi-tropic garden spot, Southern California.

A Handsome Map of California, complete in detail, reliable, skillfully indexed, and full of information about the State's resources. It is the only publication of its kind conveniently folded for pocket use.

Summer Outings is a 32-page folder devoted to the camping retreats in the Shasta Region and Santa Cruz Mountains. It appeals more directly to that large and growing class of recreation seekers who prefer this popular form of outing.

Pacific Grove is the Chautauqua of the West, and this folder not only describes the pretty place itself, but gives a program of the religious and educational meetings, conventions, schools, etc., to be held there this summer.

Other publications are **Lake Tahoe, Geysers and Lake County, Yosemite, Hotel del Monte, Castle Crags**, etc., and printed in the highest style of the art. Go and see the nearest Southern Pacific agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	FROM MAY 13, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7:00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runney, and Sacramento.....	*7:45 P
*7:00 A	Shasta Express—Dayton, Willits, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7:45 P
*7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6:15 P
*8:00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7:45 P
*8:00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*11:45 A
*8:30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4:15 P
*8:30 A	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton.....	*4:15 P
*9:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11:45 A
*9:00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*6:45 P
*9:30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*6:45 P
*10:00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5:15 P
*11:00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4:15 P
*12:00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2:45 P
*12:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*15:00 A
*3:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5:45 P
*4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9:15 A
*4:00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10:45 A
*4:30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7:15 P
*5:00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*9:45 A
5:00 P	Fresno Passenger—Martinez, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Berkeley (Raymond for Yosemite), Fresno, New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and East.....	*8:45 A
*5:30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*6:45 P
*6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7:45 A
*6:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*12:15 P
*6:00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*11:45 A
*6:00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4:15 P
17:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	19:55 P
*8:05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8:15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18:05 P
*8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6:20 P
12:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	18:35 P
*4:15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10:30 A
*4:15 P	Glenview, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	*8:50 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)	
*7:15	9:00 11:00 A. M., 12:00 2:00 3:00 P. M.
*4:00	15:00 6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6:00 8:00
10:00 A. M., 12:00 1:00 2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 P. M.	

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

16:10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	16:30 P
17:00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1:30 P
17:30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	18:35 P
*9:00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*4:10 P
*10:40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6:35 A
*11:30 A	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	*5:30 P
12:45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10:30 A
13:30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7:30 P
14:15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9:45 A
15:00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	19:00 A
*5:30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	18:35 A
*6:30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	18:00 A
21:45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7:30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
§ Saturday only. ¶ Saturday and Sunday. * Sunday and Monday.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Cora—"How do you know that is a bargain-counter bathing-suit she is wearing?" **Merritt**—"By the way it is cut down."—*Town Topics*.

Mrs. Winterbloom—"Did you find the mountain air intoxicating?" **Jagway**—"Very; I didn't draw a sober breath while I was there."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"My wife," he said, proudly, "has been known as the queen of hearts." "No doubt," they answered; "it was because she took the knave."—*Chicago Post*.

"What is a storm centre, pa?" "A storm centre is that member of a family who remains as cool as a cucumber while he makes all the rest raging mad."—*Chicago Record*.

"Shall I sing 'Because I Love You'?" asked Mrs. Darley, as she seated herself at the piano. "No," replied Mr. Darley, who is a brute; "if you love me, don't sing."—*Tit-Bits*.

Little Elmer—"Papa, what is a politician?" **Professor Broadhead**—"A politician, my son, is a man who hungers and thirsts to sacrifice himself for his country in times of peace."—*Puck*.

The strenuous life: To the hen: "That's a mighty energetic chick you have." *The hen*—"Very. That's my son Ted; born with spurs, and his head turned; he can't stop."—*Life*.

Magistrate—"You are charged with talking back to an officer, sir; have you anything to say?" **Prisoner**—"Dayvil a wurd, yer honor—O've sed too mooch alreddy."—*Ohio State Journal*.

"What did Freddy say when you caught him coming out of the pantry with his hands stained red?" "He told the truth by saying that he had jammed his fingers."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

His daily duty: "And they say you drove the rich man to drink?" "Yes, sir, but I couldn't help it." "Couldn't help it! What do you mean?" "He made me, sir. I was his coachman."—*Harlem Life*.

A rash observation: **Cassidy** (meeting Mr. and Mrs. Casey)—"Ah, Pat! That baby is a perfect picture av ye." **Casey**—"Shut up, ye fule! Somebody left it on our front steps, and Oi'm taking it to the police-station."—*Judge*.

Retort courteous: "I see the villain in your face," said the gruff lawyer who was trying to intimidate a witness. "Very likely," was the calm reply; "the face of a bright person, like a mirror, is apt to cast personal reflections."—*Chicago News*.

The palmist—"This line in your hand indicates that you have a very brilliant future ahead of you—" **Simkins**—"Is that so?" **The palmist**—"Yes, but this other line indicates that you are too slow to ever catch up with it."—*Chicago News*.

"In neglecting to accept the urgent invitation sent him by the Dowager Empress of China, old Li Hung Chang shows that he intends to remain in the front rank of progress." "How so?" "He means to keep a head!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A made man: "What does Spendalot do for a living? He seems to have all kinds of money." "Nothing." "Lucky chap! Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, was he?" "Better; he was one of the patriots appointed to show Cubans what an honest government is."—*Life*.

Overlooked material: "There goes our most remarkable citizen," said the New England man to the visitor. "What is there remarkable about him?" "He is the only banker in the State who was not the original of the character of David Harum."—*Baltimore American*.

A decided bargain: "I should like to get a patent on this improved wedding-ring," said the Chicago inventor as he entered the patent office in Washington. "Anything novel about it?" inquired one of the examiners. "Yes, sir," replied the Chicago inventor; "it is adjustable."—*Bazar*.

Out of the ordinary: "I think we ought to give this wedding a display-head on the first page," said the city editor. "Out of the ordinary, is it?" asked the managing editor. "Well, I should say it was," answered the city editor; "why, there was no 'bower of roses,' no 'floral bell,' no 'wide-spreading canopy,' no 'blushing bride,' nothing 'beautiful in its simplicity,' no 'solemn strains' to the wedding march, no—" "Enough!" cried the managing editor; "double-lead it and give it a scare-head; it's the only one of the kind."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

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The opening of the campaign is beginning to stir up the ambition and enterprise of the newspaper world, which is already taking the usual form of trying to discover in advance what the prevailing sentiment of voters may be upon the issues which are expected to be vitally important in the coming political contest. While the Democratic convention was still in session at Kansas City, the New York Herald published the results of a canvass or poll it had made for the purpose of discovering the public feeling on the question of expansion,

as represented by acquisition and retention of the Philippines. The method employed in making its investigations was to interview a number of representative voters in various large cities, selecting them from definite and similar interests among the voters of each municipality. The classes interviewed were confined to business men, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and laborers.

The total number of interviews reported was 726. The average number of opinions obtained from each city was 50. The largest polls in the list were 89, made both in San Francisco and Denver. The smallest polls were 18 in Savannah, and 35 each in both St. Paul and Boston. The cities chosen were 15, viz: Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Denver, Galveston, Memphis, Milwaukee, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Savannah, St. Louis, and St. Paul. The total result of the 726 interviews shows that 324 were for expansion, 333 against expansion, and 69 were non-committal.

The division of opinion by classes of interest is also given, and shows the following results:

Business men interviewed, 176; for expansion, 97; against expansion, 63; non-committal, 16.

Laboring men interviewed, 147; for expansion, 34; against expansion, 111; non-committal, 2.

Clergymen interviewed, 116; for expansion, 60; against expansion, 32; non-committal, 24.

Physicians interviewed, 124; for expansion, 74; against expansion, 43; non-committal, 7.

Lawyers interviewed, 167; for expansion, 55; against expansion, 73; non-committal, 19.

Unclassified interviews, 18; for expansion, 9; against expansion, 8; non-committal, 1.

The results which are pointed out are that there is a slight preponderance opposed to expansion in the totals; that business men, physicians, and clergymen (Roman Catholics, being wholly non-committal, not included) seem to favor expansion; and that lawyers and laboring men appear to oppose it.

As to localities, the cities of Philadelphia, Galveston, Memphis, Savannah, Denver, and San Francisco return a majority in favor of expansion. The Chicago poll is equally divided, and the balance are opposed. It is also indicated that the majority of the cities in the East and Middle West are opposed to expansion in the ratio of 4 to 2; that the Southern cities are equally divided; and that the Western cities are practically unanimous in its favor.

The reasons given by the different classes disclose that lawyers as a class regard the policy as a political error, tending to break down the traditions of this country and lead to overthrow of republican home government. Business men see in it an opportunity for extended trade and commerce and a remedy for over-production. The majority of clergymen regard it as an evidence of the manifest destiny of this country to take part in the spread of civilization, while the greatest preponderance of opposition among workmen is based upon the fear that expansion will open the way to disastrous competition with the cheap labor of the Orient.

It is easy to pick flaws in an investigation like this. It is too small to carry very much influence. It is confined to a few large cities located in one-third of the States. It leaves out of consideration some great and influential classes—notably the farmers. Much of the result may have depended upon the individual selections made for the subjects of interview, and much may also have depended upon the bias of the interviewer, and the construction he placed upon the answers received.

Granting all these detractions from the intrinsic value of the poll as a forecast of the decision which American voters will render at the ballot-box in November next, it will be well for the Republican party not to despise even the slightest straws which tend to show the direction of the political wind. There is as yet good reason to doubt whether expansion, or imperialism, or by whatever name the question which underlies the new problems of this country may be called, can or will become the vital issue upon which the election will turn. If expansion shall take prece-

dence over the financial question in the minds of the people, it will be wise to notice that the startling and clearly marked fact produced by the interviews recorded in the poll is that the question of expansion—the retention of the Philippines and the extension of trade and commerce in the wake of American rule over distant islands—is liable to receive the cordial opposition of an overwhelming majority of voters among the laboring classes. If the election was to be held to-day the same result might easily appear at the polls. The remedy lies in an exhaustive educational campaign, by which laboring men shall be shown the advantages naturally accruing to them from extended business, manufacture, and production, and at the same time assuring them of protection against pauper labor.

Just before the Fourth of July, the Argonaut called attention to the useless, silly, and dangerous features of the usual celebration; to the deaths, maimings, fires, the crippled bodies, the blinded eyes, the agony of sensitive nerves, the horror of the timorous, the shock to the sick. Other papers in other cities did similarly, and called upon the municipal authorities to check the evil. As here, the appeal was useless, and the record of the anniversary was not only appalling in itself, but a stern indictment of American sense. This nation stands charged, indeed convicted, as having gone daft. It may advance the plea of insanity; there is none other for it.

A glance at the record of the day, since the country has resumed a normal frame of mind, is interesting. Study of the facts may result in preventing a recurrence, make property safer, and render human life less precarious. July 6, 1899, the Chicago Tribune presented a casualty table, an index to patriotic fervor and foolishness. This table showed that 33 people had been killed outright, 1,730 injured, and damage of \$233,070 caused by fires due directly to fire-works. It was deemed that this could never be exceeded, but the present year witnessed more disaster of every sort. There were 59 killed, 2,857 injured, while fire damage was \$549,585. Even this does not express all the truth, for as to San Francisco the death column is left blank, where at least two boys were killed by toy pistols in this city. San Francisco's injured is given at 52. The reports concern only 254 cities, were hastily compiled, and do not cover the villages and hamlets, where the anvil habit prevails in addition to the ordinary methods of producing explosion. Necessarily, the reports were incomplete.

The implements of death and destruction—aside from consequent flames—embraced the toy pistol, toy cannon, gunpowder, fire-arms, sky-rockets, and fire-crackers. The toy pistol is too dangerous to be in the hands of any boy, and, as no man would handle it, lacks excuse for being. Enforcement of ordinary police regulations would extirpate it; and there is nothing in the statutes stipulating a lapse on any particular day, especially a day when, instead of license, there should be more than ordinary security. Gunpowder in a loose state is never safe to handle, and its handling should not be permitted. Given one boy with a can of powder, and the second boy, with a brand to thrust into it, may be taken for granted; also a trip to the hospital for the pair. Actual fire-arms should, of course, be forbidden. There are fools who can never understand until they have blown a friend's eye out, that peril lurks in a blank cartridge, and there are others, fated, if they handle a revolver, to slip in somewhere a bullet. They are always surprised at the result, and never backward about expressing their regrets, but this mends no bones nor performs any miracle revivifying the perforated victim. Several people this year were killed by stray bullets and many injured. In such cases, as the transgressors are known, they should be proceeded against for homicide.

The giant fire-cracker is an abomination, and should be left to the Chinese; the same being excluded. It produces a detonation not only deafening, but forcible enough to shiver glass. At short range it blows off a hand with ease, even an arm. It is sometimes content to project into the human system certain particles which produce tet

almost invariably fatal. Its use should be forbidden absolutely. The mischief it works is of the direst sort, and it does no good whatever; distracts, annoys, alarms, kills—this is the sum of its achievements. It must be credited also with a large share of the runaways marking each Fourth, and with many of the fires.

The lesson of all this is that its repetition would be folly unforgivable. All this nonsense can be estopped by simple process of law, nobody harmed, no interest made to suffer, and no opportunity given other peoples to regard us as a set of lunatics.

For some reason the Sacramento *Bee* resents what it is pleased to regard as an attack upon the system of State publication of school-books, into which attack it thinks Benjamin Ide Wheeler has blundered. Possibly the attack was not a blunder; quite probably it resulted from deliberate conviction, due to study of the subject. There is nothing unreasonable in the supposition that the schools may be provided with the best books, and yet the "ring," of which the *Bee* seems in a condition of awe, be suppressed, kept submerged. California can not hope to produce books that will equal the best in the world. Nevertheless, the law can, effectively, provide against excessive prices and too frequent changes. If the "ring" shall resort to bribery, the State maintains penitentiaries for the secluding and reform of the briber.

A trial of the system in vogue has proved its weakness. The children of California are entitled to the best books, and do not get them. The parents of the children are entitled to protection against excessive demands for new books at the beginning of each term, and do not get it. Many books useless, or worse than useless, have been introduced. Some of these have been laughed into the waste-paper basket, but not until they had been paid for. Why not take advantage of the experience of other sections? There is no wisdom in permitting a local pride to work to the injury of the pupils, or to bring the machinery of education into disrepute. If the State is to continue publishing the books they should be first-class, and furnished without cost. The present plan of permitting poor pupils to make a pauper plea and receive books as a tribute of charity to beggary is wrong in itself. To receive the benefit of it touches the pride and impairs the status of a pupil. Many a poor family in San Francisco has kept its children out of school because they could not be given the money necessary for the purchase of books, and would not go through the humiliating formality of making a declaration of inability. Certainly the Californian system has not cheapened the cost of schooling; it may have cheapened the scholar.

Practical educators, such as President Wheeler, readily discern the faults to which the *Bee* is blinded. That the State printing office has become a political machine may not be true. That the printing of school-books gives it the opportunity, and encourages it in the direction indicated, can not be denied. That the mechanical part of the work can be done well there has no bearing on the matter. All text-books in common use are well printed, on good paper, and strongly bound. The capability of the printing-office might be worth mentioning if it were anything out of the ordinary. That the comparatively small number of books needed for the schools of a single State will cost more each than books produced in such quantity as to equip all the schools in the Union goes without saying. That they will not be made superior by having a provincial cast is equally clear. That there is under the prevailing plan as great a chance for corruption as under the old is only a fair supposition.

The matter rests with the State board of education. It can revise, or discard, or originate. But by what means is it to originate anything of higher standard than in use elsewhere? The very fact that President Wheeler, a member of the board, is in opposition will carry great weight. His opinion is a reason for discussing the subject, not for condemning his view, and proclaiming that in this regard California leads the world; for it does not.

While there is general knowledge that the standard of education in this country is becoming higher, the facts concerning the growth of institutions of learning will be a surprise to those who have not closely followed them. A table recently prepared set forth that last year there were gifts aggregating \$16,644,392 made to universities large and small; given in fortunes and given—in spirit perhaps more admirable—in mites. Even this showing was inadequate, failing to mention Columbia, Stanford, and the University of Michigan; failing, doubtless, to mention others of less importance. There were many notable donations, among them \$3,200,000 to Washington University, St. Louis; \$1,000,000 to Harvard; \$1,000,000 to the Chicago Institute; \$1,049,286 to Chicago University, ever the recipient of bounty. Besides this, Brown offered \$250,000 by Rockefeller on condition of rais-

ing the rest of a million, went \$100,000 over the necessary limit.

There is a distinction between universities, dividing the leading ones into two classes, differentiation being based rather upon the methods of support than of teaching or results. The following statement illustrates the relative standing of these in point of attendance.

State institutions—	Private endowment—
Michigan..... 3,447	Harvard..... 4,947
Minnesota..... 3,236	Chicago..... 3,183
Pennsylvania..... 2,673	Northwestern..... 2,971
California..... 2,659	Cornell..... 2,806
Wisconsin..... 2,422	Columbia..... 2,703
Illinois..... 2,234	Yale..... 2,700
Nebraska..... 2,205	Lake Forest..... 1,349
Iowa..... 1,438	Stanford..... 1,331
Missouri..... 1,206	Oberlin..... 1,323
Indiana..... 1,017	Princeton..... 1,196

The development manifest in the first column is of deep significance. Princeton and Oberlin, well-grounded and prosperous, were in existence long before the University of Minnesota had been founded, and yet Minnesota has nearly three times as many students as either. For this there are two apparent reasons: the State universities are co-educational, and they are free. Stanford may have drawn from the University of California, but in numerical achievement it is handicapped by the exclusion of women above a certain few hundreds, with an obvious tendency to make the restriction more rigid.

There may be a certain advantage in numbers, but many institutions that as factors in the educational world rank high, do not approach in attendance those appearing on the list above. Nobody would deny to Williams, Amherst, Dartmouth, or Bowdoin a full measure of influence and dignity. Indeed, many would turn by choice away from a college sought by the multitude. All through the East and West are minor colleges, with perhaps an average roll of three hundred, but fully abreast with the times, their curricula modeled after the most pretentious, and their professors fit to fill chairs in any. It has been a handicap to colleges of this sort that their endowment or other resources have been inadequate always to retain the best material in the several chairs, and a professor showing peculiar ability is often lured away by a salary double that he has been receiving.

In the South the educational advance has been slower, but the South has its millionaires, and perhaps in time they will awaken to the necessity of not only providing higher schools, but equipping them richly. In the table of gifts some Southern colleges appear as beneficiaries. In Tennessee there is a total of \$100,000; no mean sum, only seeming small by the side of prodigality. The University of the South gets \$68,000; to Virginia College goes \$75,000; North Carolina colleges share \$415,000; and South Carolina, \$46,000. According to the statements under consideration, the present college population of the United States is 108,983; in all probability, a grievous under-estimate. Yet even these thousands, pouring from class-rooms into the world, their places rapidly filling, constitute a wholesome and potent leaven.

Another side to the picture is the illiteracy that nothing has been able to overcome, nor bring to an encouraging basis. A conference on education, the third of its kind, has just been held at Capon Springs in Virginia, where this subject, reduced to appalling figures, was discussed by thoughtful, broad-minded men. They had to take cognizance of a painful contrast. The average illiteracy among the native white population of New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania in 1890 was 2.31, and among the colored 21.71. Mark the difference in eleven States of the South:

	White.	Colored.
Alabama.....	18.44	69.08
Arkansas.....	16.56	53.65
Florida.....	11.33	50.58
Georgia.....	16.51	67.27
Louisiana.....	20.33	72.14
Mississippi.....	11.92	60.91
North Carolina.....	23.10	60.91
South Carolina.....	18.11	64.07
Tennessee.....	17.98	54.22
Texas.....	8.28	52.50
Virginia.....	13.98	57.21

Verily, as the conference concluded, the need of the South is the common school. In the fullness of time it will have its universities, but now it must build from a foundation as yet but partly laid.

For the second time there is to be held a Congress of American Republics, the place of meeting the City of Mexico, and the date next year, the precise time to be named by the Mexican Government. That such conferences tend to promote amity, foster commercial interests, and create political ties, there can be no question. The next one will be of peculiar value as demonstrating that the United States, the overshadowing force of the western continent, maintains a kindly regard for its smaller neighbors. The motives of this coun-

try have been subject to misconstruction, and attempts made to instill a belief that its attitude is one of indifference if not hostility. How groundless all these charges are is known even to the people making them, and yet if not met, not in formal reply but by the practical method of fraternal council, they might work a mischief.

When the republics, by their representatives, confer, they are on equal ground. The smallest is entitled to a vote, and the largest to no more. It is true that some delegations are numerically stronger than others, but each delegation votes as a unit. On the former occasion the United States had ten members in the congress; this being regarded as unnecessarily out of proportion, some having but a single delegate, the quota will be reduced to five, but each will be a specialist of recognized standing. Good has already been accomplished, and more will result. In discussion of trade, practical methods of enhancing it are sure to be suggested. As to tariff, navigation laws, and artificial restraints of exchange, the congress is, of course, helpless beyond the ability to arouse the legislative arms of their several governments to consistent and potent activity. By thus assuming a common commercial plane, regarding each other as partners in the world of traffic, the republics are brought into closer touch socially and politically. To uphold a uniform system treating all parties with justice, seeking no advantage but that which shall be mutual, will be to foster a kindly sentiment that must have beneficent effect.

One thing lacking among the republics is ease of communication. For practical purposes, Europe is nearer to the United States than are the near-by marts of Central and South America. Capital is invariably "timid" to the point of cowardice. It needs to be coaxed, and assured of ample returns, and no risk, or it often declines to venture. This congress has the duty of showing the resources untouched, the possibilities neglected, the profits available. To be sure, the development of trade would in time produce the necessary carriers. On the other hand, the presence of the carriers would assure and hasten the development. The coming congress could do nothing more wise than demonstrate the value of the field to railway and steamship lines. These should be making ready for the future; nor should capital waste time in awaiting the future it has the ability to bring. If the lines were ready for business, the business would be ready. The carrier is as properly a cause as an effect. Much attention will naturally be devoted to a point of such importance.

That the American silk exhibit at Paris should be considered superior to the French comes as a pleasing surprise to the people of this country, while the French with a feeling not all kindly view the award of the gold medal to their Yankee rival. There had been a disposition on the part of Americans to regard French silk as a better article than could be produced in their own land, and with the utmost cheerfulness they have paid more for the imported product than they would have been asked for the domestic. They took for granted a condition that did not exist, losing sight of the fact that the operation of trade laws necessarily work change. Silk is only one of many things concerning which residents of the United States are not at the mercy of foreign manufacturers. In this is reason for gratification and pride; to have beaten the French on their own ground is no mean victory.

The silk industry is here comparatively new. To what proportions it may grow can only be judged by the advance of the last two decades. Its development under tariff protection has been rapid and steady. In 1880 there was imported of raw silk for use in manufacturing, the value of \$12,063,690. In 1889 this total had increased to \$43,546,872. In 1883 manufactured silks imported amounted to \$32,188,690, but in 1899 had fallen to \$27,880,683. In other words, while purchases abroad of the finished product had fallen off 13 per cent., purchases of the raw material to be worked up at domestic mills had been augmented 260 per cent. This is a considerable advance, substantial and satisfactory, and attention is particularly directed to it by the quality, acknowledged at Paris, of the goods. In silk, the mills of the United States have become competitors of the world. The future of the industry is bright, its permanence assured, expansion certain, for it has hardly more yet than a start. It is true that the imports of silk fabrics from France last year were \$12,193,295, while Germany was drawn upon for \$4,988,513, and Switzerland for \$3,986,018, but this loses a measure of significance in the light of purchase of raw silk—from Japan, \$20,927,890; from China, \$10,854,071; and from Italy, \$9,370,750. And France, the home of the silk industry, has been outdone.

In regard to wines, American producers seem likely to be less fortunate. Not but they can make many wines as good as those of France, but the Californian brands have been kept in the background through some process of carelessness as yet unexplained, while certain brands, aping the French nomenclature, are not to be adjudged. The reason

ascribed for this is jealousy, and yet it could have been avoided had not a false conception of the proprieties caused American bottles to appear in disguise. But the silks were presented without pretense, and won.

That the northern part of California would reap the principal benefit of State division, and the southern part acquire a burden it would find unwelcome, is plain to most people who have given the subject attention. The Los Angeles *Post*, quoting from a recent editorial in this paper, which it describes as an independent journal, finds confirmation of its own statement that the interests of Northern California are not the same as those of Southern California. As a statement of fact, this may as well be permitted to go unchallenged. Then the *Post* adds a plaint that the present centre of State government is too far from people living on its side of the Tehachapi. To remedy this would be far easier than cutting the commonwealth in halves. To move a capital is not a complex proposition. "Oom Paul" transports his in a smoking-car, while Aguineldo's could be found under his hat, if only the whereabouts of the hat were ascertained. Let the capital, then, be moved; Sacramento has no title in perpetuity, and no hotels fit to cope with legislative emergency. Fresno might do, but in case of its selection there surely would be objections from this side the line, where the general idea of Fresno is heat to the broiling point and an abundance of raisins. Besides, Fresno is as remote from many places as Sacramento is. Madera would accept the honor, and with acclaim would also San Luis Obispo, but neither could persuade the State at large that an improvement of the situation had been wrought. The yearning for division arises largely from the desire to be a capital, the rendezvous of statesmen, the incubator of wisdom changing into benign legislation, guided, mayhap, in the hatching by the relative size of contending sacks. But nothing is clearer than the necessity for compromise; not every town can be a capital.

According to the *Post*, the great interest which Southern California has, and Northern California has not, is that of catering to the tourist trade. It is set forth that last year tourists in search, presumably, of lung repair, took into that happy region twelve millions of dollars. This, being the amount they left there, must have been what they took. The *Post* seems to think this tourist business is unknown up here. Possibly it believes us within the Arctic circle. It would have the State take steps to promote the traffic in peregrinating phthisis, but there is nothing to prevent counties and municipalities from doing so now; advertising resorts, procuring special rates for transportation and undertaking, portraying scenic beauty, and singing the healing breeze.

On second thought, there seems to be nothing wrong with the idea of making Tehachapi the capital. Being nothing else except a point on the map and a valued political phrase, it could devote its entire time to being this. It is as accessible to one half of the State as to the other. To choose it would be to end the clamor of contention, and leave everybody happy.

The proposition that has been urged many times by the *Argonaut* during the last few years, that a subway should be built under Market Street, to contain the sewers, water and gas pipes, electric wires, and a rapid-transit system, has been taken up by the *Chronicle* with commendable energy. As that paper says, the change can not be delayed much longer, and what New York and Boston have been driven to by the congested traffic on their main thoroughfares, San Francisco will have to adopt sooner or later. There is every reason why the system should be adopted, and every reason why it should be adopted now. Market Street is already unreasonably crowded. The car-tracks occupy one-half of the roadway, thereby crowding traffic on to the sides of the street, and in the business part of the city, where the travel is greatest, there is an almost continuous line of cars running in both directions. At any point in this part of the city it is difficult for pedestrians to cross the street; at the junction of Market, Third, Kearny, and Geary Streets it is positively dangerous. Private corporations are continually tearing up the pavement to lay or replace gas and water mains or electric conduits, thereby still further reducing the roadway and the convenience of foot-passengers. Nor is this difficulty temporary; it must continue so long as the present system is maintained.

The *Chronicle* objects, without cause, we think, to the proposition that one-half of the space under the sidewalks should be used for sewage and pipes and wires. The only valid objection is on the ground of expense, three subways costing more than one would. This consideration might delay, but it could not defeat the underground railway system. Still, when the subject is examined, the objection will be found to be not a weighty one. The excavations

under the sidewalks have already been made along nearly the entire route. The principal expense would be the erection of a brick retaining wall on the inner side of the subway, and this would be comparatively inexpensive. The cost would soon be made up from rentals paid by gas, water, electric power, and telephone companies, and from saving the amount that is now expended annually for repair of sewers. The private corporations would also save money in being able to make repairs, replacements, and connections with buildings at much less cost. It is urged that the space under the sidewalks is now used by merchants to enlarge their cellar space, and that they would object to having it curtailed, even to the extent of carrying the matter into the courts. If there is to be litigation on this subject, it would be well to have it now and have the matter over with. The merchants and property-owners have no more right to the space under the sidewalks than they have to the space above. They are there only on sufferance, and have been allowed to remain only because the city had no other use for that portion of its property.

The subway for street-cars is equally important. It should be wide enough for four tracks, as the one in New York is now being constructed. The two inner tracks should be used for express cars running at a high rate of speed and stopping only two or three times between the ferries and the City Hall. The outer tracks should be used for local traffic, stations being placed at the end of each block. With this system the cars could handle a considerably increased traffic without the overcrowding that now takes place. The surface of the street would also be immensely improved. With the car-tracks removed, and the street paved with bituminous rock or asphalt from kerh to kerh, it would form a fitting part of the boulevard system of the city, and San Francisco would have one of the finest main thoroughfares in the world. The rental from the street-car companies would more than pay interest on the cost, and rapid transit from the heart of the city would increase property values in the outside districts. It is to be hoped that the supervisors will take this matter up, and push it through.

The most important news of the week from China was the final success of the allied forces over the Chinese on July 14th at Tien-tsin. There had been continued fighting there since the first of the month. On July 3d a force of thirty-five thousand Chinese made a determined attack from the north, east, and west on the allies, who numbered fourteen thousand. The next day the attack was continued with unabated fury, but toward night a tremendous downpour of rain forced them to retire. On July 6th, the rain having ceased, the Chinese renewed the attack, and during the next three days the fighting was continuous. The Chinese were steadily increasing in numbers, and daily drawing in closer to the lines of the allies. The artillery of the Chinese continued to be heavier than that of the allies, and was splendidly served, the shells causing considerable destruction in the foreign city.

On July 13th the allied commanders decided that they could not remain under such a heavy fire, and determined upon a combined attack on the Chinese city. The attack began at daylight, and continued until seven o'clock in the evening. Over forty guns bombarded the Chinese positions, and at two o'clock in the afternoon a force of seven thousand allies attempted to storm the wall, the number of Chinese on the wall being estimated at twenty thousand. The Americans, Japanese, French, and British attacked from the west, and the Russians made an assault from the east. The Chinese were prepared, having evidently been warned by spies, and poured in a deadly fire upon the besiegers from machine-guns and rifles. Both attacks were repulsed with heavy loss, the Russians and Americans suffering most severely. It was estimated that twenty-five per cent. of the Ninth United States Infantry Regiment were either killed or wounded, Colonel Liscum, the commanding officer being among the slain. The next day the attack was renewed. The guns of the allies did immense damage to the native city and caused many large conflagrations. Finally all of the enemy's guns were silenced simultaneously. Eight guns that were on the railway embankment, and the fort and west arsenal were captured by the allied forces. Then the Americans, French, Japanese, and British advanced on the native city, a breach having been made in the wall. After hard fighting, the allies were successful, and occupied the city and its defenses, the Chinese having been completely routed. The affair, though successful, was not without its cost, as the casualties among the allies numbered eight hundred.

The fighting at Tien-tsin emphasizes the fact that the task before the allied nations is a most serious one. The Chinese are both able and willing to fight. It is a war between two civilizations, and the Chinese people are united and thoroughly in earnest; not lukewarm as they were in the war with Japan. China has long been prepar-

ing a most formidable military organization; her soldiers are well drilled and well equipped. Prince Tuan is reported to have raised an army of nearly one million men, and the allies can not hope to oppose this army with any force of eighty thousand, which is the number now proposed. General Corbin announces that there are now 10,665 American troops in China, or en route to China or Nagasaki. Portions of the Fourteenth Infantry and the Fifth Artillery have embarked from Manila, and the Fifteenth Infantry sailed from this port on Tuesday. Corbin announces that the available forces now en route to China can be increased by not more than from four thousand to eight thousand men from this country and Cuba. It is not considered wise to withdraw any more troops from the Philippines, in view of the threatening condition of affairs there. In these circumstances it is unfortunate that international jealousies should be permitted to hamper operations, yet this is what threatens to be the case.

In his official report to the foreign office, reviewing industry and commerce in New York and vicinity for last year, Sir P. Sanderson, the British consul-general, has some pleasant things to say about the development during that period. He says that the year 1899 in his district, as it was in other parts of the country, was one of increased wages, higher prices, and general production. The activity and prosperity he had noted in former years were fully maintained. He dwells particularly upon the advances in wages and the improved condition of the workingmen, as a result of the general business activity. The production of iron, which had reached the highest point in its history in 1898, was still further increased, yet such was the demand that in many cases the price in 1899 was double that of 1898. He notes a great improvement in the demand for cotton goods, and the woolen market showed a similar advance. As a result of this increased activity, railway traffic and revenue were increased. The consul-general gives a number of statistics on the agricultural and mineral products of the year, some of which may be quoted. Thus the production of bituminous coal showed an increase of twenty-eight millions of tons over 1898, and of anthracite coal of six millions. These facts, of course, are all more or less familiar to the people of this country. The interesting thing about Sir P. Sanderson's report is the fact that the representative of America's great commercial and manufacturing rival should have made it. American supremacy has reached the point where the world can not ignore it.

The necessity for immediate action if the last remnant of the California redwood forests is to be preserved, has led the Sempervirens Club to appoint a committee of prominent citizens, and to empower that committee to receive subscriptions from those in sympathy with its objects. As the readers of the *Argonaut* are aware, the club was organized for the purpose of enabling those who appreciate the importance of preserving California's noble redwoods to cooperate and thereby secure results that would be impossible by individual effort. The immediate aim of the club is to preserve the redwood forests in and about the Big Basin in Santa Cruz and San Mateo Counties. Plans have already been formulated for the invasion of this tract by the lumbermen. It is the purpose of the club to have the land set apart as a public park for the use of the people in perpetuity, and to invoke the aid of both Congress and the State legislature to this end. But action by these bodies can not be hoped for before next year, and by that time incalculable harm will have been done by the pioneer wood-choppers. The only course to pursue to insure the preservation of the largest trees is to secure popular subscriptions in order to bond the land.

The property is now held by about forty different owners, many of whom are in sympathy with the purposes of the club, but naturally feel that they can not let their money lie idle indefinitely. In the Big Basin proper are fourteen thousand acres, and it is hoped to include in the reserve some twenty thousand acres of adjoining land, covering the head-waters of important streams. The property can probably be secured for an average of thirty dollars an acre, and a fraction of this amount would be sufficient to bond it. The committee has been selected from the various localities interested in the movement, and subscriptions are to be received by any one of the members. The membership is as follows: Santa Cruz—J. F. Coope, chairman; San José—Arthur P. Hill and Mrs. Carrie Stevens; Walter College Park—Mrs. Stephen A. Jones; Redwood City—George C. Ross; Oakland—Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard; San Francisco—Henry J. Crocker, Herman Schussler, H. R. Judah, and W. W. Richards. Naturally, it is impossible for the committee to learn of all those interested in the movement, and therefore all friends of the Big Basin Park should come forward and make themselves known.

THE WHITE REBOZO.

A Vision of the Night on the Mystic Waters of Lake Chapala.

"She is white, yes." Nuñez spoke English with ease and a charming accent, and he never lost the opportunity of doing so. He was practicing now on Lingard, as they stood together at the water's edge.

Lingard continued to look after the woman who had just gone by them, toward the village. She wore the blue *rebozo* of the Indian woman, but underneath it you could see that she was fair—and of a less classic build than the women of the land.

"She is white, yes. It is because that she is an American, like yourself."

"An American?" said Lingard, "in that dress?"

He doubted, but the Mexican nodded his head. "An American, yes. I do not know her name. They call her 'La Gringa,' only. She is your country-woman, and she lives in the village there. She loved a man of the people, an Indian, many years ago—and it is like this now: She lives in a small house with two chambers, and she is very poor. She has one daughter who is a little mad. It is because that La Gringa tried to drown herself in this lake before the child was born."

"And the man?" asked Lingard; "where is he?"

Nuñez shrugged the shoulders, which would have been a little sloping had it not been for the best English tailor of the capital. "Ah! the man. Who knows? He is gone. It is always like that."

The woman had passed out of sight up the little street, and Lingard turned away, looking thoughtfully up to one of the mountain peaks that rose above the lake. "An American," he said, half to himself; "she must have led the life of the damned. And her eyes were so child-like and blue."

The Mexican laughed, the laugh of a breed which does not believe in woman except for purposes of poetry and patron saints. "Child-like and blue," he echoed; "the eyes of women do not show the things which are under them. They are like this lake, I think. It is so blue and beautiful. You would never know that there is a city far down beneath the water, eh?"

Lingard forgot the woman. "A city—under this lake?"

The Mexican was delighted with his effect and the still further chance of more display of English. "You do not know the story of Lake Chapala, then? Truly. Under it, so deep, deep under it—it is very profound—there is a city, an Aztec city, perhaps. The lake came, I think, maybe, by an earthquake. It was like Pompeii, but that it was buried by water and not by cinders. Some time, when there is a storm, after it you can find on the shore little things which the waves bring up; carved stones, little gods, little spoons, like for the embroidery and the sewing; little cups, always of stone, and always very small, so that they shall not be too heavy."

They called to him from the balcony of the hotel and he went away, with a princely sweep of his begit and besilvered *sombrero*.

Lingard watched him absently for a moment, then he turned back to the bright waters of the lake, and to fancying the city underneath, somewhere far down, down in the cool, deep blue. The sun of the south might rise over the encircling peaks in the east, and sink behind them in the west; the shadows of the mountains might quiver on the waters' face, and the flowers of the garden-land wave and bend upon their very edge; but there would be always in that ancient city, down below, the same cool, gray-green light, the same cold swing of a shore-bound tide. And where butterflies and sweet-throated *sanatitas* had been, there were now only the little white Lake Chapala fish. It took possession of him, the thought, and also the wish, to find for himself one of the relics of carved stone that the waves moved up from the depths. He wandered on and on along the shore, looking down at the pebbles and the sand.

It was dusk when he came back to the hotel. The *señoritas*, too modest to bathe in the full light of day and the sight of man, were splashing about, vague, shapeless shapes, at the shore's edge. Lingard was only a *gringo*, and he did not know that the beach was sacred to the feminine just then, and that if one wished to watch one should do so from a hotel window with a pair of opera-glasses. He did not care to watch, indeed. He considered these maidens who boasted Spanish blood inferior in every respect to the fine, dark women of the lower class. And their figures looked execrable in the bathing-suits! So he went by almost unheeding, and on into the hotel.

Nuñez was there, killing time in the *cantina* after the manner of his kind. He seized upon Lingard as a diversion. "You have dreamed all day by the lake. The ghost of the lake will take you one time."

"Is there a ghost?" asked Lingard; "I was looking for a stone."

"One of the carved stones? I will buy one for you, if you will accept it, señor." The Mexican rejoices to give. "I know where one is to be bought. But there is many that are not genuine—not good—which the Indians make to sell to the excursionists. The one I will give to you shall be genuine."

Lingard did not want one that was bought, but he felt that he could hardly say so. He told Nuñez that he was very kind, and forthwith discouraged further talk about the lake. Nuñez was a Latin, and it was Lingard's experience of his sort that there is a strain of deadly bathos in their conversation which grates on the Anglo-Saxon, who is more consistently poetical when he chooses to be a poet, as he is more thoroughly a trader when he elects to trade.

When the moon had begun to rise in a sky that was glowing over with heavy, white-edged clouds, he went out on the lake shore again. There was a whine of wind now, and the slap of the wavelets on the sand was sharper, and

sometimes the moon would sail behind a cloud and leave the world in darkness.

Lingard walked on until he was too far from the hotel to hear the shrill chatter of Nuñez and his friends. Then he stood still and looked across the lake. He was thinking yet of the city below the gold-tipped ripples. And as he looked the gold vanished and left the waters black. The moon was behind a cloud. It stayed so for a while, and then came drifting forth, and Lingard, staring straight before him, with glassy eyes, felt the blood running cold in his heart. For there in front of him, not twenty feet away, a woman's figure stood, slight and frail against the path of moonlight, at the edge of the shore—a figure white-shrouded from head to feet, indistinct against the shimmer, pale-faced and pale-eyed. It held a sheaf of the white flowers of the fields clasped in transparent hands against its breast; but they dripped bright drops of water to the ground. "Que quiere?" Lingard demanded, and tried hard to make it firm. "Tu alma, tu vida," moaned a voice that whispered with the lapping of the waves and the whistle of the rising wind. "His soul, his life!"

He tried to reason back his fear. It was horn of the fancies that he had dreamed over all day, of the *tequila* he had drunk with Nuñez before dinner, of the fever of the country, perhaps. He might be getting the fever now. But the slight holdness that came to him was horn of sheer terror, and he fell back on the harshness of his own tongue to break the spell. "Go to the dickens," he said, crossly, and yet with awe, and took a step nearer to the vague thing. "Come with me, come with me. The water is calling. The water is deep." The English that answered was as sure as his own.

He was losing his mind, surely it was the fever. Did spirits speak in every tongue? "Who are you?"

She laughed, sweetly, uncannily, and kept on. "There is no more sorrow in the lake, deep down in the lake. I can go to it now. We can go together. Come with me, come." "Who are you?" he insisted still. "Tell me who you are?"

One of the hands left her breast and waved toward the water behind her. The light was growing faint again, and the voice came out of the darkness soon. "We can go in the water now." And it shouted the words of the song, "Venga conmigo, adonde vivo yo." The shrill, unreal laugh once more, "Que si señor, que si señor!" Then it changed to a minor wail and the words of a language Lingard guessed to be that which the Indians of the far recesses of the country still sometimes speak—the language of those who had lived in the lake city, perhaps.

He was stiff, half helpless with fear. The clouds were thicker every minute, and the rifts were smaller and farther between. The song came breathing out of the blackness, sounding first close to him, then far over upon the lake. He started forward with a sudden resolve to shake it into silence or bring it to a more earthly tone. But he touched something so cold and wet that his fingers were left empty and quite as cold. The waves licked around his feet.

Then the moon came out and he saw the thing, still standing in the path of its rays, but further out in the water that rose even to its knees. Her hands were outstretched in the sign of the cross, as the *peones* pray, and a white scarf floated over them from her head. The sheaf of flowers had fallen and was drifting softly to the shore. "¿Quién está?" he repeated, helplessly. "Who are you?"

There was no reply; but the pale eyes were looking into his, and they seemed to draw him on.

"Venga conmigo adonde, vivo yo o-o-o-o-o." The sound kept on, drawn out until it was like the faint, far-away cry of a fog-horn at sea. "Come with me, where I live," she sang, weirdly; and he went, following step by step, drawn on by fear and uncertainty and the light, unwavering eyes. The waters were at her waist now, and the scattered flowers floated against his own knees. The voice took up the wailing Indian song again, and it seemed to come out from the waters, as they mounted up to her chin. The arms were still stretched out and the scarf lay on the waves. But the moon was hiding itself yet once more, and the wind was beginning to howl.

Then suddenly the chant stopped and Lingard heard a gasp, a cry, a horribly human cry, choked off in the midst. He was awake now, only too much awake. He remembered that he had been told how the bottom of the lake shelved abruptly, in places, to a great depth, and he remembered, too, that he could not swim. But just out there, beyond him, he could hear the beating and splashing of arms and the frantic struggle with a breathless death, and though there were no strange eyes to lead him now, he went on.

The next day at morning, when the storm had raised, but the winds and the waves were not yet still, a group of *peones* were huddled upon the beach. And a woman on the outskirts was screaming as two *mozos* held her back. "Is it my child?" she cried, now in English, now in Spanish.

"No, it is not your child," they told her; "it is the *gringo*. Come away."

Nuñez left them and strolled over to a *mosa* who stood hugging her arms with grief. "What is the matter with La Gringa?" he asked; "has she lost her child?"

The woman gulped down her sobs. "Yes, señor. The child was mad for many years—only a little mad, in one thing. She wished always to throw herself into the lake. She said that it called to her. It was because her mother was almost drowned once in there before *la niña* was born. Last night she went away, *la niña*, when the mother did not know. We searched for her all the night. And now she is dead, señor."

"Dead?" said Nuñez. "But how do you know?"

She raised her head from her hands and nodded toward the group below. "She did not dress like us, señor, but always all in white; even her *rebozo* was white like the snow. And you have seen what the *gringo* holds in his hands, señor—a white *rebozo*?"

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1900.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Helen Gladstone, daughter of the "Grand Old Man" of England, is said to be at present writing a life of her famous father.

Mofakhamed - Dowleh, who is now traveling with the Shah of Persia in Europe, is to be the representative of Persia at Washington, where he will arrive in September.

At the recent marriage of Clara Butt, the noted English contralto, and Kennerley Rumford, at Bristol Cathedral, London, Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted an anthem which he had composed specially for the event.

W. H. Walker has presented to little "Johnnie" Reiff, the American jockey, five thousand dollars for winning the Princess of Wales Stakes. The bulk of the clever jockey's savings are being invested for him, and if he keeps up his present rate of success on the English turf this will furnish him with a fortune.

General Sir George Stewart White, the hero of the siege of Ladysmith, has just been installed in his new position as governor of Gibraltar. General White is now in his sixty-sixth year, and has worn the queen's uniform since he was a lad. He has a host of decorations, including the rare Victorian Cross, and is a knight in three of Great Britain's famous orders of honor. For four years General White was commander-in-chief of the British forces in India, to which post he succeeded Lord Roberts in 1893. He went to South Africa just before the beginning of the Anglo-Boer War.

The Treasury Department has ruled that tips to sleeping-car porters are a legitimate traveling expense. Contract Nurse Sylvester E. Ackerman, who had been employed on the transport *Missouri*, was ordered to Brooklyn from the Presidio at San Francisco. Transportation and a sleeping-car section were furnished him. When he arrived, however, he charged the government fifty cents expense money, which he had spent on tips to sleeping-car porters. This raised the question whether such tips are legitimate expenses, and after long delay and much red tape the Controller of the Treasury has ruled that the fifty cents should be paid.

Victor Hugo seems to have monopolized the "art of being a grandfather," for his grandchildren are making wretched parents. Jeanne Hugo, after divorcing Léon Daudet and marrying Dr. Charcot's son, is now fighting her former husband in the courts for the control of their son. The child was left to the mother by the divorce court, and she is bringing him up, she avers, according to Victor Hugo's ideas, that is, without religious training. The father insists that because the paternal grandfather, Alphonse Daudet, professed to be a Catholic, the child must be brought up in that religion. The case has all the appearance of sacrificing the child and exploiting the literary reputation of the grandparents in order to secure further unsavory notoriety for the parties to the suit.

Sir Robert Peel, Bart., who keeps on dragging through the mire one of the most honored names in England, has just pleaded guilty to publishing a disgraceful libel on his brother-in-law, and has been foiled in a caddish attempt to play a sharp trick on his own child. The order permitting the sale of the Peel heirlooms was obtained from the court chiefly on the ground that by his misconduct his wife and infant son had been left destitute. The sale brought in \$365,000 instead of \$150,000 as anticipated. Thereupon Sir Robert applied to the court of appeals to have \$5,000 a year from the income paid to himself. Lord Justice Smith said he did not think Sir Robert Peel should have a farthing of the money, and in rejecting the application, the other justices concurring, declared that if he had thought that Sir Robert would ever get a sixpence of the money he would never have made the original order.

A political *protégé* of the late Count Muravieff, Prince Oukhtomsky, figures in an amusing story that was current on his presentation as Russian envoy to the Chinese emperor. Among the many costly presents from the Czar of which he was the hearer, was a group of statuary in silver, which had undergone strange vicissitudes before finding a home in Pekin. The original design was an allegorical representation of the emancipation of Bulgaria. But while the artist was at work history was being made and was completed more quickly than the work of art. By the time the latter was finished Prince Alexander of Battenberg had forfeited the Czar's favor, and the gift never reached its destination. The group is now, or was until recently, in Pekin, a slight alteration of the accessories having changed the emancipation of Bulgaria from the Turk into the emancipation of the Lao-Tong Peninsula from the Japanese.

Edwin Hurd Conger, United States minister at Pekin, whose fate is still doubtful, was born in Knox County, Ill., March 7, 1843. Mr. Conger was educated at Lombard University, graduating in the class of 1862, and turned from the school-room to military service in the Union army, enlisting as a private in the One Hundred and Second Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He served with this regiment until the close of the war, rising to the rank of captain and receiving from the President the brevet of major "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the field." He began the study of law at the close of the war and graduated from the Albany Law School in 1866. He first practiced law at Galesburg in 1868, and then removed to Dexter, Ia., where he became engaged in farming, stock-raising, and hanking. He was elected treasurer of Dallas County, Ia., in 1877, and again in 1879. In 1880 the Republicans chose him for state treasurer of Iowa and re-elected him in 1882. After this he served three terms in Congress, leaving his position there to become envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Brazil. From this advancement to the important post at Pekin was rapid. He is ranked as one of the ablest of American representatives in foreign countries.

INTEMPERANCE IN MANILA.

One of the Vices Which the American Troops Have Introduced in the Philippines—Scenes on the Escolta on Pay-Day
—Contempt of Natives for Drunkenness.

In response to a request from the editor of the *Independent* for a fair and truthful account of conditions which have brought no little discredit on the United States in the Philippines, Harold Martin, a representative of the Associated Press in Manila, contributed an article on "The Saloon in Manila" to that periodical which has been attracting considerable attention throughout the country. Mr. Martin says that in considering the increase of heavy drinking in Manila since its occupation by our forces, and the consequent increase in the number of saloons to meet the demand created by our soldiers and their officers, it should be remembered that Manila is the focus-point of an army of sixty thousand men:

"Ten thousand troops are to-day quartered in and near Manila, and such of these men as are inclined to drink and carouse, will, if possible, come into Manila for that purpose. To those of our troops who are quartered in the provinces and only occasionally get into town, Manila offers the worst that the islands afford in the way of pleasures and distraction. The great increase in the sale of liquor since we occupied this city two years ago is due to our continued presence here; Americans do the drinking. There is to-day no appreciable increase in drinking among the original inhabitants of Manila. If we left the Philippines to-morrow, Manila would return to its three saloons and its many little wine-rooms selling Spanish wines and native *bino*, because these would again satisfy the local demand for liquid refreshments and intoxicants."

Mr. Martin says it is difficult to state accurately whether our soldiers stationed in and about Manila, and those who are continually passing through the city, indulge in more heavy drinking out there than they would in a home station under similar conditions. This must largely be a question of personal opinion. He believes they do, and for these reasons:

"First, because a warm country causes perspiration, which brings its consequent thirst; second, because a tropical climate is debilitating to men of northern race and their systems feel the need of stimulants; third, Manila offers very little in the way of healthy distraction and recreation, and there is little here for men to do in their leisure hours except drink; and, lastly, because when men are ten thousand miles away from home and living the rough life of a soldier they become subject to certain feelings of license and a freedom from moral restraint. These above stated reasons, in my estimation, tend to make our men in the Philippines drink more than they would at home."

Before the arrival of the American soldier in Manila there was very little heavy drinking there, and this because both Spaniards and Filipinos are temperate people; they do not drink to excess:

"Any one who has been in Spain, or who has seen the Spanish soldiers in Cuba, in Puerto Rico, and the Philippines, will admit they are not addicted to heavy drinking, and I do not think this point needs any further support. And the Filipino is as temperate as the Spaniard. I have been in these islands for one year and I have yet to see an intoxicated native. I do not maintain that the Filipino never gets drunk, but the occurrence is unquestionably very rare. It is true that before we came they manufactured and consumed large quantities of this *bino* that has such a terrible effect upon our own men; but they drank it in moderation, while our men use it to excess. A gentleman who has been two years and a half in the Philippines has just told me he has seen, during that time, two or three natives who, he thought, were drunk; and inquiry among the old Spanish and English residents of the country elicits statements all of one tenor, that the Filipinos are a most temperate people. Hence, given the incontrovertible facts that both Spaniards and Filipinos are not addicted to drink, we can understand how Manila got on, before we came here, with three saloons licensed for the sale of liquors, such as brandy, whisky, and other strong drink, while to-day, May 10th, there are 170 licensed saloons in the city and 53 licenses for the wholesale distribution of liquor."

Before our troops came there were in and about Manila some four thousand native wine-rooms licensed for the sale of Spanish wines and the native *bino*:

"*Bino* is a fiery drink distilled from grain, generally rice, and flavored with anise-seed. It is very strong, and when taken in excess by our men renders them temporarily crazy and utterly irresponsible. I have seen our soldiers, when under its influence, attempt to kill their companions in the guard-house, and become so violent that it was necessary to gag and securely bind them. When we first came to Manila, the American soldiers very quickly discovered where *bino* could be had; and, owing to their excessive use thereof, the authorities were forced to close many of these wine-rooms. Formerly those places were frequented by the natives, by the Spanish soldiers, and by the Chinese of the city. Since the Spaniards have gone the demand for Spanish wines has dropped, and to-day about seven hundred of these native wine-rooms are doing business. It is impossible to obtain figures on the consumption of these wines and native drinks under Spain's regime, because so many documents and records of municipal affairs were destroyed by our men during the last two weeks of August, 1898; their licenses are much more costly now than formerly, and this fact and the departure of the Spanish troops accounts for the very considerable decrease in their numbers. These four thousand wine-rooms cannot be considered saloons. They were, with very few exceptions, quiet and orderly places, where Spaniards and natives went for their wine. Such wine-rooms are distinctly a product of wine-drinking countries, such as France, Italy, and Spain; and I believe one well-patronized saloon here or at home is accountable for as much drunkenness and disorder as were one thousand of these wine-rooms in Manila."

Of the 170 saloons in Manila to-day selling whisky and liquors, 67 are run by Spaniards, 27 by Americans, 26 by Filipinos, 8 by Chinamen, 3 by Japanese, and 39 by men whose nationality is not given:

"As to the patrons of these saloons I think it a very safe estimate that ninety per cent. of them are Americans, including soldiers, officers, and civilians. On February 1st of this year we put into effect the license regulations contained in General Order No. 2 of 1900. These orders divide the city into two districts and provide for saloons of two classes. Saloons of the first class sell beer, whisky, and other intoxicants, while those of the second class may dispense beer and light wines only. The first district of Manila includes all the principal streets of the city, where a license would be more valuable than in the suburbs, which are embraced in the second district. For a six months' license, saloons of the first class, located in the first district, pay \$600 Mexican, and \$250 Mexican if in the second district. A six months' license for a saloon of the second class costs \$100 Mexican, in the first district, and \$50 Mexican in the second district. The application of this high license reduced the number of saloons from 224 at the end of January, 1900, to the 170 existing to-day. The authorities refuse to grant licenses for the sale of intoxicants to discharged American soldiers, and every applicant must pass a careful inspection as to his record and purposes before a license is accorded him."

The Escolta, Manila's principal business street, has been written and spoken of as crowded with saloons, and given over to the disorders of our drunken soldiery. It has been called the disgrace of the American occupation of Manila. Disgraceful scenes have undoubtedly been witnessed there,

but Mr. Martin says it is not quite as black as it has been painted:

"The Escolta is as long as four New York blocks, and it is narrower than Fifth Avenue. From the geographical position of the city's districts, the river and the bridges, the Escolta is of necessity Manila's main thoroughfare as well as its principal business street. Here are the best stores, restaurants, and business offices. It is always crowded and often blocked with cabs and carriages. From one end to another of this street, on both sides, there are 75 store properties, and 13 of these are occupied by saloons. All day long the Escolta is filled with American soldiers, and at certain times, especially when troops in and about Manila have been paid off, the street is very well filled with drunken men. At such times ladies are subject to unpleasant experiences if on the Escolta, and private cabs and carriages are often forcibly occupied by our drunken and hilarious troops. During two days following a recent pay-day, 25 drunken soldiers were arrested by the Escolta police, and convictions against all were secured, while many more were gathered in, given time to sober up in the guard-house, and then discharged. The police will only arrest a drunken soldier when he is creating a disturbance. Three drunken American officers have been arrested on the Escolta, two of whom have been discharged from the service. There is every day more or less disorder and drunken rowdiness on this street; certain unsavory corners always have their quota of saloon loungers, and on one familiar with the street would be astounded at any sudden uproar which might occur there. Reasons to account for any such commotion are in every one's mind. It is unfortunate that the main thoroughfare of the city should also be the main drinking ground, and it has been suggested to the proper authorities that no saloons be allowed on the Escolta. It would be a simple matter to make them go elsewhere, but General Otis never took any action in the matter, and efforts to effect their removal have therefore been futile. Manila offers very little in the way of healthy distraction or amusement. The Young Men's Christian Association, the Soldiers' Institute, and the Manila Library do each their fair and good share in the work of providing the idle soldier with something to do, yet the fact remains that drinking is the most popular and best-attended pastime in this city to-day."

Mr. Martin does not attempt to speak of the effects of alcoholism in the tropics, but remarks:

"It is a fact that a large number of the insane soldiers sent home on our transports can trace their affliction to the excessive use of stimulants, and it is a fact that the drinking of liquors in the tropics weakens a man's constitution and renders him more liable to disease. The Filipino people, like any other people in the world, form their judgment of another race by the men of that other race with whom they come in contact. In the matter of drinking, they believe the whole American people to be on a par with the drunken element of our present army of occupation. They don't like us, and decline to give us the benefit of the doubt. A temperate people themselves, they have a deep contempt for drunkenness."

In conclusion, Mr. Martin says that he does not believe our advent to the Philippines has yet caused any appreciable increase of drinking among the islanders, although this effect may possibly come later. We have taken our own vices to the Philippines, but up to the present time we alone indulge in intemperance.

SONG OF THE DOUBLE TURRET.

Braced and buttressed and superposed
And cased in a cark of steel—
The seas may roar and the waves may pound
And the hulk that bears me reel,
But I am strong with the strength of iron,
And, O for the voice of me
When they swing us out to the battle-line
On the breast of the bounding sea!
O—two—three—four,
Boom! and the death-bolts fly.
Reel and racket and ruck and roar
To the dome of the bending sky!
Sweep and swing, with the quarter clear,
And the eagles throbbing true,
O, I am the fourfold thunderbolt,
The flame and the lightning, too!

Weld and rivet and bolt and bar,
Guidon and post and beam;
Steel to the depths where the swivels are
And the superstructures gleam;
Strong with the strength of the quadruple,
And armed with the four-way sight,
With God to care for the striding bold
That swings to me in the fight.
Broadside on or straight ahead,
"Strike, or you die!" I say—
Gunboat, cruiser, or armorclad,
Skinned to the bone for the fray;
With four for one and a double quick,
O death is the soog I double,
When the sights are set and the grooves are wet,
And my gleaming batteries swing!

To crush, to shake, to rattle, and rend,
I roar upon the foe,
The deeps adown and the dome above
To echo my thunder-throe.
I land a shard, and the plate is pierced;
A shell and the deck is swept;
Another, and, O for the red-capped foam,
And the deeps where the dead have stepped!
A starboard blow and a blast to lee,
Ridgid the column down,
Under the sun and the stars I roam,
And gather them 'neath my frown.
Ships of the line and the jabbering fleet,
What are they all to me—
Mountain and mold of the thunder-throne—
As I crush them under my knee!

Swung and swivelled and set four-square,
With my steel-bored guns to boom,
When the lookout calls and the foe appears
On the path of his utter doom;
Hug to hurl welcomes with ton for ton,
And shiver and rend them, too—
With heaven to care for the eyes that stare
Stone dead in a swirl of blue!
One—two—three—four,
Boom! and the lightnings leap,
Forward and aft, in the roundelay
Of the thunder soog of the deep!
Based and buttressed and superposed,
I sweep to the roaring swell
A steel-girt sign of the skill of man
To perfect the arts of hell!—*Baltimore News.*

Thousands of Mauser rifles have been brought into China in coffins supposed to contain the bones of deceased Chinese being returned for interment in their native land. George Wyndham, under secretary of state for war, recently announced that since 1895 English firms had sold to the Chinese Government 71 guns of position, 123 field-guns, and 297 machine-guns, with ammunition for each class. He also said that a German firm in 1899 sold China 460,000 Mausers. Russian advices are to the effect that 900,000 Mausers have been imported within the last three years.

ENGLAND'S CRUEL RED ABOLISHED.

Uniforms of British Soldiers to Be Plain Khaki Except on Special State Occasions—Reforms Brought About by the South African War.

One grand effect of the Boer war will be the complete remodeling of the British army. For this reason, if for no other, the costly conflict will not have been in vain. It is a result for which Englishmen may well feel thankful. As now constituted, and as it has been constituted for years, it was a mere net-work of inherent weaknesses. In short, a sham and a delusion. So long as its services were required against half-civilized people like the Egyptians, or semibarbarians like the Arabs, or whole savages like the Zulus, its defects did not appear. Against such inferior nations and tribes its task was an easy one. It had apparently a walk-over. Although even then there were occasions when its work was beset by difficulties and hampered by incompetence, and there were not lacking thoughtful and observant men who shuddered at the possibility of a war with a great power such as Russia, France, or Germany; and what might be the outcome of it. They were, however, in the minority. Their warnings, ventured with hesitation born of a dread of rendering themselves unpopular in army circles, were unheeded, if not treated with derision.

The first blow to elegant pomposity and incompetent magnificence was given to the army when purchase was abolished—i. e., the buying of commissions—in the 'sixties (I forget the exact year, but it does not signify). Before then, the Crimean War, and later, the Indian Mutiny, showed out in hold relief that something ought to be done. There was too much swagger. No one doubted the courage of the fops. Competitive examinations it was thought would let in men of brains. On the other hand, it was thought that it would let out men of blood. But it did neither. Things went on again just the same. Smart, swell, and expensive cavalry regiments continued as of yore, into which none but the sons of rich fathers could go. Of course this gave the *entrée* to the offspring of wealthy tradesmen, and pretty soon the cavalry was full of young coxcombs whose papas sold beer, or hats, or furniture, or cakes, or ink, or tobacco—of course on a large scale—or who lent money, or made blacking, or built carriages. It did not matter what. It was all trade. With these was a smattering of youths whose fathers did nothing, and the cads were only too glad to thus have a title or two in the regiment to tone down the fresh gilding of the Maples, and Stephensens, and Gunters, and Hoopers, and Moores, and Heales, and Days, and Martins, and others too numerous to mention. It was so with the Guards and the Household Cavalry. Although the Guards have tried to keep out trade as much as they could.

So you see, instead of brains it was money that came into the army. And money soon aped the ways of the blue-blooded empty-heads, and the army became again a place of idleness, fashion, games, and society. Mind you, not a breath is meant to be blown against the courage of these men. They will fight willingly, only they do not know how. And that is where the shoe pinches. And that is how so many of these fine polo-players and steeple-chase riders and Pall Mall dandies have been mown down by the bullets of the Boers, who knew more of up-to-date fighting than they did.

But it is all going to be changed. And the first beginning in the right direction has just been made by the official announcement that red as a color for uniforms is to be discontinued. Only fancy! No more will the "thin red line" furnish forth poetic inspiration to future Kiplings. "England's cruel red" is a thing of the past. Yet, stay. It is to be retained for state occasions and grand parades. However, that means the feather-hed side of the army—escort duty, palace guard-mounting, and all that. Levees, too. But no more in *real* soldiering will red ever be seen again upon British warriors. It is all to be khaki. And not only when on foreign active service, as is now the case; but when at home, in ordinary, every-day life, the plain, undecorated khaki suit is to be invariably worn. And with it a hillycock hat. I say! Just fancy the consternation of the tight-waisted Guardsmen and the armored sentries on black chargers at Whitehall. What will the nursery-maids do? They will have nothing to look at when they wheel the kids by in their "pram" of a morning.

In one way it will come as a blessed relief to parents with slender purses, whose hearts used to heat when they thought of their boys' outfits on passing out of Woolwich or Sandhurst. Now, here are some of the uniforms and their cost, as at present required for boys entering the army, and that the khaki will knock into a cocked hat—or rather out of a cocked hat and into a hillycock: Horse artillery, £156, or about \$750. Infantry of the line, £45, or \$230—exclusive of the "hushy" for fusilier regiments, which itself costs over \$60. In Highland regiments the feather "bonnet" costs £10, or \$50. The uniforms of Highland regiments differ in price, according to the corps, but they will be found on the whole dearer than those of the ordinary line battalions. I thought I had the estimates of cavalry uniforms by me, but have not. They vary greatly. But it will be safe to put them down as averaging quite \$1,000 to the young second-lieutenant. Some of the dragoon regiments have German-silver helmets. The guards have real bear-skin caps, and hussars, sable hushys. Imagine a plain dust-colored hillycock instead! It is heart-rending.

Of course, when the queen goes to open Parliament, or the Prince of Wales holds a levee and has to be "escorted" from Marlborough House to St. James's Palace, a "parade" uniform is to be worn. What that is no one quite knows, except that it is to be elaborately "frogged." It has always seemed strange to me that the fat little "First Gentleman" can go the same distance in a hansom on any other day, with no one but an equerry in attendance. So much for state and the skittles it entails.

LONDON, June 29, 1900.

COCKAIGNE.

FRENCH WATERING-PLACES.

Vichy and Aix-les-Bains—Almost Unknown in America—One Hundred Thousand Visitors Yearly—The Gay World at Aix—Amusements—Wonder-Working Waters.

Little is known in America of the great French watering-places. Nine American doctors out of ten tell American travelers who are seeking health to "go to Carlsbad." Yet at Vichy, the leading French Spa, there are yearly sixty thousand visitors for health and pleasure, and at Aix-les-Bains there are yearly some forty thousand. Perhaps one of the reasons that these great watering-places are not better known in America is because they are not advertised. The springs and bathing establishments are the property of the French Government, which naturally does not advertise, and does not care whether foreigners come to these famous springs or stay away.

The fashionable and popular watering-place called Aix-les-Bains (pronounced "Ex-lay-Ban") is situated in the middle of a large and picturesque valley in the Alpine Savoy district of France. Its altitude is eight hundred and twenty-three feet above sea-level, and ninety feet above Lake Bourget, the largest lake in France. The town is surrounded by hills and mountains of easy ascent. On the south is Mont Genier with the Chartreuse Mass. On the west is the Dent du Chat (Cat's Tooth Mountain); while to the east are the Grand Revard and Nivolet Mountains.

Aix is a pleasant and healthy place of residence, large sums having been spent in drainage works and in supplying the town with pure water. The sanitation is excellent, owing to the great quantity of water coming from the overflow of the baths, which is used for flushing the sewers. It is also on this account that there are no disagreeable exhalations remarked, like those in many of the sulphur spring stations.

The climate is soft and mild, the average temperature being 55 degrees Fahrenheit during the year. The mean summer temperature is 70 degrees Fahrenheit, but occasionally it rises to 78 degrees and even 80 degrees Fahrenheit, in July and August. This heat is felt very much by the English, who come from a damp, cold climate, but most Americans would think very little of such a temperature, as they have it much hotter in summer at home. June and September are delightful months at Aix-les-Bains. The thermometer then ranges from 65 degrees to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and the air is bright, pleasant, and sunny. The vegetation of this part of Savoy is nearly the same as in the south of France, but the air is not so dry.

Aix has many attractions. It is very different to the thousand and one little villages all over Europe, that have mineral springs but are insufferably dull. It has two splendid casinos and opera-houses combined with clubs; music and ball-rooms as well as reading-salons, where all the newspapers of the world are found on the tables. The most brilliant, fashionable, and gay society throng these rooms, while the best music, operas, and plays are performed in them daily. There are also gorgeous baccarat saloons, where ladies are admitted as well as gentlemen.

The Grand Cercle is the oldest casino, having been founded in 1824. It is a very fine building. The theatre having become too small, a new one was built at a cost of a million of francs. Classical music concerts in the afternoons are followed by grand operas or comedies in the evenings, with the best prima donnas and artists from the great theatres of Europe. For example, Sarah Bernhardt's company opens here on July 1st, in "L'Aiglon," Rostand's new play. There is also a capital Punch and Judy show for the children, and frequent illuminations with fire-works in the large parks attached to the Cercle.

The Villa des Fleurs—a club theatre and new "Music Hall"—is situated in a pretty garden below the Cercle. Its baccarat rooms are said to be the best decorated in Europe. Both of these casinos have free billiard rooms, fencing saloons, croquet, swings, and other games attached to them. They are open from May to October, and here are united everything that the many theatres of the great capital have to offer.

While the two theatres of the casinos are large enough for the wants of a great city, it must not be supposed that Aix is a large place. It is still a country town, and a few minutes takes one out of the streets into pretty walks up the hills, or down to one of the ports of the beautiful Lake Bourget, where steamers provide pleasant excursions on the lake, and the boats good fishing. The mountain drives are varied and charming. Large breaks leave the Place Revard daily, and take one for a very reasonable sum to the Dent du Chat mountain-top; to Gorges de Fier, Hautecombe, Moulin de Prime, La Chambotte; while Chambery, Challes, and the famous Chartreuse Convent are only extensions of these beautiful drives.

An excellent race-course is open in July and August, and pigeon-shooting matches and lawn-tennis in the city park provide the attractions dear to robust people. There is an English church and a Presbyterian chapel in Aix, with regular Sunday services during the season.

A Zander-Institute has been erected at Aix-les-Bains, in the park, near the Grand Etablissement des Bains. In the large rooms are installed the world-celebrated Zander apparatus, which allows of systematic movements and exercises of every part of the body for the cure of diseases of the nerves, muscles, and articulations. On the ground floor are installed the Nauheim baths, for the treatment of heart diseases.

Like many other mineral spring stations in Europe, this one was known and used by the Romans in ancient times, and many relics are found of their occupation of the place.

The springs are sodio-calcareo-sulphureted hot ones, two in number, having a temperature of 114 degrees to 117 degrees Fahrenheit. One of the springs was called "The Am," but they differ very little in quality, and may be considered and used as one. They yield over one million

gallons of water daily, and its most important chemical elements are: sulphureted hydrogen, carbonic and free nitrogen gas, hyposulphates and carbonates of calcium, with some chlorides. Finally, we must mention the existence, or possibly the production of electricity during the use of the baths. There are traces also of iodides and bromides in the waters of these springs, as well as other substances, such as the curious organic matter called "Barégine." Many medical writers, speaking of the use of mineral waters, say that springs of the Aix class have the advantage of being thermal, or hot, and act on the system by diluting the blood temporarily, and lowering the percentages of urates and sodium salts. This tends to retard uratic precipitation and gives the kidneys time to overtake their arrears in the task of eliminating uric acid. I shall not dwell here, however, on the therapeutic action produced by drinking the Aix waters.

The handsome, massive stone bath-house, with its new additions made in 1899, is now one of the finest in Europe. It belongs to the French Government, and is under the ministry of the interior.

The building contains two immense swimming-baths called "Piscines"; four smaller swimming-baths; about some fifty single baths and one hundred douche rooms with massage; twelve "Bouillons," or vapor rooms; five "Etuves," or hot dry air rooms; two "Caisnes," or general vapor baths; and four local vapor applications called "Berthollets." Some two thousand douches and one thousand baths can be and often are given daily during the season.

One of the most important applications of the Aix waters is the massage of the patient while under the hot sulphur water. This is done here with a perfection that does not exist elsewhere in the world. The men and women who perform it have had their art handed down to them for many years, as their fathers and mothers have been "masseurs" and "masseuses" before them. The Aix waters have an unctuous quality from the "Barégine" that makes them particularly adapted to rubbing and kneading the muscular structures that is not found in other waters.

The douche-massage is given as follows: The patient is placed on a wooden stool, and the attendants pour the water over the body from a hose, while at the same time they massage, knead, and rub according to the directions given by the physician, who accompanies the patient to the douche the first time, to give instructions as to temperature, force, duration, and pressure on particular parts.

This specialty of massage under water has nothing in common with the dry massage, or that practiced with ointments elsewhere.

Another specialty of this station is the carrying home of the patient after the douche. The custom is to walk to the bath house (although one may be carried to it if desired), the hotel servant carries a blanket to the establishment, which is furnished without extra charge by the hotels. The bather having disrobed in the dressing-room attached to the douche, enters the bath, and the usual clothing is returned to the hotel by the servant. After the douche the patient is carefully wrapped in the blanket, which has been warmed in a gas oven in the meantime, and the bath-chair having been brought into the dressing-room, the patient is put into it, and carried to the hotel, up to his room, where he is deposited in bed and left to perspire a certain time, when he is again rubbed down by the attendant, or by himself, and resumes his usual attire in time for breakfast.

This I consider an important part of the Aix treatment. How much harm is done and how many colds are caught elsewhere by the method of taking baths and then dressing quickly in hot dressing-rooms, and walking home with the pores of the skin open, while the weather may be cold or wet?

I give here a simple enumeration only of the diseases successfully treated at Aix-les-Bains; while stating that it is the chronic forms of maladies that should be sent here, I leave to the home physician the task of judging each special case.

First, all the chronic articular and muscular forms of rheumatism and arthritis. All torpid and lymphatic diseases. Neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, pleurodynia, nodosity of joints, rheumatic gout, and gout of a chronic articular nature. Gonorrhoeal rheumatism, skin diseases, such as eczema, acne, lichen, psoriasis, prurigo, syphilis. Surgical troubles, such as old sprains, fractures, fire-arm wounds, atrophy and retraction of muscles. Paralysis, both local, hysterical, and lead forms. Hemiplegia and paraplegia when in chronic form, paralysis agitans, women's diseases, amenorrhoea, dysmenorrhoea, vaginitis, haemotocle, metritis, leucorrhoea, and change of life, arthritic-diahetes, obesity, myxoedema, anaemia, and chlorosis, neurasthenia, ataxia, hysteria, and all forms of other nervous troubles, insomnia, etc.

After a number of years' practice here, I find that by the therapeutical action of the waters of Aix-les-Bains there is produced an energetic stimulation of the cutaneous surface by the massage-douche, which results in making the skin eliminate whatever excrementitious matters have been retained in the organism. It also relieves at the same time any congestion of the deeper parts or organs, while giving a stimulus to the circulation in general. To this must be added the effects of the mineral elements in the waters taken into the system and blood, both by drinking and inhaling them during the bath or douches.

The hatching establishment is open all the year round, but I do not advise patients to come here before May nor to remain after October. English visitors rather prefer cold weather, and they often arrive for the baths in May, and return again in September. Americans come during the whole season, but prefer the summer. The most fashionable and crowded time is during July and August. This is true of all the mineral springs of Europe. As to the duration of the treatment, it has been rather arbitrarily fixed by custom at three weeks.

Notwithstanding the many attractions of Aix, it was still considered not quite perfect by some. It was felt that some

change of air between the douches would be of advantage, at least for those who accompany the patients. This led to the idea of a mountain railway like that of the Righi and other places in Switzerland.

The Grand Revard towers over Aix some 4,400 feet, and its summit is 5,100 feet above the sea level. A continuous double cog-wheel railway was built to its summit and was opened in August, 1892. The total length of the line is 9,200 metres, or about six miles; the journey up takes about an hour, but there are stations every fifteen minutes at different heights. The slope is a very gradual one, being one in twenty-two at the most, or about sixteen per cent., while the Righi is twenty-five, and the Pilatus is forty-eight. The system is Abt's, that is, a double line of steel cogs between the rails, that lock into the centre wheel of the inclined steam-engine or locomotive, thus giving perfect safety. The line on the Righi is much steeper than this one, and has been in use for twenty-two years without a single accident. This railway is not only useful to those who wish to go up and pass a day at its summit, where there is an immense plateau from which they can enjoy a view of Mont Blanc, with a superb panorama of the other mountain ranges, but its several stations on the road will permit of using any desired altitude in the treatment of disease.

The idea of a railway up this mountain was advocated by the physicians at Aix, who saw the advantage of having a climatic station as well as a thermal one here. It is certain that under the good conditions found on the Grand Revard, such as proper elevation, pure mountain air, protection from wind, splendid water supply, sunny exposition, and gravelly soil, this Alpine region, situated as it is in the mild climate of central France, only nine hours from Paris, is destined to become a most important mountain health resort. Not only is it now possible to combine the pure, high-mountain-air cure with the hot-sulphur treatment of Aix, but also a stay can be made in the tonic air on these piny heights, which are free from microbes, in place of taking fatiguing journeys elsewhere. The railway company have bought some hundreds of acres of the pine forest on the summit for a park, and have erected some grand hotels in the Swiss style.

Marlioz, a cold water sulphur station, is within Aix-les-Bains, as it is only seven minutes by the convenient omnibus or trams from the Place Carnot at Aix. It is 270 metres above sea level and has a very healthy situation, only 1,500 metres from the centre of the town.

The waters are sulphurous, alkaline, iodurated, and bromated. They are found in three springs, situated in a beautiful park, with an excellent bathing establishment attached. In 1893 a complete new installation was made of the best forms of spray and douches for the local use of the water, and new saloons for both dry and humid inhalation of the waters. This, with a new saloon for the use of the springs in separate rooms for gargling and inhaling the different waters, makes, with the new baths, a most complete establishment.

The maladies treated here are chronic affections of the nose and chronic catarrhs of the throat and bronchial tubes, as well as asthma, the larynx, and the ear and eyes. In fact, all the chronic catarrhs as well as the catarrhs of the digestive, uterine, and urinary passages, women's diseases, etc.

As to expenses at Aix, the massage-douches cost from two to two and one-half francs, with linen free. The new "douches de luxe" are four francs each.

The baths are one and a half francs, both the tub and swimming ones. Those who are carried in the chairs pay one franc extra. The sulphur water for drinking is free. Service is not charged for, and the attendants expect a small gratuity.

It is the custom abroad at all the mineral-spring stations for physicians to make an inclusive charge for the whole three or more weeks' treatment with supervision and direction of the thermal cure. Owing to the nature of the hydro-therapeutic measures employed, it is necessary for the doctors to attend at the thermal establishment for some time every morning, to direct the attendants, and see to the proper administration of the cure.

The French Government allow of quite a liberal free service of baths. For instance, doctors (French or foreign) receive the baths and all treatment *gratis*. They are also entitled to free entrance to all the Aix casinos and cercles, and their families are given half rates for the baths, etc.

The hotels at Aix are numerous and varied, and during the last few years some new constructions have been added to the already existing fine modern hotels. Besides the grand hotels, Aix has a goodly number of smaller ones, as well as "pensions." There are also large and small villas and furnished apartments to let. Prices are much the same here as in the rest of Europe. Indeed, it may be said that Aix is not at all a dear place. One can get excellent board at hotels, with room, at from eight to nine or ten francs per day, all included. As to the grand hotels, they are some of the finest in Europe, and their charges are as reasonable as any on the Continent, in proportion to the accommodation given.

THOMAS LINN, M. D.

AIX-LES-BAINS, June 20, 1900.

It has been found on study of three hundred cases of loss of hair that baldness prevails most with unmarried men—which is contrary to the general belief. The worries of the bachelor may be fewer, but they are more trying to the scalp than are the multitudinous cares of the man of family. Most bald people are found to lead indoor lives, and almost all of them belong to the intellectual class. Usually the loss of hair begins before the thirtieth year. In woman it usually constitutes a general thinning; in men it affects the top of the head. Diseases that affect the general nutrition of the body are likely to thin the hair. Heredity is a factor. If one has baldheaded ancestors all the drugs of the pharmacopoeia will not bring out flowing locks.

ELECTING PRESIDENTS.

Colonel McClure's Review of Our Twenty-Eight Campaigns—Bitter Fights in Early Days—Anecdotes of Lincoln.

An especially timely volume is "Our Presidents and How We Make Them," by Colonel A. K. McClure, who is certainly well fitted to write on this subject. In fact, it is doubtful if any other living American has borne so active and so intimate a part in so many Presidential elections. Not yet of age, but already a zealous and eager observer of political movements as a young editor, he attended the Whig national convention of 1848, in Philadelphia, and witnessed the nomination of General Taylor. From that time he has been personally familiar with the workings of every national convention and campaign. Including this year, there have been twenty-nine Presidential contests in our history. Colonel McClure has actively participated in fourteen, or practically one-half of the entire number.

His first chapters on the first campaigns of the early days of our republic show much careful research, and are replete with striking political incidents, quarrels, and anecdotes. The first election for President of the United States, we learn, was held on the first Wednesday of January, 1789. It was an election in which the people took no part whatever in most of the States. There had been no formal nomination of Washington for President and Adams for Vice-President in any part of the country. Colonel McClure says:

In later Presidential elections it was common for legislatures and mass-meetings to present candidates for President, but I can not find a record of any formal presentation of either the name of Washington or Adams as candidate at the first Presidential election. Washington was accepted as the logical ruler of the republic, whose sword had won its independence, and Massachusetts, the State of Lexington and Bunker Hill, was conceded the second place on the ticket by general assent. Both were pronounced Federalists, and Washington was much more positive in his partisanship than is now generally believed. He was consulted about the choice of a Vice-President, and he answered that while he took it for granted that "a true Federalist" would be elected to the Vice-Presidency, he was unwilling to indicate any preference; but it was generally known that he and his immediate friends preferred John Adams, who had been one of the committee with Jefferson to prepare the Declaration of Independence, and who had written a very vigorous pamphlet in favor of the constitution.

It is now generally assumed that there was no shade of opposition to Washington's election to the Presidency, but Colonel McClure assures us that the anti-Federalists, many of whom were opposed to the constitution, made several ineffectual efforts to defeat him. He adds:

It is known that Franklin was approached on the question of being Washington's competitor, but there is little doubt that he peremptorily refused. At that time the Presidential electors did not vote directly for the candidates for President, both of whom could not be a resident of the same State, and the candidate receiving the largest vote, if a majority, was chosen President, and the candidate receiving the second largest vote for President became Vice-President. Several movements were made, without ever attaining the dignity of importance, to have votes quietly taken from Washington and given to Adams, and other movements were made to defeat Adams for Vice-President, but all of them were signal failures. It is understood that Hamilton, the closest friend of Washington, was not friendly to Adams. There is some reason to believe that he would have seconded the movement of the anti-Federalists to make George Clinton Vice-President had it given any promise of success.

The electoral colleges met on the first Wednesday of February, 1789, and elected Washington President:

He received sixty-nine votes, being the full number of electors, and John Adams received thirty-four votes for President, which made him Vice-President, although he did not receive a majority of the electoral votes. The congress of the confederation had provided that the new Congress chosen under the constitution should meet in New York on the first Wednesday of March to declare the result of the Presidential election and inaugurate the new republic, but a quorum of the Senate did not appear until the sixth of April, and on that day the electoral vote was counted in the presence of the two Houses, and Washington and Adams declared elected. They were notified of their election as speedily as possible, but it was not until the thirtieth of April that they were inaugurated.

Washington's second election was quite as unanimous as the first, both at the polls and in the electoral colleges. He received all the votes of electoral colleges—one hundred and thirty-two in number—and Adams became Vice-President by receiving seventy-seven votes for President:

No opposition electoral tickets were formed in any of the States, as the reelection of Washington and Adams was universally accepted. The Presidential electors of that day were appointed in accordance with the obvious spirit of the constitution, that meant to provide an entirely dispassionate and independent tribunal in the electoral college to exercise the soundest discretion in the choice of a President and Vice-President. No pledges were asked or given by any one named as an elector, and each one was free to vote according to the dictates of his own judgment. . . . There was no opposition to the administration of Washington at the close of

his first term, but the Democratic sentiment, so ardently cherished by Jefferson, had been steadily growing, and with two such able and aggressive partisans as Jefferson and Hamilton in the Washington Cabinet, it was only natural that opposition to the Federal policy would gradually take the shape to be effective when the overshadowing personality of Washington became eliminated from the politics of the country. Jefferson and Hamilton often had serious differences in the Cabinet, and Washington uniformly sided with Hamilton. Washington had little personal and no political sympathy whatever with Jefferson, and only one of Jefferson's rare tact and sagacity could have remained in the Washington Cabinet and fashioned the great opposition party that carried him triumphantly into the Presidential chair four years after Washington's retirement.

As early as 1793 it was generally accepted by the public that Washington would not be a candidate for reelection, and that Jefferson and Adams would be the logical competitors for the succession. Jefferson had cleared his decks for the battle by resigning his office as Secretary of State early in 1794:

Neither Jefferson nor Adams was nominated for the Presidency in 1795 by any legislature or mass meeting of which there is any record, as far as I have been able to ascertain. Adams was the choice of Washington, and the logical successor to Washington as the federal candidate for President, and Jefferson stood head and shoulders above all the Republicans of that day. The title of Republican was adopted by the friends of Jefferson, and the Democratic party was founded by Jefferson in 1796 under the name Republican, established as the majority party of the nation four years later, and it fought and won the Democratic battles under that name until 1824, when the Jackson party changed the title to Democracy. . . .

In the contest of 1796, for the first time, there were two candidates distinctly declared as competitors for the Presidency, and other candidates as distinctly declared for the Vice-Presidency, although all had to be voted for as candidates for President in the electoral college. . . . The Presidential contest between Jefferson and Adams developed into the most defamatory campaign ever known in the history of American politics, unless the second campaign of 1800 between the same leaders may be accepted as equaling it. In no modern Presidential campaign have candidates and parties been so maliciously defamed as were candidates and parties when Jefferson and Adams fought for power in the contest of the fathers of the republic. Jefferson was denounced as an unscrupulous demagogue, and Adams was denounced as a kingly despot without sympathy with the people, and opposed to every principle of popular government.

There were few newspapers, but it was the day of the pamphleteer, and the political pamphlets of those days, if compared with the political asperities of the present age, would make the partisan vituperation of the evening of the nineteenth century appear as tame and feeble. The result was the election of Adams in the electoral college by a vote of seventy-one to sixty-eight for Jefferson, who thereby became Vice-President.

The Presidential contest of 1800 was as revolutionary in its aim and in its accomplishment as was the Republican revolution of 1860:

The Federalists had practically undisputed control of the government for twelve years, under Washington and John Adams, and the power of the Federal party, with the overwhelming individuality of Washington in its favor, accomplished the election of Adams over Jefferson in 1796. When the battle of 1800 opened, Washington was dead, and Hamilton, one of the ablest of the Washington political lieutenants, was not in hearty sympathy with Adams. The Federalists held both branches of Congress, and a tidal-wave of partisan bitterness and personal defamation ran riot, both in Congress and throughout the country. Our foreign complications with France had become serious, and Congress approved what was then regarded as very extensive preparations for a war that was bitterly opposed by the Republican minority, the followers of Jefferson. So Adams, acting in accord with the Federal theory of a strong suppressive government, demanded and secured the passage of what was known as the "Alien and Sedition Laws," which now rank among the most odious legislative acts in the history of the republic.

Jefferson won his election, and there should have been no question about according it to him:

Under the electoral system of that day, by which each elector voted for two candidates for President, Jefferson and Burr each received seventy-three votes for the Presidency, and upon the face of the returns were equally entitled to claim the highest honor of the republic. True, Burr had not been discussed or seriously thought of as a candidate for President. He was accepted by the Republicans distinctly as a candidate for Vice-President, and the whole battle was fought out on the issue between Jefferson and Adams. Had Burr been honest and manly, he would have ended the struggle at once by declaring that the people had elected Jefferson to the Presidency, and that Burr could not consent to be presented to the country and the world as seeking to wear the stolen honors of the government; but Burr developed his true character as soon as he discovered that his vote was equal to that given to Jefferson. While he did not make any open or visible effort to elect himself over Jefferson, he silently assented to the use of his name, and thus made the Presidency hang in uncertainty from the time of the election in November until the seventeenth of February, when the contest was finally decided in favor of Jefferson, and Burr stamped with infamy. That he wished to be elected over Jefferson can not be reasonably doubted. If he had not permitted the use of his name without protest as a candidate against Jefferson, there would have been no discussion and no un-

certainty, as the House would have chosen Jefferson on the first ballot.

It can be readily understood that Burr's action made an impassable gulf between Jefferson and himself, and from that contest dated the decline of Burr's power in the land:

He knew that there could be no future for him, and his restless genius sought new fields in which to gratify his ambition, ending in his arrest and trial for treason, and also staining his skirts with the murder of Hamilton. Hamilton was open in his hostility to Burr in the contest in the House, and it was Burr's resentment of Hamilton's hostility to his election that made him seize upon a trivial pretext to force Hamilton into a duel, in which Hamilton fell mortally wounded at the first fire. Burr's public career was thus ended by the Burr-Jefferson contest, and though he lived many years thereafter, he drank the bitterest dregs of sorrow, and died in poverty and unlamented.

Adams accepted his defeat most ungraciously:

He remained in the executive mansion until midnight of the third of March, 1801, when he and his family deserted it, leaving it vacant for Jefferson to enter without a host to welcome him. It is the only instance in which the retiring President did not personally receive the incoming President in the executive mansion, with the single exception of Andrew Johnson, who did not remain at the White House to receive Grant. But Johnson was excusable from the fact that Grant had expressed his purpose not to permit Johnson to accompany him to the inaugural ceremonies. Jefferson, in marked contrast with the pomp and ceremony of federal inaugurations, appeared on the fourth of March clad in homespun, and rode his own horse, unattended, to the capitol, and after the inauguration ceremonies returned to the executive mansion in like manner. Both Jefferson and Adams lived for more than a quarter of a century after their great battle terminated in 1800, and time greatly mellowed the asperities of their desperate political conflicts. In the latter years of their lives, when both had lived long enough in retirement, they had friendly correspondence; and it is one of the most notable events in our political annals that Jefferson and Adams, who stood side by side in presenting the Declaration of Independence to Congress and had fought the fiercest political battle of the nation as opposing leaders, both died on the same day—the natal day of the republic—July 4, 1826.

The election of Jefferson in 1800 was a complete revolution in the political policy of the new republic, and it maintained its supremacy for sixty years:

The Republican party that triumphed with Jefferson never suffered a defeat until after the name of the party had been changed to Democracy under Jackson. John Quincy Adams, who was elected President in 1824, was nominated and supported as a Republican, as were Jackson, Crawford, and Clay, and the Whig triumphs of 1840 and 1848 stand in our history as accidental victories without changing the general policy of the government in any material respect. It may be accepted as a fact that from 1800 to 1860, and from 1860 to 1900, the Republican policy has maintained its supremacy, notwithstanding the two Democratic administrations of Cleveland. They were but temporary checks upon Republican mastery, as the Whig successes of 1840 and 1848 were mere temporary checks upon Democratic rule.

The contest between Jefferson and Burr for the Presidency, after one had been distinctly supported as candidate for President and the other as distinctly as a candidate for Vice-President, taught the necessity of choosing a President in the electoral college, but the Federalists bitterly opposed the change, chiefly on the ground that it was desired solely to gratify the personal ambition and interests of Jefferson:

The proposed amendment prevailed, however, and was ratified by thirteen of the sixteen States in ample time for the contest of 1804. The dissenting States in the ratification of the amendment were Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Delaware. Under that amendment the electors voted for President and Vice-President, as they do to-day, and the candidate for Vice-President must now have a majority of the electoral vote, as well as the candidate for President, to be successful. The congressional caucus that made Presidents for many years became an accepted institution in 1804, when the Republican, or Jefferson, members of Congress were publicly invited to meet on the twenty-fifth of February. They unanimously nominated Mr. Jefferson for reelection, and as Burr was unbought for Vice-President; they nominated George Clinton, of New York, for that office. This was the first open political caucus or convention to nominate national candidates. The caucuses of 1800 were held in secret by both the Federalists and Republicans, and no record was preserved of their action. Those who called the caucus, appreciating the prejudice that would likely be provoked by Congress attempting to dictate the candidates for President and Vice-President, distinctly declared that the caucus or conference was called solely as individuals, and not as official representatives of the Senate and House. If the Federalists held a caucus in 1804, there is no record of it that I have been able to find, but they united on Charles C. Pinckney, of South Carolina, for President, and Rufus King, of New York, for Vice-President. The vote in the electoral college resulted in one hundred and sixty-two being cast for Jefferson to fourteen for Pinckney, and a like vote for Clinton and King for Vice-President.

We shall make no attempt to follow Colonel McClure's graphic account of the succeeding elections, but close our sketch with a few extracts from his chapter describing the culmination of the conflict between the Seward and the Lincoln men in the convention of 1860. He relates how the latter out-

generated their opponents by filling the wigwag before the New York delegation filed in, and how Lincoln's strength increased in the voting, and how the announcement of the change of four votes from Ohio, from Chase to him, set the audience in an uproar of the wildest enthusiasm to which the silence of the New York delegates presented a dramatic contrast. He adds:

When order was finally restored, Maine, Massachusetts, and Missouri changed a number of votes to Lincoln, giving him a total of three hundred and fifty-four, being one hundred and twenty-odd votes more than he needed. When the vote was announced by the president, cheers broke out afresh, but they soon quieted down to await the action of the New York delegation, that was expected to move the unanimous nomination. There was certainly full five minutes of dead silence in the body, as the New York delegates were mortified beyond expression at their discomfiture; but after a long wait, which seemed to be vastly longer than it was, the tall form of William M. Evarts arose, and, with reluctance that was unconcealed, said:

"Mr. President, I move that the nomination of Abraham Lincoln be made unanimous."

Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, rose as soon as he saw Evarts rise, and when Evarts's motion was made Andrew seconded it, and with the unanimous vote of the convention and the heartiest huzzas from the many thousands who witnessed the proceedings, Abraham Lincoln was declared the Republican candidate for President.

Colonel McClure did not come to know Lincoln personally until after his election. Their first interview was the result of the controversy over the appointment of Cameron to the Cabinet. Colonel McClure was in opposition and Lincoln telegraphed to him to visit him at Springfield. Lincoln opened the door himself, and his visitor thus describes his appearance and the interview:

I think I did not well conceal my disappointment when I stood before him in the dimly lighted hall looking up into the face of the new President. There was nothing in his appearance calculated to make a favorable impression at first sight. He was illly clad, ungraceful in movement, and his rudely chiseled face, that was always sad in repose, clearly portrayed the biting anxieties which his election to the Presidency to meet the severest trial of the republic had brought upon him. He had then decided to appoint Cameron to the Cabinet, against which I had protested, and he had sent for me to know whether there were good reasons for a change of judgment. We sat down in the plainly furnished parlor, and for an hour or more he heard me patiently, with evident interest. During this part of the conversation he said but little, but gave many incisive questions to be answered. He did not exhibit a single trace of humor, and it seemed to me most of the time as if I were making my appeal to a sphinx. He gave no sign whatever as to whether I impressed him or not, and when I left him I had not a single clew by which to judge what importance be attached to my arguments, but before he retired that night he wrote a letter to Cameron revoking the appointment, and suggested that Cameron should regard the position as tendered, and give a letter of declination. In that letter, which can be found in Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln," he uses this language: "You will say this comes of an interview with McClure, and this is partly but not wholly true." The result was that the position of Secretary of War was held open until Lincoln arrived in Washington, when Seward and Weed finally prevailed upon the President to give the position to Cameron.

The record in this volume is brought down to the contest between McKinley and Bryan in 1896. There is a full index, and the book includes portraits of the Presidents. It is a useful work of reference, and will be found decidedly readable and interesting, not only by the political student, but by the general reader.

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LITERARY NOTES.

James Lane Allen's New Book.

It is an unpretending story that James Lane Allen tells in "The Reign of Law." A poor boy, the only child of religious but narrow-minded parents, is stirred by the ambition to go to college and become a preacher. For two years he works and saves, his parents sympathizing with him in his desire and denying themselves to aid him, and then his first wish is realized. He enters college, eager for the study before him, steadfast in his simple faith, and determined to acquit himself with honor. But theology opens new fields to him, and though there are many paths, all save one are forbidden him by the teachers and elders. He visits the proscribed churches, and discovers that he can hardly choose among the warring creeds. In this new, unsettled condition he turns to books he has heard denounced, and soon adopts the line of reasoning found there. His questions are received coldly at first, and in a little time his new convictions are made plain, and he is expelled by the church and society.

David returns to the poverty-burdened home, to be met with reproaches and an unforgiving spirit by the parents who can not overlook their disappointment. The boy, now a man, takes up the burden he had laid down, and works bravely and silently to make up for the loss his home has sustained, but there is no appreciation of his labor there. Then enters the influence that was required to save him from unchanging bitterness. The teacher of the country school, a girl who had grown up in luxury but had been brought down by the overwhelming results of the war, and who was now struggling to maintain herself, hears of David's experience and becomes interested in him. The two meet and soon are friends, then lovers, and though he tells her frankly the story of his doubts, and of the final decision that rejected all revelation put forth as the word of God and found the basis for his new belief in the declaration that the one order, method, purpose, running through nature—the reign of law—is all that is known of the great Author, the woman does not reject him. She is serene in her trust, she has no doubt of the realities of her religion, and yet she believes in his truth and honesty, and the two join hands.

But the book is not a thesis in support of the liberal movement in religion. It is a story of life in Kentucky fields and homes and schools, warm and true, told by one who can describe fittingly the scenes and seasons through which his figures move. The hemp fields in which David labors, the story of the plants that were early landmarks in Kentucky and the philosophy of their growth and harvesting, these have had no such appreciation in literature before, and it could not well be spared. The recollections of the struggle for freedom of conscience by the courageous, open-hearted ancestor, whose spirit David inherited, serve well as the beginning of the real story, and the history of the university which promised so much for a newly awakened people and fell so far short of accomplishment, follows in logical sequence. And above the art that pictures feelingly the beauty and vigor of the spring in that fertile country, the glory of summer skies, and the glittering majesty of ice-bound forests and streams, is the painting of those two portraits, David and Gabriella, that speak the varied emotions of youth. They are strong, and successful, and will live with the most pleasing of Mr. Allen's creations.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Stories by Bret Harte.

The latest volume of short stories from the pen of Bret Harte is entitled "From Sand Hill to Pine," and the reader takes it up with a confident anticipation of quiet enjoyment but no expectation of discovering new charms, and is not disappointed. There are six of the stories, all in familiar settings and concerned with the interests of people who appear naturally in those scenes. It may be that they are as strong but not as fresh as earlier tales by the first master of mining-camp idyls, but they do not have the distinction that once attached to his work. They are all worth the telling, and finished with the art which lays the colors on firmly and without baste or hesitation.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

An Unhappy International Marriage.

The Countess Loveau de Chavanne, an American heiress who married into a noble French family and learned to her sorrow that it was her money and not herself that her husband was seeking, has just brought out a novel entitled "Quirida, or American Gold Regilding the Coronets of Europe," which she says is autobiographical. It is dedicated to the "young women of America" and is described as "a love-song with a moral that can not be misunderstood." In her preface, she says:

"The foreign gentlemen who possess unquestionable titles know their commercial value, and they look for and expect wealth with American wives in exchange for their high-sounding names. Naturally, they would prefer wives from among their own people and of their own nationality, but their unfortunate financial condition will not admit of their enjoying the luxury of such a choice. They must marry for money, and it is a notorious fact that these so-called aristocrats are apathetic on the sub-

ject of honor when scheming to arrange a marriage with an American heiress.

"The custom of centuries permits and sanctions the Continental husband to live a dual life if he so elects—of having two homes and two or more families. He can live as dissolute a life as he pleases; can associate with questionable people of both sexes; can have his name coupled with notorious female characters; and unless he adds personal cruelty to his other transgressions, his wife must patiently submit to his total disregard of what are her just rights."

The task which the countess has set for herself—the *expose* of the corrupt conditions of a certain class of Parisian society—is a noble one, but her novel is far from being a literary success. It is treated in a cheap, sort of Laura Jean Libby style, and will hardly appeal to the class of American readers for which it was intended.

Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

W. Carew Hazlitt has just completed his history of "The Venetian Republic, its Rise, its Growth, and its Fall," which will be published very soon in America and England by the Macmillan Company. The time embraced is from 421 to the abrupt ending of the republic in 1797, and the work will be in two octavo volumes.

Next month D. Appleton & Co. will publish "The Flower of the Flock," a new novel by W. E. Norris, author of "Matrimony."

Egerton Castle's new novel, to be published in the autumn, will be called "The Sacred Orchard."

William Le Queux has written a new novel, "An Eye for an Eye," which will shortly be brought out in England and in this country. Readers of Anthony Trollope will recall that he has already used this title.

A volume of humorous pencil sketches by Robert Browning has lately been offered for sale in London.

Norman Hapgood, whose biography of Lincoln was well received last year, is writing a life of Washington.

"Quo Vadis" has smitten Mascagni, the composer, and he announces that he will make it into an opera with an Italian libretto.

The reason for the change of title in England of James Lane Allen's novel, "The Reign of Law," to "The Increasing Purpose" is that the original title conflicts with that of a book by the late Duke of Argyll. Mr. Allen's new novel, though published only a few weeks ago, has gone into a third edition.

William Stearns Davis, the author of "A Friend of Cæsar," published by the Macmillan Company, has just won the Thayer Scholarship at Harvard. This honor is given only for brilliant work in classical archaeology.

"The Viceroy's Protégé" is the title of a new book by Guy Boothby.

The interesting preface to the new edition of Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," just published by D. Appleton & Co., is the work of Ripley Hitchcock, the literary adviser of the firm.

Middle Age as the Time for Novel-Writing.

The following examples are cited by a writer in the London *St. James's Gazette* to illustrate Kipling's opinion that "while short stories may be written in youth, the novel must be the work of maturity." They would seem to sustain both sides of the argument:

"There are undoubtedly great examples to cite in support of his view. Richardson wrote 'Clarissa Harlowe' when he was near 60; Fielding, 'Tom Jones' at 42; Goldsmith, 'The Vicar of Wakefield' at 38; and Sterne, 'Tristram Shandy' after 45. Cervantes published the first part of 'Don Quixote' at 58 and the second at 68; Defoe, his 'Robinson Crusoe' at 58; Bunyan, his 'Pilgrim's Progress' at 50; and Addison was going on 40 when he created Sir Roger. Scott published 'Waverley' at 43; Galt, 'The Annals of the Parish' at 42; Peacock, 'Crochet Castle' at 46; Thackeray, 'Vanity Fair' at 36; Trollope began his Barchester series at 40; and Charles Reade wrote 'The Cloister and the Hearth' at 46. Mr. Blackmore did not write 'Lorna Doone' till he was about 44, and it may surprise some to be reminded that Stevenson was about 40 when he wrote 'Prince Otto'; Disraeli wrote 'Vivian Grey' when he was only 22, but he was 40 when he published 'Coningsby,' and if Lytton began equally early with 'Pelham,' his best work as novelist was the work of his late maturity. On the other hand, 'Roderick Random' was written at 26 or 27, and 'Pickwick' at 24. Probably the most precocious novel in its way ever written was 'The Ordeal of Richard Feveril,' written when Mr. Meredith was about 30.

"Nor are the ladies much more precocious in spite of the wonderful Jane Austen, who wrote 'Pride and Prejudice' as soon as she was of age. She, at all events, already knew her world, but her world was undeniably rather a small one. Little Fanny Burney, too, knew her world early, and published 'Evelina' at 26. As for the Brontës, critics, whether for praise or blame, agree that they had to draw on their imagination for their worldly knowledge. On the other hand, George Eliot did not commence novelist till she was nearing 40, nor did Mrs. Gaskell; Miss Mitford began 'Our Village' at 38, and Mrs. Oliphant her 'Chronicles of Carlingford' at 42 or 43; while Miss Edgeworth published 'Castle Rackrent' at 35."

TO THE STRONG.

We eat your bread and drink your wine—
So ebbs in you the strength;
Around your necks weak arms we twine,
So strangling life at length.
For you you can not run the race
To its completest goal;
Your soul's most secret hiding-place
Must serve some other soul.

Oh, wearied with the death begun
By borrowed life of ours,
The hampered race so long to run,
The squandering of your powers,
The seeming-wasted sacrament
Of body, blood, and heart
Outpoured on lives all vainly spent—
Is yours the bitter part?

Ere we had thought, or known, or learned,
Or found our feeble feet,
A generous life within you burned
That sharing made complete;
When, stript from you, we strive to fix
Our tendrils in the air,
We fall to earth, with mold to mix
And creep more basely there.

The wine you give us sweet with love
Upon our lips turns gall;
You tower in stifling strength above—
We cling, accepting all;
And who that walks the woodland through
But in its grandeur sees
The forest's life is made by you,
The nobly dying trees!

As you with secret sigh may long
To stand at last alone,
A prayer more bitter, burning, strong,
Within our hearts has grown:
To stand, not cling—to give, not take:
More than alone—supreme!
Ah! weakness has its hidden ache,
The parasite its dream!

—Louise Betts Edwards in *July Harper's Magazine*.

Henryk Sienkiewicz has lost his mother-in-law, Mme. Sophie de Wolodkiewicz, of Krakow, in a dramatic manner. She was murdered while traveling alone in a first-class railroad carriage near Odessa, her maid being in the second-class. She had a large sum of money with her and had probably been followed by her assassins from the bank where she had drawn it.

George Moore's Long Novel.

George Moore, according to the London *Academy*, has finished the first writing of his novel, "Sister Teresa," which we are informed is not a sequel to "Evelyn Innes." "Sister Teresa" was contained in the original idea, and the publication of "Evelyn Innes" was decided on because the book had lengthened out to five hundred pages, and Mr. Moore's publisher felt that novels of one thousand pages in length would demand some new form of publication not easy to devise. "Sister Teresa" will be as long, or nearly as long, as "Evelyn Innes," and, when the two books are brought together, as Mr. Moore hopes they will ultimately be, the story of "Evelyn Innes" will be the longest novel written about one character, for together the two books will contain about three hundred thousand words. As soon as "Sister Teresa" is finished Mr. Moore will begin to rewrite "Evelyn Innes." The two books will be published together probably in the spring of next year.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Manx Heroine.

The opening chapter of "Mirry-Ann," a story of the fisher folk of the Isle of Man, by Norma Lorimer, is not an engaging introduction, but those who read farther find that the novel improves rapidly in the succeeding pages. Its heroine is a graceful and gifted girl, who has grown up in a fisher's cottage without a mother's care or a father's love, and yet has added an education to refinements of nature that seem to set her apart from her relatives and companions. She is loved by three men. One is a fisher who has little knowledge above his boat and the singing of psalms; another is a penniless tutor, and the third is the young squire. The girl is nameless, as her mother had been before her, yet this fact counts for nothing with the admirers of her beauty and tender, womanly nature. By a sudden catastrophe Mirry-Ann finds herself in duty bound to care for the least attractive of her lovers, the honest fisherman losing his eyes in an heroic effort to save her treasures from the burning cottage, and she gives him her promise to become his wife that she may console him for his loss and maintain him in his helplessness. There are touches of melodrama in the events that lead up to the happy untangling of this coil, but they are well done, and poetic justice is meted out to those who have judged the girl wrongfully in the beginning.

As a faithful picture of the Manx people and an interesting study of character, the book deserves high praise. Its author knows the island and its costumes well, and her descriptions are full of color. The central figure is well drawn, and easily wins regard. Her impulses are true to such a nature, and her final restoration to home and love is fairly earned. There are a number of dramatic situations in the story, and they are managed with a skill which promises well for the work that it is to be hoped will follow this first book.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The Beginnings and Progress of Jurisprudence.

Guv Carleton Lee offers a work of more than ordinary interest and value in his "Historical Jurisprudence." It appeals to the lawyer who finds in it the solid foundation upon which rests modern law, but beyond this it gives to all students of the liberal arts the record of national development, the key to great movements which have made and unmade dynasties, and the explanation of that which without it would be obscure to most understandings. The study of jurisprudence is profitable to those who have but little time to devote to the pursuit of culture, as it is to those who give their whole lives to such pursuit.

The first part of the work takes up the history and sources of the law of Babylonia, which had a greater effect on the countries of Europe than that of any nation not of Aryan stock. The laws of Egypt, of Phoenicia, of Israel, of India, and of Greece, are examined in the five succeeding chapters, and in each study the domestic relations, the rights of property, and judicial procedure is noted under separate heads. In the second portion of the history the development of jurisprudence is taken up, and the early Roman law, the beginnings of prætorian influence, the law of the early empire, and the Theodosian and Justinian codes are treated with discrimination and clearness. Part third shows the beginnings of modern jurisprudence. The reception of Roman law in Germany, France, Spain, and Scotland is sketched, and the progress of legal enactment and procedure in Britain before the Conquest, during the Norman period, and under Henry the Second is examined with care.

The volume is a monument of patient labor and research, and will be accepted as a helpful guide to all who follow the systematic study of law and as a library of useful information to the general reader.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

New Publications.

A long and fairly interesting novel of English society is "A Rise in the World," by Adeline Sergeant. Published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A daughter of royalty with a passion for gambling is the heroine of E. F. Benson's latest novel, "The Princess Sophia." It is well described as a fantastic romance. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Eleven stories of adventure in the Far North are told in "Laughter of the Sphinx," by Albert White Vorse. The tales have appeared in various periodicals and are now collected and presented in permanent form. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

Mothers will find in Professor Nathan Oppenheim's volume, "The Care of the Child in Health," the best of practical instruction. It contains three hundred pages, and its index is complete. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Young readers will appreciate the service Adam Singleton has rendered them in "The Chronicles of Sir John Froissart," condensed for home reading. The unchanged sentences give the very words of an

English gentleman of the sixteenth century, and his historical stories are well worth knowing. The illustrations are valuable additions to the text. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 65 cents.

Volumes XIV. and XV. of the Shenandoah Edition of Frank R. Stockton's works bring before the reader some particular favorites. The first contains his novel, "The Associate Hermits," and the second holds twelve of his best short stories, among them "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Discourager of Hesitancy," and "A Borrowed Month." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00 each.

New editions of "The Odyssey of Homer: Done into English Prose by S. H. Butcher and A. Lang," and "The Iliad of Homer: Done into English Prose by Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf, and Ernest Myers," are fresh from the press. During the past seventeen years these volumes have been reprinted nine times, and the demand continues. There is little room for doubt that even later generations will consider them admirable translations of the great poet's work. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 80 cents each.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, harrister at law, London, who describes himself as "an eye witness," is the author of "The Filipino Martyrs: A Story of the Crime of February 4, 1899." Mr. Sheridan states in the preface to his work that when he went to Manila his sympathies were entirely American, but that he found the Filipinos had been grossly misrepresented, and has decided that "the American policy of extermination" should be remedied. The book contains two hundred pages of descriptive matter and extracts from official papers, a map, and a complete index. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25.

ALFRED AUSTIN ON COPYRIGHT.

The English Poet Laureate's Frank Views.

An English poet who charmed a generation, and whose works will continue to charm mankind as long as the charm of poetry is felt, was taken from us some seven years ago (writes Alfred Austin in the *Pall Mall Magazine*). He left a son and grandchildren; but already several of his works belong, not to that son nor to those grandchildren, but to any one and every one who wishes to make money by publishing that for which they have paid nothing; and this in consequence of the English law, which is more or less in agreement with the literary copyright law of every other country, whereby authors are deprived of all money profit from their works after the lapse of forty-two years from the date of publication, or seven years after their death, whichever may happen to be the longer period. It is matter of common notoriety that the sale of the works of Shelley, and likewise of those of Keats, was insignificant till long after either of those periods; one of the results being, as I well remember, that some of us had to apply to Lord Beaconsfield, when he was first lord of the treasury, for a small annual grant to save a collateral, and not a distant collateral, relative of Keats from starvation. In the case of Shelley the same need did not arise only because, though his descendants and relatives were equally defrauded, he happened to belong to a family not wealthy, indeed, but possessed of a competence.

For precisely the same reason the Civil List Pension Fund had to be invoked on behalf of the widow of one of the most popular, and likewise on behalf of the immediate descendants of absolutely the most popular, of English novelists of the last half century; the law, having permitted, indeed having encouraged, their impoverishment, by thousands, perhaps indeed by tens of thousands of pounds, thus returning them, by way of compensation, a few hundreds! The bill at present before Parliament proposes to extend, but only to extend, the term during which this cruel treatment of authors is forbidden. It needs, therefore, no laborious argument to prove, for the fact is self-evident, that it would be much fairer to enact that all property, save literary property and artistic property generally, should cease to be property forty-two years after its production, or seven years after the death of the producer of it, and that literary and artistic property should belong to the producer, his heirs and assigns, for all time, than to subject the latter to a special and exceptional disability. For, other property being produced, for the most part, because there is an immediate demand for it, it at once becomes profitable; whereas, as a rule, literature, at least literature of the higher sort, becomes profitable, if at all, only after the lapse of many years. Save for some adventurous reason—as in Byron's case, for instance, because he was a peer, and was thought to be exceptionally immoral, two qualities very attractive to the vulgar—poetry of the higher order is not recognized as such, save by a penetrating few, and not always by them, till time, the just judge, secures for it adequate recognition. Even in the case of Tennyson, who had the advantage of having as the active advocates of his genius in his early manhood the most influential members of a powerful university who had been fellow-students with him at Cambridge, a considerable period had to elapse before they succeeded in converting either the public or the

critics; and, whereas he himself had to wait patiently for several years for his writings to yield him even a modest income, now, only seven years after his interment in Westminster Abbey, many of his poems, the sale of which, I presume, is still very profitable, add nothing to the income of his descendants, but enrich only printers, publishers, and booksellers, who have paid nothing for them.

Now, the writer of these pages is not one of those who wish to see poetry, or any form of art, exorbitantly profitable to its producer. The autumn before last he stood bare-headed in Dove Cottage, a dwelling that in dimensions and aspect resembles the home of a rustic laborer in receipt of weekly wages. Yet it was under its humble shelter that many of Wordsworth's loveliest lyrics were written; and one felt smitten with an awe and reverence akin to what one feels in some sublime cathedral, and which one scarcely experiences in the well-stocked libraries or spacious lawns of more opulent writers. I say this only lest it should be supposed that I want to see artists and men of letters "fat and greasy citizens." There is nothing I should regret so much. But since, happily, men of letters no longer have any patrons, not even the public, whom nearly all the rest of the world have taken to flattering; since, on the contrary, they, too, without any title save their own, have come to be recognized as noble and princely; in a word, since both England and America have learned to honor them, is it not about time that public law should cease to rob them?

Slump in War Stories.

In a recent issue, *Punch* thus satirizes the English slump in war stories:

SCENE—A Publisher's sanctum. To its occupant enter AUTHOR.

PUBLISHER—Glad to see you, but thought we had better talk it over. You know our interests are identical. And really it won't do.

AUTHOR—What won't do?

PUBLISHER—Why, your last story. It's quite excellent—like all your work—but really the public don't want any more warrior-heroes, and, what's more, won't have them.

AUTHOR—Well, I will change my warrior-hero into a curate working in the slums.

PUBLISHER—I think that would be much more satisfactory. But then there are the battle scenes—most vivid and admirable in every way—but unsalable.

AUTHOR—I can easily cut those out. I will work in views of Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange in their place.

PUBLISHER—Yes, I think that would be—if you allow me to say so—a decided improvement. Then, how about that incident of the escape from the burning fort?

AUTHOR—Not in the least essential to the story. I will substitute a picnic in the hay-fields—just as interesting.

PUBLISHER—Quite so. And the chapter about the raid?

AUTHOR—That can come out in favor of a description of a boot manufactory. Can I do anything else?

PUBLISHER—Well, your title was first rate, but, under the circumstances, I think it would be better altered. "The Cannon's Mouth."

AUTHOR—Shall it be changed to "Laura's Love Story"?

PUBLISHER—Excellent! With those modifications we should hit the taste of the public.

[Curtain falls upon a scene of mutual satisfaction.]

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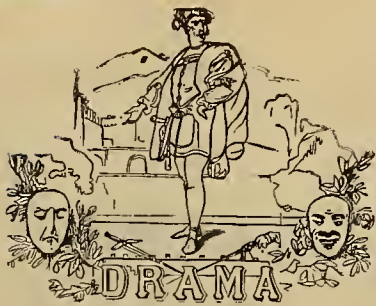
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Indeed, the strongest impression left by Arthur Jones's "Liars" at the Columbia Theatre is one of profound astonishment and pity. Astonishment as to what the man who did not get the epitaph "allait faire dans cette galère?" And pity because he regretted having got out safely before he had burned his ships. The other folk are not at all exacting upon our sympathies; we laugh at them for pretty fools, or cross-grained fools, or amiable, chivalrous fools, as the case may be; we are pleased that they get safely out of the silken web of deceit they so cleverly wove, but the world would not wag a whit less merrily if they were permanently caught in their own toils. The man without the epitaph is another matter. He is in earnest—terribly in earnest—a giant entangled by Lilliputians, a truth at sea among frauds, and it wrings our auditorial hearts to think that his big, strong heart should be broken by such a bloodless little hand as the Lady Jessica's. Yet, perhaps, the breakage was not complete, for after all he preserves his illusions. The wayward heroine's one saving remark is that in which she testifies that her lover will be happier remembering her for what he thought she was, than knowing her for what she is.

What she is, is not a very pleasant thing to contemplate; this *grande coquette*, who commits little border raids just to see what the land of immorality is like, who damages men's hearts while keeping one eye on her own safety, who laughs her husband's honor to scorn while craving that husband's protection, is not an agreeable specimen of fashionable womanhood. Neither are the other matrimonial arrangements all that can be desired. Apparently Arthur Jones wrote "The Liars" in pessimistic mood, for his comedy is a hitting satire on society marriages, while the man who would eschew conventional marriage is told he will get into a still worse scrape—which is undoubtedly true. But the play wags its merry way so brightly that we are not disposed to take the satire in earnest save for that one strong, dominant note struck by Edward Falkner. And E. J. Morgan is an admirable Falkner. With tense face and pathetically earnest eyes, he embodies the Livingstone-Stanley hero who has lived so long among stern realities that he can not understand shams, the impetuous gentleman who is old-fashioned enough to love with "his whole soul" and scorn a lie. Falkner has one scene, magnificent in its short, crisp realism, in which he owns up his whole-hearted love to the indignant husband, "and be d—d to you!" And Mr. Morgan, in making the best of the one dramatic incident of the play, redeems the frothy frivolity of the whole.

But, indeed, there is little fault to be found in the acting. Margaret Anglin's thankless rôle of Lady Jessica is played with arch refinement, delicately accentuated, and aided by captivating raiment, though it might be hinted, *en passant*, that it is a sin to spoil a pretty face by unbecoming hair-dressing, whatever the orders of Mme. la Mode. Sadie Martinot's Lady Rosanund is a delightful, "fluffy," matronly sister, gushingly ready to sacrifice any one and anything, even her matrimonial cipher, to shield reckless Jessica. Perhaps the most charming impersonation is Margaret Dale's Dolly, whose pretty perplexity as she works herself up to the telling of a benevolent lie and the invention of a make-believe dinner is a study in girlish innocence. Mabel Morrison's Mrs. Crespin is less commendable; she leaves us wondering wherein lay the charm of Kit's only woman in the world worth earnest love. But Kit makes amends. Henry Miller's Sir Christopher is a delightful, convincing personage; a trifle fussy, perchance, a little over-inclined to laugh in his sleeve at himself as well as at his neighbors, yet a thoroughly lovable, straight-seeing, direct friend, lover, and man of the world. J. H. Benrimo's Gilbert Nepean is saturnine enough to justify Jessica's escapades; a husband with his face and manner is an unpardonable offense in polite society. But ah, what is to be said of the Cipher—William Courtenay's delightfully played Cipher—save that he is a fascinating justification of Rosanund's pretty autocracy?

acting is good and crisp throughout, the

scenery is good, the morality is obviously good, and there are a few teachings lurking behind the obvious morality which the thoughtful might take to heart. And after all, Arthur Jones has been kind to his liars, for what they lack in honor they make up for in heart. Some more honorable folk might take considerably less trouble to shield the erring from shame.

The revival of "Wang" at the Tivoli Opera House can not be considered an accurate presentation of Siamese ways and customs—such a weirdly hurler monarch as the prince regent could never by any possibility have existed outside the realms of comic opera—but nevertheless it is good fun, sound, wholesome fun, with plenty of light, catchy music thrown in. It has good songs and dazzling dances, and all the sparkling *accessoires* which go with this class of entertainment. The Tivoli audiences always like "Wang"; they packed the house on Monday night, and justified the record which the operetta has gained for staying power.

We need not go far to seek a reason for this popularity. The making of comic opera is very much like the making of salad; to attain the best results one must have the ingredients exactly in the right proportion, and mix them with deft and delicate touch. In "Wang" we have all the requisite materials, while Edwin Stevens as the Prince Regent, and Ferris Hartman as Papat, the keeper of the royal elephant, attend to the mixing with their usual skill. Stevens is a fearful and wonderful monarch, attired in a burlesque regal costume, always scheming to attain the treasure which belongs to Mataya, the crown prince. And, as the youthful heir to the throne, pretty little Grace Orr has an opportunity of which she avails herself to the fullest extent. She wears her male attire with an ease rarely found in the feminine persuasion, and her voice, if not powerful, scores well in her song about somebody who was quite another fellow. Ferris Hartman, who dons burnt cork as the negro elephant keeper, does not get his usual lion's share of comic opera business, but what he has to do goes with snap and vim, and he gives Stevens excellent support. Hartman's greatest hit is his imitation of Sousa as a conductor, when he leads the banjo party into which the chorus has temporarily resolved itself.

The chorus, in brilliant costume, tastefully grouped, makes one of the prettiest pictures in a piece full of pretty scenes. And the girls really do play the banjo—it is not mere make-believe. Only their repertoire is limited; they know but one tune, so that when the inevitable encores shower upon them, Stevens has to gag his hardest to get them out of the difficulty. Another charming interlude is the baby song, done in fetching costume by four bright little girls whose names are not given on the programme. William Schuster, as Colonel Fracasse, the French military instructor, has a broad, low-comedy part which keeps him drunk most of the time; but he and Tom Greene, a French lieutenant, are responsible for much of the laughter which peals continuously through the house. Helen Merrill makes a charming Marie. In the first act she wears the most captivating milkmaid costume, and in the second her fine-lady dress would grace any ball-room. Her best song, "Every rose must have its thorn," was given with a delicate expression which delighted her hearers and won well-deserved encores. Annie Myers has a somewhat trying part as the middle-aged widow with multitudinous progeny, but nevertheless she manages to look very attractive. And last, but not least, I must not omit mention of the royal elephant, whose fore and hind legs move together with a harmony and precision not often found in stage beasts.

One grows tired of remarking that the Orpheum bill of fare was full of good things. The phrase has been used so often that it has grown trite and meaningless when applied to this house, where the standard of vaudeville excellence is consistently sustained. As has been usual of late, there was a large proportion of drama in the programme this week, both Lillian Burkhardt and Marie Stuart appearing in little comedies, or, as it is now the fashion to call them, playlets. Joined by Clayton White, Marie Stuart makes a most amusing success out of G. G. Emerick's society farce, "The Waldorf-Metropole Episode." There is the usual naughty man and fascinating, coquettish woman, and Miss Stuart has an opportunity to display some specially neat dancing and high-kicking. Clayton White has a double part, the best of his rôles being Professor O'Mugg, an instructor in physical culture. His make-up in this character is exceedingly clever, and worthy of the name.

Lillian Burkhardt's contribution is, of course, of a widely different order. "Charming Suzanne," the new costume playlet, specially written for her by Brandon Hurst, is a charming little appeal to the higher emotions, a quarter of an hour of exquisite romance, illustrating the all-enduring devotion of a wife for her husband and the cause for which her husband is fighting. Moreover, the piece gives Miss Burkhardt an opportunity to display her shapely form in tights, and tights, too, of the brightest scarlet. She dons her husband's uniform with just the trace of bashful coquetry necessary to emphasize the sacrifice she is making, and keeps the brutal Prussian major busy over the flowing bowl while her man rides away furiously with dispatches which,

in some mysterious way, are to save the French army. It even becomes necessary to fight the major in order to prevent his leaving the room, and the actress reaches her highest level of dramatic intensity when she rejects the soldier's wondering appeal against fighting a woman. Drawing herself up to her full height, her voice rings out loud and clear, "'Fore God I will. On guard, sir!" Miss Burkhardt has learned to fence, and to fence well, even though she did wound her instructor in the process. William Brewer, the Prussian officer, also handles the foils skillfully, so the duel is managed in an extremely realistic manner. ROSE-SOLEY.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Air-Dance of 16 to 1-ers.
They're joined to their platform,
Seek not to sunder them.
Next fall the voters will
Knock it from under them.
—Chicago Tribune.

Her Precious Purse.

Not much good gold did she disburse,
Yet well she spent each golden minute.
She had a precious little purse,
And there was precious little in it.
That was before she started out.
She meant to shop; her means were ample.
When she got back that purse was stout,
For it was stuffed with many a sample.
—Chicago Record.

The Original Summer Girl.

After much biologic research,
From evidence strong, I believe
That I have found out,
Beyond shadow of doubt,
That the first Summer Girl was Eve.
She had unconventional ways,
She lived out of doors, and all that;
She was tanned by the sun
Until brown as a bun,
For she roamed 'round without any hat.

To a small garden-party she went,
Where the men were exceedingly few;
But she captured a mate
And settled her fate,
As often these Summer Girls do.
Now, my statement, of course, I have proved,
But as evidence that isn't all;
A Summer Girl she
Is conceded to be
Because she stayed there till the Fall.
—Carolyn Wells in July Smart Set.

The New Arrival.

There came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked, and looked, and laughed!
It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water
And moor herself right in my room—
My daughter! Oh, my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all,
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned to Hope and Love
And common-metre rhymes.
She has no manifest but this,
No flag floats o'er the water;
She's too new for the British Lloyds—
My daughter! Oh, my daughter!
Ring out, wild bells, and tame ones, too,
Ring in the little worsted socks,
Ring in the bib and spoon,
Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,
Ring in the milk and water;
Away with paper, pen, and ink!
My daughter! Oh, my daughter!
—George W. Cable.

A Failure.

More years ago than I shall name
I sought to win a good wife's fame,
I knew not how—but all the same
I made a shirt.

I cut, I stitched with many a tear;
Hollowed it out, both front and rear,
I carved the armholes wide, for fear
They wouldn't fit.

John's neck I measured to be true,
The band must fit—that much I knew,
I'd beard so oft. All else I drew
And puckered in.

At last 'twas done. A work of art,
Complete, I hoped, in every part.
"Come, John," I called with quaking heart,
"Try on your shirt."

I must confess it hugged somewhat
In places where I thought 't should not,
But John, the brute, yelled out, "Great Scott!
Is this a tent?"

And such behavior—language, well!
He uttered things I'll never tell—
I may forget them when I dwell
In higher spheres.

Oh, woman of the present day,
To you's inscribed this tiny lay,
You little know the man you pay
Your homage to.

If his "true inwardness" you'd know,
Have him your idols overbrow,
And sentiment to four winds blow,
Make him a shirt.—Ex.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Frawleys in "The Great Ruby."

The Frawley Company have scored a great success in Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton's English melodrama, "The Great Ruby," which was first imported to this country by the late Augustin Daly, and it is safe to predict that the Grand Opera House will be crowded to the doors during its run.

The play hinges on the theft of a great ruby from a Bond Street jeweler's wife by a gang of diamond thieves, of whom the *so-disant* Countess Mirtza Charkoff is the head, and the subsequent hunt for it by men from Scotland Yard. This "argument," if it may be dignified by that name, gives opportunity for frequent changes of scene. There are fourteen of these in all, and they run the gamut of fashionable English life. One is the Bond Street shop, with real plate-glass windows and glittering show-cases; another at an inn, with a lawn seventy feet deep from the footlights, and bicyclists constantly spinning up to the door, and Mary Van Buren dashing up on the box of a coach-and-four, handling the ribbons with consummate skill; again we are at Lord's during a cricket-match between Oxford and Cambridge; now at the countess's flat; again in the magnificent "lounge" of the Ostland Hotel; and finally at a military tournament. But the scenic climax is where the jewel thief jumps into a balloon, and as the great toy rocks unsteadily and scenery and even clouds descending, giving a vivid illusion of the balloon's ascent, pursuer and pursued struggle for the mastery, until at last the prince secures the jewel and flings the thief out from the car to the depths below. In theatrical parlance this scene is "simply great." In fact, from a scenic standpoint, "The Great Ruby" eclipses anything which has ever been seen in this city.

The main interest in the cast naturally centred in Corona Riccardo, who was well received in the rôle of the Countess Mirtza Charkoff, the Russian adventuress. It will be remembered that this was the part which Blanche Bates created in the Daly production, and which she acted for but a single performance. At the time it was said that Ada Rehan, who had what was considered in England the main rôle, that of Lady Garnett, the tuft-bunting *parvenu*, was so completely eclipsed by Miss Bates that she demanded her immediate dismissal. No one ever knew the true details, but Miss Bates withdrew, and a few weeks later made another hit as Miladi in "The Three Musketeers," which established her as a New York favorite and placed her in the front rank of the leading ladies of the American stage.

Mary Van Buren has now passed the stage where she is considered merely as a stage beauty and must be reckoned with seriously. Her advance in her art during the past two years has been most rapid. As Lady Garnett she has her first opportunity during the Frawley season at the Grand Opera House, and her impersonation is easily the most natural and consistent of any given by the female members of the cast. Her sleep-walking scene was especially effective, winning several deserved curtain calls. Wilton Lackaye as Prince Kassim Wadia, the Indian nobleman, acts with dignity and force, and Harrington Reynolds makes a convincing villain. Alice Evans as Louisa Jupp, Henry Roberts as Detective Brett, and Mr. Duffield as Lady Garnett's husband, handle their parts with care and intelligence.

As a whole, the production is probably the best of its kind which has ever been seen in this city, the stage-manager and scenic artists being especially deserving of credit.

"His Excellency the Governor."

Instead of "The Only Way," which was announced for production next week, "His Excellency the Governor," imported from London, is to be offered during the fifth week of the Miller engagement at the Columbia Theatre. R. Marshall, the author, calls it a "farical romance," and the conceit on which it is built is that a peculiar kind of aloe, growing on the Amandaland Islands in the Indian Ocean, fades into yellow dust once in a hundred years, and that the powder causes an epidemic of love among those whom it settles on. The British governor is a bachelor biased against marriage, and he especially disapproves of it for men in the colonial service. He enjoins celibacy on his two *attachés*, an army captain and a secretary. A member of the British cabinet comes to the islands, bringing his sister, a staid old maid, and his daughter, an ingenious girl. Another visitor simultaneously is a vaudeville actress, who had once been more than friendly with the governor. Of course they are all affected by the dust of the aloe, which happens at just this time to be in the air, and all sorts of complications ensue. The governor, the captain, and the secretary, being under the spell, fall in love instantly with the daughter, and tell her so without delay. Their contrasting ways of wooing, her frank manner of listening to them, and their rivalry are made to yield a great deal of fun.

The cast will be a very strong one. E. J. Morgan will appear in the title rôle, that of His Excellency Sir Montague Martin; Charles Walcott will be seen as the Right Hon. Henry Carlton, M. P.; and Frank Worthing will play the part of John Haverstock, the private secretary of the island to which he has been sent for the express purpose of cutting down the number of each native's legal wives.

Others in the cast will be William Courtenay, Earl Browne, E. Y. Backus, George Christie, Frank E. Lamb, Fred Estie, Harry Spear, Sadie Martinot, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, and Grace Ellison.

"Brother Officers," which received its initial American production in this city last year and repeated its local success at the Empire Theatre, New York, this spring, is to be the next production of the Miller company.

Close of the Tivoli's Comic Opera Season.

The comic opera season at the Tivoli Opera House promises to end in a blaze of glory, for in "Wang," which is to be continued another week, the patrons of this popular theatre have an opportunity of seeing their favorites at their best. Next week, beginning Monday, July 30th, the annual grand opera season opens with Verdi's "Aida," and with Signors Avedano and Salassa in the cast, the performance should be a notable one. Among other members of the company will be Signorina Italia Repetto and Anna Lichter, lyric sopranos; Effie Stewart, dramatic soprano; Frances Stuart Graham and Signorina Lyra Polletini, contraltos; Signor Alessandro Nicolini and William Schuster, basses; Signors Giuseppe Ferrari and Quinto Zani, baritones; and Signor Dominico Russo, tenor.

Owing to the great dissatisfaction which has prevailed in past grand-opera seasons, on account of seats being reserved and not being called for, the management announce that they will be compelled to enforce the following rules during the forthcoming grand-opera season: All patrons who desire certain seats reserved for performances during the entire season, must call for the same forty-eight hours ahead of the respective performances for which the seats have been reserved, otherwise the tickets will be sold. All seats ordered by telephone must be called for not later than 6 P. M. of the evening for which the seats have been so reserved, or by noon if ordered for a *matinée*, otherwise the tickets will be sold.

"Rush City" at the California.

For the coming week at the California Theatre Dunne and Ryley's Comedy Company will present Matthews and Bulger in the first farce which these joint stars ever appeared in, "Rush City," written by Gus Heege, the author of "Von Yonson" and "Ole Olson." "Rush City" is said to abound in activity, as the title suggests. The first act is located in the New York office of John J. Rush (Sherrie Matthews), who is floating town lots in Kansas on an unsuspecting and gullible public. The second act shows Rush City itself, with purchasers galore starting all kinds of enterprises. Leyden Jar (Harry Bulger) raises a rain-storm in the first act and a cyclone in the second. Norma Whalley will appear as Mrs. Winfield Moriarty, of Chicago, and Bessie Tannehill will impersonate Miss Calliope Emerson, of Boston, principal of the seminary and kindergarten of Rush City. John M. Dunne will be the Tammany Croker, superintendent of the divorce mill of Rush City, and Mary Marble will have a chance to display her versatility as Nan Nesbitt, a Bowery gem, transported to Rush City.

"By the Sad Sea Waves" will follow.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

There will practically be an entirely new bill at the Orpheum next week, for only a few of this week's entertainers—Lillian Burkhart, Williamson and Stone, Donahue and Nichols, and the Biograph—are to be retained. At the head of the newcomers will be clever Etta Butler, who, after a short, well-earned vacation, will fill a week's engagement at the Orpheum previous to her departure for the East. In addition to her well-known imitations of Olga Nethersole, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Anna Held, Fougere, May Irwin, and Modjeska, she will introduce some new studies of mimicry which are sure to prove interesting. Lillian Burkhart will devote her last week to a number of the most successful sketches in her repertoire, including "A Passing Fancy," "A Garret Salvation," "Fifty Years Ago," and "A Deal on 'Change'"; Joe T. Sullivan and Carrie Webster will present Blanche Marsden's bright little farce, "The Janitor"; the Meeker-Baker trio will perform some startling acrobatic feats; and Kitty Mitchell, the dainty comedienne, and Jessie Padgham, a Los Angeles girl who recently made her *début* on the vaudeville stage, will appear.

The Queen of Siam has a gold thimble made in the form of a lotus-bud, with her name and the date of her marriage in tiny diamonds. It was a gift from the king. A Philadelphia woman has one that is completely encrusted with diamonds, which is said to have cost one thousand dollars. The Princess of Wales has a thimble that is an heirloom in the royal family of Denmark. It is of gold, with a design traced in blue enamel and studded with precious stones.

To-morrow evening (Sunday) "Manila," the first of the series of Burton Holmes lectures, will be repeated at the Columbia Theatre. The subject for the lectures on Thursday and Sunday of next week will be "Japan Revisited." The price of seats is \$1.00, 75 cents, 50 cents, and 25 cents.

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"Quo Vadis" is Italy.

Blanche Walsh, who has been starring jointly with Melbourne McDowell during the past two years in the late Fanny Davenport's repertoire of Sardou plays, and who will be at the head of her own company next season, is traveling in Europe. She recently witnessed a performance of "Quo Vadis" by an Italian company of players in Naples, and in a letter to a friend in the East she writes at length upon the play, the manner of its production, and the players, making some rather unkind but just comparisons with the American productions. Miss Walsh says that the Italian production was presented in what Americans would term ten acts, designated by the Italian, pictures. Describing the tenth picture, she says:

"A very short, deeply impressive act. Peter attempts departure from Rome. There appears at the back the Christ, who speaks the lines used by Sienkiewicz—and the curtain descends with Peter being asked by one of the characters, 'Whither goest thou, Master?' He replies: 'To Rome.' In our country there have always been strong objections to the appearance on a theatre stage of the Christ. Here in a Roman Catholic country no such objections are raised. The actors are so impressed with the characters they are performing that stagecraft is lost sight of, and one feels more deeply impressed than by a sermon from a pulpit.

"What particularly struck me was the fact that throughout the entire performance not one concession was made to the clap-trap of which we in America are so fond. It was a serious, earnest performance in every sense of the word, the members of the company depending entirely upon their artistic merits to carry them through. The scenery was correct, but of the most meagre kind and abominably painted—such as we used many years ago in the old legitimate days—hence you may conceive what advance America has made in productions. In other words, in the Italian 'Quo Vadis' the actor had to depend entirely on his art for effects, and succeeded in holding the attention of the audience by the power of a well-modulated voice, pure diction, and correct gesture. Petronius, played by an actor still unknown, by name Lombardi, was an inimitable performance. He was so thoroughly absorbed in the part that his personality was submerged in the character of Petronius. He did not

play the part—he was Petronius. If I am not astray in my judgment, we shall hear of this young actor in the years to come. The part of Chilo Chilonides, impersonated by Gherardini, is the finest character bit I have seen in some time. In fact, all the men were good in their respective rôles.

"The women—well, the women disappointed me. They were all fine readers, but their general deportment left much to be desired. They lacked grace and the necessary physical accoutrements so essential to the actress.

"As artists Italians are undoubtedly far in advance of the English or American actor. Moreover, an Italian audience is a more highly trained one than we deal with. It sits with imperturbable patience, listening to speeches of ten minutes' duration, without showing any weariness, apparently interested and enjoying it. Is it due to the beauty of the Italian language or the actor's art? This I could not discover; but I understood, I think, that the reason the Latin races have hitherto produced the greatest dramatic artists is due to the fact that an intelligent, artistic-loving audience keeps the actor constantly up to his best endeavor, and is the god which urges him ever on to his highest and best expression."

The largest sum for the briefest service recently received by the most liberally paid of all professionals, the prima donna, was given Mme. Nordica on the occasion of her appearance in a concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, says the *Saturday Evening Post*. For two songs which required five minutes each to sing she received \$1,000, or at the rate of \$100 a minute. For her first concert engagement, Mme. Nordica, then a girl of sixteen, received \$10. Now, in the zenith of her powers, the largest sum received by Mme. Nordica for a single concert was \$1,700. This latest achievement of \$1,000 for ten minutes eclipses even that.

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VANITY FAIR.

In a recent article on "Society and the Stage," Clement Scott scores the English actor-managers, who, in order to insure the success of their productions, always follow their first-night performances with elaborate suppers. "To show that they are in good society, and have a fashionable visiting list, invitations are scattered wholesale by the ushers and attendants in the auditorium, and amid the popping of champagne corks and consuming of lobster salads, the actor and actress of the hour receive their guests on the stage, where the public, friends or not, should never be seen, and, still in their paint and in their stage costumes, receive the flattering and honeyed compliments of society. I only hope they appreciate what they hear. It is impossible to be severely critical, or even truthful, with a glass of actors' champagne in your hand or a piece of actors' pie on your plate; but I only wish that some of them could hear the remarks of numbers of their society guests as they file out into the street. If they did I do not think there would be many more of those first-night suppers on the stage, supposed to be private, but in reality as public as such functions can be, as every soul in the audience can see the invited guests filing on to the stage through the communicating door and being welcomed by host or hostess, in paint, standing by the prompter's box."

This society craze, Mr. Scott thinks, is due to Squire Bancroft, the last, so far, of the theatrical knights. He adds: "He is a man of shrewd common sense, and the very best commercial and artistic manager of my time. It was at the time of the craze of the 'Jersey Lily,' when the beautiful Mrs. Langtry was mobbed in the park, when ladies jumped up on chairs in Rotten Row to see the society beauty pass by, and when all society was literally raving about her. 'If,' said Squire Bancroft diplomatically to himself, 'they tumble over one another to see Mrs. Langtry in the park, why should they not book seats to see her at my Haymarket Theatre?' At any rate the experiment was worth trying, even at a matinee, as a trial trip. But Bancroft was not the man to do anything rashly. Mrs. Langtry was no novice, and had at the outset, besides her rare personal attraction, very particular gifts which would serve her in her stage career. In addition to those she had two very experienced counselors, actresses of the first class, in Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. Lahouchère. The scheme was very carefully prepared, as it was likely to be with level-headed Bancroft pulling the wires. No Juliet or Rosalinds for Manager Bancroft. He elected that Mrs. Langtry should play the small part of Blanche Haye in Robertson's 'Ours.' Of course, with Mrs. Bancroft by her side as Mary Netley. All went merry as a marriage-bell. Royal patronage was, of course, secured. Every effort was made to stifle independent criticism. The *Times* critic was temporarily deposed, and the notice was written by Abraham Hayward, Q. C., *Quarterly* reviewer and a conversationalist and wit in society as famous as Bernal Osborne. He was not likely to be inimical to a society beauty introduced to the stage by royal patronage. The whole thing was a great, and, I think, a very deserved success. Mrs. Langtry was not only found charming, but capable as well. There was no reason why she should not adopt the stage as a career, which she has since done fitfully, but, on the whole, very successfully indeed. The society craze advanced by leaps and bounds. Mrs. Langtry's example was followed, not so successfully, by others, until in course of time a new vocation seemed to open out to the impecunious man and woman of birth and breeding. There was no harm in that, provided they could act. The stage is as free and open to the lord, lordling, or lady as to the lumberman and the laundry-maid."

New York florists are displaying some remarkable flowers in their show windows—blue and green carnations, scarlet daffodils, pink lilies-of-the-valley, and blue tulips. So startling are some of these new combinations of colors in old standard flowers, that nobody ever thought of being giddy or vain in their dress (declares George E. Walsh in the *Independent*), that the mind is temporarily puzzled. Floriculture is certainly making tremendous strides every year, but one is hardly prepared to accept the belief that growers of flowers have it within their power to change and alter the natural colors of all blossoms to suit their will, or a passing whim of fashion. Yet this is just what florists have succeeded in doing, and in the future flowers can be raised to suit the demands of fashion in colors without much labor. Heretofore it has required years to raise a strain of carnations or roses that would produce a certain fashionable shade, but now what required long time and close application of cultural methods can be accomplished by the florist in a few weeks. But the secret of the process should not be known if we would appreciate the new flowers of the season in all their gay colors, for the illusion once broken robs them of half their value. The newly colored flowers are not exactly dyed. Immersed in dye solutions, the delicate blossoms refuse to take the colors. Every solution yet prepared for them has either bleached the leaves and petals, or destroyed them. For ten years now florists have been

trying to concoct a dye mixture that the flowers would take acceptably, and not be injured by it; but all efforts in this direction have proved futile. Now it is discovered, however, that nearly all of our cultivated plants will absorb aniline solutions through their stems, and under certain favorable conditions the blossoms will receive and retain the artificial colors communicated to them through their stalks and branches. Most of our common flowers will absorb the aniline solution in a few hours, and produce wonderful results. Yellow daffodils can be striped with scarlet in less than twelve hours; white lilies can be turned to a pink or blue in less time; and even the large double white camellia can be tinted in a few hours. Cyclamens, snowdrops, hyacinths, Christmas roses, tulips, Solomon's seal, daffodils, lilies-of-the-valley, carnations, camellias, callas, and similar flowers are artificially colored by this process, and placed upon the market. Even the leaves of plants absorb and retain the artificial colors. Ivy-leaves placed in an aniline solution begin to color in a few hours, and the veins are made to stand out like small lines of red blood. The leaves of many other plants have been found to absorb the dyes just as readily as the ivy, and remarkable effects are obtained. The process is certainly interesting, and, while at present its chief result is in enabling florists to color their flowers at will, it may yet have a practical bearing on horticultural developments.

Two reforms which women have fought almost single-handed, the one on moral grounds, the other on aesthetic, are recruited by the force of meo in science (says the *Bazar*). The temperance movement has enlisted the sympathy and support of scientists, these too in Germany, which makes the fact the more significant. The cause of temperance has been obstructed the world over by persons who have advocated the German way of drinking German (pure) beer as a prudent means of avoiding the extreme of total abstinence and the vice of drunkenness. Now, however, German scientists have determined that the use of beer and light wines prepares the way for stronger drink, and is itself a source of untold evils. A large meeting of eminent physicians who have organized a total abstinence society was recently held in Munich, famous for its beer. The consensus of expert opinion here rendered was: "The people must be taught to see that the old pretense that alcohol nourishes, warms, strengthens, aids digestion, cures, amounts to nothing. Alcohol produces insanity, mental vacuity, stupidity, and conceit. And the moderate drinker, the beer-drinker, does not escape the fate of the drunkard. He but defers the day of his doom, and it is he with his specious theories and the horror of his habit unrevealed—it is the moderate drinker, not the disgusting drunkard, who tempts his fellows to ruin." German teachers are allied with physicians in the total-abstinence movement. They have learned in their profession what Bismarck said long ago, "Beer makes stupid."

The other reform in which science comes to the assistance of woman is dress reform. During a congress of physicians held in Rome lately, war was declared on the trailing skirts of women. One doctor demonstrated the unsanitary evil of this fashion by seeding a number of ladies into the street wearing trailing skirts, with instructions to walk about for an hour. When they returned their traips were subject to microscopic examination, and the doctor discovered whole colonies of bacteria on their skirts. The physicians established that the germs of influenza, consumption, and typhoid fever are the least of the evils which careless mothers after an hour's promenade bring home to the cradle of their children.

The formal announcement of the forthcoming marriage of Lady Randolph Churchill to Lieutenant George Frederick Myddleton Cornwallis West has given London society an excellent topic to gossip about. Lieutenant West comes of a distinguished family and is described as a singularly handsome youth, frail and fair, and rather like his well-known lovely sister, Princess Henry of Pless, who, without doubt, ranks among the most beautiful women of the day. His other sister, Miss Shelagh West, is also very beautiful, and is engaged to the youthful Duke of Westminster, at present in South Africa. Lieutenant West is only twenty-five years old, having been born in the same year as Lady Randolph Churchill's first marriage, and it is said that his family have done everything in their power to break off the match. Since their engagement was announced last year during the great Cowes yachting week, Lady Randolph has refused over and over again to give any definite answer as to whether it was a fact. Not many have dared to approach her ladyship on the subject, upon which she was known to be rather touchy, but her sisters, Mrs. "Jack" Leslie and Mrs. Moreton Frewen, have always maintained that Lady Randolph intended to marry Lieutenant West in spite of all opposition. Through her marriage to a commoner she will of course lose her title as well as her precedence at court. Apropos of this, Anna Morton Lane, writing from London to the *Chicago Times-Herald*, says: "To start with, the prefix to the name of the late Randolph Churchill was, as is the case with every younger son of a duke, one of courtesy only. Lady Randolph is therefore by right only plain

'Mrs. Churchill.' By marrying Cornwallis West of course the title of 'lady' will be dropped, and she will be 'Mrs. Cornwallis West.' She also forfeits her precedence at court. For instance, she will no longer have the right to enter a room as the widow of a younger son of a duke before the wives of viscounts, the wives of the eldest sons of earls, or the daughters of earls. After her marriage to Cornwallis West, if she proposes to attend court she will be obliged to bring up the rear of the big procession and enter the room of state, or whatever royal function she may be attending, among the usual mob of 'wives of esquires and gentlemen.' Lady Randolph is the holder of the Cross of India, which she received because of the position of her late husband as secretary of state for India in the years 1885 and '86. This order, of course, she retains, but the interesting fact remains that 'Mrs. George Cornwallis West, C. I.,' does not look nearly as imposing as 'Lady Randolph Churchill, C. I.,' either in a list of guests at a dinner or on the plain common, or garden visiting-card."

Summer Feeding

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, July 18th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Contra Water 5%....	2,000	@ 106	105 3/4 106 1/2
Market St. Ry. 5%....	16,000	@ 118	118 118
N. R. of Cal. 6%....	2,000	@ 113	113 113
N. R. of Cal. 5%....	2,000	@ 117 1/2-117 3/4	
Oakland Gas 2d 5%....	5,000	@ 111 1/2	111 112
Oakland Transit 6%....	1,000	@ 115	
Oceanic S. Co. 5%....	20,000	@ 104 1/4-105	105 106
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%....	11,000	@ 103 1/2	103 103
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%....	9,000	@ 119-119 1/2	119 120
S. P. Branch 4%....	17,000	@ 131	
S. V. Water 4%....	3,000	@ 103 1/2-104	103 1/2 104 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 3d....	5,000	@ 101 1/2	101 1/2 102

	STOCKS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Spring Valley Water....	200	@ 94 1/2-95	94 1/2 95 1/2
Contra Costa Water....	1,430	@ 67-70 1/2	67 1/2 68 1/2

	Gas and Electric.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Equitable Gaslight....	50	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2 4
Mutual Electric....	25	@ 10 1/2	10 1/2 11
Oakland Gas....	60	@ 49 1/2	49 1/2 49
Pacific Gas Imp. Co....	210	@ 47	47 47 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric....	750	@ 48 1/2-50	49 1/2 49 1/2
S. F. Gas....	20	@ 4 1/2	

	Banks.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Bank of Cal....	20	@ 410	408
Street R. R....			
Market St....	210	@ 63	63 64

	Powders.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Giant Con....	100	@ 86-86 1/2	86 87
Vigorito....	100	@ 3	2 3/4 3

	Sugars.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Hana P. Co....	200	@ 8 1/2	8 1/2 9
Honokaa S. Co....	855	@ 32 1/2-32 3/4	32 1/2 32 3/4
Hutchinson....	195	@ 24 1/2-25	24 1/2 25
Kilauea S. Co....	15	@ 19 1/2	19 1/2 20
Makaweli S. Co....	665	@ 45 1/2-46 1/4	46 1/4 47 1/4
Pauhaui S. P. Co....	755	@ 31-31 1/2	31 31 1/2

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Li Hung Chang visited Germany a few years ago, the Kaiser asked him, "How do our women compare with those of China?" "I really can't tell," said Li, slyly, fastening his eyes on the corsage of a lady who was present; "we never see half as much of our women as you do of yours."

Lord Russell of Killowee (who Sir Charles Russell) was once questioning a witness about the size of certain hoof-prints left by a horse in sandy soil. "How large were the prints?" asked the learned counsel; "were they as large as my hand?" holding up his hand for the witness to see. "Oh, no," said the witness, hoefully; "it was just an ordinary hoof." Theo Sir Charles had to suspend the examination while everybody laughed.

At the church of Strathfieldsaye, where the Duke of Wellington was a regular attendant, a stranger was preaching, and when he ended the verger went up the stairs, opened the pulpit door a little way, slammed it to, and then opened it wide for the preacher to go out. The preacher asked the verger in the vestry why he had shut the door again while opening it, and the verger replied, "We always do that, sir, to wake the duke."

One of the two delegations from Mootana to the National Democratic Convention at Kansas City was horror-stricken to discover that the man who had painted the banner pointing out their head-quarters spelled it "Mootana." Martin Magionis was reminded of a story when he learned of the mistake. "A Missourian once came to Montana," said he, "and, finding himself in difficulties, consulted one of our promiscuous lawyers. As a preface he asked of the lawyer: 'Cao you read writio?'" "No," the lawyer answered; "I can't even read readin'." I don't think your artist out here," said Mr. Magionis, "can paint palatio'." The Mootana men got a new banner at once.

On one occasion, when Von Bülow had to conduct an orchestral concert at which a piece written by an aristocratic amateur was to be performed, the composer requested permission to direct a rehearsal, and, on obtaining it, opened a parcel containing seventy pencils, which he handed to the members of the band, asking them to mark his intentions in their parts, as he would give them by word of mouth. Hans von Bülow noted this matter of detail, and left the hall. Presently he returned, also with a parcel, and, on resuming his place at the desk, gravely handed out seventy pieces of india-rubber, with which the players were to erase the directions which the composer had given them.

Many years ago two bishops were entertained by a hostess, who, after dinner, caused to be handed to them a box of cigars. The first bishop considered smoking a device of the Evil One. With scant civility he declined the offered cigar, and, with more force than politeness, denounced the villainous habit of smoking. The other bishop, being a lover of the weed, contrived to reproach his reverend brother's narrow-mindedness by putting to him the following question: "Now, which do you think is most to be commended, the use or the abuse of a thing?" The other promptly replied: "The abuse, of course!" "Then," responded the genial bishop, "you see that I use tobacco, while you abuse it!"

Booker T. Washington tells the following story of a member of the "po' white trash," who endeavored to cross a stream by means of a ferry owned by a black man. "Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross, but I ain't got no money." Uncle Mose scratched his head. "Doan' you got no money 't all?" he queried. "No," said the way-faring stranger, "I haven't a cent." "But it don't cost but three cents," insisted Uncle Mose, "ter cross de ferry." "I know," said the white man, "but I haven't got the three cents." Uncle Mose was in a quandary. "Boss," he said, "I done told you ez. 'Er man what's got oo three cents am jes' ez well off on dis side er der river as on de odder."

The Atlanta Journal tells of an old man in Georgia named Jack Baldwin, who, having lost his hat in an old dry well one day, hitched a rope to a stump and let himself down. A wicked wag named Neal came along just then, and, quietly detachng a hell from Baldwin's old blind horse, approached the well, bell in hand, and began to ting-a-liog. Jack thought the old horse was coming, and said: "Haog the old blind horse; he's coming this way, sure, and he ain't got no more seose than to fall in on me—whoa, Ball!" The sound came closer. "Great Jerusalem! The old blind fool will be right on top of me in a minit—whoa, Ball—whoa, Ball." Neal kicked a little dirt on Jack's head and Jack began to pray: "Oh, Lord, have mercy on—whoa, Ball—a poor sioner; I'm gooe now—whoa, Ball—our Father, who art in—whoa, Ball—halloved be thy—gee, Ball! gee! what'll I do?—name. Now I lay me down to sl—gee, Ball!" [Just then in fell more dirt.] "Oh, Lord, if you

ever intend to do anything for me—back, Ball! whoa!—thy kingdom come—gee, Ball! Oh, Lord, you know I was baptized in Smith's mill-dam—whoa, Ball! ho! up! murder! whoa!" Neal could hold in no longer, and shouted a laugh which might have been heard two miles, which was about as far as Jack chased him when he got out.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

SCENE—The Bluebottle Links.

CLEVERTON—Want to go around, old man?
DASHAWAY—Thanks, but I expect some friends. Whittler and his wife.

CLEVERTON—Oh, yes. He plays, doesn't he?
DASHAWAY—Yes, a fair game. But she doesn't, thaok heaveo.

CLEVERTON—I was wondering about that.
DASHAWAY—No, sir. I am too old a bird to ask a man and his wife when they both play. No woman is it for me! I'll introduce her to some people, and she can sit on the club piazza until luncheon.

CLEVERTON—Good. Here comes some one now. Well, I'm going to drive off.

DASHAWAY—Good luck. Here they are. Good morning, Mrs. Whittler. Delighted to see you. How are you, old man? So glad you could come.

WHITTler—And I'm mighty glad to get here. Fioe place you have.

MRS. WHITTler [shaking hands cordially]—So good of you to ask us, you know.

DASHAWAY—My pleasure, I assure you. Hallo, old mao, what you got so many clubs for? Why, half of them are new.

MRS. WHITTler—That's my secret. Mr. Dashaway, will you believe it, I'm learning to play.

DASHAWAY [heart-sick]—You don't say so?

MRS. WHITTler—Yes, indeed. I went around last week with a set of horrowed sticks—excuse me, clubs—and I have been playing more or less ever since. I am just crazy over the game.

WHITTler—I told my wife I thought it was an imposition on you for both of us to play to-day, but—

DASHAWAY [bravely protesting]—Noosee! I'm delighted to think Mrs. Whittler has started in. It will do her lots of good.

MRS. WHITTler—There, Jerry. What did I tell you? I just know Mr. Dashaway would like to have me play. All men are not so selfish as you are. But can't we begin oow? I am so impatient.
DASHAWAY—Certainly. Here, hoy. You caddie for this lady, and you two for my meo. You drive off, Mrs. Whittler.

MRS. WHITTler—Oh, dear, I'm so nervous. You make a tee for me, will you, dear?

DASHAWAY [gallantly stepping forward]—Allow me.

MRS. WHITTler—Thanks. Now I—Everybody says you are such a good player, Mr. Dashaway. I do hope you'll show me. I expect to learn so much.

DASHAWAY—Doo' be nervous. Just stand easily and naturally and keep your eye on the ball.

[MRS. WHITTler, after several fidgety attempts, brings her club down on the ball like a hammer, and it rolls off sideways into the bunker.]

MRS. WHITTler—Oh, dear, I just knew I would do that.

DASHAWAY—Never mind. Take it over again. Caddie, throw that ball back. [Aside to WHITTler] While we are waiting, old man, will you have something?

WHITTler [brightening up]—Why, I don't mind. My dear, take a few practice drives. We'll be back in a few moments. [To DASHAWAY] My dear boy, I'm afraid this is a good deal of an imposition on you. The little woman is so interested in the game that I couldn't refuse to let her play without offending her.

DASHAWAY—Of course you couldn't. I understand. Doo' concern yourself, old man.

[Each takes a large, refreshing drink of good old Scotch whisky, and they return to the tee.

MRS. WHITTler has just driven her ball into the first bunker for the seventeenth time.]

WHITTler [calling out]—Stay there, my dear, and we'll help you over. [Steps up and makes a hundred-yard drive. DASHAWAY follows with one of a hundred and fifty.]

MRS. WHITTler—Isn't this tantalizing?

DASHAWAY—Let me show you. Hold the club sideways. Hit it well under. Try again [ball finally rolls over bunker].

MRS. WHITTler—Now, what stick would you advise?

DASHAWAY—Try this cleek. Just try to hit the ball. That's the first thing.

MRS. WHITTler [fanning the air]—Isn't it awful? I am afraid I am keeping you.

DASHAWAY [with deep meaning]—What an idea! We are in no hurry.

WHITTler—Keep cool, dear.

MRS. WHITTler [sending the ball about three feet]—Oh, dear. You'd better sit down and wait for me.

DASHAWAY—Oh, no, we won't do that. But I think I see a friod in the club-house. Come on, old mao, I want to introduce you. If you'll excuse us, we'll be back in a moment. Just keep right on.

MRS. WHITTler [absorbed in the game]—Cer-

tainly. I'll take that over. Caddie, please put it in a real nice place for me.

[WHITTler and DASHAWAY repair once more to the club-house, where they take several drinks of good old Scotch. At the end of half an hour they stagger out on the course and dimly discover MRS. WHITTler in the distance, making desperate efforts to putt into the first hole.]

MRS. WHITTler [as they approach]—Where oo earth have you been? Do you know [still absorbed in her game] I am really doing better.

DASHAWAY—Let me show you [tries to hit ball].

WHITTler [grabbing club away from him]—Here! You can't play!

MRS. WHITTler—Why! Oh! What is the matter? Oh, you horrid, low men! Disgraceful! You've been drinking!

[She hurries away from them in high dudgeon, and walks back to the club-house on the verge of nervous prostration.]

DASHAWAY [leaning up against a stone wall]—'F I had a wife that played a game like that, I'd be full all the time.

WHITTler—'F I hadn't been drinking, 'n' you should say a thing like that, I'd knock you down, but as we both hit 'em pretty lively, I can only say, old man, that I agree with you. Let's have anozer.

THE NEXT MORNING.

MRS. WHITTler—I want you to promise me that you will never take another drop.

WHITTler—On one condition.

MRS. WHITTler—What's that?

WHITTler—That you'll never again try to play golf with any friend of mine.—Tom Masson in Life.

A Naval Battle of the Future.

THE STRANGER—Excuse me. I am a stranger here. Will you kindly inform me why all these gayly dressed people are loitering on the shores of this bay?

THE NATIVE—Eh? Don't you know? Why a great oaval battle is being fought here, and the people for miles around have come to enjoy the event.

THE STRANGER—I am oew in this part of the country, but I'm not as fresh, perhaps, as I look. You tell me that a great oaval battle is being fought here. And yet as far as the eye can reach I can discern no boat—no, nor even a ripple on those placid waters.

THE NATIVE—That's all right. It's a submarine battle fought by submarine boats. They are oow at it tooth and nail somewhere about the middle of the bay.

THE STRANGER—You astonish me. These people do not look as if they were attending a battle. The women wear summer frocks, and the men are in afternoon clothes, with top hats. And, see, there is a band over there!

THE NATIVE—Oh, yes; it's quite a function. That's the Marine Band, and those women and men about it are the special guests of the Secretary of the Navy. You wait around a little while and we'll have some oews. There, see!

At that moment a black object, like a mammoth strong cigar, leaped upward from the waters, and lay quiverlog on the surface. Every opera-glass was leveled at it, and the stranger slanted his haod above his eyes so he could see better. A grimy man crawled from the midst of the thlog and raised a huge megaphone to his lips.

THE NATIVE—Hooray! That's old Commodore Boh Evans's grandson!

The man with the megaphone shouted in a stentorian voice:

"We've licked the blankety-blank-blank socks off of 'em!"

Whereat there arose a great cheer and a flutter of handkerchiefs, and the Marine Band played, and the Secretary of the Navy held ad impromptu reception, and theo everybody went home to dinoer. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.
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Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, August 21
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, September 15
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America Maru. Friday, August 3
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Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Europe (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., July 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, August 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, August 3, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., July 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, August 1, and every fourth day thereafter. For further information see folder.
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SOCIETY.

The Carter-Clark Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mary Etta Clark, daughter of the late William S. Clark, of this city, to Mr. John Gilroy Carter, of Berwickshire, Scotland, took place on Thursday, June 28th, at the Scotch Presbyterian Church, Paris, France. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Mr. Milne.

The bride has been abroad a number of years, and was recently joined in Paris by her sisters, Mrs. Jerome A. Hart and Miss Grace Clark, the latter of whom acted as maid of honor.

After the wedding breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Carter left for Switzerland, where they will spend their honeymoon. On their return they will make their home in Paris.

The Walkington-Harrison Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mary Louise Harrison, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Harrison, to Mr. George Britton Walkington, of Belfast, Ireland, took place on Wednesday, July 18th, at Christchurch, Brondesbury, London. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by the rector of the church, assisted by Rev. A. J. Harrison, an uncle of the bride. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her mother, and the Misses Ethel and Elsie Harrison, the bride's sisters, acted as bridesmaids.

The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of Mrs. S. M. Harrison, the bride's aunt, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Walkington left for their future home, "Grace Court," in the vicinity of Belfast.

Reception to Surgeon-General Sternberg.

A reception was given to Surgeon-General George M. Sternberg, U. S. A., by Colonel W. H. Forwood, U. S. A., chief-surgeon of the Department of California, in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel, on Tuesday night, July 18th. In an adjoining apartment refreshments were served, and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour, the music being furnished by the Third Artillery Band.

Among others present were Major-General W. R. Shafter and Mrs. McKittick, Colonel and Mrs. John B. Babcock, Major and Mrs. Hugh J. Gallagher, Colonel and Mrs. Frank M. Cox and the Misses Cox, Major and Mrs. Pratt and the Misses Pratt, Captain and Mrs. Henry A. Shaw, Captain and Mrs. David J. Rumbaugh, Major and Mrs. Louis H. Rucker, Captain and Mrs. William H. Wilson, Captain and Mrs. Henry C. Danes, Colonel and Mrs. Alfred Mordecai and Miss Mordecai, Captain and Mrs. Charles H. Clark, Colonel and Mrs. J. V. D. Middleton, Major and Mrs. William H. Arthur, Colonel and Mrs. Samuel M. Mansfield, Major and Mrs. Leonard V. Loring and Miss Loring, Colonel and Mrs. Jacob Rawles and Miss Rawles, Colonel and Mrs. Pope, Colonel and Mrs. James M. Marshall and the Misses Marshall, Colonel and Mrs. Girard, Major and Mrs. Frank West, Captain and Mrs. E. O. C. Ord, Major and Mrs. J. D. Hall, Major and Mrs. Martin, Major and Mrs. Charles R. Krauthoff, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Smedberg, Colonel and Mrs. Theodore A. Baldwin, Captain E. T. Wilson, Captain B. C. Morse, Captain A. B. Dyer, Major Samuel O. L. Potter, Lieutenant Henry E. Wetherill, Lieutenant C. C. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Gavin McNah, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Southard, Dr. and Mrs. W. Winterberg, Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Kinyoun, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery, Dr. and Mrs. W. Anderson, Dr. and Mrs. Levi C. Lane, Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Dorr, Mrs. George A. Skinner, Mrs. Charles L. Heizmann, Mrs. Freeman and Miss Freeman, Mrs. Ross L. Bush, Mrs. Willard A. Holbrook, Mrs. John A. Baldwin, Mrs. George W. McIver, Mrs. Thomas U. Raymond, and Mr. George W. Fletcher.

Dinner-Parties at Fairfax Villa.

Fairfax Villa, near San Rafael, was the scene of a number of pretty dinner-parties on Saturday evening, July 14th. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee entertained Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. Will Gerstle, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Miss Thérèse Morgan, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Another party included Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. McLennan.

Mr. and Mrs. Heller and Mr. and Mrs. Sig Stern also entertained a number of their friends.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey gave another very enjoyable party to Mt. Tamalpais on Thursday last, remaining over night at the tavern. Their guests were Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Miss Cosgrave, Miss Katharine Dillon, Mr. J. M. O'Brien, and Mr. Baker.

The wedding of Miss Edith Van Buren, of New Jersey, to Baron Vesichio de Castlemenardo, took place in London on July 7th. The baroness is well known in San Francisco, having made several extended visits to this coast in company with Mrs. Roswell J. Hitchcock, widow of Commodore Hitchcock, U. S. N. She is a grandniece of President Van Buren, a niece of Mrs. William Walter Phelps, widow of the former ambassador to Berlin,

and a cousin of Mrs. Franz von Rottenburg, of Berlin. Her father for many years was United States minister to Japan.

A tea was given on July 5th, by Mrs. Mary Black Clayton at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, to announce the engagement of her son, Dr. Jere Black Clayton, assistant-surgeon, U. S. A., to Miss D. Louise Trotter. This engagement will be of interest to many army people, as both families have been associated with the service for many years. Miss Trotter is the daughter of Colonel Frederick Eugene Trotter, who, until his death, was a highly esteemed officer in the Fourteenth Infantry. Dr. Clayton has recently returned from a tour of duty in the Philippines. He is the son of the late Major Henry Clayton, U. S. A.

Miss Violet Albright recently gave a card-party at her home on Twenty-Seventh Avenue, Oakland, in honor of Miss Jean Hush and Miss Anna Clay, whose engagements have been announced.

Mrs. John Kittle gave a dance at her residence in Ross Valley on Thursday last. Quite a number of the younger set from this city went over to participate in the pleasant event.

Mr. Joseph Friedlander recently gave a picnic to several of his young friends stopping at Tallac. They sailed around the lake and fished and lunched at Emerald Bay. His guests included Miss Bachman, Miss Hecht, Miss Schwartz, Miss Haas, Miss Lilienthal, Miss Son, Miss Hellman, Miss Bissinger, Miss Jacobi, Mr. Lilienthal, Mr. Roos, Mr. Greenbaum, and Mr. Son.

Mrs. Mackay's Concert.

The brilliant concert which Mrs. John Mackay gave at her home in London, 6 Carlton House Terrace, in honor of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay, a few weeks ago, is the first social function of importance which she has given since the tragic death of her son. One of the London weeklies thus describes the event:

"The programme of music was very well arranged, Mme. Louise Homer, Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, M. Plançon, and M. de Lucia singing, and M. Johannes Wolf playing on the violin; while the big dining-room, and even part of the hall, was filled with supper tables, which all looked very gay with orchids and other flowers and piles of beautiful fruit. Mrs. Mackay received her guests at the top of the historic marble staircase.

"She was dressed very simply in black, with few ornaments, with beautiful ear-rings of black pearls, and a black-pearl pendant on a brilliant circlet around her neck. Beside her stood her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Clarence Mackay, who looked beautiful in white and silver, with a great knot of mauve orchids and a diamond crown with turquoise points, and her daughter, the Princess Colonna. Among the Americans present were Ambassador Choate and his son, Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mrs. Ronalds, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kelly, Lady Gray Egerton, Lady Craven, Lady Hesketh, Mrs. Dudley Leigh, Mrs. Padelford (a sister of Lady Essex), Mrs. Moreton Frewen, and Lady Strafford."

The Prince de Joinville, third son of Louis Philippe, recently died in Paris in his eighty-second year. De Joinville's life had a part in making history. He became an efficient officer of the navy. When Vera Cruz was stormed he was the first to enter the city under a heavy fire. He was in command of the frigate that bore back to France in 1841 the body of Napoleon Bonaparte. He was made rear-admiral, and had much to do with the change of vessels of war to steam power in 1845. He and his brother D'Aumale were at Algiers when the revolution of 1848 overthrew the monarchy and made Louis Philippe, their father, a refugee in England. The brothers immediately joined him there and became exiles. The Prince de Joinville, in recent years, was the standing critic of the French imperial navy for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He wrote above the signature of "Saint Mars," and with marked ability. It was he who first brought forward the renowned Dupuy de Lôme as a naval constructor. The Prince de Joinville twice visited this country, once in 1847, when he sought the acquaintance of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, a missionary among the St. Regis Indians, who was afterward said to be the true Dauphin, Louis the Seventeenth, who was supposed to have died in the Temple Prison in Paris during the French Revolution. The prince came again during the Civil War, when his nephews, the Count of Paris and the Duke of Chartres, came over to be the aids to General McClellan.

The royal palaces of Bangkok form a city in themselves. They consist of several hundred individual palaces, surrounded by magnificent gardens and pagodas. Bangkok is really a city of waters. It is an Indo-Chinese Venice. More people live in floating homes on the Menam, "the Nile of Siam," and in many canals, than in permanent buildings.

The fifth centenary of the death of Chaucer occurs October 25th, and an attempt is being made in London to induce the court of common council to erect a statue to the poet in the Guildhall or the library. The author of the "Canterbury Tales" was a Londoner by birth, but no suitable memorial of him exists in the city of his nativity.

LATE VERSE.

What the Mocking-Bird Says.

In Old Virginia in the Spring,
With nature green in fresh adorning,
The mocking-bird begins to sing,
To charm the dusks of night and morning.
Right merry is the reveille
He sounds as early dawn is breaking,
To drive the drowsiness away—
And it is pleasant waking
To this abode:

May morning!
Time to get up! time to get up!
Julep! julep! julep!
Oh, how sweet!
Sweet! sweet!

When purple mist, by moonlight kissed,
At twilight comes, and night is falling,
Amid the silence to l and list!
The mocking-bird is clearly calling.
A pensiveness is in his strain,
Some legendary sweetness olden,
With tenderness, as he again
Sings to the moon uprisen golden
This serenade:

Virginia!
Look at that moon! look at that moon!
Beauty! beauty! beauty!
Happy dreams!
Sleep, sleep.

But when the noon of night is high,
And spellbound lies the land enchanted,
The heart awake unceasingly
By dreams, but not of sleep, is haunted—
'Tis then that wild, mysterious bird
In dulcet notes yet all-impressioned
Ensorcelled with burning word
The self-same tune familiar-fashioned,
Sings thus to silence:

My darling!
Where is she now? where is she now?
Jennie! Jennie! Jennie!
Dearest girl!
Sweet! sweet!
—Henry Tyrrell in *Harper's Weekly*.

The Meadow Lark.

Minstrel of melody,
How shall I chant of thee,
Floating in meadows athrill with thy song?
Fluting anear my feet,
Plaintive, and wildly sweet—
Oh, could thy spirit to mortal belong!
Tell me thy secret art,
How thou dost touch the heart,
Hinting of happiness still unpossessed;
Say, doth thy bosom burn
Vainly, as mine, and yearn
Sadly for something that leaves it unbled?
Doth not that tender tone,
Over the clover blown,
Flow from a sorrow—a longing in vain?
Or, is it joy intense,
So like a pang, the sense
Hears in thy sweetest song something of pain?
Others may cleave the steep,
Soar, and in upper deeps
Sing in the heaven's blue arches profound;
But, thou most lowly thing,
Teach me to keep my wing
Close to the breast of our Mother, the ground!
Soon shall my fleeting lay
Fade from the world away—
Thine, ever-during, shall thrill through the years;
Love, who once gladdened me,
Surely hath saddened thee—
Half of thy music is made of his tears!
Long may I list thy note
Soft through the summer float
Far o'er the fields where the wild grasses wave;
Then, when my day is done,
Oh, at the set of sun,
Pour out thy spirit anear to my grave!
—Lloyd Mifflin in the *Independent*.

Parisians are beginning to realize that their calculation, based on a series of fêtes attending the expected visits in close succession of European monarchs, is going to prove still-born. They believe the King of Sweden and the Shah of Persia will come for a short stay in a month's time, but that is all. The Czar, whose absence is the greatest disappointment of all; Emperor William, Queen Victoria, and the Prince of Naples, whose visits were once spoken of as certain, will not come to the exposition, and after the Shah's departure the mansion formerly belonging to the late Dr. Evans, the famous American dentist, which is so luxuriously fitted up for the reception of crowned heads, can close its shutters. The absence of the royalties represents a serious financial loss to the business community of Paris, who naturally counted upon a rich harvest out of the lavish expenditure which the entertaining of these visitors would entail, and also out of the money spent by the masses of foreign and provincial sight-seers attracted to the capital by the festivities.

—DONATIONS ASKED.—THE PUBLIC IS REQUESTED to notify Mrs. E. Pierce, of 726 Sixth Avenue, Richmond district, the representative of the Prison and Hospital Religious Association, of any magazines, books, clothing, etc., it may care to donate. She will call or send for donations.

—LADY WOULD LIKE TO TAKE CHARGE OF HOME during party's absence. References. B, 3787 Sac. St.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford sailed from New York for Europe on the White Star steamer *Oceanic* on July 17th, accompanied by Miss Jennie S. Lathrop and Miss Bertha Berner, her secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carlan and Miss Emily Carlan returned from Europe on the sixth inst.

Lady Charles M. Walseley, who has been the guest of her brother, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, during the past month, is at present at Del Monte.

Mr. George Crocker has rejoined Mrs. Crocker and the Misses Rutherford in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Mollie Thomas will return to San Francisco on August 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hahart and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lester are at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and the Misses Harvey are staying at Del Monte.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Miss Howard are spending the summer at Inverness, Marin County.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Falger were the guests of Mrs. J. A. Falger at the Hotel Rafael on Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick English Magee were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Sr., in San Rafael, during the past week.

Mrs. William Greer Harrison, who has been abroad with her daughters for the past three years, is expected home by October 15th. She will be accompanied by the Misses Ethel and Elsie Harrison, and the trip will be made by way of Quebec and Montreal. Dr. Emily G. Harrison, the eldest daughter, will come with the family as far as Montreal, whence she will go to the Bellevue Hospital in New York and take a post-graduate course.

Mr. Lawrence Scott has been visiting at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarhne have returned to San Mateo for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bull Pringle have taken a cottage in Ross Valley, and will not return to town until the early fall.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, the Misses Hopkins, and Miss Caro Cruckett have gone to Prusser Creek for a month.

Mrs. W. H. Crocker and family and Princess A. Pniatowski and family are making a stay of some duration at Hotel Del Monte.

Mrs. William Willis, Miss Scott, Miss Doherty, and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Knight have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd at Oakwood Park Farm, Contra Costa County.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness are at their ranch near Calistoga.

Mrs. R. H. Warfield and Mr. R. E. Warfield left on Thursday of last week for a trip through the Yellowstone Park. They expect to be absent about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Miss Julliffe are enjoining at Hotel Del Monte.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht, accompanied by her sons, Mr. Bert R. Hecht and Mr. Summit L. Hecht will leave in August for Europe, intending to pass the winter months in Egypt and the Holy Land.

Mrs. C. V. S. Gibbs has given up her home at 760 Post Street and has moved to 1436 Page Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott and family and Mrs. A. M. Parrott are at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill and Miss M. Gladys Merrill enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hulcombe and family have gone to San Rafael for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Clyde Payne, after an absence of two years in New York and the East, have returned to this city and are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Yerington, of Carson City, Nev., are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Munre came up from San Mateo on Wednesday, and made a short stay at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Henry Heyman is visiting friends in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Taft, of Oakland, registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fraser, of Fresno, were at the California Hotel early in the week.

Dr. Thomas Flint is up from San Juan for a few days, and is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Senator J. W. Daniel, of Virginia, is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. W. S. Chance, of Washington, D. C., who was sent to Hawaii by the Secretary of the Treasury to establish the customs system for the islands, returned on Wednesday, July 18th, on the Oceanic steamer *Australia*, and is at the Palace Hotel with his wife and child.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Spaulding, of Santa Barbara, are at the California Hotel.

Mr. Ira G. Hitt, of Menlo Park, registered at the Occidental Hotel on Thursday.

Among the latest arrivals at the Hotel Del Monte are Mrs. A. D. Martin, the Misses McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. King, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, Captain A. H. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Schell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hirsch, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Graham, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. William Lewis, Miss Edna Lewis, Miss Blanche Bachman, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Laton, and Miss Julliffe.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Robinson, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. E. Chambers, of Los Angeles, Mr. Howard M. Payne, of San Luis Obispo, Miss M. P. Whitney, of New Haven, Conn., Mrs. Norris A. Smith and Mrs. A. T. Wallace, of Palo Alto, Mr. D. J. Collins and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Neal, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mr. M. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Warfield, Mr.

and Mrs. George E. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Byron G. Mantle, Judge and Mrs. R. C. Harrison, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mrs. W. W. Porter and Mr. H. B. Porter, of Santa Rosa, Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Crumwall, of Bnston, Mr. F. G. Baker, of San José, Mr. A. W. Barrett, of Los Angeles, Mr. L. Hartman, of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Tremaine, of Denver, Mr. C. Kirkpatrick, of Chicago, Mrs. J. S. O'Connor, of Woodland, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Cules, of Japan, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Gray, of Guatemala, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Churchill, of Oswego, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. A. R. D. Paterson, of Portland, Mrs. George C. Beckley, Mr. A. Perry, and Mr. C. H. W. Norton, of Honolulu, and Mr. W. F. Jennison, of Michigan.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Surgeon-General George M. Sternberg, head of the hospital and medical service of the United States army, who was here several days on an inspecting tour, left for Washington on Thursday.

A notable passenger on the United States transport *Sumner*, which sailed for Nagasaki on Tuesday carrying four companies of the Fifteenth Infantry which are destined for China, in command of Colonel Edward Moale, U. S. A., was Brigadier-General Thomas H. Barry, U. S. V., who has been detailed for duty as chief of staff in Major-General MacArthur, U. S. V. He was formerly adjutant-general on the staff of General Otis, and returned to the United States from the Philippines only about two months ago.

Mrs. W. H. McKitterick intends to visit friends in San Rafael for a week this month, and later she will accompany Captain McKitterick to Del Monte for a stay of some duration.

Major Hugh J. Gallagher, U. S. A., chief commissary of subsistence of the Department of California, has been ordered to proceed to Taku, China, upon the arrival of Major Oliver E. Wood, U. S. A., now chief commissary of the Division of Cuba, who has been assigned to this department to relieve him.

Colonel O. F. Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long, of Oakland, and their two children are spending the summer at Santa Monica.

Commander F. P. Gilmore, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the *Isla de Cuba*, and ordered to the naval hospital at Mare Island.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Randolph Miner, of Los Angeles, are at Santa Monica for the summer.

Lieutenant John McC. Luby, U. S. N., who has been in the hospital at Malta, is able to return home, and will sail on the *Baltimore* on its trip to the United States.

Among the passengers on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Coptic* which arrived here from the Orient on Monday were Commander Seth Ackley, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander C. J. Boush, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander C. S. Richmond, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander W. Kilburn, U. S. N., and Lieutenant-Commander D. H. Mahan, U. S. N.

Mr. Hugh Lawson Walthall, whom Senator Bard appointed cadet to West Point last week, was the guest of Judge and Mrs. Edward A. Belcher at the Tavern of Castle Crag on Monday last on his way to the academy to report for duty. Cadet Walthall passed his examinations successfully a year ago at West Point, when he was "alternate" from the Fifth Congressional District, standing fifth in a class of one hundred, and will not be required to take any further, save the physical examination.

Among the officers who returned from Manila on the United States transport *Hancock* last week were Major W. H. Corbush, Medical Department, U. S. A., Major Ira Brown, Surgeon, U. S. V., Captain J. H. Duval, U. S. A., Captains E. A. Lewis and F. D. Evans, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain E. V. Krug, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain E. T. Winston, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain H. E. Green, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. V., Captain G. T. Summerlin, Thirty-Second Infantry, U. S. V., Captain F. S. Whitman, Twenty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. V., Lieutenants E. W. Clark, M. Baldwin, A. S. Brookes, H. B. Fiske, William Jordan, Jr., O. S. Eskridge, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant A. A. Woodruff, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. G. Sweitzer, Forty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. V., Commander George Cowie, U. S. N., Lieutenant Louis S. Van Duzer, U. S. N., Lieutenant De Witt Blamer, U. S. N., and Ensign Harris Laning, U. S. A.

Few people realize that during the last few days of wind, fog, and disagreeable weather, with the temperature averaging from fifty to sixty degrees in San Francisco, that the weather on Mt. Tamalpais has been like balmy summer, with a temperature twenty degrees warmer, free from wind and fog. When the weather is most disagreeable in San Francisco it is usually pleasant at the Tavern of Tamalpais, which is less than two hours' ride from San Francisco and half a mile above the fog and winds of the bay.

London society women have broken out in a new direction. A number of them will appear as supernumeraries at the Empire Music Hall, according to the *Daily Mail*. "They will not go on in the regulation tights and ballet dress, they will just wear their fashionable dresses, walking costumes, tea-gowns, and so on." The batch of applicants includes several peeresses and some real society beauties.

Two hundred and fifty of the Paris police are mounted on bicycles. They carry a sabre on the handle in the day-time and a revolver at night.

An Exposition Side Show.

GUIDE [to a noble STRANGER]—Pray, take a seat.

STRANGER—Where are we?

GUIDE—In one of the boxes of the Chamber of Deputies, in that one which is especially reserved for noble strangers who come to visit the marvels of the Universal Exhibition.

STRANGER—Does the Chamber of Deputies then form part of the exhibition?

GUIDE—It is outside the bounds, but forms part of it all the same. It is, I venture to say, one of the principal curiosities in it. Attention. They are beginning.

[The President declares the sitting open. At the end of a few minutes a frightful row is heard below. Cries, shrieks, and divers imprecations.]

STRANGER—Oh! How very curious, to be sure!

GUIDE—Didn't I tell you?

STRANGER—I do not regret having come here. It is as amusing as the Rue de Paris. [Pointing to some one.] Who is that gentleman, who yells so loud?

GUIDE—It is a member of the Opposition. He is about to attack the government.

STRANGER—He yells magnificently. There are few men in my country who have so fine a voice. Ah! and who is that who yells just as loudly? Is he also attacking the government?

GUIDE—No; he is defending it.

STRANGER—Capital!

[All of a sudden an even more fearful tumult arises. Cries of "Thief!" "Assassin!" "Traitor!" "Scoundrel!" dominate the row.]

GUIDE—There, are you satisfied with it?

STRANGER—Have they then allowed an assassin and a bandit to enter the hall?

GUIDE—Oh, dear, no! It is merely the prime minister who is ascending the tribune.

STRANGER—He does not appear to mind it at all.

GUIDE—It is all the same to him. These are politics. Now look at the president of the Chamber, who is putting on his hat. No one in France puts on his hat so well as M. Deschanel. Everybody who wants to know how to put on a hat comes here to take lessons. There are even some deputies whose sole reason for forcing him to cover himself is this. Ah! it is not all over yet. You are now going to hear a concert.

[They sing the "Marseillaise" and the "Carmagnole!"]

STRANGER—These gentlemen sing marvelously. But do you not find, you other Frenchmen, that these are somewhat strange political customs?

GUIDE [seized with patriotic shame and risking a pious fib]—But I beg pardon, all that is not serious. The deputies do that to amuse strangers, to offer them an extra attraction, and they will give two performances a week to the end of the exhibition, in order to make their stay longer. But you must not think that such a state of things seriously happens. Ah, sir! for whom do you take us? It is a mere show, like the Auteurs Gais or the Maison du Rire—a mere show.—*Figaro*.

— "THE HAWAIIAN BLUE" note-paper has become not only this season's favorite but a standard linen which will be popular always. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, are the Coast agents.

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— DO NOT GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A jar of California Strawberry Cream for the skin. Made from the fruit juice, at Greenbaum's, 200 Post.

— After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 274 Post St.

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Ladies' Tan Golf Shoes \$2.50
Ladies' French Kid (Herber's) Shoes, what are left... .25
Ladies' Tan Oxfords, LXV. heel95
Men's Tan Hand Welt Lace Shoe, pointed toes, narrow widths: sizes, 9, 10, 11 \$1.00
Men's Calf Button and Congress, full plain toe, small sizes, narrow widths75
Children's Patent Leather and Kid Shoes, odd lot... .25

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The Southern Pacific Company has published for free distribution the following books and folders which may be obtained from any Southern Pacific Agent, or T. H. Goodman, General Passenger Agent at San Francisco. If you apply by mail inclose a stamp for each publication.

Resorts and Attractions Along the Coast Line is a handsomely illustrated folder giving a description of the health and pleasure resorts on the coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Shasta Resorts, embellished with beautiful half-tone engravings, describes the scenic and outing attractions of the vast and wonderful Shasta region, the grandest of pleasure grounds.

California South of Tehachapi tells all about the charms of that remarkably favored semi-tropic garden spot, Southern California.

A Handsome Map of California, complete in detail, reliable, skillfully indexed and full of information about the State's resources. It is the only publication of its kind conveniently folded for pocket use.

Summer Outings is a 32-page folder devoted to the camping retreats in the Shasta Region and Santa Cruz Mountains. It appeals more directly to that large and growing class of recreation seekers who prefer this popular form of outing.

Pacific Grove is the Chautauqua of the West, and this folder not only describes the pretty place itself, but gives a program of the religious and educational meetings, conventions, schools, etc., to be held there this summer.

Other publications are **Lake Tahoe**, **Geysers and Lake County**, **Yosemite**, **Hotel del Monte**, **Castle Crags**, each hrimful of information about the places named, and printed in the highest style of the art. Go and see the nearest Southern Pacific agent.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	FROM MAY 13, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runney, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Yajallo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East... ..	*11.45 A
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carthers.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*6.45 P
*9.30 A	Valley, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2.45 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*5.00 A
*1.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Yajallo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	Fresno Passenger—Martinez, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Berenda (Raymond for Yosemite), Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Yajallo.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*11.45 A
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Yajallo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

*17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	*18.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	*8.50 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)	
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 12.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 6.00 P.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00 10.00 A. M., 12.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*16.30 P
*17.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*17.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	*18.35 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*10.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
a Saturday and Sunday. c Sunday and Monday.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquiries of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Sunday at the Zoo: *Mr. Murphy*—"Excuse me, sort; but can ye direct me to the goin' out entrance?"—*Punch*.

Sure of it: *Teacher*—"In the sentence 'Patrick beat John with his fists,' what is Patrick?" *Bright boy*—"He's Irish."—*Philadelphia Press*.

As it starts out: "Uncle Allen, in your opinion what is likely to be the greatest issue in this campaign?" "Perspiration."—*Chicago Tribune*.

In the nature of an obstacle: *Guide*—"This is Bunker Hill." *Visiting Briton* (also a golfer)—"Ah! that was a bunker, to be sure!"—*Puck*.

Muriel—"Your brother proposed to me during the service in church last Sunday." *Zoe*—"You mustn't mind him. He often talks in his sleep."—*Smart Set*.

"My wife," boasted the happy young Benedick, "is an open book to me." "Mine, too," declared the old married man; "I can't shut her up."—*Philadelphia Press*.

He—"I don't know whether to make a fool of myself playing golf or sit on the hotel piazza and make love to some girl all the afternoon." *She*—"What's the difference?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Fuddy—"Mrs. Brownrigg always speaks of her physician, Dr. Suckker, as an 'old war horse.' Isn't it odd?" *Duddy*—"Oh, I don't know; they say he's a terrible charger."—*Boston Transcript*.

Couldn't fool her: *Mrs. Hiram Offen*—"Bridget, did you string the beans as I told you?" *New servant*—"No, ma'am, I didn't. An' let me tell ye, ma'am, ye can't string me; ye kin aie thim loose or not at all."—*Philadelphia Press*.

An able advocate: *Broadway*—"Since going to England Choate has apparently lost his wit. 'To judge from his public utterances, he is becoming stupid." *Manhattan*—"That merely shows the wonderful adaptability of the man."—*Life*.

A rural philosopher: "Si," yelled the neighbor from the road, "your wife has just run off with Bill Johnson." "She hez, hez she?" answered the farmer in the field; "well, Bill allays wuz a-borrerin' trouble. Git ap there!"—*Indianapolis Press*.

Somewhat shady: "Aha!" exclaimed the policeman, "reading a paper are you? I thought you claimed to be a blind man." "So I am," replied the beggar who had been taken off his guard; "my trade is putting blinds on windows."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"It must be conceded that modern warfare is far less inhuman than the fights our ancestors used to have." "Yes," answered Oom Paul; "I don't believe the proudest warriors of Greece or Rome ever enjoyed the luxury of retreating in a private car."—*Washington Star*.

Jealous of his prerogative: *Manager*—"What do you mean by using such language? Are you the manager here, or am I?" *Employee*—"I know I'm not the manager." *Manager*—"Very well, then; if you're not the manager, why do you talk like an idiot?"—*Tit-Bits*.

"Women often show more fortitude than men," remarked the thoughtful man; "they are the brave ones, after all." "You are right," answered Mr. Meekton, "perfectly right. Why, I once knew a woman who stood up in a debate and told Henrietta she was mistaken!"—*Washington Star*.

Similarity: "What do you think of these yarns about the Chinese being the most civilized people on earth?" asked Pute Pete. "Well," answered Three-Fingered Sam, "I must say their way o' treatin' strangers they don't happen to like reminds me of the palmy days in our great an' growin' city of Crimson Gulch."—*Washington Star*.

They thrive on disaster: "I fear," said the Populist, thoughtfully, "that the Lord is not with us in this campaign." "What makes you think so?" asked the Republican. "Well, we've had no cyclones or locusts or grasshoppers to destroy crops and make the farmers pessimistic. We can't stand prosperity, you know."—*Chicago Post*.

Judge—"So the prisoner hit you on the head with a brick, did he?" *McGinty*—"Yes, yer honor." *Judge*—"But it seems that he didn't quite kill you, anyway?" *McGinty*—"No, bad cess to him; but it's wisbin' he be Oi do be." *Judge*—"Why do you wish that?" *McGinty*—"Begorry, thin Oi would have seen the shoundrel hanged for murder!"—*Tit-Bits*.

For more than fifty years, children, from the age of three months to ten years, have been benefited by *Steedman's Soothing Powders*.

On the voyage to Paris: *First passenger*—"Did you have breakfast, sir?" *Second passenger*—"Yes, for a while."—*Brooklyn Life*.

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Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

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The Argonaut.

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This is the season when the electoral votes of the States are being studied with immense interest by everybody alive to the results of the Presidential campaign. The political history of the States becomes important. Combinations which will win or lose are closely scanned, and partisan predictions may be had to suit any member of the only two parties with a ghost of a show to elect a President.

When any person of ordinary information takes up the table of the electoral college and begins its analysis, to determine for himself the chances of Bryan or McKinley, he finds at once a few facts on the surface which, when eliminated from the question, reduce materially the scope of his investigation. To be elected, Bryan will require 224

electoral votes. Where are they to be had? In the South there is a group of States which every one concedes to the Democratic candidate, whoever he may be. They are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Missouri, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia. These States have a total of 129 electoral votes, which may be at once counted for Bryan. There are two other Southern States which, though generally Democratic, were carried by McKinley on the free-silver issue. They are Maryland and Kentucky. Being more than likely to drift back where they were before, it will be safest to add their 21 votes to the Bryan column in the South already conceded, giving him a total of 150. Next in consideration comes a group of Western mining States—the original stamping-ground of free silver in 1896—loyal to Bryan in the last election, and, though showing signs of recovery, by no means to be counted on to return Republican majorities. They are Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and Utah. Being probably for Bryan, their total vote of 16 should be added to the Bryan strength already noted, bringing it up to 166. We come now to some scattered States, which, at the least, are decidedly doubtful. McKinley carried Delaware in 1896, but the party is not in a very hopeful condition there. Nothing but the money question saved it in the last campaign. The party is split into factions, and in the last thirty years the State has gone Democratic seven times out of eleven elections. Wyoming was carried by Bryan in 1896 by 583 votes. The State elected a Republican governor in 1898 by 1,400 votes, and the Republicans have hope of carrying it again this year. But its record has been unsteady for ten years past. Kansas gave its vote in 1892 to Populism and in 1896 to the Bryan fusion. In the intervening years of 1894, 1895, and 1898 it elected Republican State tickets. What it will do this year is reasonably doubtful. Nebraska has not been a Republican State since 1892. Let us assume that these States of Delaware, Wyoming, Kansas, and Nebraska, together with the equally uncertain State of South Dakota, with their total vote of 28, will either join or remain with the Bryanites, and we shall have conceded that party a total of 194 electoral votes.

Bryan would still need 30 votes. It is not within reason that he should gain them in New England, Pennsylvania, Iowa, New Jersey, and Oregon. They will be sought in New York, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, North Dakota, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, West Virginia, and Washington, and out of that large field it is easy to see that one or a combination of two or three States might furnish Mr. Bryan with the needed 30 votes.

It has been announced from the Republican national committee that the battle will be vigorously fought this year west of the Mississippi, and a slight computation will vindicate the wisdom of this plan. In the East and Middle West Republicans may fairly figure on carrying the States which voted for McKinley, with the exception of Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware. These include the New England States with 39 votes, the Middle States without Delaware with 78 votes, the North Central States with 110 votes, and West Virginia with 6 votes, making a total of 233. Any serious loss from these must be replaced in the West. The strength most likely available in the West consists of the 37 votes of California, Oregon, Washington, Kansas, Wyoming, and North and South Dakota. The defection of New York might be made good by the votes of these States, less Kansas, or carrying Kansas and losing Wyoming and both the Dakotas, or by winning in all of them except Wyoming, North Dakota, and Washington. The loss of Ohio or Illinois could be made good by California, Oregon, and Washington, together with Wyoming and one of the Dakotas, or in combination with Kansas. The loss of Indiana could be replaced by California, Oregon, and Washington. The defection of Wisconsin might be neutralized by California and Washington, and the loss of Minnesota might be met by the vote of California alone.

In any combination that can be made, the Republican struggle must be to hold ground in the Middle West and to

increase the party's grasp on the farther West. California, being an important factor in this latter field, must not only make its own standing secure, but wield its influence to help redeem other Western States whose interests are similar but which have wandered from the fold.

Chicago has always been proud of its noises, deeming the clamor an incident and indication of growth; but apparently that city has attained a development so substantial that it is ready to have its reputation rest on something besides tumult. It yearns now for peace, for cessation of the hawk's hawling, of the clattering load of rails, the cry of the corner faker, the plaint of the ambulatory hand-organ. Therefore will Chicago undertake by law to suppress the nuisances that are wholly unnecessary, and which make city life a sort of nightmare existence wherein rest is driven afar by the racket. The only fault to be found with the Chicago ordinance is that it lacks breadth. It permits the escape of certain offenders.

The subject of unnecessary noise is not a new one. It demands attention often, and has been treated of by the *Argonaut* before this. San Francisco is as great a sufferer as Chicago, and has an equal right to protect itself. There are a number of distressing noises here that might be abolished without loss to any person or interest. One of these is the product of whistles without number. There is no need of a whistle. A workman with too little intelligence to get to his task on time without having a hint dinned into his ears could not perform the task when he arrived. That the quitting hour should fail to dawn upon his consciousness is an hypothesis not to be considered. Yet early in the morning the whistles begin. They order the toiler out of bed, to breakfast, to the shop, and back again. He has learned to depend upon them, and the rest of the world has been fooled into toleration of an ancient and useless custom. There is no more need of a general whistling announcement of the noon hour than for the signal gun which lets the fact be known that the sun has set again in the same old place. There is a particularly pernicious whistle devoted to the promulgation of the fire-alarm for which towers of sounding bells are deemed insufficient. And in itself the fire-alarm is superfluous, annoying; in token of human patience under affliction.

The hell that detonates its messages on the morning air, despite any excuse that can be devised for it, should be pulled down and sold for old metal. It may be intended as a call to church, but it calls nobody who otherwise would not go. Its solemn tolling breaks into the sleeping apartment and drives away rest. People who toil for a living are entitled to repose. Sleep is more valuable than a sermon to them. In cases of sickness, quiet may be a condition actually involving life or death. It is to be remembered that a large proportion of the residents of San Francisco do not go to church, and that the ding-dong of a brazen hell will not strike them as an inducement. Many church-hells are not silent on any day of the week—chronic offenders, spoiling the early hours. Other hells are attached to street-cars, and block after block keep up such a ceaseless hammering that they lose all significance. They serve no longer as warnings, but go simply to swell the chorus of discord. Resorted to in emergency, they would serve a purpose. They could not well be abolished, but they might be controlled by a degree of judgment.

When a man loads a wagon with strap-iron, or iron rails, and drives along a thoroughfare, he becomes a common enemy, a menace to the general welfare. The turmoil created by such a load does not end with racking the nerves, but constitutes a danger. Almost any horse is ready to run from it, and accidents are inevitable. There are methods of deadening the uproar, and the wisdom of Chicago decrees that they shall be enforced. San Francisco should not, in this respect, be behind Chicago.

One form of the grievance easily subject to correction is made up of the cries, howls, and protestations of the pests that peddle or huy. They sell stale fruit, hruiting its forced

excellences vociferously, or they purchase rags and bottles, making known their desires for these commodities in tones that penetrate to the deepest basement and echo among the roofs. Without exception these should be suppressed, driven to pursue their callings in a different fashion or to find other callings.

The street-corner shouter is another wholly without the pale of consideration. He has the privilege not only of making a noise, but of collecting a crowd to listen to it, and blocking the pavement for those who would fain be excused. The hand-organ, the peripatetic singer, the open-air lecturer—all these ought to come under the ban, and could be brought there. Of course, silence is not to be expected, but an approach to it is not beyond reasonable ambition. There will be a day of smooth pavements and rubber tires, and, happily, it may be devoid of bell and whistle and other implements of torment.

For some reason not explained, an idea seems to be entertained that the establishment of a national university would be desirable. That this is not true is a conclusion easily reached by any thoughtful person. A general objection may safely be based upon the fact that the duties of the government do not include—save to its wards the Indians and to residents of the District of Columbia—the providing of an education. Such provision falls naturally to the several States, and far from being shirked has resulted not only in an unequaled system of public schools, but an array of colleges and universities. There are in the United States four hundred and nineteen justly classed as colleges or universities, many of the latter being supported by the State. They have attained a high degree of efficiency, and so numerous are they as to be easily within the reach of any young man or woman who wishes to attend. Several of the State universities number their students by the thousand. The prescribed standard, modeled after that of older schools, naturally, is creditable. The instructors are men of the broadest attainment, many of them of international repute. Hence the faint suggestion for a national institution of learning has no basis in the absence of facilities.

A national university, provided it were established, would be overshadowing. Instead of encouraging those already in existence, it would be a distinct discouragement. It would not be a competitor in the ordinary sense, but so potent a rival as to draw support and vitality from others. In all probability there would be a false pride impelling students to attend. A national university would not be an inspiration, but a bully. Apparently, there is nothing in the situation that calls for any experiment in this direction.

Manifestly, there would be difficulties in arranging a curriculum so as to suit all tastes. A university supported through the national treasury by the country at large would strive in vain to accord with a varied constituency. There are provincial proclivities that must be considered; questions of philosophy, ethics, religion. To affirm that the last might be eliminated is in dissonance with the condition of mind in a country where every village has its churches, for not openly to indorse a theory is, in the estimate of one holding that theory, to condemn it. Neither would the task of keeping the color of politics out of a national university be easy, if, indeed, it would be possible. Might not the faculty change with each administration? This would be calamitous to any useful purpose designed to be served, but it would only be conforming to a rule seldom broken. Certain private universities—private as distinguished from State—have been known to dismiss professors not because of incompetency, but because as to other matters than they were employed to teach they presumed to hold views not having the indorsement of those above them in authority. This, instantly to be recognized as an evil, would be many fold worse in a university controlled, necessarily, by the party that happened to be in power.

The burden of the government is already heavy enough and certainly should not be made more comprehensive. If there were a vacancy to be filled, a lack to be remedied, and no other means of doing it, the plan of a national university could be considered; under the circumstances it scarcely merits this.

During the present month a party of fifteen hundred teachers from the schools of Cuba have been enjoying the hospitality of Harvard College and the people of Cambridge, and receiving instruction that will be of immense benefit to them in the difficult task that is before them in their native land. The fact of the coming of these teachers has been mentioned in the daily papers several times, but the circumstances surrounding the affair are interesting and illustrate anew the influence that the higher institutions of learning have upon the public life of the country. In the spring of 1898, when the Spanish-American War broke out, the students at Harvard College were deprived of their military

instructor, who had been detailed from the regular army. President Eliot feared that the work of drilling the students would have, to be suspended, but on visiting the field he found the students being drilled by a graduate student, who proved to be a very competent instructor. This student drill-master was Alexis E. Frye, and at President Eliot's request he continued the work until the end of the term, although he had intended enlisting in the regular army. When the war was ended it was on President Eliot's recommendation that Frye was made superintendent of the public schools in Cuba.

Thus the first link between Harvard College and the public-school system of Cuba was formed. In January of this year the former students of Harvard, resident in Cuba, held a reunion dinner. A young graduate present suggested the idea of sending twelve or fourteen Cuban teachers to Harvard for special work at the summer school. Mr. Frye took up the subject with enthusiasm, and the dozen teachers expanded into a body of fifteen hundred, including about one-half the teachers on the island. President Eliot immediately gave his cooperation, and, largely through his efforts, the sum of seventy thousand dollars was collected to defray the expenses of receiving the teachers. Harvard students have given up their rooms for the six weeks, representing a contribution equivalent to seven thousand dollars more, and a number of professors and other residents of Cambridge have given the use of their houses. The government at Washington furnished transportation, and thus added considerably to the success of the enterprise.

The perfection with which the details have been considered is indicated by the arrangements for the reception of the visitors. They were brought in electric cars direct from the navy-yard to Memorial Hall. There they took their seats in Sanders Theatre until they could be assigned to their lodging-houses. As each one's number was called she came forward and received a button with the number upon it to be worn during her stay. Later, in parties of about a dozen, they were conducted to their lodging-houses. Two things have impressed themselves upon the Americans who have come in contact with the Cubans. Individually, they are not only very polite but extremely appreciative. Collectively, in appearance and in general intelligence, they are not so very unlike the average American. Each of the women either wore on her dress or carried in her hands a fairly large Cuban flag. Here and there was one wearing on her head the *mantilla*, but the majority were dressed in the American style—Eton-jacket suits, shirt waists, and hats trimmed with flowers and feathers. Some were young, others evidently had passed middle age. A few were fair-haired, but the greater majority had the typical Cuban dark-brown hair and eyes. The teachers have begun their work, and are making progress in their studies. The incident will do much toward cementing the friendship between the two countries, and convincing the Cubans of the friendly intentions of the United States.

The political press has recently been discussing the probable attitude of the German-American voters in the Presidential campaign which is now on.

There is a very large body of voters in this country of German extraction—just how large it is impossible to say—whose influence in a national campaign, if acting together, would, without doubt, be enormous and might easily decide an election. The voters of German descent are now brought into especial prominence because it has been suggested, possibly for political purposes, that Germans are particularly alarmed because of the alleged tendency of the Republican party, with which a majority of their number has usually affiliated, toward a policy which Bryanism has dubbed "imperialistic." The discussion has gained prominence by the publication of utterances said to have been made by Oswald Ottendorfer, of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, by the resolutions put forth by the North American Turner-Bund, in session at Philadelphia, and by several desultory interviews with prominent Germans in the Middle-Western States.

There is also the more recent news that Dr. L. W. Habercorn, who has been closely connected with the German bureau of the National Republican Committee, and whose work as a newspaper correspondent in Washington has been familiar for many years to readers of the German papers in the States around the Great Lakes, has announced his departure from Republicanism and his intention to support the Democratic candidate on the single plank of anti-imperialism.

To Mr. Ottendorfer is attributed the statement that although German-Americans are still as firmly opposed to the financial theories which Bryan represents as they were four years ago, they are inclined to regard the issue of imperialism as voicing a still more tangible danger, and that they will cast their votes as a body for Bryan, in the belief that he can not inaugurate his silver theories if elected.

The Turner-Bund resolutions were a protest against "a policy of conquest by this government, and against every attempt toward expanding the domain of the United States by force."

These are some of the indications that the German vote, so-called, is either really taking alarm, or that the Bryanites are trying to alarm it. In either case, the matter requires the serious attention of Republican campaign managers.

With the spectre of militarism unbridled and unchallenged, prancing through the Middle West, where the balance of power is held by voters of German extraction, with over seventy electoral votes within their control, the election might as well at once be conceded. Republicans must be alert to counteract the alarm, or the effort to alarm, and if it should prove that there is any dependence to be placed upon allegations that such defection is imminent, it is time to take the subject in hand.

As an industry, on any impressive scale, the growth of the sugar beet is comparatively new. But of late its extension has been so rapid that it assumes an important economic place among the factors of general prosperity. Perhaps the information that there are in operation in the United States beet-sugar factories having a daily capacity of 18,450 tons, and that factories in process of erection will add daily 2,800 tons to the output, will come as a surprise to the reader who has not watched recent developments, yet this information is correct. To what proportions the increase will swell depends largely upon the success to be won at stations perhaps yet experimental; but at least, so far as California is concerned, the growth of beets and their conversion into a marketable commodity has passed the stage of trial, and proved remunerative both to farmers and manufacturers.

There are in operation at eight different points in this State factories having a daily capacity of 10,200 tons. The soil and climate here seem peculiarly adapted to the beet; seasons are to be relied upon, the demand is assured, and shipping facilities are satisfactory. The capital at command in promoting the cultivation of beets is practically unlimited, and the giants of the sugar trade, many of whom reside in California, are doing all they can to encourage farmers to abandon old lines of production, and undertake the new one as more profitable and certain. With this idea, they have invested millions in machinery, have made liberal proffers in advance, have even furnished the necessary seed, the result being that California raises more sugar beets and turns out more beet-sugar than all the rest of the States combined. While the ratio may change, there is every probability that the lead will be maintained by the coast, and presumably by this State, as Oregon and Washington, whatever their capabilities, do not seem to have taken advantage of the opportunity.

Nevertheless, the beet industry interests an area as wide as the country. There are factories in Oregon, Washington, New Mexico, Nebraska, Minnesota, Michigan, New York, Illinois, Colorado, and Utah. Colorado is building two more, with a joint capacity of 1,500 tons; New York, Michigan, and Ohio, each one, but all of them small. Michigan already has nine, but the capacity of the largest is only 600 tons, while the Spreckels Sugar Company at Salinas has a capacity of 3,000; the American Company at Oxnard, Cal., 2,000; the California Refining Company at Crockett, 1,200 tons; and two other concerns, 1,000 tons each.

Supplies of sugar on hand in the middle of June were, according to accepted authorities, in Europe 1,225,669 tons; at the corresponding date of 1899 they were 1,303,377 tons, and the year before 1,472,174 tons. In the United States they were respectively 283,073 tons, 383,777 tons, and 406,123 tons. These figures included cargoes afloat, and, as to the United States, embraced the amounts at six Cuban ports. The grand total on hand for June was 1,508,742, while the year preceding it had been 1,687,154, and in 1898, 1,878,297, showing a steady but not remarkable decline. In this decline all European countries except Holland, Belgium, and Austria participated, and none of these is a considerable element in the aggregate. In the consumption, also, there has been a decline, but it is by no means alarming, and may be regarded virtually as stationary.

Interest naturally centres in the possibility of the local product, and from experience thus far acquired it is reasonable to suppose that many acres now devoted to grains will soon be given over to beets. The other sections in competition with California do not seem to have any chance to excel or even to equal. In Michigan there are hard climatic conditions, and the same is true of almost every other place. Illinois and New York both have the advantage afforded by nearness to commercial centres. In Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico, agriculturists have learned the art and utility of irrigation, and to a degree are capable of making their own seasons. There is much as to knowledge of method for all who have just embarked in beet-raising to acquire,

but they seem devoted to acquiring it, and the future is bright with the promise of prosperity in which all, to an extent, must share.

That the description of Chinese character poetically presented by Bret Harte was a just one, daily receives new confirmation at this time, and Prince Li, of the appropriate name, seems to be the typical Chinese. The attitude of the Celestial government during the past week may be briefly stated as a desire to get out of the present difficulties by using the foreigners in Pekin as a weapon. If the allied forces are withdrawn, the foreign ministers will be given safe transport to the sea-board; if the allies advance, the ministers will pay the penalty with their lives. It is clear that no civilized government will order an advance of its troops upon these conditions, and thus the wily Chinese have scored a point. Nevertheless, there are certain other points to be considered. The fact that the foreigners in Pekin are still alive is by no means established. It rests upon the assertions of Chinese officials, which, unfortunately, do not carry weight with them. If the Chinese Government is able to communicate with the legations, as it claims to have done, and to send reports asserting their well-being out of Pekin almost daily, what is to prevent their sending out a few reports from the ministers themselves? A few such reports, if proved to be authentic, would do more toward allaying the excitement than volumes of diplomatic correspondence will accomplish without them. Again, if the Chinese Government can now deliver the foreigners safely out of the country, why could they not have done so before the landing of foreign troops became necessary? The government is no stronger now than it was then. On the contrary, if reports and reasonable presumptions based upon the arming and discipline of the Chinese are to be accepted, large bodies of government troops have gone en masse to the ranks of the Boxers, and more are likely to go.

The position of the Chinese Government is really untenable. They can not expect any agreement entered into with them to be recognized when the force of their demands is derived from a violation of former agreements on their part. The only policy for the allies to adopt is to meet the Chinese with their own tactics. In this country are Minister Wu and Consul Ho Yow, who are very close to the powers that be in China. In each of the countries of Europe there is an accredited Chinese minister. Li Hung Chang, and that able romancer Sheng, the director of telegraphs, are both within reach. Were these officials seized and held with an assurance to the Chinese Government that their lives would answer for the safety of the foreigners in Pekin, the Celestial powers would undoubtedly put forth all their strength to protect those foreigners. The ministers themselves could easily be persuaded to urge their government to its utmost efforts, and to see that the dispatches reached that government. Should the allied powers permit this Chinese "bluff" to be successful, it would lay the foundation for unlimited trouble in the future. It would result only in either a postponement of the difficulty, or in forcing foreign governments to withdraw their legations from China permanently.

The threatened paralysis of the efforts of the allies through international jealousies promises happily to be averted through the efforts of this government. Each of the powers refused to permit an official of any other power to assume supreme command of the allied forces in the field. The proposition that an American general should command was the most reasonable one advanced, since this country alone among the powers concerned is not seeking any accession of territory. The suggestion of Li Hung Chang that he should command the allies was the most unreasonable, and naturally received no support. The plan that is likely to be adopted is for each national force to retain its integrity, and for each day's operations to be decided upon in a council of the allied commanders. This is a clumsy arrangement, since there will unquestionably be differences of opinion, and there is likely to be continual friction. The necessary flexibility to meet unexpected situations promptly will also be lost, but it is probably the only working plan that could have been adopted. In this, as in several other incidents, the people of this country have reason to congratulate themselves upon the success of American diplomacy.

Two appeals for mediation with the powers have been made by China during the week, one to France and the other to the United States. The French reply was announced Sunday, and M. Delcasse agreed to mediate upon compliance by China with the following conditions precedent: Protection and absolute freedom of communication for the foreign ministers at Pekin; Prince Tuan and other high functionaries responsible for the present disorders to be dismissed from the government; the Chinese authorities and troops to be ordered to cease all hostilities against foreigners; and measures to be taken for the rigid suppression

of the Boxers. The American reply was made public on Tuesday, and, while the demands were not so extreme, the safety of the ministers and foreigners was insisted upon. The demands of France were perhaps extreme when made conditions precedent, yet no final peace can be agreed upon until all of them have been accepted. The acceptance by this government of Minister Conger's message of July 18th as genuine was no doubt influenced somewhat by the consideration that no negotiations could be carried on unless the statements of both sides were accepted in absolute good faith, still there is little hope that any efforts at mediation will be successful at the present time. The agreement of the European nations must first be obtained, and they are not likely to consent until military operations have gone far enough to establish a basis for larger demands. China seems determined not only to refuse to give up more territory, but to demand a retrocession of a part of what has already been taken by the European powers. In the present temper of the Chinese people it is difficult to see how anything less than the whole of China can be held profitably by foreign powers, and the attempt to govern the entire Chinese empire is a task far more difficult than any that has yet been undertaken in the history of the world.

Around Tien-tsin hostilities have been suspended for the present. The Chinese force has disappeared, and no armed Chinese remain except a few "snipers," who are not causing much trouble. The commanders of the allied forces have announced their decision not to advance on Pekin until the middle of August, an announcement that is received with considerable regret by the administration at Washington. It was even suggested that the American forces should advance at once, without waiting for the allies, but, with only seven thousand troops against a force of more than two hundred thousand, such a move would be fool-hardy in the extreme. The decision of the Tien-tsin commanders is attributed partly to the lack of faith in the genuineness of the Conger dispatch, and partly to international jealousies. In the meantime, the Russians have been having trouble with the Chinese in Manchuria, along the line of the Siberian railroad, and the latter have even invaded south-eastern Siberia, capturing the capital of the province of Amur, Blagovestchenk. The Russians have recaptured the town, but the incident is likely to have serious consequences in forcing the Russians to make an independent attack from the north.

Whether or not electricity is to supplant steam, and the locomotive, as now known, to become a thing of the past, is a question concerning which the lay mind has been engaged in speculation, while the electrician has experimented. In the first instance there are no results, and as to the second none that is to be regarded as definite. There prevails a general idea that one day trains will be propelled by electricity, but if the practical man, familiar with mechanics and the workings of the mysterious fluid, shares in this idea, he is diffident about making a declaration. It is certain that whenever the change has been made from steam to electricity, the results have been more than merely satisfactory. Of this the Detroit, Ypsilanti, and Ann Arbor Railway is an example.

This line is fifty miles in length, has the overhead trolley system, two power-houses, and fifty-foot cars in which fifty-six people may be seated. The fare from Detroit to Ann Arbor, a distance of forty miles, is fifty cents, although one-thousand-mile tickets may be bought for one cent a mile. The time by trolley is two and one-half hours. To accomplish the trip by steam requires an hour and forty-three minutes, while the fare is one dollar and twelve cents. Before the day of the present mode of transit the passengers between the two points averaged two hundred a day. For the first year of the operation of the trolley line they averaged four thousand. Here was certainly a gain all around. The public had the benefit of a comfort it had not known before, and the company receipts were increased many fold. For the use of electricity on a fifty-mile journey to its use for journeys of indefinite length may be a long step, but there appears nothing impossible about taking it; the puzzle is not so much of method as of application of method. The fact must be taken for granted that the trolley scheme, however good for intersuburban travel, can have no place in transcontinental traffic. The public anticipates the innovation and awaits it with eagerness. Railroad men appreciate the gigantic economic effect of the introduction of a change so radical, and are not in haste. Where millions are invested, there can not well be trials on a huge scale unless the success of the trials has been demonstrated in advance. The use of electricity would mean more trains at less cost, more travel at less inconvenience, bigger dividends, reduced expenses. Hence, when the carriers understand how to employ electricity, it will be done. At this stage they do not know how to do it, and are fearful of mistakes.

That an alternating current in some of its various forms

will be utilized may be taken for granted. According to electrical authorities, the choice rests between a purely polyphase system and one to supply direct current to the track conductors by means of a series of sub-stations. But to erect sub-stations in which to install rotary converters, and the manufacture and assembling of the machinery, would require a vast outlay. It is conceded that a form of poly-phase distribution by means of induction motors on the trains would be the simplest solution, and this is far from simple. Experiments with railway motors of this type have been made in Italy and Switzerland, with promising but not absolutely decisive results. The difficulty has been with starting and stopping rather than the maintenance of uniform speed, and suggests nothing that patience and ingenuity may not reasonably hope to overcome. The inventive ability of those who have brought electric roads to their present state of development has hardly reached its limits of achievement.

There is no popular demand for an increase of speed, but for the betterment of the service. Between New York and Boston the card time is seven hours. This is little enough for all ordinary purposes. If the journey be made in the night, the passenger is permitted to sleep undisturbed until ready to arise, so an hour or two saved would really be no saving whatever. The public is permitted to travel as fast as it needs or desires, but in the relegation of the locomotive it sees the chance of added comfort, more frequent trains, lessened fares. It has seen the electric car supplant the old-time dummy, and thinks it capable of even greater things. Certainly the effort to gratify it affords the electrician the greatest field that is now open to him.

That there is danger to the horticultural and viticultural interests of the State in the Belgian hare fad is now generally acknowledged. The *Argonaut* first called attention to the possibilities in this matter, and its view has been adopted by many of those who have investigated the subject. The United States Department of Agriculture has noted the interest taken in the discussion, and T. S. Palmer, acting chief of the biological survey has sent out letters of warning and advice. In a communication to the State Horticultural Society, Mr. Palmer suggests that steps be taken to keep under observation the hares that have been liberated, and that all possible measures be adopted to discourage the turning loose of the animals.

In answer to the letters of Mr. Palmer the following was written by B. M. Lelong, secretary of the society:

"T. S. Palmer, Esq., Assistant Chief Biological Survey, Washington, D. C.—DEAR SIR: Yours of the sixth in relation to Belgian hares in California received. The Belgian hare has been introduced in almost every portion of California, and especially in the southern portion of the State.

"They are found in almost every back yard, and it has become quite a fad, although lately interest in them has somewhat lessened. I doubt if there is a section in the State where these Belgian hares are kept that does not lose animals from time to time. We know of many persons who have lost great numbers of these animals, as they burrow and escape in this way. I will write to our different agents throughout the State, asking them to keep watch over any liberations made, and to ascertain the number that have thus far escaped. I think it would be putting it mildly to say that there are no less than ten thousand Belgian hares running at large in the State.

"From what I have read of these Belgian hares they will no doubt revert back to their wild form; and from my experience in raising them I have found this to be a fact.

"The high breeding of the Belgian hare has been attended with some difficulty, and in the same litters with these high-grade animals are found animals almost identical with the wild rabbit of Australia, and breeders inform me that this is a characteristic of the animal.

"The industry has become such a large one, and has extended over so much territory, that breeders themselves have asked us to bring the matter to the attention of the legislature, that laws may be enforced for the protection of the industry, as well as to prohibit any one from liberating hares within our borders.

"The raising of the Belgian hare is not as easy as people imagine at first. It requires great care, and while they can be kept in confinement in a small space and apparently do well, yet it becomes tiresome; and those who have taken it up more for amusement than anything else, in time lose all interest in them and give them to the boys, etc.; and many, in order to get rid of them, allow them to escape. This will no doubt cause considerable trouble in this State in the years to come if they revert back to their wild state, and they will become as dangerous a pest as the wild rabbit of Australia is to-day.

"Last November I procured four of these animals, and after being housed some two or three days they began to burrow, and one succeeded in one night in making a hole from her pen, passing under a green-house and coming out in a woodshed, a distance of some seventy-five feet away. I succeeded in capturing the animal, and after that had a flooring made in the house in which they were kept, to prevent them from burrowing.

"I mention this to show their strength in burrowing and the difficulty that will be experienced in reaching them if they dig under the house and deposit their young there.

"This matter is new to us here, as, though the Belgian hare has been known for years past, it was not propagated in the numbers it has been in the past few years. Therefore we are not in a position to know how damaging these animals will be if they are allowed to roam about; but in the next few years we will be able to determine this question. In order to protect the agriculturists of the State we shall formulate several bills and ask the legislature to pass these this coming winter.

"In the meantime, I should be glad to receive from you any suggestions regarding legislation, etc., to prevent these animals from becoming serious pests in this State. Respectfully, B. M. LELONG."

It is certain that early action is required to guard against possible dangers growing out of the fad, and it is pleasing to note that even the breeders have recognized this fact.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

The Career of the Count and Countess de Monte Rotondo.

Mme. Patrouillot seemed to forget that in ceasing to be Mlle. Godichard and becoming Mme. Patrouillot she had done so of her own free will—indeed, she appeared to lose sight of the fact that it was far better to be plain Mme. Patrouillot and the wife of an honest man than to bear a more distinguished name and be the spouse of a rascal. Still, this moral consideration failed to reconcile the otherwise excellent woman to the name of Patrouillot, and instead of appreciating the very many admirable qualities of the most perfect of men, she spent her time in deploring the name he had given her. As Mlle. Godichard, she had wedded not only willingly, but joyfully, and in the romantic days of her youth had been desperately in love with the man whom she called by the glorious name of Cæsar—and, frankly, Patrouillot was quite as distinguished a name as Godichard.

With the passing years, however, the love of Mme. Patrouillot for her Cæsar—her handsome Cæsar, as she once called him—diminished, for, as time slipped by, the distance between Adonis and Cæsar Patrouillot lengthened and increased until he could no longer be called the handsome Cæsar. Time had not dealt more kindly with Mme. Patrouillot, who had developed from a very pretty girl into a remarkably plain-looking matron.

From her marriage she had obtained nothing but the name of Patrouillot—a name which she detested more and more as time went on. Yielding at last to her wishes, the amiable Cæsar offered to apply to the legislature to have his name changed, and suggested Martin or Benoit. But madame flew into an ungovernable rage, stamped her foot, and positively refused to be known as Mme. Martin or Mme. Benoit, and from this time on, much to the surprise of her amiable spouse, became more irritable and crabbed than ever. The bonest, simple-minded Patrouillot was perplexed and at a loss to guess the secret of his wife's increased irritation.

The real reason was that Mme. Patrouillot cherished a secret ambition, and not only wished to get rid of the plebeian name of Patrouillot, but to replace it by a high-sounding one, adorned with the aristocratic prefix of "de," and even, if possible, by a title, for long had the nobility been buzzing in her ears. Once, during the absence of her husband, she had secretly consulted a lawyer as to the possibility of changing their name of Patrouillot to D'Auvergne, because M. Patrouillot first saw the light of day in the suburbs of Clermont-Ferrand. The lawyer replied, however, that as the family of D'Auvergne was still living in France the name was not possible, and suggested Lauvergnat. This was not precisely what the ambitious little woman desired, so she remained Mme. Patrouillot with increased rage.

About this time the good-natured Cæsar, who was ever a careful merchant, made a successful deal which brought him a fortune far beyond his most sanguine hopes. This unexpected good luck, together with the rents of his houses and shop, placed him in a position to enjoy life, as he conceived it. A modest, plain, little *bourgeois* house in the suburbs of Paris, with the Seine not far away, surrounded by a neat garden, which he himself would cultivate, ornamented with an artificial rockery, from the centre of which should spring a modest little fountain, emptying into a metal basin wherein the Patrouillot face should be grotesquely mirrored, and a rustic arbor where monsieur could sit and chat and drink beer with his friends in the summer evenings—such was the dream of Patrouillot.

Mme. Patrouillot's dream of happiness, however, was diametrically opposed to that of the kind-hearted Cæsar, for fortune had but increased her ambition, and, to her, wealth meant absolutely nothing without an aristocratic name. But how to obtain it?

One day as she sat in her room, considering this important question, which to her meant so much, she read on the fourth page of a morning journal the following advertisement:

"Decorations and titles of foreign nobility quickly obtained and assured. Fernando de la Mimosa, 240 Rue Montmartre; office hours from two to four."

Without delay she sought M. Mimosa. His appearance, indeed, was not prepossessing. She found a middle-aged man, extremely dark, of doubtful nationality, though evidently a foreigner, who received her with obsequious affability, and hardly had she explained the object of the visit when the obliging Mimosa assured her that nothing in the world was easier.

"My dear madame," said he, "the whole affair is quite simple, and in less than a month your husband shall receive a ducal title of the republic of Saint-Martin."

"Ah, that is asking too much, sir," modestly replied Mme. Patrouillot; "the title of count will be quite sufficient."

"As you please, then, madame," said the obsequious Mimosa; "and since you join humility to your other virtues, I shall not insist, though with such noble ancestors as yours—"

"Ancestors," repeated the unsophisticated Mme. Patrouillot; "well—I suppose, monsieur, we undoubtedly had them, but I assure you they have not left a trace behind them."

"Possibly not in the last generations, owing to the turbulence of the times; but reflect, madame," continued the suave Mimosa, assuming a theatrical pose and gesticulating in the Italian fashion, "upon the glorious name of Cæsar—a name that centuries have failed to dim—undoubtedly your husband's ancestors date back to the Roman period."

"I never thought of that," said the innocent Mme. Patrouillot, "but it is quite possible. Do the best you can for us, monsieur," she said; and then, slightly hesitating, evidently from embarrassment: "May I ask your charges for the services rendered?"

"Ah, madame," exclaimed the noble foreigner, "do not mention money or I shall feel insulted. My sole desire, I assure you, is to reward unrecognized merit—the success of my clients is the only recompense I ask, the only end I work for. Later on, when the title has been obtained, we will talk about the charges of the chancellor's office. For the moment I shall only require the trifling sum of five hundred francs—a mere bagatelle—to defray the expenses of the journey which I shall be obliged to make, for to-morrow I shall leave for Saint-Martin."

"Ah, monsieur," said Mme. Patrouillot, quite overcome with emotion, "you are really too kind," and presenting the five hundred francs to the disinterested Mimosa, Mme. Patrouillot returned home fully convinced that her devoted Cæsar was a scion of imperial Rome.

One evening, a month later, while M. and Mme. Patrouillot were at dinner, the servant handed to the latter the following letter:

"MADAME: I am happy to inform you that my efforts in your regard have been crowned with success. I have obtained the brevet which creates your estimable husband, M. Patrouillot, Count of Monte Rotondo. The title is at your disposal as soon as you remit the sum for the chancery charges, for, as I have already informed you, I ask no remuneration for my services. Please accept, Mme. la Comtesse, the homage of my most profound respect."

"FERNANDO DE LA MIMOSA."

Mme. la Comtesse at last! What joy! The little woman was visibly affected, and grew alternately red and white, and was seized with a desire to laugh and cry at the same time.

"What is the matter, love?" asked the pacific Cæsar.

Mme. Patrouillot hesitated, but decided it was best to keep the joyful news from her trusting spouse until she had the papers in her own hands. Besides, in the midst of her joyful delight she began to have grave apprehensions as to the charges of chancery.

Her apprehensions were well-founded, for M. de la Mimosa, with the blandest of smiles and declaring that he himself personally wished no remuneration for his services, handed her a letter, written in Italian, of which she understood nothing, except that she must pay twenty thousand francs before she could be addressed as Mme. la Comtesse de Monte Rotondo. At first the ambitious little woman hesitated, but finally pride triumphed, and as she herself, owing to the most trusting of husbands, had full access to the Patrouillot ducats, she handed over the required sum to the disinterested Mimosa, and received in return an important-looking parchment document covered with seals and signatures, creating the unambitious Cæsar Patrouillot Count of Monte Rotondo for the distinguished services he had rendered the Republic of Saint-Martin—in which he had never set foot.

The first care of the new countess was to order from the most fashionable establishments in Paris dresses, hats, and wraps—indeed, she had her entire *trousseau* renewed and embroidered with an enormous coronet—even to her corsets, and she ordered three pairs, red, black, and yellow, trimmed with superb lace and ornamented with the coat of arms of Monte Rotondo, a mountain of gold in a blue field. These trifles cost the newly made countess fifteen thousand francs. But *noblesse oblige!*

When M. Patrouillot was informed of his new dignity, he simply shrugged his shoulders, then frowned when he learned its cost. But Cæsar Patrouillot was the most debonair of men, and extremely susceptible to the influence of his ambitious wife, whom he loved just as devotedly as he did in the spring-time of their married life, and seeing her so supremely happy, had not the heart to disturb this happiness by reproaches of her extravagance.

Finally, the simple Cæsar himself became infused with his wife's ambition, and persuaded himself that the government of Saint-Martin had merely rendered justice in conferring upon him the title of Count of Monte Rotondo. He wrapped himself in his new dignity, and the first result of his ennoblement was the loss of his former friends, who positively refused to recognize in M. and Mme. Patrouillot the Count and Countess of Monte Rotondo.

These good people, all of them honest, thrifty shopkeepers without aristocratic aspirations, laughed and ridiculed the Patrouillots, and finally turned their backs upon them. One old friend of thirty years' standing gave the new aristocrats *congé* in the most verdant of letters, thus addressed: "To Monsieur le Comte de Monte Rotondo, *adieu* Patrouillot."

M. and Mme. Patrouillot de Monte Rotondo treated these adverse criticisms with disdain.

"So much the worse for them," said the count, with a shrug of his noble shoulders.

"They have forestalled our intentions," said the countess. "In our new position, my dear, it would be impossible for us to receive shopkeepers, so in withdrawing themselves they simply save us the painful duty of refusing to recognize them. Besides, we shall move into a new quarter, where these people's names shall never be mentioned."

To all of which the Count of Monte Rotondo assented.

A short time afterward, the noble couple installed themselves in superb apartments in the very heart of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. The splendid furniture, the plate, and even the ceilings were ornamented with the noble escutcheon of Monte Rotondo. The new count engaged a carriage by the month with the proviso that the arms of Monte Rotondo should be emblazoned upon the panels of the carriage door in sufficiently large dimensions to be visible at some considerable distance. All of this elegance and style cost very dearly.

Nobility likewise required M. and Mme. Patrouillot to make visits in the aristocratic world, and the once simple-bearded Cæsar, accompanied by his new-fledged countess, called upon several of their former customers—members of the old aristocracy, who while they received them kindly did not return their visits. True, the old Baroness de la Pinchardière, who was considered by some as poor, by others as avaricious, testified her esteem for the new nobility by dining with them three times a week, to the great delight of

the Patrouillots, whom she deferentially addressed as count and countess.

One morning the Count of Monte Rotondo was surprised to receive a letter from the chief of police, requesting him to call immediately at his office to testify against a man named Pochard, *alias* Fernando de la Mimosa, who had been arrested for swindling. The poor count, with a presentiment of what was coming, went in fear and trembling, and learned from the *commissaire* that Pochard, *alias* Fernando de la Mimosa, had long lived upon human vanity, disposing at high prices of titles which existed only in his own imagination.

Confronted with M. and Mme. Patrouillot, the rascal burst out laughing, and, with the most absolute cynicism, declared that that little affair was the easiest and most lucrative job he had ever achieved. "The good Mme. Patrouillot," said Pochard, "jumped at once into my little trap with the most delicious *naïveté!* And never in all my experience did I derive more amusement from any of my dupes than from this simple *bourgeois!*"

The chief of police then informed the duped couple that they must abandon the name to which they had no legal right. Returning quietly to their sumptuous apartments, M. and Mme. Patrouillot deplored the enormous sum of one hundred and forty thousand francs which their temporary nobility had cost them. The magnificent apartments were abandoned, the rich furniture and plate sold, and the arms of Monte Rotondo effaced from the ceilings. Humiliated and mortified, they gladly returned to their old business. Mme. Patrouillot, however, through disappointment and regret of the lost nobility, died shortly afterward.—Adapted from the *Argonaut* from the French of H. du Plessac by Katharine Marshall.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE.

"Whom the gods love die young?"—Nay, rather say
With bated breath—"Whom the gods love die old."
Shall the morn pale ere it hath coined its gold?
The sun go down while yet it is full day?
The statue sleep-unmolded in the clay?
The parchment crumble ere it is unrolled?
The story end with half the tale untold?
The song drop mute and breathless by the way?
Oh, weep for Adonais when he dies
With all youth's lofty promise unfulfilled,
Its splendor lost in sudden, dark eclipse!
With love unlivid, and dreams half dreamed he lies—
All the red wine from life's gold chalice spilled
Ere its bright brim hath touched his eager lips!

Whom the gods love die old! O life, dear life,
Let the old sing thy praises, for they know
How year by year the summers come and go,
Each with its own abounding sweetness ripe!
They know though frosts be cruel as the knife
Yet with each June the perfect rose shall blow
And daisies blossom and the green grass grow
Triumphant still, unvexed by storm or strife.
They know that night more splendid is than day;
That sunset skies flame in the gathering dark,
And the deep waters change to molten gold;
They know that autumn richer is than May,
They hear the night-birds singing like the lark—
Ah, life, sweet life, whom the gods love die old!
—Julia C. R. Dorr in August Scribner's Magazine.

The congress of hotel-keepers assembled in Rome during the first week in July had for its purpose the devising of means to attract foreigners to Italy. The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* noticed the meetings as of consequence: to the leisured class because they prefer international society to Roman, to politicians and the commercial classes because the strangers already bring \$61,200,000 into the country, and to the working classes because it means more work and better pay. In connection with the congress, Count Ranuzzi-Segni, at one time *attaché* at the Italian embassy in London, has published a pamphlet showing what Switzerland and the hotel-keepers there have gained by combination. One of the most interesting items is that the Swiss hotel-keepers—and in this they are being copied by their Italian brothers—have established an institute in which their profession is taught. The embryo hotel-keeper is taught the languages, hotel economy, cooking, construction and arrangements of hotels, writing, geography applied to journeys, international tariffs, and so on. Count Ranuzzi-Segni is most emphatic about the necessity of putting a stop to enormous overcharges, justly pointing out that strangers heartily object, no matter how rich they are, to being "robbed," and that in the end it is much better to have many visitors who pay a moderate fixed sum than a few who pay an exaggerated price.

Half a dozen London clubs of importance have complained bitterly that their bar receipts are falling off discouragingly since their members came to accept as the proper beverage for summer what is now the popular London drink. This is made of barley water, properly mixed with lemon, sugar, and ice, and it originated in the Guards' club-house. Its fame spread from that head-quarters, and other clubs were not slow in borrowing the recipe. The barley-water combination gained favor wherever it was introduced, and this is not believed to be wholly due to the fact that it is distributed gratuitously. None of the clubs which offer their members this refreshment charges anything for it. The consequence is that Scotch and soda, brandy with the same combination, and all similar heating alcoholic and more expensive drinks have ceased to be called for.

Henry Watterson proves himself a good judge of character in his estimate of Governor Roosevelt. He characterizes him thus: "Youthful, well balanced; a gentleman, a cow-puncher; a man of letters, a man of action; a clear-headed politician, a dashing soldier, he has the respect of those to whom ability, both mental and physical, appeals, and he has the admiration of those whom accomplishment, whether in the field of politics, arms, or literature, impresses."

ENGLISH SHORES AND GREETINGS.

Miss Bonner Describes the Last Hours of an Ocean Voyage—
Noise and Confusion of Steamer and Railway Baggage-
Rooms—In London Streets.

It was about ten o'clock on the last evening out, and we were sitting in the saloon finishing the champagne, when some one appeared at the doorway, and said, excitedly: "Come quick! You can see the light-house on Lizard's Point. We're off the coast of England."

There were only a few people in the saloon, and with one accord we rose from our various drinks and stampeded to the deck. A line of white-jacketed stewards were already there, leaning over the railing and gazing out into the dark. Through the murk of the night a great yellow blur shone. All else was velvet-black, vast, and still, save for the slow panting of the huge, laboring steamer. For a space we all stood silent, gazing at the spot of light that glared at us like a single, uninking eye. After eight days of looking out over a boundless sea, it seemed to send us a message from our fellow-creatures and to say that all was well. And beyond it was England—the land of Shakespeare and Browning, of the cathedrals and Westminster Abbey.

The mysterious thrill that comes to travelers on the first sight of land, after long days upon the ocean, held us motionless and rapt. Then the damp air struck chill upon us, we woke from our dreams, and some one remarked, practically: "Let's go back into the saloon. There are still two pints of Pommery that somebody must drink. I'm not going to carry champagne in my trunk."

Early in the afternoon of the next day we drew up in Southampton Water, with two tenders in waiting. We had a royal princess on board, traveling under an unassuming, every-day title, and accompanied by a plump, little German baroness as lady-in-waiting and a bandsome German maid. The princess had been the joy and interest of the voyage. She was one of the queen's many granddaughters, and looked exactly like the pictures of the Prince of Wales's daughters, with the long, oval face, heavy eyelids drooping wearily over prominent eyes, and fuzzy, much-crimped bang. Every night for dinner she made an elaborate toilet, garbing herself in the most remarkably ugly clothes, and every day she sat upon the sun deck near the watch, smoking cigarettes and conversing with her maid of honor and a young baron, who was our next most distinguished traveler.

The German Jews, of whom the steamer was full, ought to have paid extra for the pleasure they seemed to derive from viewing royalty at close quarters. It was a rare occasion, and they made the most of it, sitting with eyes glued upon the object of their curiosity. The princess was evidently used to it, and imperturbably smoked her cigarettes. When we approached Southampton, she put on her blue serge suit, her rose-colored turban, and her ostrich-feather bonnet, and the little baroness, who was burned as red as a tomato with the sun and sea-wind, appeared in a marvelous hat of Tuscan straw, covered with violets, and a gray tailor suit.

Then we all waited breathlessly to see how royalty would be transported to its native shores. One lady was of the opinion that Joseph Chamberlain would come to greet her. Why she selected the busy Joseph for that high honor she did not state. Another momentarily expected the royal yacht to appear and heave to beside us. There were those who had fond dreams that Queen Victoria herself might ramble down from Windsor to welcome her grandchild. Others scoffed at this on the ground that the queen had so many grandchildren she could not possibly remember their names, much less their exits and entrances from and into her realm.

As it fell out, one of the tenders that awaited us was for the princess. It drew up alongside us, and in a twinkling she and her party were on board, with the baron, his valet, and his pet bull-terrier. Then they steamed away through the fine, chilly rain. There was a fluttering of handkerchiefs from the steamer's side, and a returning flutter from the tender. The princess, like a true Englishwoman, stood on the deck in a fierce breeze with the rain falling on her rose-colored turban. And nobody came to meet her but a tall young man in a white yachting cap, whose name none of us knew.

They say the English are a sturdy race because they live so much in the open air, and take life tranquilly, without hurry or excitement. I wonder if the people who make this statement have ever been in the Southampton baggage-room when a huge transatlantic liner has just come in, and the special that is to transport its passengers to London is just about to go out. I plunged into the *mélée*, offering up a silent prayer that I might not be maimed by the crasping trunks. A man with an inconceivably extraordinary accent fell upon me, proffering his assistance. Then together we started out on a desperate quest to find my luggage.

The noise was tremendous. Everybody was shouting, baggage was falling with a smashing sound that reminded me of the gentle methods of my native land. There was a sort of an attempt to collect the trunks in piles according to the first letter of the owners' names, but with the porters dragging them about and people moving them in frantic search for their own, all alphabetical order was soon lost. At intervals in the press one came upon friends flying excitedly by and crying as a passing bail, "I've lost two trunks." "Have you seen my hat-box?" "Mrs. Jones has got so frightened that she feels faint." "Have you been through the customs yet? They're only particular about cologne," etc.

Never at any railway depot in the United States have I imagined such confusion and such hurry. When we got off the train at Waterloo Station it was even worse. A sort of check system has been established, a numbered label being put on every trunk, and a corresponding label given to the owner. This you give to a porter at the station, who is sup-

posed with its aid to collect your belongings and put them on a truck. But he does not do it. My porter requested my assistance in identifying the luggage, and led me once again to the forefront of the battle. I made no moan, but followed him, and after risking my life among falling trunks and crated bicycles, was told that my baggage was not in that van, and was led meekly off to the other end of the train. Here, by dint of vigorous personal search, I found it. The porter then put it on a truck, beside which I walked—having by this time become fearful—and exhaustedly but triumphantly led the way to a hansom.

The twilight is long in England, and though it was eight o'clock by the time we left the station it was still clear daylight. From the open front of the hansom I avidly surveyed, as from a window, the first view of London. Old, solemn streets, flanked by straight-fronted, grim houses, narrow windings and curious turns, sudden slants of roofs cut by queer, jutting windows, rows of chimneys rising unevenly against a pale, yellowish sky. Even in that locality there were window-boxes, that here and there fringed the gray façades of houses with a line of brilliant color.

Presently the "clip-clop" of the cab-horse's joggling gait was deadened, and we drove on to Waterloo Bridge. The Thames, full and silently flowing, rolled away into a misty distance of vague bridges, and low, looming buildings. Opposite stood the two hotels—the Cecil and the Savoy—great detached piles, staring down at the stream from a hundred wide, uninking windows. The Cecil looks very American, and is the great American hotel. The river, with a yellowish light still lingering on its surface, swept away under the dark arches of its bridges past the airy spires of the Houses of Parliament, the seven massive wings of St. Thomas's Hospital, the delicate shaft of Cleopatra's Needle, Somerset House, the home of three queens, away to the dignified quietude of Chelsea, sacred with the names of Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot, of Turner and Charles Lamb.

Across the river we dived again into narrow streets, whisked round unexpected curves, passed by more severe houses, straight, unornamented, and decorously solid, and plunged out upon the turmoil of great thoroughfares. What an individuality there is in these London streets! The sooty atmosphere makes a softly dark background of houses that were new ten years ago. And everything seems so small, so compact, so carefully thought out. The whole effect is of something prosperous and commercial in the way it was prosperous and commercial two hundred years ago, without hurry, without change, and with complete satisfaction with the methods and the fashions of the tried and seasoned past.

Though it was past eight no lamps were lit, and the then clear twilight brooded unmolested over the crowded high-ways that overflowed into less popular byways. There was a steady stream of hansoms flowing theatre-wards, and a good many private carriages. Over all, the towering bulk of the omnibuses soared supreme. The London omnibus, which is hideous in itself, is one of the features of the thoroughfares that helps to give the streets their individuality. Plastered all over with advertisements, appearing so top-heavy, with their roof-load of passengers, that one expects them to topple over at any moment—they are yet a curiously characteristic and harmonious part of the procession. They travel slowly, but that is the way they like things in England, and the drivers seem to possess miraculous skill in avoiding collisions.

In the hansoms bound for the theatre and opera there were any number of gayly dressed women, for though the season is waning toward its close it is not yet over. It was a curious sight to see the inmates of these semi-open carriages, dressed in the palest of opera-cloaks and for the most part bare-headed, driving by daylight through what appeared to be the business and shopping portion of the city. To an American, full-dress is so rigidly a thing of closed carriages and fashionable seclusion that this display of it in an open street and an open carriage was startlingly singular. Sometimes—for the evening was warm—the opera-cloak would be thrown back, giving a glimpse of brilliant finery beneath and the bare white neck, which on this side of the water is as much a part of evening-dress as the man's swallow-tail coat.

There were some pretty women in these passing carriages, and some ugly ones. The pretty ones had either the long oval face, and the high-piled mass of crimped hair that the photographs of the Princess of Wales have made us familiar with, or were young and fresh, with pink-and-white skins and cloudy blonde hair. They wore, almost invariably, the palest-colored evening-cloaks, trimmed with white fur or lace, and sometimes in the rigidly dressed hair a small aigrette was perched. The ugly ones were amazingly ugly; no one knows how ugly women can really be till they come here, and it is not that the woman herself is so plain as it is that she seems to have given up her case early in life, and to have taken a sort of cynical pleasure in putting on the most unbecoming clothes she and her dressmaker can invent.

LONDON, July 5, 1900.

GERALDINE BONNER.

The peppermint-oil crop was the leading feature in some neighborhoods of central New York a few years ago, and brought more money into the hands of the farmers than did the apple crop. But now the peppermint crop is mostly a thing of the past in that section, and the mint stills are kept in operation by the crop of a few acres near them. The beet-sugar crop has driven the mint crop westward, for the farmers find it more profitable to raise sugar beets. Ten years ago every community in central New York had a resident who was getting rich by stilling mint, but these same mills are now falling into disuse.

The word "compound," which is used frequently in the war dispatches from China, means an inclosure. In that country and Japan it is customary to build high brick walls around factories, business-houses, banks, and residences for protection, and these are the "compounds" mentioned.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Tuan (pronounced Twan), who has been reported as dead, poisoned, insane, and again as absolute ruler of Pekin, is the first cousin of Kwang Su, the emperor, and father of Po Ching, the heir apparent to the Chinese throne.

Charlotte Brontë's widower, the Rev. Arthur B. Nichols, is now over eighty years of age, and spends much of his time in attending to his land business at Banagher, Ireland. Though married again, he always observes the anniversaries of his first wife's birth and death.

The Rajah of Kapurthala, the Sikh chief, who is about to revisit London, is very popular with Englishmen. He is an athlete and a warrior, and his territory in the Punjab brings him in one hundred thousand pounds a year. His house stood true to the queen during the mutiny, and his title, translated, reads: "His Highness, the Honorable and Beloved and Trusted Son of the English Government, the Rajah of Rajahs, and Rajah Jagz Singh the Illustrious."

The famous Elysée outrider, M. Montjarret, who always preceded presidential processions in Paris and who was dismissed recently on account of a quarrel with a coachman in the court-yard of the Elysée Palace, has been engaged by Count Boni de Castellane to ride at the head of his sumptuous equipage. Montjarret was first engaged by President Casimir-Perier, and the handsome figure he cut at the head of the cavalcade made him the darling of the Parisian crowds, which always cheered him lustily.

Lieutenant Robert Edwin Peary, whose two years' silence in the Arctic is beginning to create comment, is now on his fifth expedition to the frozen North. He sailed for Greenland July 7, 1898. The last message he sent to civilization was dated August 13, 1898, and read: "So far all my plans have been successfully carried out." When Peary sailed on his present voyage he not even attempted to conceal the fact that he was bound for the North Pole. The daring explorer is a native of Cresson, Pa., and is now in his forty-fifth year.

General William F. Draper has sent to Washington his resignation as United States ambassador to Italy. His reason for taking this step is that his business is of such proportions that it requires his entire attention. General Draper has immense manufacturing interests in Hopedale, Mass., his home, and employs generally about three thousand men. The business has tremendously increased since 1894, and is the main industry in the town. There are prospects of a further increase, and General Draper wishes to give it his entire time.

General Porfirio Diaz, upon learning of his reelection as President of Mexico by acclamation, said: "I must repeat what I said some months ago, that neither my age nor my capabilities qualify me to continue ruling the country. I am seventy years old, of which forty-three have been devoted to the active service of the fatherland. As to my capabilities, I reaffirm my previous opinion, and I can only add that I will not withhold from my fatherland my closing years, if she requires them of me, any more than I have begrudged to her the unstinted services of my whole life."

Gordon Craig, a son of Ellen Terry, and well known both as an artist and as the editor of *The Page*, a monthly publication issued from the Sign of the Rose, Hackbridge, Surrey, a little magazine devoted to wood-cuts, music, book-plates, menus, and all sorts of artistic trifles, is becoming very favorably known as a designer, engraver, and printer of book-plates. Among recently finished *ex libris*, many of which are hand-colored, are five designs used by Ellen Terry, one each which Mr. Craig has made for Marion Terry, Cissie Loftus, William Winter, John Drew, James Pryde, Oliver Bath, and five for his own use. Mr. Craig has executed in all forty-five plates, all of which are said to be of the greatest interest both in design and execution.

The morganatic marriage of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, the heir to the Austrian Empire and the Kingdom of Hungary, to the Countess Sophie von Chotek, was celebrated at Schloss Reichstadt on July 1st, and the happy pair are now at Schloss Konopischt, in Bohemia, for their honeymoon. Although the archduke, before his marriage, took a solemn oath of renunciation of all imperial privileges for his wife and any possible children of the marriage, it seems that the Hungarians are not altogether satisfied. By their law, a King of Hungary is at liberty to marry any one he likes, and therefore it is contended that though the wife of the archduke, who now bears the title of Princess Hohenberg, can never become Empress of Austria, she is nevertheless the legal Queen of Hungary. The Hungarians are pleased with the marriage, and many of them think that it may lead to the division of Austria and Hungary.

In Boston, where Mrs. Josephine St. Pierre Ruffin, the colored woman who was refused a seat in the recent convention of the Federated Women's Clubs at the Milwaukee convention, is favorably known, the clubs are up in arms against the national organization for its treatment of her. While Mrs. Ruffin was refused the right to sit in the convention as the representative of the Woman's Era Club, composed of colored women in and around Boston, she was allowed to enter the convention as a delegate from the Massachusetts Women's Press Club, of which she is a member. For refusal to recognize her club, whose dues Mrs. Ruffin alleges the federation accepted, she has brought suit against the officers of the Federated Women's Clubs. In refusing to recognize her Era Club credentials the convention made a heroine of Mrs. Ruffin. The women who opposed such action gave her a banquet at Milwaukee, and on her return to Boston a big reception awaited her, which was attended by some of the best-known society people of the Hub. Mrs. Ruffin is the wife of the late Judge Ruffin, of Boston, who was the first colored nian appointed to a judicial office in the North.

NEW YORK'S HOTTEST JULY.

A Wave of Heat That Breaks All Records—Days and Nights
 Alike Insupportable—Sweltering Humanity in Masses—
 The Busy Hospital Aids.

Manhattan has been a brick oven with a roof of brass for four days. Beginning last Sunday, one of the most remarkable heated terms the city has ever known is still in complete possession. Monday was worse than the day before, Tuesday was the hottest day of that date known to the twenty-nine-year records of the weather bureau, and to-day has seen the mercury climb a notch or two nearer the boiling point. Two years ago we had a persistently warm July, but the high temperature did not blaze up so suddenly fierce. The present spell is like that of August, 1896, when the awful heat prostrated hundreds, and even horses dropped dead in the streets. To be exact, the official thermometers registered 94 degrees as the highest point on Sunday, but for a short time only; on Tuesday they did not show quite so high a figure, lingering about the 92 mark; but yesterday the maximum point was reached again, and to-day even that was exceeded. There have been eighty hours of misery, for although Sunday evening brought some relief, and there was a little breeze Tuesday afternoon, even the nights have been breathless.

All regard for convention in costume has melted down with the collars of a week ago. Numbers of men carry their coats, but very few wear them. It is the reign of the leather belt, for suspenders are obtrusive when their ordinary covering is removed. Spare individuals congratulate themselves, and ponderous citizens whose girth and symmetry thwart all efforts to make the detached waistband available are doubly miserable. Fans, the most expansive and stoutest of palm-leaves, are sold by the gross on downtown streets, and ruby-faced, reeking men of place and power wield them incessantly, outdoors and in. Even in the Stock Exchange there is no longer apparent a desire to appear spick and span. The glossiest and most radiant of the young brokers have discarded the fashions of the month and come down in green-lined sunshades, tieless and unstarched about the neck. But one individual has appeared on the streets during the week with his frock-coat buttoned about him, and he was a Mormon missionary who is temporarily sojourning in Brooklyn, and determined to preserve an outward decorum.

Thousands have gone out of the city to sea-side and country resorts. Even those who can seize but a single day's respite crowd the trains and boats in the morning, and return at night to begin again the test of endurance. Central Park is thronged, but far from being cool. Those who come from a distance anticipating relief in its shade are bitterly disappointed. The quivering air holds the beams of the sun in the most secluded spots of the great playground. The street-cars are packed with restless souls who imagine that they will be cooler in motion, but those who manage to get seats are crowded by the greater number forced to stand, and stifle in their places. When the afternoon begins to wane there is a rush toward the Battery for the purpose of securing seats on cars bound uptown, but the movement is too universal to gain any measure of success.

Venders of cool drinks have never known such a harvest. Soda fountains and lemonade stands, aristocratic or plebeian, have no quiet moments. The sidewalk merchants are most in evidence, and with all sorts of flavors and mixtures in reservoirs of all descriptions they labor unceasingly to supply the constant demand. From a yellow barrel at the corner of Exchange Place and Broad Street one enterprising young mulatto dipped and sold enough lemonade at one cent a glass to make his profits for the day twenty-three dollars. But his expenses were small, as he confidentially declared that as much lemonade could be made from one box of lemons as from ten boxes; water costs him nothing, and he merely fills up the barrel as his stock in trade runs low. So long as the leverage is cooling, its name or composition matters little.

To Fire-Chief Croker is due a word of praise for a thoughtful order sent out to the engine-houses to-day, this suggesting the use of hose at the street hydrants for drenching the heated and suffering horses driven in cars, drays, and wagons. The animals gratefully accepted the shower of cool water at the hands of the willing firemen or volunteer operators, and among the spectators were many who envied the dumb recipients. Sometimes an automobile would be forced into the waiting line, and before it could escape, when its turn came, the stream from the hose, with an entire absence of accidental irrelevancy, would deluge the occupants of the vehicle, and there would be a sudden loss of dignity as they were carried away.

But there was little enough of light-hearted play during the blazing days or the dense, pulseless nights. In the downtown tenement districts there have been scenes that would sadden the gayest. Out of the small, illy-ventilated rooms of the human hives the people have swarmed, and the sidewalks have been covered so closely with recumbent bodies that passage was often impossible. On the shady side, while the sun was above the horizon, moving from hour to hour, and on both sides after night had fallen, the pavement has held men, women, and children gasping for fresh, pure air, and sinking in the realization that their struggle was hopeless. The roofs and the fire-escapes, used for sleeping-places through every summer season, have furnished more than the usual number of fatal accidents so far. The sleepers roll off or are crowded over the edge, and are carried away, sometimes to a long relief.

The death-roll has been impressive. Four one day, eleven the next, then twenty—so the record grows. Prostrations that may end fatally or worse are up in the hundreds now. Hospital ambulances are continually going out empty and coming back with suffering passengers. Ice-caps are called in supply with other quick aids for those overcome by the intense heat and continued strain. Of all classes the

infants suffer most. The helpless little ones, many deprived of even ordinary care, are dying like tender flowers. Thirty-five babies' coffins stood side by side at Bellevue Morgue this morning, each with a silent occupant, and to-morrow they will be taken up the river to the cemetery where the city ouries its penniless dead.

At the weather bureau the forecasters give little hope of immediate relief. Cooling breezes will come only in a fitful way, and the thunder-storms that are promised in some regions are not scheduled to reach the city. A rain-maker, self-styled, from Tucson, Ariz.—one Professor Bishop— from the top of a tall office-building near City Hall Park sent up a number of his alleged shower-inducing bombs at intervals this afternoon, but his spectacular labor was devoid of result beyond the hurning of powder. Even the fleecy clouds at which he aimed were dissipated by the explosions just below them. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 18, 1900.

OLD FAVORITES.

Desire.

The golden Planet of the Occident
 Warm from his hath comes up i' the rosy air,
 And you may tell which way the daylight went,
 Only by his last footsteps shining there;
 For now he dwells
 Sea-deep o' the other shore of the world,
 And winds himself in the pink-mouthed shells;
 Or, with his dusky, sun-dyed priest,
 Walks in the gardens of the gorgeous East;
 Or hides in Indian hills; or saileth where
 Floats, curiously curled,
 Leagues out of sight and scent of spicy trees,
 The cream-white nautilus on sapphire seas.
 But here the Night from the hill-top yonder
 Steals all alone, nor yet too soon;
 I have sighed for, and sought for her; sadder and fonder
 (All through the lonely and lingering noon)
 Than a maiden that sits by the lattice to ponder
 On vows made in vain, long since, under the moon.
 Her dusky hair she hath shaken free,
 And her tender eyes are wild with love,
 And her balmy bosom lies bare to me.
 She hath lighted the seven sweet Pleiads above;
 She is breathing over the dreaming sea,
 She is murmuring low in the cedar grove;
 She hath put to sleep the moaning dove
 In the silent cypress-tree.
 And there is no voice nor whisper—
 No voice nor whisper,
 In the hill-side olives all at rest,
 Underneath blue-lighted Hesper,
 Sinking slowly in the lighted west;
 For the night's heart knoweth best
 Love by silence most express.
 The nightingales keep mute
 Each one his fairy flute
 Where the mute stars look down,
 And the laurels close the green sea-side:
 Only one amorous lute
 Twangs in the distant town
 From some lattice opened wide;
 The climbing rose and vine are here, are there,
 On the terrace, around, above me;
 The lone Ledaean lights from yon enchanted air
 Look down upon my spirit, like a spirit's eyes that love me.
 How beautiful at night to muse on the mountain height,
 Moated in purple air, and all alone!
 How beautiful at night to look into the light
 Of loving eyes, when loving lips lean down unto our own!
 But there is no hand in mine, no hand in mine,
 Nor any tender cheek against me prest;
 O stars that o'er me shine, I pine, I pine, I pine,
 With hopeless fancies hidden in an ever-hungering breast!

O where, O where is she that should be here,
 The spirit my spirit dreameth?
 With the passionate eyes, so deep, so dear,
 Where a secret sweetness beameeth?
 O sleepeth she, with her soft gold hair
 Streaming over the fragrant pillow,
 And a rich dream glowing in her ripe cheek,
 Far away, I know not where,
 By lonely shores, where the tumbling billow
 Sounds all night in an emerald creek?

Or doth she lean o'er the casement stone
 When the day's dull noise is done with,
 And the scented spirit remounts alone
 Into her long-unslept throne,
 By the stairs the stars are won with?
 Hearing the white owl call
 Where the river draws thro' the meadows below,
 By the beeches down, and the broken wall,
 His silvery, seaward waters, slow
 To the ocean bounding all;
 With here a star on his glowing breast,
 And there a lamp down-streaming,
 And a musical motion toward the west
 Where the long white cliffs are gleaming;
 While, far in the moonlight, lies at rest
 A great ship, asleep and dreaming?

Or doth she linger yet
 Among her sisters and brothers,
 In the chamber where happy faces are met,
 Distinct from all the others?
 As my star up there, be it never so bright,
 No other star resembles.
 Doth she steal to the window, and strain her sight
 (While the pearl in her warm hair trembles)
 Over the dark the distant night,
 Feeling something changed in her home yet;
 That old songs have lost their old delight,
 And the true soul is not come yet?
 Till the nearest star in sight
 Is drowned in a tearful light.

I would that I were nigh her,
 Wherever she rest or rove!
 My spirit waves as a spiral fire
 In a viewless wind doth move.
 Go forth, alone, go forth, wild-winged Desire,
 Thou art the bird of Jove,
 That broadest lone by the Olympian throne,
 And strong to bear the thunders which destroy,
 Or fetch the ravish, flute-playing Phrygian boy;
 Go forth across the world, and find my love!

—Owen Meredith.

Navigation on the upper Nile is now open to Uganda, as the English expedition under Major Peake has cleared away the Sudd. Major Peake took a gunboat to Lado, and from there proceeded in the Uganda launch to Gondokoro and Fort Berkeley in the Uganda protectorate.

ANONYMOUS LOVE-LETTERS.

What Manner of Men Receive Them, and from Whom They Come.

Every man who fills an effective public position has an especially good opportunity for moralizing upon feminine frivolity and frailness. A handsome actor, a good-looking, popular preacher, a charming singer, finds the women go down before him much as the ladies do before the hero of "Patience." Good looks are not always necessary, though, as a rule, women prefer their idols to be handsome. Excessive notoriety will do instead. The men who go through society worshiped and adored by the women, must indeed be inclined to adopt the true Guy Livingstonian view of the other sex. These ladies who sneak after the man of mushroom notoriety—implore him to come to their afternoons, begging him for his photograph, or a copy of his poems, or an autograph letter, or a lock of his hair—must appear to him very "poor little beasts" indeed. But however he may despise them, he can, to a certain extent, understand their motives. They want other women to see him talking to them, to meet him at their houses, to be aware that he has written letters to them, and given them his photograph. The idea these people entertain must be that they obtain a second-hand distinction by being associated in people's minds with the idol of the hour. Women have from all time regarded it as sufficient honor for themselves to be the favorites of great men. This is but a modern rendering of the old story. They have made it the fashion to sit in adoring circles round their hero, and gaze upon him with meek eyes of wonder, much as if he were a Persian prince, and they his humble slaves. But there is none of the charm of danger in this, and perhaps not much excitement; for it is all done in public, and has become a prominent feature in the programme of most drawing-room entertainments.

But this open form of hero-worship does not satisfy the hearts of all. There are dainty intriguers who desire more, who hunger for excitement, and thirst after the delights of danger. The spoiled favorites of the public regard the women who openly worship them as pleasantly intelligible and wholesome, compared to the others who tease and perplex them by mysterious modes of address. Probably no conspicuous actor, singer, or preacher has succeeded in escaping that strange and exciting missive, the anonymous love-letter. These professions are especially the victims of feminine adoration; there is something peculiarly fascinating to a woman's mind in a personal appearance before the public. The average run of women appreciate the charm of physique much more readily than the power of brains, or even of genius. Thus, men of letters, of science, composers, and artists commonly escape the affliction of feminine worship in any great abundance. But the man who has a romantic appearance, a charming manner, and has used his brains to make these gifts of nature agreeable to the public, becomes at once a target for the eyes of the women. They have only to go to a certain public place any day, any night, and they can contemplate their idol at leisure. But consider when a whole theatre or opera-house full of people are admiring this man at a distance, how exciting it would be to be one singled out of the crowd—to have some sweet and secret understanding with this hero!

"Who on earth are the women who write me these letters?" said a well-known actor only the other day. "Here is one who says she is dying of love for me, though she had only seen me twice on the stage. I am constantly getting these things; but I don't care about love-letters from women I don't know. Who can they be?"

Easily answered: When Anonyma writes a letter of this kind she can venture to sign it; but women who have names dare not use them. These foolish creatures, who excite themselves over one-sided intrigues, belong to good families, have reputations that can not be sacrificed, and are made intensely timid and vacillating by their education and surroundings. They long for the forbidden things of the outer world—for the excitement of unknown adventure, the thrill of unfamiliar danger. They have an innate tendency toward intrigue, and a taste for secret passions. They long for the experience of some desperate amour; but they have not the courage to carry out any of these adventures, which seem to them so appetizing. They yearn silently after the unattainable; but they can not refrain from dallying with it.

Augusta looks at her own blonde beauty in the glass when she comes home from the theatre, and wonders whether that dark hero thought her handsomer than the other women in the stalls. He certainly looked at her. Oh, if she could only tell him how she admires him! how she could love him if she might! Why not tell him? The fond fool writes her letter. A terror, the fear of a true coward who has not the courage of her convictions, seizes her when she comes to the signature. She leaves it unwritten. But the theatre has a new, a strange excitement for her now. He has had her letter; he has read it; perhaps it is in his pocket; perhaps he keeps it next his heart. She forgets that the actor gets love-letters in the same quantity as a parson gets slippers. He could not well carry them about with him. Augusta writes again; it relieves her heart. She tells him when she will be at the theatre. It is so delightful to fancy him looking for her. And so she holds her dream at arm's length, reveling in it as heartily as any open sinner, but never daring to avow it. She has a delicious excitement sometimes, when she tells herself that one day she will sign a letter. But that day never comes. She is utterly frail at heart, and she has one good quality less than the open sinners. She has no courage. She resigns herself to "the daily round, the common task," merely because she has not the pluck to brave society, to horrify her mother-in-law, and amaze her aunt. After all, the men who get these amorous epistles need not grieve that they are unsigned. The woman who will write an anonymous love-letter, though she may be a duchess or a princess, is not worth knowing—certainly not worth loving.

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT.

The Eminent American Painter's Companionship with Couture and Millet—How His "Talks" Came to Be Published—His Tragic Death at the Isles of Shoals.

Helen N. Knowlton's "The Art Life of William Morris Hunt" is an important contribution to art literature, dealing as it does with one of the greatest and certainly the most versatile American painter of his time. Miss Knowlton enjoyed unusual opportunities for studying Hunt, both as an artist and a man, for she was one of his pupils, and later taught with him for years in Boston. As the title implies, she has not given us a biography in the ordinary sense of the word, but confined herself to Hunt's work as an artist, his companionship with Couture and Millet, in France, his ideas of art instruction and of painting, the history of many of the canvases which brought him fame, the characteristics of his portraits, his appreciation and substantial recognition of the work of others, with a liberal sprinkling of amusing anecdotes.

When William Morris Hunt was in his nineteenth year, he took a severe cold and was advised to avoid a northern winter and go to a southern climate. His widowed mother decided to go with him to the south of France, taking also her other children. This step doubtless changed the entire course of his life. It had been his intention to return in a year's time, finish his college course at Harvard, and enter upon the practice of surgery. The profession of an artist would not have been chosen for any educated American at that period. After visiting the large cities of Europe, he was advised to go to Düsseldorf, then considered the art centre of Europe, as he intended to pursue the study of sculpture, which he had begun with a noted sculptor in Boston. This German school was conducted "upon the principle that the education of art-genius, of a mechanic, and of a student of science were one and the same thing—a grinding, methodical process of the accumulation of a required skill."

The friend of William Hunt, whose words we have just quoted, goes on to say:

Although Hunt's surroundings were agreeable, socially and artistically, having for friends and companions Lessing, the president of the Academy, Sohn, Leutze, Schroeder, and others, he was shocked at this system of study, and rebelled against it from the start. He accepted it, however, as a necessity, and forced himself to shut out to a degree the enjoyment of a pleasure which he had thought was inseparably connected with art study. He felt then what afterwards became an abiding belief, a part of his life, that all the qualities of an artist should be educated together, and that the development of an artist required a system that was suggested by the nature of the art sentiment. He believed that the study of art should be a pleasure, and not a forced and hateful drill. As he anticipated pursuing a course of study in painting, he looked forward to the time when he should enter the painting-class as a moment of delight—the entrance to a free field. But doubts began to arise regarding the value and future effect of the instruction he was receiving; and when the time came for him to enter the class, these doubts became a certainty, and he said to a friend: "If this is painting, and it is to lead to work like that of the German school, I prefer to be a sculptor." He left immediately for Paris, with the intention of entering the studio of Pradier.

While diligently searching Paris for every possible object of artistic interest, he passed by Déforge's art store, where he chanced to see in the window Couture's beautiful "Falconer." He stopped before it and exclaimed: "If that is painting, I am a painter!"

He found Couture, and entered his studio, working with all that abounding energy and enthusiasm that characterized him when his interest was aroused. To his surprise, Couture said to him:

"Young man, you don't know how to draw."

This, after his forced application in Germany, astonished him; but he soon discovered the difference between the drawing of the school-room and that of a painter's studio, and in time produced drawings of marked excellence. Morris, as he was called in the class, was a great favorite. With Couture himself he was in perfect sympathy, and under his guidance certain qualities in Hunt's mind and work unfolded as they scarcely would have done under any other auspices.

It was not long before he had so absorbed Couture's manner of painting that the master declared that his pupil had carried it as far as it could go:

One day, Hunt's fascinating head, "The Jewess" was standing upon an easel, the admiration of both master and pupils. The painter Isabey came in, and on seeing it mistook it for a success of the master.

"Good, Couture! Do always like that and you will do well!"

"Ah," cried Couture, smiling, "that is by Morris."

The method of painting in Couture's class was this:

First, to make a careful, and, if possible, a stylish or elegant outline drawing of the subject, adding only a few simple "values," or shades, with a *frotté* of thin color, and leaving them to dry over night. Next day, by a formula which can be found in Couture's little book, "Method of Painting," another thin *frotté* was used in portions; and, with long-haired whipping-brushes, the color was laid on in its exact place, the darks where they belonged, and of the right depth of tone; the lights thickly, and with startling brilliancy. Not one stroke could be retouched, or mud would ensue. The middle tones required the utmost nerve, feeling, and decision; but their quality, when good, was delightful and fascinating. No wonder that this method of painting attracted artists and students from every part of the world! It was a sublime reaction from the dry-as-dust German painting of France in the early years of the nineteenth century.

When Couture's "Savoyard at Prayer before a Cross" was exhibited in Paris, it was placed between two pictures by well-known artists:

As the painter came in to look at his picture, he met two other artists, who began to compliment the *other* pictures:

"That's a good Rousseau! Here's a good Dupré!"

But no notice of the Couture. Finally he called their attention to it. They looked—that way; but, out into space.

"I went home with a chill," said Couture; "but when it was sold in America, for a large price, then I felt warm."

At the time when he felt that Couture could do no more for him, he began to be interested in the work of Jean François Millet, the French peasant-painter:

He had seen his wonderful "Sower" in the Salon of 1852, and was greatly impressed by it.

"Why don't you buy that picture?" he asked of an art dealer.

"Oh, it is too sad a subject. Besides, it is not worth the three hundred francs which is asked for it."

"What?" cried Hunt, "a masterpiece for sixty dollars, and you hesitate about buying it?" Whereupon he went at once to the store-room of an art dealer, and became the possessor of the first painting of "The Sower," one of Millet's greatest works.

William Babcock, the Boston painter, who had passed most of his life in France, was probably the first American

to appreciate Millet and his work. He it was who took Hunt to Barbison, and introduced him to the great painter:

Millet was generally considered somewhat of a bear, and had little to do with other French artists, except perhaps Rousseau. William Hunt came into his life like a flash of sunshine. He became attached to him, and always treated him with respect. When Hunt first saw him, he found him, as he expressed it, "painting in a cellar." The picture on his easel was "The Sheep-Shearers"—exquisite in color as a Correggio, and with all the pathos and grandeur of Michael Angelo.

"Is that picture engaged?" inquired Hunt.

"Yes," replied Millet; "Déforge will take it for my color-hill. He thinks that shall never earn money enough to pay what I owe him; so now I take this for the debt."

It is needless to add that Hunt paid the color-hill and carried away the picture, after giving several commissions for work not then completed. From that time his interest in Millet increased. He could not help contrasting him with Couture, who was then berating every one who did not follow his method. Of Millet, Couture made all possible sport; ridiculed his pictures, and said that a man who could not both lay in and finish his work at once was no painter. He drew caricatures of Millet's subjects, and said that the artist was "too poor to give his peasants folds in their garments." When he found that his favorite pupil, Morris Hunt, had left him for the peasant-painter, he became even more satirical and bitter. But Couture's day was nearing its end. Whistler was in Paris, and was expected to praise the popular painter. All he would say was, "Chic, pure chic."

Of Millet, Hunt once said:

"I bought as much of his work as I could, and after a while the idea was started in Paris that a rich Englishman was buying up all his pictures. The people in the city were alarmed, and began to come to Barbison, and get from him what they could. He had so little money in his life that he never owned a hundred-dollar bill until I gave him the money for one of his pictures. It was at the exhibition, and the government purposed to buy it for about fifty cents; but I was sure that Mr. Brimmer would want it. When the exhibition was over I carried it off in its frame to my friend Hearn's studio—I had none in Paris then—and took Brimmer there to look at it. Millet had told me that I might sell it for five hundred francs, or possible, it was less. He had meant to sell it for more, but had become discouraged about it. When Brimmer heard of the price, he said: 'That's little enough for it!' and took it. He did not pay for it immediately, for he was going into Holland, and had altered his money arrangements. I told Millet that the picture was sold; but on hearing that the purchaser had not yet paid for it, and had left the country, he looked a little distrustful, for he didn't know Martin Brimmer as I did. At last the money came. When I handed it to him he did not say much; but he told me next day that he could not try to thank me, but I might like to know that he had never before had a hundred-dollar bill."

When Hunt left Couture's class, many ill-natured remarks were made by the students, especially in regard to the peasant-painter:

An American pupil of Couture complained that Millet was so monotonous in his subjects that when about to paint a tree, he first contemplated it, then bought it, chopped it down, cut it up, sat down upon it, dragged it home, and after mature deliberation, painted it. Adding, "And that's the man that Hunt is going to study with!"

During his student days in Paris, he was challenged to fight a duel by the Count de C—s:

Hunt had hired a studio, when the count offered a higher price and obtained the room. When he came to take possession, Hunt ordered him not to enter, telling him what he thought of his conduct. The count left, but sent back two officers with a challenge, which Hunt refused to accept.

"No gentleman would refuse to fight!" said the count.

"I do not refuse," replied Hunt, "but I do not choose that you shall tell me when and where to do it. I came here to paint and amuse myself, and not to learn French customs of you. If you want to America, would you like to be instructed in our customs? You would say 'I am very proud of my own.' And so say I now."

The count was studying in the same *atelier* with Hunt, but was disliked by the whole class as a swell.

In Couture's school were young men who did nothing so well as to make squibs on the other pupils, often with the effect of keeping the class in order:

If any one was disposed to interfere with the model, his remarks would be caricatured until he would be glad to stop. One Parisian bully seized Hunt and gave him a severe blow in the back. Although angry, he swallowed his wrath; but watching his opportunity, took the fellow up by his lap, carried him, head down, to the next room, and soused him up and down in a tub of water.

"Ah, ha!" was the cry; "you'll let the American alone now!"

On returning to America, Hunt devoted himself assiduously to portraiture, and for this was best known to the general public. By his marriage, in 1855, with Miss Louisa Dumeresq Perkins, of Boston, he entered at once into the charmed circle of what was considered the best society of the city, and in 1864 he fitted up a capacious studio in the old Mercantile Building in Sumner Street, which, unfortunately, was destroyed in November, 1872, when "the great Boston fire" occurred, in which countless works of art were burned:

In the upper rooms of the stone and iron warehouses were stored many a private gallery, the owner of which had gone to Europe for a term of years. Several families lost all their old-time portraits—the work of Copley or Stuart, not to mention lesser celebrities. As the fire swept through Sumner Street it embraced the old Mercantile Building, and all of Hunt's treasures were consumed. The loss to him was incalculable. One large closet, well filled with choice souvenirs of European art, probably never saw the foot of a visitor. Occasionally some choice canvas would be brought out and exhibited with positive affection and tenderness. "Nest-eggs for the children," he called these pictures. There were choice paintings by Millet and Diaz, and some of his own early successes which he seemed shy of exhibiting except to the most appreciative.

Hunt started a class of forty women pupils, which went on for three years. In that time he found that his own work was suffering, portrait orders being postponed to the summer season, and giving him no opportunity for needful rest or change of work. He persuaded Miss Knowlton, the author of this volume, to accept charge of the class, and it went on successfully for several years, Hunt continuing his interest in the students, especially in those who showed ability, or who seemed most seriously in earnest:

At this time the work of compiling the well-known series of Hunt's "Talks on Art" was begun. The teacher felt that her instructions would carry more weight if quoted from the words of the master himself; so, pencil and note-book were always at hand, and in his short, inspiring visits to the class, she would step behind a screen and rapidly write down all that could be obtained of his words without knowledge of short-hand. Done solely for her own use in teaching, she had no intention of making the notes public until Hunt's visit to Mexico, when she found that the class seriously missed the magnetism of his presence, and so brought forward the manuscript of his instructions.

Their publication was brought about in this wise:

Mr. Lowes Dickinson, a portrait-painter of London, was visiting the Boston publisher, Mr. James T. Fields. While at breakfast he noticed upon the wall of the room a photograph copy of the portrait of Chief-Justice Shaw.

"Who did that?" was his instant inquiry.

"Oh! that is by our artist, William Hunt. You do not know him? I must take you at once to see him."

"I did not intend to meet any artists or to visit any studios, but I

must see the man who can make a portrait like that. It's a modern Velasquez!"

Arrived at the studios, Mr. Fields tapped upon the class-room door, asking the teacher to speak to Mr. Hunt when he should arrive, and to present the distinguished stranger.

Casting about for some way of entertaining the visitor, the teacher showed him her manuscript notes of the Hunt "Talks," with which he was thoroughly delighted.

"Have it published at once, just as it is, and send me a dozen copies."

To Mr. Dickinson, more than to any one else, is due the publication of the "Talks." Hunt disliked the idea of their being printed. He felt that they might not be understood by the public, and that parts of the book would arouse enmity, especially in the minds of literary people. His objections were finally overcome by the London artist, and by several American friends who were in the habit of meeting at Levi Thaxter's house, in Newtonville, where the "Talks" were discussed far into the night. Mr. Thaxter afterward declared that it was difficult to restrain Hunt from destroying half of the manuscript. He had talked freely with his pupils, showing them how rare is the artist-instinct in a community like ours. It was another matter to publish to the world the personalities involved in such a conversation; yet, by a course of vigorous pruning, the manuscript was finally approved by Hunt. A second series, partially revised by him, appeared in 1883, four years after his death.

These books are all that is left in words of his trenchant and salient teaching. They are a mine of wealth to the art-student, and are better known in European studios than in those of our own country. Wherever there are English-speaking artists, the American edition of the "Talks on Art" is found hung upon the walls, and it is constantly referred to for inspiration and help.

That American art was not too well appreciated in Boston at this time is evident from the following anecdote:

A sculptor-friend of Hunt, who had executed, while in Paris, some fine bronzes, wrote to ask if it would be a good idea to exhibit them in Boston, and wished to know if there would be any probability of their being sold. He received this characteristic answer:

"By all means, show your things in Boston. If there are not more than three persons here who will enjoy them, you should send them. These three need to see them. As for selling, that you need not expect. But, if you can get up a lecture on the shape of the dishes used by the Greeks in which to mix plaster, you will have plenty of chances to deliver it; that subject being, at this moment, of surpassing importance in this city."

Here is another good story which Miss Knowlton tells:

On a certain visit to New York, he was entertained one evening by several members of the National Academy of Design. In the midst of their good cheer and friendly feeling, they begged him to come to the metropolis, and they would make him a member of the academy. His reply was as follows:

"These inducements are really irresistible. But I should have great fears that I could not pass your required examination as a draughtsman, even to enter your drawing-school; and this is the reason: One of my pupils was obliged to remove to your city, and asked me where to go in order to continue his studies. I told him to go to your school. He made inquiries concerning the steps to be taken, and found that it would be necessary to submit some drawings from the cast. I selected two or three heads from Trajan's column, and he set to work to draw them. Fearing that he would not draw them well enough for New York—although they might do in Boston—I helped him out. In fact, I did most of the work. They were my drawings as much as anything is mine. In due time they were submitted, and—rejected! The poor fellow was completely disheartened; and, in his sorrow, sought the sympathy of one of your great sculptors, who, upon seeing the drawings, said:

"Where did you find such beastly heads? I don't wonder that you were refused!"

"But these heads are from the famous Column of Trajan, and are admired the world over!" answered the now astonished aspirant for a seat in your school.

"Famous!" yelled the sculptor, with an oath; "I can make a dozen better ones than that before breakfast!"

"I am afraid that, after this bitter experience, I should stand a poor chance to pass your examination. As for your sculptor, I think that he could safely take out eleven from his dozen, and still have all he could do to make one head as good as the Trajan's, and then be compelled to work a few minutes after breakfast."

From the year of the burning of his studio in Sumner Street he had scarcely known a day of perfect health, or of freedom from pecuniary anxiety. His last days were spent at the Isles of Shoals, N. H., where he met his tragic death on September 8, 1879. In a letter to the New York Tribune, Mrs. Thaxter thus described the scene of the tragedy:

"At the top of the ledge behind the cottage at Appledore is a tiny basin hollowed out of the rock to catch the rains, a shallow reservoir filled with water, which is conducted by pipes to the wharf for the use of the small steam-yacht *Pinaford*, which plies continually between the islands during the season. It is a lovely place, this little sheet of tranquil water lying out on the top of the rocks, open to the sky and reflecting its every tint and change as perfectly as the great ocean beyond it. Hunt and his sister had sat together near it in the pleasant days, while she sketched it and the gable of the house close by. He often said how pretty it was. Round it the fragrant barberry bushes cluster thickly, and, until late, the wild roses blossom in sweetness. At its brim, all summer long, the little birds come to drink and to wash with twinkling wings ruffling the bright surface. Often I watched them from my window at sunrise—sparrows, swallows, sand-pipers, that make the place musical with melodious cries. Here on that Monday morning, when all our little world was seeking him, I found all that was left of our beautiful friend, floating upon his face, while the wind fluttered a fold of his long coat which lay on the water, dark in the still and sunny glitter of the surface elsewhere unbroken. In a moment help was on the spot, and unavailing efforts to resuscitate him were made, but life had been gone for some hours. He had not seemed more depressed than usual that morning. He sat with us by the fire for a while after breakfast. It had been raining. Then he went out, and we never saw him again. It was an hour or two before we were really aroused to alarm about him; for each one thought him in this or that place where he was accustomed to be, and no anxiety entered our hearts, for of such a catastrophe we could not dream."

Those who knew Hunt best, and who knew of his sufferings both at Weathersfield and at the Shoals, could understand that the immediate cause of his death was one of the fits of vertigo to which he had frequently been subject:

For several years he had not trusted himself to ford a river or to look from a great height. While working in Albany he usually avoided looking down from the high staging, a distance of forty feet. While at Weathersfield, Vt., he sometimes stopped when going down-stairs, feeling the possibility of an attack of vertigo. Doubtless, while standing by the reservoir at Appledore, he was seized by one of these attacks; and, leaning upon the staff of his umbrella, which seems to have broken under his weight, fell face down upon the water. This view is strengthened by the finding of the umbrella, with its broken staff, six months later, in the opposite side of the reservoir. A surgeon in attendance declared that he had fallen into the water while unconscious. He was so good a swimmer that he would have struggled unconsciously had the fall been premeditated.

The illustrations embrace portraits of the great artist and reproductions of his principal paintings, including some sketches which have not previously been published.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$3.00.

The new steel bridge across the St. Lawrence River at Quebec will be 4,000 feet long and 150 feet above the river, thus enabling the largest ship to pass under.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Romance and a Problem.

"The Web of Life," by Robert Herrick, contains a moving story of real people, and there is more than a mere story-teller's art in its thought and power. The work is a mass of material for the historian, the essayist, and the ovelist, with hut a few of its possibilities draw out and burnished. It is a sheaf of notes taken among the people and scenes of a great American city—people high and low, scenes of a crisis such as even great cities seldom see, and views as common as unfinished buildings and disordered streets. In this sheaf of notes there are some less fragmentary than others, many that are related, though the relation is suggested and never worked out, and a few that carry the life interests of two men and two women through some eventful years. The book has crudities and affectations, but these are not its most notable qualities.

Howard Sommers, a young physician, is the central figure of the story. In the first chapter he is shown in a hospital ward, about to perform an operation upon a man who has been shot in a saloon row. He realizes that the man's life is not worth saving, and that a mere postponement of the operation will open the gate to rest for the human wreck, but he puts away the thought which has not yet become a temptation. Then he notices for the first time, as she waits, the wife of the wounded man, and seeing how much above the sudden figure before him the woman is, he hesitates again, and in a few words intimates to her the significance of his work and of delay. But there is no hint of understanding on her part, and he performs the operation and saves the life. The husband recovers, but his mind is affected, and he becomes a burden and a terror to the patient woman who will not cast him off. In time he dies, but there is a mystery in his death which, if it were followed out, might lead to the suspicion that the opiate prescribed for him had been given in too large a dose. Sommers will not harbor such a belief, for he has come to love the woman, and a little later the two go away together.

After a vacation in the Wisconsin woods they come back to Chicago. There has been no marriage ceremony. It is a strange whim on the part of Alves, the wife who had suffered through being bound to a cruel and selfish man, but it is not her own account she refuses to permit Sommers to take on a yoke he could not throw off at will. She loves him, and with him endures poverty and the loss of friends that come to know the secret of the pair who have disregarded the conventions of life. And when she understands at last the blight she has brought upon him, and guesses that he believes the death of the paralytic husband came through unnatural means, she declares her innocence in a note and then throws herself into the lake.

This is the great motive of the work, but there are many other interests. The professional career of Sommers—in the hospital, as one of a popularly successful physician's staff, as an unskilled seeking practice in the suburbs of the city—and the development of his character; the men with whom he has to deal. An unscrupulous but ambitious fellow, who is first a socialist agitator and last the editor of an investors' paper; an honest lumber-dealer who has made a fortune and suffers through the worthlessness of his son; capitalist speculators; scheming professional men; and misled workmen who spread riot and disaster—these are figures that are sketched in with bold strokes. There are repelling views of life in the murky, bustling city, and many of them are distorted, but the problems underlying them are bare for inspection.

It is not a satisfying book, but it is a study that will interest. Alves Preston is a noble figure, and consistent, even beyond the usual standards. Her life was far from being a happy one, yet it was hardly less successful than that of the man who was happy with her for a time, and then, after her death, married a rich man's daughter whom he did not love.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Rectory and the Parsonage.

Rev. William Burton, rector of St. Radigunds, Kent, and Rev. Josiah Ketterley, pastor of Duck Lane Chapel, are contrasting figures in Isabel Smith's story of English home life, "The Minister's Guest," and they are good character studies. The two men are related by marriage and have a family interest in Miss Nannie Burton, the rector's ward, who is required by the terms of her mother's will to pass a year under the roof of the non-conformist minister before she reaches her twenty-first birthday. Miss Nannie's visit results in the capture of a wealthy young iron-founder—who had been engaged to one of the promising young ladies of the dissenting minister's fold—and in other disturbing occurrences in the straight-laced community, but all is satisfactorily arranged in the end.

The story is leisurely told, and its chief value is in its pictures of the varied interests in the two contrasting religious circles. At the rector's home all is ease and comfort, but at the Rev. Ketterley's there is economy and self-denial, and a strict observance of repressive customs that chills the young blood of the minister's guest. But for the recompense in the speedily awakened admiration of the pleasing though unsophisticated young parishioner who meets her there, Miss Nannie would have a very

disagreeable time of it. Miss Nannie is a very charming girl, and the happiness that comes at last after the trials of that year of probation is fully deserved.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Stories and Essays by Mark Twain.

From the magazines and reviews some fifteen of Mark Twain's recent stories and essays have been collected and reprinted in a volume entitled "The Mark Twain Corrupted Hadleyburg," and it is a book that will be called upon often to beguile weary hours. Among the stories there is none as long as the one that gives its title to the collection, but there are several that have as great a claim on the regard of readers. "My Debut as a Literary Person," "The Esquimaux Maiden's Romance," and "Is He Living or Is He Dead?" will be read here for the second or third time with increasing pleasure. Of the essays, "Coercing the Jews" and "Stirring Times in Austria" are perhaps the most notable, but none will be passed by new or old acquaintances. The "Private History of the 'Jumping Frog' Story" presents in new form that old but ever-pleasing fable.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The scene of Gilbert Parker's new novel is laid in Quebec. This is Mr. Parker's favorite haunting-ground. The book, which will be called "The Last That Has No Turning," will be the first book from Mr. Parker since 1897.

"Pie Koot," a story of Kentucky life, is the title of the new novel by William E. Barton, author of "A Hero in Homesport," which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

Mrs. Craigie's new novel, "Robert Orage," which is a sequel to "The School for Saints," has just been brought out in England. Disraeli again figures as a principal character.

At the time of his death Richard Hovey was engaged to writing a long poem on the subject of "Don Juan." It is possible that it will be published in fragmentary form.

"The Jay-Hawkers," Mrs. Adela E. Orpe's forthcoming romance, which is to be published by D. Appleton & Co., pictures the free-soil and border ruffian conflicts in Missouri and Kansas, and introduces the notorious guerrilla Quantrell, together with a dramatic picture of the sack of Lawrence.

F. Frankfort Moore confesses that he wrote thirty-one books before he attracted the attention of the public.

The Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Boston, has completed the life of Theodore Parker, on which he has long been at work.

Mrs. Schuyler Crowlinshead has a book in press which, it is said, will be published as soon as the author and publisher can agree upon a title. This is not an uncommon stumbling-block to publication in these days, when the marketable value of a title is recognized by both author and publisher, often from diametrically opposite points of view.

Ida M. Tarbell has rewritten her "Life of Napoleon," adding a brief biography of the Empress Josephine. The new edition, made from new plates, will be brought out in a few weeks.

A volume of verse by Carolyn Wells, illustrated by Oliver Herford, will make its appearance in the early autumn. Those who have seen Mr. Herford's drawings say that his collaboration with Miss Wells is singularly felicitous.

A new novel by Van Tassel Sutphen, entitled "The Cardinal's Rose," will shortly appear in serial form.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce for early publication E. Hough's romance of the plains, "The Girl at the Halfway House." A dramatic picture of a battle in the Civil War, which has been compared to scenes in "The Red Badge of Courage," opens the story.

It is said that the original of George Eliot's Felix Holt is Gerald Massey, the poet. In the 'sixties George Eliot frequently met him at John Chapman's.

In Poland it is worth while to be a distinguished man of letters. The announcement is made that the people of Warsaw have decided to signalize Henryk Siekiewicz's jubilee by a gift to him of a fine estate in that province. The presentation is to take place in November.

The English periodicals still keep talking about the completion of "The Dictionary of National Biography." It appears that the cost of producing this monumental work was in the neighborhood of \$750,000, and its publisher, Mr. George Smith, is quoted as saying that he will consider himself most fortunate if the financial return of the "Dictionary" shall equal half of his expenditure. The most prolific contributor to the "Dictionary" has been Mr. Sidney Lee, who furnished materials which, reckoned in that way, would be equivalent to three complete volumes. Five other contributors wrote what would amount to ten and a half volumes.

HOW RIDER HAGGARD BEGAN TO WRITE.

"My first attempt at imaginative writing was made while I was a boy at school," says Rider Haggard in a recent issue of *Success*. "One of the masters promised a prize to that youth who should best describe on paper any incident, real or imaginary. I entered the lists, and selected a scene at an operation in a hospital as my subject. The fact that I had never seen an operation nor crossed the doors of a hospital did not deter me in this bold endeavor, which, however, was justified by its success. I was declared to have won in the competition, though (probably through the forgetfulness of the master) I remember that I never received the promised prize.

"My next literary effort, written in 1876, was an account of a Zulu war dance, which I witnessed when I was on the staff of the governor of Natal. It was published in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* and very kindly noticed in various papers. A year later I wrote another article, entitled 'A Visit to the Chief Secococoi,' which very nearly got me into trouble.

"I was then serving on the staff of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and the article, signed with my initials, reached South Africa in its printed form shortly after the annexation of the Transvaal. Young men with pens in their hands are proverbially indiscreet, and in this instance I was no exception. In the course of my article I had described the Transvaal Boer at home with a fidelity that should be avoided by members of a diplomatic mission, and had even gone the length of saying that most of the Dutch women were 'fat.' Needless to say, my remarks were translated into the Afrikaander papers and somewhat extensively read, especially by the ladies in question and their male relatives; nor did the editors of those papers forbear to comment on them in leading articles. Shortly afterward there was a great and stormy meeting of Boers at Pretoria. As matters began to look serious, somebody ventured among them to ascertain the exciting cause, and returned with the pleasing intelligence that they were all talking about what the Englishman had written about the physical proportions of their womenkind, and domestic habits, and threatened to take up arms to avenge it.

"Of my feelings on learning this news I will not discourse, but they were uncomfortable, to say the least. Happily, in the end, the gathering broke up without war being declared, but when the late Sir Bartle Frere came to Pretoria some months afterward he administered to me a sound and well-deserved lecture on my indiscretion. I excused myself by saying that I had set down nothing which was not strictly true, and he replied to the effect that therein lay my fault. I quite agree with him; indeed, there is little doubt that these bald statements of fact as to the stoutness of the Transvaal *fraus* and the lack of cleanliness in their homes came near precipitating a result that, as it chanced, was postponed for several years. Well, it is all done with now, and I take this opportunity of apologizing to such of the ladies in question as may still be living.

"I think that it was in an article by a fellow-scribe, where, doubtless more in sorrow than in anger, that gentleman exposed the worthlessness of the productions of sundry of his brother authors, in which I learned that whatever success I had met with as a writer of fiction was due to my literary friends and to nepotism criticism. Yet nobody was ever more outside the ring or less acquainted with the art of 'rolling logs' than myself.

"The advice that I would give to would-be authors, if I may presume to offer it, is to think for a long while before they enter at all upon a career so hard and so hazardous, but, having entered upon it, not to be easily cast down. There are great virtues in perseverance, even though critics sneer and publishers prove unkind."

James Lane Allen's Anachronism.

In reply to a critic who claims that James Lane Allen made an anachronism in his new novel, "The Reign of Law," the Macmillan Company have sent out the following note:

"The eminence of a patient has always reflected a temporary notoriety upon his physician, and perhaps it is an analogous attraction that causes a certain class of critics to lie in wait for what they imagine to be slips of the pens for some authors. Some few years ago, it will be remembered, a well-known literary journal made the discovery that a character in one of Mr. Howells's novels spoke of Daisy Miller at a date when it had not been published. The laugh, however, proved to be on the reviewer when it was shown that he had read the story so carelessly as to overlook Mr. Howells's implication when he quoted Mr. Henry James's famous novel. Like Mr. Howells, Mr. James Lane Allen boldly stands by what he has written in 'The Reign of Law.' He weighed the purchase of Darwin's book by the hero of the story, and decided that the artistic principle of his novel overrode the merely pedantic use of the title and date of publication of the scientific work."

Dr. Maurus Jókai's "Reminiscences," soon to be published, will review Hungarian political, social, and literary history for the past fifty years.

That clever *poseur*, Max Beerbohm, has written a novel, his first, called "Luleika Dobson."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Poems by Robert Loveman.

Some fourscore of the dainty poetical contributions of Robert Loveman to the periodicals have been rescued, and are now offered in a volume entitled "A Book of Verses." The collection will be welcomed by all lovers of song, for these tender, graceful lyrics are worthy of preservation. Many of them have been carried in memory by chance readers, and if they are not of equal value there is a charm in every one.

This is the sentiment that speaks in nearly all of the poems:

SONG.

When nights are calm, and days are dear,
What can one do but sing?
When happiness is everywhere,
What can one do but sing?
The mountains melt along the sky,
The snowy pigeons circling fly,
A thousand visions kiss the eye,—
What can one do but sing?
When hope is thrummed in the heart,
What can one do but sing?
When play pleads, and sweet tears start,
What can one do but sing?
A thousand lights are in the sky,
A thousand thoughts about me fly,
A thousand visions kiss mine eye,—
What can I do but sing?

The poet's mood is not always gay, yet in his most serious questionings the beauty of form and melody is still with him:

OUTWARD BOUND.

When I am outward bound at last,
About my couch I pray,
No ghosts of sins from naut my past
Will drive my peace away.

I trust none come from out those years,
And my departure see,
Or whisper in my dying ears,
"Dost thou remember me?"

A fragrant tribute is offered in these lines, with but one thorn:

FROM DEVONSHIRE.

From Devonshire these roses came,
With souls of sweetness, hearts of flame,
They bear a message mute frae hame
From Devonshire.

To thee each petal must recall,
Some memory that doth enthral,
Of England, blown across her wall:

To me—they mirror in my mind,
Warm with the wooing of the wind,
Another ruse—of womankind,
From Devonshire.

This might have come from one of the gifted pens of an earlier age:

RICHES.

What to a man who loves the air
Are trinkets, gands, and jewels rare?
And what is wealth or fame to one
Who is a brother to the sun;
Who drinks the wine that morning spills
Upon the heaven-kissing hills,
And sees a ray of hope afar
In every glimmer of a star?

What to a man whose god is truth
Are spoils and stratagems, forthsooth—
Who looks beyond the doors of death
For loftier life, sublimer breath;
Who can forswear the state of kings
In knowledge of diviner things,
The dreams immortal that unroll
And burst to blossom in his soul?

To Marianna Alcaforado, "the Portuguese nun," these lines are addressed, and they tell her touching story with true feeling:

Betrayed, deserted, torn with Love,
Alas, poor Nun of Beja,
He was a wolf and thou a dove,
Sweet trusting Nun of Beja;
Into thy convent cote he came,
He brought thee bliss, despair, and shame,
And death,—and everlasting fame,
Dear love-lorn Nun of Beja.

When life's mad, burning day was done,
Sad, hopeless Nun of Beja,
Didst thou, beyond the stars and sun,
Triumphant Nun of Beja,—
Thou who didst all thy soul resign,—
Find that the highest bliss was thine,
Immortal through thy love divine,
Undying Nun of Beja?

The breath of spring comes from these verses:

IN PINK AND WHITE.

In pink and white the orchards lie,
Fragrant beneath an April sky,
The golden summer draweth nigh
In pink and white.

A robin in an apple-tree,
Is carolling in ecstasy—
And O puissant heart of me,
That little recks of fate or fear,
For Preciosa's cheek is near,
Where flushes blossom all the year
In pink and white.

Among the tenderest of his songs is this:

TO ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth, Elizabeth,
Thy lips might lure a man to death;
Thy face, thy form, thy bosom's swell,
Might tempt a man to happy hell.

And yet if for some grace of thine,
He should his soul to woe resign,
Thy sweet eyes wet with tearful rain,
Would lead him heavenward again.

And here is a note more serious yet:

IDENTITY.

Tell me, after life,
What shall be;
Tell me, after strife,
Of death's mystery?

For weal or for woe,
Beyond the sky,
God, let me know
That I am I.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"The Burden of Christopher," by Florence Converse, is a story of life problems in a New England village. It is full of conversation that is often artificial, but some of its figures are drawn with more than ordinary art. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Professor Elisha Gray offers in his Science Primers the second volume of "Nature's Miracles," which is devoted to energy, sound, heat, light, and explosives. His treatment of these topics is strictly scientific, yet terse and clear. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, 60 cents.

A diary of life and events in Kimberley during the siege is presented by E. Oliver Ashe in his volume "Besieged by the Boers." It is a matter-of-fact story, yet full of interest. Its illustrations are good reproductions of photographs. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A boy's adventures in the Philippines and in South Africa fill the volume by Elbridge S. Brooks entitled "With Lawton and Roberts." Some of the picturesque and striking incidents of the campaigns of the two noted leaders furnish the outlines for this dashing story. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.25.

Few works on Ancient Greece are equal in interest and value to J. G. Frazer's volume, "Pausanias, and Other Greek Sketches." It is biographical, historical, and descriptive. No less than ninety-six subjects are treated in the book, and each sketch is to be commended. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Cap and Gown in Prose" is a volume of short sketches selected from under-graduate periodicals of recent years, edited by R. L. Paget, and duly credited to authors and papers. The hits of humor, pathos, and bright description chosen are worthy of something more than the short life promised in their first publication. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The first of three books on the Hawaiian Islands, by E. S. Goodhue, government physician, is entitled "Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars." It is a miscellaneous collection of descriptive matter, with its historical portions treated in a particularly flippant way, and is poorly printed and illustrated. Published by the Editor Publishing Company, Cincinnati, O.; price, \$1.50.

Bright and entertaining pictures of foreign travel, novel personal experiences, and sympathetic reports of lively conversation make up Lillian Bell's volume, "As Seen by Me." It tells the reader of London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Greece, Naples, and Rome, but is seldom reminiscent of guide-book particulars. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

The Temple Primers form a series of small volumes of condensed information introductory to great subjects, written by leading authorities, and adapted to the needs of the general public as well as to the special studies of scholars and students, and the issues so far have been well received. Among the latest volumes are the following: "Introduction to Science," by Dr. Alexander Hill; "A History of Politics," by Edward Jenks; "The English Church," by H. D. M. Spence; "A History of South Africa," by W. Basil Worsfold; "The History of Language," by Henry Sweet; "Dante," by Edmund G. Gardner; "The Civilization of India," by Romesh C. Dutt; and "The Greek Drama," by Lionel D. Barnett. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 40 cents each.

The August Century Magazine.

The midsummer holiday issue of the *Century Magazine* is chiefly notable, perhaps, as introducing a writer hitherto unknown, Bertha Runkle, a young woman still in her early twenties. The scene she has chosen for her first effort in fiction is Paris at the time of the accession of Henry the Fourth. The story, which will run for several months, is called "The Helmet of Navarre." In the department of fiction there is also a humorous monologue, "The Author's Reading in Simpkinsville," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, and three other short stories—by Laura E. Richards, Lillie Hamilton French, and Mary Knowles Bartlett—besides an interesting installment of Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Dr. North and His Friends." An article that takes the reader far afloat is John Burroughs's first paper on the Harriman expedition to Alaska and Behring Sea. Of this adventurous party were John Muir, of glacier fame, and R. Swain Gifford, the painter, who is

one of the illustrators. Another outdoor paper is Maurice Thompson's "In the Woods with the Bow"—a breezy account of hits and misses in shooting at game birds, with humorous pictorial comment by Miss Cory. Other interesting contributions are a review by Booker T. Washington of "The Montgomery Race Conference," a second budget of Dr. William Mason's "Memories of a Musical Life," the tenth of John Morley's papers on Oliver Cromwell, and poems by John Burroughs, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Beatrice Hanscom, and L. Frank Tooker.

IGNORANCE OF THE BIBLE.

The prevalent ignorance of the Bible among many classes to-day, often commented upon of late, has led Dr. Charles F. Thwing, president of the Western Reserve University, to examine college students on the subject. The result of his work he has given in an article in the *Century* for May, entitled "Significant Ignorance About the Bible."

Dr. Thwing selected from Tennyson's works a number of passages containing Bible allusions, and submitted these in an English examination to members of the freshman class. Later on he gave the same questions to fifty-nine young ladies in the freshman class at a woman's college in the East. The young men were from central New York, northern Ohio, and western Pennsylvania, and the young women generally from New England. Their fathers were lawyers, doctors, preachers, business men, farmers. All the students were from communities where intelligence prevailed, and all without exception had some church affiliation. Both the young men and young women were of the average college age of twenty. While one young woman answered every question correctly, another made one mistake, and a third but two mistakes, the percentage of correct answers was less than forty-three for the men and a little more than forty-nine for the women. Dr. Thwing's selections were as follows:

1. "My sin was a thorn
Among the thorns that girt Thy brow."
2. "As manna on my wilderness."
3. "That God would move
And strike the hard, hard rock, and thence
Sweet in their utmost bitterness,
Would issue tears of penitence."
4. "Like that strange angel which of old,
Until the breaking of the light,
Wrestled with wondering Israel."
5. "Like Hezekiah's, backward runs
The shadow of my days."
6. "Joshua's moon in Ajalon."
7. "A heart as rough as Esau's hand."
8. "Gash thyself, priest, and honor thy brute
Baal."
9. "Ruth among the fields of corn."
10. "Pharaoh's darkness."
11. "A Jonah's gourd
Up in one night and due to sudden sun."
12. "Stiff as Lot's wife."
13. "Arimathæan Joseph."
14. a. "For I have flung thee pearls and find
thee swine."
14. b. "Not red like Iscariot's."
15. "Perhaps, like him of Cana in Holy Writ,
Our Arthur kept his best until the last."
16. "And marked me even as Cain."
17. "The Church on Peter's rock."
18. "Let her eat it like the serpent, and be
driven out of her paradise."
19. "A whole Peter's sheet."
20. "The godless Jephtha vows his child
To one cast of the dice."
21. "A Jacob's ladder falls."
22. "Till you find the deathless angel seated in
the vacant tomb."

The New York *Sun* makes the following study of the answers:

"Of the 85 students to whom the examination-paper was submitted, a quarter knew nothing of the crown of thorns or of the manna; about 30—Dr. Thwing gives the exact numbers in each case—could not explain the striking of the rock, or the angel that wrestled with Israel, or Jacob's ladder; about 40 could not recall the story of Esau, or that of Ruth, or the mark of Cain, or the angel seated in the vacant tomb. Curiously enough all of the girls but three could tell about Lot's wife and all but ten about the serpent, while 22 men out of 34 knew nothing of either. Hezekiah's shadow floored 75 of the 85. Jonah's gourd stumped 66, while Joshua's moon and Peter's sheet numbered 60 victims each."

"Some amazing examples of wrong answers are given: 'Iscariot means the cross on which Christ was crucified'; 'Arimathæan Joseph was Christ's father,' and several tell of his coat of many colors; Ruth was 'grieving for her children,' and Jonah's gourd is an 'allusion to the emesis of Jonah by the whale,' one of many ingenious efforts to make the whole story, with which all seemed familiar, fit in with the unknown gourd."

Dr. Thwing draws the conclusion from these results that the Bible is not read or taught as it used to be, and casts about for causes. He finds one in 'the fact that the world has become a world of books and a world of magazines and a world of newspapers. The world is no longer Puritan England, or Puritan Massachusetts Bay Colony—a people of one book.' He finds others in the decline of family life with the development of the individuality of its members, in the elimination of the Bible from the public schools, and in the decline in attendance at church on Sunday. Family prayers, he asserts, are less common than formerly, the Bible is in many homes opened only once a week, and the Sabbath-school has not taken the place of the family in teaching the facts and truths of the Bible."

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Care of the Face, the Hands, the Feet, the Hair, the Teeth, the Eyes, the Ears.
Food in Relation to Health and Beauty.
Clothing and Health.
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Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin are resting this week, and the management, who are carrying out their summer campaign with great prudence and skill, have presented a farcical romance to fill the gap caused by the postponement of "The Only Way." Anything in dramatic nomenclature that includes the word "farce" is beginning to be alarming, for that term, as a general thing, is used to cover arid wastes of dramatic emptiness, dullness, and generally amiable idiocy. However, there is nothing so certain to happen as the unexpected, and this amusing *meringue* of laughter, love, and graceful nonsense, which might be regarded as a stop-gap during an off week, turned out to be the vehicle for very skillful and diverting acting. And what a joy it was to see Sadie Martinot almost, if not quite her old, pretty, mincing, captivating self again, looking, as the scandalized Mrs. Bolingbroke remarked, "like a picture from *La Vie Parisienne*," as she peacocked daintily about the stage, with her pink roses flying, her rosy chin tilted at the most impudent angle, and her saucy hat tilted coquettishly over her audacious, provocative, pretty countenance. She is a woman who possesses to the full what Mrs. Humphry Ward in "Eleanor" calls "the last, maddening touch" of charm. Mrs. Ward hit off the idea very well, although her heroines are not given to being of the maddening kind. Solemn, shy, Puritan Lucy, who is the most un-American of Americans, and apparently evolved from fancy rather than reality, is the last woman in the world to madden men's hearts. Rather would they enshrine her gently in a distant, cool, reverentially curtained spot, and, leaving her to her maidenly seclusion, proceed with great zest and ardor to the pursuit of some dancing, fluttering, lace-winged butterfly of the Stella De Gex variety.

Grace Elliston, with her air of girlish inexperience and a pleasant genuineness of nature that expresses itself in a simple, downright manner, was an admirable foil to the fascinating frivolity of Stella. She is still slightly crude; she does not feel quite sure of herself, and shows it in little fluttered mannerisms, but in some way these slight defects seemed to adapt her even more to the part of the girlish ingénue. The love-scene with William Courtenay was a charming transcript of the ways of youthful lovers, almost as fresh, natural, spontaneous, and entertaining as if we had surprised a pair of genuine lovers first making shy yet audacious advances toward sounding each other's heart-throbs. The youth was eager, impulsive, audacious, winning, sturdily maintaining each advantage; the maiden responsive, but coy. Very prettily did she withdraw the light of a soft-eyed, long-lashed gaze when the lover pressed too hard. This scene was a test from which these two young people emerged so triumphantly that it showed how well they deserved the chance of winning their spurs in this clever play.

Frank Worthing came out in a new light, as a full-fledged and entirely successful comedian. He was a comedian of the unutterably solemn kind, so enwrapped about, steeped in, and weighed down by his alarmingly sudden fit of infatuation, that he might have exclaimed with old Polonius: "This is the very ecstasy of love!" He made it a very comic ecstasy, as he wandered around as if in a hypnotic trance, with his long, anxious nose ever pointing toward the lady of his dreams.

Morgan, too, was solemn. He is always solemn, at least on the stage. The beautiful, gilt-edged creature knew he was miscast, and was too wise to attempt comedy. We owe him thanks for sparing us the spectacle of an intensely serious actor trying vainly to be funny, almost as much as we owe Worthing thanks for trying and succeeding. I think—in fact, I could almost swear—that I saw Morgan look directly at his interlocutor at least three times in the course of the evening. I can also chronicle with relief that I caught a few things he said. This indistinctness of articulation, which, by the by, seems to be from nervousness rather than carelessness, should be put down by its owner with a firm band. Unpardonable is the actor who slights this first essential of his vocation. Frank Worthing, who is handicapped naturally with the hot-potato variety of articulation, has done gallant execution against this weakness, and won the fight. He is now a clear, distinct, thoroughly intelligible speaker. William Courtenay, also, even when speaking most rapidly, never slights a syllable. As for the elder people, long experience has taught them the importance and value attached by the audience to the slightest remark uttered on the stage, and when Mr. Walcot and Mrs. Whiffen hold the scene one never bears that sibilant, anguished, injured plaint, "What did they say?" Walcot had his chance in the sonorous,

unctuously uttered gallantries of the Right Honorable. Even Mrs. Whiffen was given a scene in which as an ancient lady she makes sentimental advances toward the impassive Morgan, who indicated the fact that he was getting on in years by leaving his youthful countenance intact, and carelessly dabbing several spots of something that looked like candle-grease on his sleek, dark young temples.

As you see, there was a pervasive love mania aroused in the breast of all the inhabitants of the Ammandaland Islands.

And what was it all about? What satirical purpose is masked by all this gay frivolity? For my part, I think that this unknown Marshall is not in the least troubling his head about underlying meanings. He has a knack of composing gay, in-consequent, amusing dialogue, as light and sparkling as champagne bubbles, as pleasantly exhilarating for a moment's space, and then forgotten. He has not needed much of a plot to develop this specialty of his, but gayly flouting tradition he has used the idea of a love infecting alopec powder which pervades the air of the Indian isle. This device has enabled him to contrive a number of delightfully amusing scenes, in which the style of acting is in most cases of a quaint burlesque character. The people are as absolutely serious and as deliciously funny as the inhabitants of Alice's Wonderland. Everybody is nice-looking, well-bred, bandomely dressed, and says amusing things. We have taken a joyous excursion into the land of absurdities, and when we return we find ourselves refreshed and exhilarated by this grown-up fairy-taleism, with not a bad or bitter taste left behind.

The wisest, staidest, and most conservative of us are wont to occasionally discover with a sensation of surprise that we still retain an innate liking for melodrama, in spite of an habitually lofty attitude on the subject. There is something simple, crude, and elemental in the open appeal it makes to the emotions; there is a sort of cheerful barbarism, like the tam-tam of savage music, in the candor with which it reveals its methods of working up sensations. It does not appeal to the intellect, for that remains comfortably dormant during the fires, robberies, murders, and hair-breadth escapes in the typical melodrama; nor to the student of histrionic art, for the types rush by too rapidly to amount to more than a visual flitting on the mental retina. Poetry, music, art, even the ever-attractive vaudeville turn, are lacking, and yet crowds are rushing nightly to fill the seats at the Grand Opera House, there to witness the popular London melodrama, "The Great Ruby."

It must be that intensely human love of excitement that impels people to revel so in the continually shifting scenes, the ever-changing personalities, the rush of trivial or picturesque incident, the crash and glare of spectacular crime. These London writers of melodrama, moreover, have discovered the child-like delight that the people take in seeing reproduced on the stage scenes and types familiar to them in their daily comings and goings, and which is merely another phase of the passion of the public for the variety and incident of street life. Hence the London audiences are treated to views of oft-seen streets, docks, jails, parks, pleasure-grounds, shops, inns, and hotels. And the untraveled public of San Francisco who saw "With Flying Colors," when the Frawley Company was last here, and who have seen "The Great Ruby" during the present season, fondly indulge themselves with the idea that they have taken a dip into the sights and diversions of both the upper and lower classes of London.

Frawley is presenting this lengthy melodrama with his company of last winter almost, if not quite, intact, and with the powerful addition to its strength of Wilton Lackaye. He has also added Corona Riccardo, and thrifflily gathered in Henry Roberts, who, in the Maggie Moore company, appeared to be a young gentleman of very poor attainments in the present, but fair possibilities in the future. He was scarcely to be recognized in the part of the loquacious and easily confiding detective, which, of course, entirely repressed a certain old-fashioned picturesqueness that is latent in him.

Corona Riccardo's foreignness of appearance was appropriate to the character she assumed, which was that of a Russian countess. Out here in these Western wilds we are not exactly clear as to what a Russian countess looks like. On one fact, however, we have a tight grip. She should look like no one else. And as Miss Riccardo is a gypsyish-looking young lady, with marked features, inky-black hair, and a good stage presence, she does very well to suit the generally vague conception of the appearance of a Russian lady of rank, although she has not yet learned how to dress herself effectively.

Miss Van Buren has a part that is something in line with that of the Sans-Gêne, and as she rendered that character during her last visit to San Francisco with a very fair conception of the broad, huxom, beaming, and good-humored capability of the ex-washerwoman, so she also developed with gusto and a sort of hearty realism the character of the cheerful, loud-voiced, impulsive, middle-class Englishwoman who aspires to be a *grande dame*. Her sleep-walking scene, by the way, is reminiscent of the incident in Wilkie Collins's novel, "The Moonstone," in which the famous Indian gem, whose moon-like beauty of lustre was intimated in its name, was lost in a similar manner by being un-

consciously carried away and secreted by a somnambulist.

Wilton Lackaye was entirely buried in his part of the Indian prince. He is an actor not only of power but of versatility. All San Francisco saw him some five years ago as Svengali, and many remember him as a graceful, ardent, and effective lover in society plays. He also, during a previous engagement in the New York company of which Julia Arthur was the leading lady, represented with great skill and realism and low-class humor the widely diverse rôle of a wife-beating, sneak-thieving cockney ruffian. Kassim Wadia is a mere stuffed stage figure, a character that anything in trousers could have assumed. Let us hope, during this engagement, that Mr. Lackaye's sterling histrionic powers may have fuller sway, and that after our dissipated dip into the delirium of melodrama is over we may have a chance or so to see him at his best.

JOSEFITA.

LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"Up in Maine," by Holman F. Day, is a collection of Yankee dialect stories in rhyme. Many of the compositions would have been attractive in plain prose. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"The Spanish Verb, with an Introduction on Spanish Pronunciation," by Lieutenant Peter E. Traub, is a new text-book which takes into account the peculiarities attending the Spanish-American speech as found in our island possessions. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

The hero of S. R. Crockett's latest novel, "The Isle of the Winds," is kidnapped from Aberdeen to be sold in Philadelphia as a slave, but escapes to an Indian tribe in the West Indies. The historical setting of the story is correct and the author's effort to make it seem real is successful, even in the most exciting situations. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Meloon Farm," the novel by Maria Louise Pool, published since her death, is one of the best of her stories. Its heroine, Wilhelmina Armstrong, is a winning figure, in spite of her impulsiveness and girlish caprices. Her success and failure as a great singer, and the tangle of her love affairs, furnish many interesting situations. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

In Tarr and McMurry's Geography Series the second book is "North America, with an Especially Full Treatment of the United States and Its Dependencies." The volume is noteworthy for its profusion of fine illustrations and maps, and the admirable system and classification put in use by its authors. Its title is sufficient to demonstrate that the work is up to date. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

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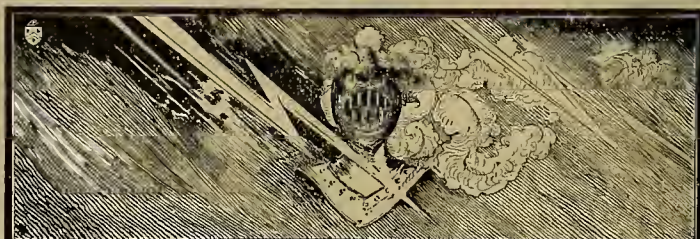
WEEK DAYS—9:30 a. m., 1:45 and 5:15 p. m.

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The Midsummer Holiday Number
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By a New Writer:
"THE HELMET OF NAVARRE."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Opening of the Grand-Opera Season.

The principal event at the theatres next week will be the opening of the annual grand-opera season at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening in Verdi's "Aida." The demand for seats for the opening night has been unprecedented, and Signors Salassa and Avedano, who have come here direct from Milan, are sure to have an enthusiastic welcome, for last season they established themselves firmly in the regard of the lovers of good music. The cast will include Avedano as Radames, Salassa as Amonasro, Signor Alessandro Nicolini (the basso profundo, who will sing for the first time in America) as Ramphis, William Schuster as the king, Anna Lichter as Aida, and Frances Graham as Amneris. "Aida" is to be repeated on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights.

Verdi's "Lucia," which is to be given on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights, will introduce Signora Italia Repetto in the title-role, Signor Domenico Russo, as Edgar, and Signor Guiseppi Ferrari as Ashton.

The chorus and orchestra have been enlarged, and will be under the direction of Max Hirschfeld. Patrons are requested to be seated each evening at eight o'clock, at which hour the performance will begin.

"Brother Officers" at the Columbia.

The Miller company will next week revive Leo Trevor's charming play, "Brother Officers," which received its first American production at the Columbia Theatre last August, and has since duplicated its local success at the Empire Theatre, New York. It is a comedy-drama in three acts, and deals with army life among the English Lancers. Henry Miller will again be seen in the rôle of Lieutenant John Hinds, a sort of rough diamond promoted from the ranks to the swagger regiment for bravery on the field. His previous acts of bravery included one which called for great daring, and in carrying it out he saved the life of Pleydell, an officer of the regiment which he joins. The plot of the play has to do in main with the efforts of this officer to teach Hinds how to be a gentleman, for he had been in the wilds of India so long that his ability to be quite the proper thing in the smartest regiment in the service was somewhat lacking. The complications arising from Hinds' endeavors to follow his friend's advice to be genial and easy form a splendid comedy element, which is interspersed with dramatic situations, telling of Pleydell's troubles with a gambler, which threaten to bring disgrace upon him. Hinds arranges matters for his brother officer, who wins his sweetheart, Baroness Roydan, and is still received as an honored member of the First Lancers. It transpires that Hinds has himself fallen in love with the baroness; but, after smoothing things over for his best friend, he resigns from the regiment and goes back to India, leaving the two lovers to their happiness.

Margaret Anglin, Margaret Dale, Mrs. Whiffen, Edwin Stevens, Charles Walcot, and Frank Lamb will have their former rôles, and E. J. Morgan, William Courtenay, E. Y. Backus, Harry Spear, and Lillian Thurgate will complete the cast.

"Heartase" is to be staged on Monday, August 6th.

The Frawley Company in "The Red Lamp."

"The Red Lamp," an exciting drama of Russian life and nihilistic intrigue, which has long been one of the greatest successes in the repertoire of Beer-bohm Tree, the noted English actor, is to be given its initial performance in this city by the Frawley Company at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday night. It is said to contain two very strong rôles, that of the Princess Claudia and M. Paul Demetrius, which are to be impersonated by Keith Wakeman and Wilton Lackaye, respectively.

The plot of "The Red Lamp" may be thus briefly summarized: The Princess Claudia is a stanch royalist, and in her passionate devotion to the Czar has been the means of thwarting many attempts against his life. Her brother, Prince Alexis, has become implicated in a conspiracy, led on by one Ivan Zazzulie, a journalist, who cherishes a deep hatred against her because she repulsed his advances in years past. When the princess learns of the peril of her brother, she becomes an unwilling tool in Ivan's hands, and allowing her love for her brother to overcome her zeal for the Czar, she places in the centre of the window a red lamp, which is used as an instrument to warn the conspirators that a raid is planned against them by her husband, General Morakoff. M. Paul Demetrius, of the secret police, suspects the complicity of the princess, and succeeds in ferreting out the hiding-place of the plot, where a mine is already prepared to be sprung as the Czar passes by on his way to Moscow. The princess ventures into this house, where she is discovered by her husband, but her ready wit comes to her rescue, and she so far persuades the general of her innocence, that he commands Demetrius, her accuser, to place the red lamp in the window himself. The traitor, Ivan, comes to the place to betray his comrades, when Alexis taxes him with treachery, and demands the instant return of a photograph which contains the faces of all the conspirators. Baffled and cowed, he finally gives it back, but stabs the prince, only to be shot himself. The Czar is

saved, and the climax witnesses the death of Alexis in the arms of his devoted sister, the Princess Claudia.

"By the Sad Sea Waves."

The Dunne and Ryley comedians will devote the next to the last week of their season at the California Theatre to Matthews and Bulger's greatest success, "By the Sad Sea Waves," which has been presented here before. The three acts take place in and around the Finishville Habit Cure Sanitarium, conducted by Judge Grace (John W. Dunne). Matthews and Bulger will play their original parts of Palmer Coin, slight of hand and strong of nerve, and Boston Budge, an answer to an advertisement. Tony Hart will have a congenial part as Professor Wagner Flat, and Phil H. Ryley will be in his element as Algernon Campbell. Judge Grace's three daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity, will be played by Adlyn Estee, Marion Gunning, and Norma Whalley; Mary Marble should make a capital Sis Hopkins; Bessie Tannehill will again appear as a school-mistress, Lavinia Primer; and Ethel Kirwin will be Effic Eatman. All the other members of the big company, including the eight English dancing-girls, will be in the cast.

At the Orpheum.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mason will be the most interesting new-comers at the Orpheum next week. They have only recently been married, and this is their first professional appearance together. Mrs. Mason is a San Franciscan and is better known here as Katharine Gray. Until recently she was playing Roxane to Richard Mansfield's Cyrano de Bergerac, but she suddenly withdrew from his company and brought suit against him for damages, claiming that he had humiliated her before the other members of the company, thereby causing her much mental distress, which ultimately affected her health. Mr. Mason, who during the past season held the position of leading man in Daniel Frohman's stock company at Daly's Theatre, New York, is a general favorite here and is not altogether new to the vaudeville stage. On his last visit to this city he appeared at the Orpheum in a clever skit with his former wife, Marion Manola. The Masons are spending their vacation in California, and at the end of their brief vaudeville engagement here in a clever legitimate comedietta, "A Loving Legacy," they will return to New York to resume their places on the legitimate stage.

Among the other specialties on the programme will be the Nichols Sisters; Zelma Rawlston, the well-known male impersonator; Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, in a singing and musical act; the St. Ouge Brothers, comedy cyclists; Sullivan and Webster, Mazie King, Jessie Padgham, and the Biograph.

Loie Fuller's Theatre at the Exposition.

"Loie Fuller opened her *chic* little theatre in the Rue de Paris the other night and all bohemian Paris and environs stood outside in homage to the popular American," says Amy Leslie in a letter to the Chicago News. "Her theatre is an odd, unique, and decidedly attractive kiosk viewed outside, and, though tiny, accommodates about two hundred, that number of her personal friends being admitted by invitation the opening night. There is no apparent building at all, but a sweep of pink-shaded staff suggesting flames, faint but warm, rises from the ground to the height of the theatre, which wave of impressionistic originality is surmounted by other equally huge and active waves, all delicately handsome and appropriate, making a roof to the theatre and a pedestal for a superb plaster statue of Miss Fuller in one of the graceful evolutions of her fire-dance.

"Loie continues to be a success, and serious poets write sketches and grave artists sketch new dances for her. She has a monologue sufficiently dull to warrant eviction, but it is written by a personage in literary circles, and she acts prettily and wears bewitching array. She was only to play in her theatre that week, and was assisted the opening night by Marshall Wilder, who was omnivorous of applause, and neither droll nor amusing. I can not imagine how Marshall happened to trip over the flying draperies of Miss Fuller and find himself so well landed in Paris, for he is the least engaging of the comedians of his sort, and was tamé after the clever little American over at Folies Bergère. Those charming Japs who stopped at the Lyric in Chicago on their way over to Paris and gave Chicago an opportunity to enjoy their cunning tragedies, take Miss Fuller's theatre next week.

"Negotiations are pending by which Mme. Adelaide Herrmann may be one of the attractions during the exposition. Mme. Herrmann ought to make a tremendous hit in Paris. She speaks beautiful French, her exquisite Japanese act is especially adapted to so tiny a place as La Loie's theatre, and everything except a report of the threatened matrimony of the great magician's widow points to an early appearance of La Herrmann, where she will find an eagerly appreciative public. Miss Fuller lives in comfort here, and is surrounded by just the sort of sympathetic bohemians she likes best, and her name is a head-liner at any theatre whenever she cares to dance."

SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; BEST RESULTS with least cost.

DEATH OF A NOTED WIGMAKER.

All the principal actresses of Paris attended a funeral the other day at the Church of La Trinité (writes the Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser). Such an array of grace and beauty is seldom seen following a hearse through the streets, and Paris stared in astonishment and admiration. The hearse was covered with rare flowers and the band of pretty mourners was led by the divine Sarah herself!

Who was the celebrity thus accompanied to her last resting-place? A great artist among artists, it unknown to the public in general—Mme. Loisel, the wigmaker of the French actresses, a good soul, who never refused to provide the most gorgeous golden or raven-black heads of hair for poor beginners. Her ways were quite motherly, and she would give them limited credit only. She was present at all first nights, even the most extraordinary ones, for which princes and millionaires did not hesitate to pay fifty or one hundred dollars for a stall. So she became an institution, with her plump, happy face, crowned by the most elaborate constructions in hair, varying in color according to the dress she wore, and her little sparkling spray of good diamonds at the throat.

When Sarah Bernhardt was intrusted, quite by accident, with the part of Zanetta, the page in Coppée's "Le Passant," which was the starting point of her brilliant career, she did not know where to procure the long, black locks of the Florentine boy. She did not dare go to the celebrated Loisel, until encouraged to do so by a friend. Plucking up her courage, Sarah went to the wigmaker. Loisel asked one hundred dollars for the wig or a stall for the first night, when it was expected that "Agar would be superb." Sarah was nobody then, and, to her dismay, the theatre secretary flatly refused to give her a stall, or even a "strapontin." Full of sadness, she proceeded on the eventful evening to her dressing-room, where, on a "champion," guarded from the dust by a piece of tissue-paper, the Florentine wig had been placed in the afternoon by Mme. Loisel herself. Then, flattening and twisting her own frizzled auburn hair, Sarah tried on the wig. Suddenly the door opened, and the wigmaker appeared, as red as a lobster and in a violent temper. "Ma petite," she cried, "I have not received the stall or the money. I will not be cheated. Give me back my wig quickly!" So saying, she tore it from Sarah's head. "Now, my dear, three hundred francs, if you have them, or a stall, as you promised. I give you ten minutes to arrange matters. Good-by." And she went away, slamming the door, after having thrown the wig on a heap of clothes. But the ten minutes passed, and she did not return. Sarah wore the wig.

When the curtain fell that night, and Sarah reappeared, hand in hand with the great tragedian, the house was convulsed with enthusiasm, and one sharp voice was becoming hoarse with screams of admiration. Sarah looked and saw Mme. Loisel waving her arms, like the sails of a windmill. "You see, my dear," said the wigmaker, when she ran up to see Sarah in her dressing-room, "something at the last moment told me that I ought not to disturb you, so I gave fifty francs for a seat which had been returned to be disposed of, and I do not regret it! Now, I give you the Florentine youth's wig, for Loisel is no idiot, and she knows that one day it will be an honor for her to have provided you with your first wig."

And on that evening began a friendship between the wigmaker and the actress which ended only the other day when the great comedienne followed the black hearse from the church of La Trinité.

It was observed at the first performance of Sousa's band in the American section of the Paris Exposition, that the enthusiasm of the great audience that gathered to hear it did not break all bounds until the "Cakewalk" and other rag-time pieces were played. It danced and whooped and demanded encores until the band was exhausted. The Frenchmen present could not understand it.

The subject of the Burton Holmes lectures for next Thursday afternoon, August 2d, and Sunday night, August 5th, will be "Round About Paris." As a special feature, a number of interesting Klondike motion-pictures will be displayed.

— MOST EVERY ONE WHO HAS WHISKY FOR sale compares its virtues to Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky.

Mrs. Martin, wife of Frank Martin, engineer to the Ameer of Afghanistan, is one of the few white women who have ever lived in the capital of that strange country. She says the Ameer is kind and courteous to the English, and does his best to make things pleasant for them. There were only four other Europeans in Cabul when Mrs. Martin was there. The house in which she lived was formerly a harem, and is inclosed by a huge wall with strong gates. A guard of fifteen of the Ameer's sepoys surrounds it day and night, and by the Ameer's orders no member of the household is allowed out without an escort. Mrs. Martin took a bicycle to Cabul, and was the first woman to ride a wheel in its streets. The queen was struck with admiration, and, having ordered a costly machine from England, sent for Mrs. Martin to teach her to ride it; but, after one or two attempts, she grew weary of trying to balance herself, and the bicycle has been an ornament of the harem ever since.

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VANITY FAIR.

William Waldorf Astor's controversy with Sir Archibald Milne in London has furnished material for a good deal of discussion, and while there seems to be a disposition to question his action in making any reference in the *Pall Mall Gazette* to the matter, it is pointed out that, in requesting an uninvited guest to withdraw from his *salons*, he has emphasized that cardinal principle of Anglo-Saxon life which insists that every man's house is his castle, and moreover has merely taken precisely the same step as Lord Derby and other equally prominent Englishmen to check an abuse of hospitality that has become absolutely intolerable in Mayfair. Nowhere is the practice of "taking on" friends to entertainments to which they have not been "urged" carried to such an extent as in London (says the *New York Tribune*). A hostess will issue say four hundred invitations to a concert or to a dance, and provide supper for that number, and will then find her party swamped and her *salons* overrun with several hundred additional and uninvited guests who happen to have been dining with those who have been asked, and who have been "brought on" by the latter. Sometimes these uninvited guests are perfect strangers to the host or hostess, while in other instances they are personally distasteful to the master or mistress of the house, and this being the case their presence is, nine times out of ten, unwelcome. As already stated, several great personages in London have before this expressed their strong disapproval of the practice by demanding the withdrawal of unasked guests, and it may be doubted whether in view of the fact that well-bred Americans in London are invariably described as "distinguished" and enjoy altogether exceptional social advantages and prestige, anything like the exception would have been taken to Mr. Astor's treatment of Sir Archibald had he remained a citizen of the United States instead of becoming a naturalized Englishman. In that respect, at any rate, his rank would have been rated higher and given him greater social authority, even in London, if he had still been an American.

The latest slang phrase in New York (remarks the *Chicago Times-Herald*) is "it's fierce." If one wears a shirt that has plenty of color, his friends say "it's fierce"; if a young lady comes out with snowy shoulders and a diamond tiara, her admirers stand off and whisper, one to another: "Isn't she fierce?" If a horse shows up well on the track, the sports pass along the word that "Whirlwind is fierce to-day." The golfer who succeeds in winning five out of six holes from Colonel Bogey is "fierce," and when the baby is brought out all dressed in its downiest coat and softest laces, its beautiful auntie holds up her hands and exclaims: "Oh, isn't the darling fierce!" Everything in New York is "fierce" just now. If you have a desire to shine before men as one who is thoroughly up to the present, you must forget to say "wouldn't that jar you," and express the opinion that "it's fierce." This newest slang phrase is peculiarly and particularly adapted to the summer season, because it is used without any regard to the original meaning of the word "fierce." In this way it may be made to serve any purpose. In two words one may describe a national political convention, a religious convocation, a dog fight, a marriage in high life, a christening, a funeral, or anything else that can happen in a civilized community. For tired people "it's fierce" comes as a boon at a time when hoons are scarce, and to the lazy person the phrase may be made to do duty as an entire vocabulary. It is a bit of slang that ought to be welcomed everywhere.

Most of the noted tailors of New York and Chicago are of the opinion that the new single-breasted frock-coat, which the Prince of Wales introduced at the queen's garden-party a few weeks ago, will not have much of a vogue on this side of the Atlantic. In London it is being generally adopted, the tailor who invented it claiming three advantages for the new style—that it is out of the common, that it is cooler for hot weather than the double-breasted frock, and that it affords more opportunities for displaying a fancy vest to advantage. In pattern it is like the coat worn by Episcopal clergymen, except that the buttons are not meant to be fastened, so as to allow of wide exposure of the fancy waistcoat. The silk lining extends to the edges and the lapels continue all the way down to the bottom of the coat, giving the garment the appearance of a light overcoat. The tailors in this country say it is old-fashioned, and exhibit a fashion-plate of 1876 containing a picture of this new royal garment. One of them ventures this explanation: "I have heard it said that the Prince of Wales sometimes wears clothes that he has not had on before in years, and I believe that must have been the case when he appeared at the garden-party in a single-breasted frock"; while another declares: "If the prince had changed from the conventional black to some brighter color—a delicate shade of green or blue, for instance—the change would have made an instantaneous bit with all good dressers."

On several occasions our dandies have distinguished themselves by making wild efforts to introduce strange details into the matter of personal adornment. One year a few of them appeared

wearing bracelets. And in spite of the fact that such things are frequently affected by athletic Englishmen and anglo-maniacal Frenchmen, the attempt was not successful. At Newport last year a young man who has made himself prominent by eccentricities of various sorts, astonished the cottagers by wearing a hangle on his ankle. But this was simply regarded as an idiosyncrasy. There was no more chance of anybody following that style than if he had driven through Newport with a ring in his nose. According to the *New York Sun*, certain over-dressed youths of that town have introduced an innovation this summer which is both startling and ridiculous. "These persons, who take much thought of what they put on, are wearing with their low shoes open-work socks of gaudy hue. It is hardly necessary to say that all right-thinking men regard such an article of attire as an absurdity. The masculine ankle is not supposed to be at any time a thing of beauty, differing essentially from the feminine in this respect. To draw attention to it so, is ridiculous or worse. It is all very fine for women to affect a certain masculine air in the clothes that they wear on certain occasions. There is a reason for this. For golfing and other open-air sports the simplicity of our togs is desirable. But for men to do the opposite is a case of going beyond the bounds of reason and propriety. The haberdasher who invented open-work socks for men ought to be held up to public scorn, and those who had the courage to don them are no better than he is."

The fashionable thief, it would seem, is a distinct if somewhat cryptic factor of London society. He holds his definite place there, like the alcoholic cabman and the miserly landlady. The other day, in a representative sense, he was caught red-handed (says *Collier's Weekly*). At a smart wedding he proved less nimble-fingered than so polite a department of his profession should have authorized. It was, altogether, an extremely sad case. At the church-door he attempted to pick the pockets of two ladies, and a stony-hearted policeman, heedless of the fact that his delicate skill was only exploited among the most refined circles, inexorably "nabbed" him. His attitude, when he was brought into court, grew curiously (if I may say so) cis-Atlantic. No American thief would have presumed to commingle so much plainiveness with so much audacity. He had a horribly criminal past, and belonged to a gang of "fashionable thieves" who haunted the smart weddings at Westminster Abbey and like structures, not to speak of Rotten Row during the height of the season. But with mournful urbanity he said to the judge: "You will notice, sir, that my offenses have all been under the same head, and that twice my convictions have been only for 'attempting.' I have never been convicted, that is, for highway robbery or burglary." The judge, not awed by this outburst of confidential impudence, informed the prisoner that although he described himself as a "laborer," he nevertheless appeared in the get-up of a gentleman who attends weddings, and that his revolting career had extended over seven years. To which, with touching candor, he replied: "I hope you will look at both sides, my lord. I have been very unsuccessful!" Is there an American thief on earth who would have kneaded villainy and simplicity together with so slight a sense of humor? "So much the better for the public," it was answered; and his fashionable thefts were sentenced to hard labor for a year.

Bridge whist, which for two years has been the chief drawing-room amusement in fashionable London society, is being taken up generally at the American summer resorts, and bids fair to become the fashionable fad of the season on this side of the Atlantic. The game was first imported a year ago, and had something of a run last winter in New York, but as it requires quite as much skill as the game of plain whist, it has taken a year for the public taste to become sufficiently familiar with it to make it a fad. Numerous "bridge parties" have been given at Newport. At Lenox the first bridge-whist party was given a fortnight ago by Mrs. Richard S. Dana at her country place, "Maple Farm." Several attempts at bridge parties have been given at Bar Harbor with considerable success. A professional instructress of the game has organized a bridge-whist class at Lenox. There can be no question concerning the popularity of the game. The fact that immense sums of money have changed hands in London this season over bridge-whist tables gives additional interest to the game because of its gambling possibilities. Smart Englishwomen, some of them of American birth, have hoisted of their large winnings at "bridge." It was reported recently that the Prince of Wales lost five hundred dollars at a sitting to a fair leader in London's smartest set. Bridge whist (declares the *New York Commercial Advertiser*) is not essentially a gambling game. It is frequently played "for fun," but more often "for keeps." Indeed, the same may be said of all popular amusements that are not essentially gambling games.

A decided revolution in the arrangement of the hair is in progress, according to the *Bazar*. The plain pompadour, with the hair brushed straight off the face, is going entirely out of fashion. The pompadour itself with the hair pulled way out round the head is still in style, but the fullness of the hair

is pushed down over the forehead to have quite the effect of a bang. Some soft curls on the temples are also necessary. The hair is tied in a knot far up on the head, so exaggeratedly far forward in many instances as to make the head look top-heavy, but the correct style is to have the knot of hair well beyond the crown of the head, with the hair pulled out around the sides and in front to the becoming effect. Hair is still waved, but there is more attempt than ever to make it seem that the wave comes from naturally curly hair. This effect is rather difficult to get during very hot weather, and is only obtainable by the use of some preparation before the waving is put in. Unfortunately the fashion to dye the hair a chestnut brown still prevails; unless this is artistically done, however, it is decidedly bad form, and the fashion is therefore likely to go out soon, as to have it properly done requires the services of a skillful artist. There are evidences that the hair will be arranged lower on the back of the head next winter.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 25th, were as follows:

		Bonds.		Closed.	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	2,000	@ 109%			
Contra Water 5%.....	2,000	@ 106%		106%	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 105		104 1/2	105 1/2
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	9,000	@ 118 1/2		118	
Oakland Gas 5%.....	5,000	@ 111 1/2		110 1/2	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	5,000	@ 115		114 1/2	115 1/2
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	19,000	@ 104 1/2-105		105	105 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 119 1/2			
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....	5,000	@ 112 1/2		112	112 1/2
1906.....	2,000	@ 132			
S. P. Branch 6%.....	2,000	@ 104		103 1/2	103 3/4
S. V. Water 4%.....	1,000	@ 104 1/2		102	
S. Y. Water 4% 3d.....	5,000	@ 101 1/2			
		STOCKS.		Closed.	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	125	@ 68 1/2-68 3/4		68 1/2	68 3/4
Spring Valley Water.....	211	@ 94 1/2-94 1/2		95	
		Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight.....	175	@ 4		3 1/2	4
Mutual Electric.....	75	@ 9 1/2-10 1/2		9 1/2	10 1/2
Oakland Gas.....	255	@ 49-49 1/2		49 1/2	49 3/4
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	40	@ 48-48 1/2		48 1/2	49 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,290	@ 49-51 1/2		51 1/2	51 3/4
S. F. Gas.....	100	@ 5		4 1/2	5 1/2
		Insurance.			
Fireman's Fund.....	3	@ 225		225	
		Banks.			
Bank of Cal.....	5	@ 412		412	412 1/2
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.....	10	@ 104 1/2			
First National Bank.....	14	@ 274			
		Street R. R.			
Market St.....	560	@ 63 1/2-64 1/2		64	64 1/2
		Powders.			
Giant Con.....	190	@ 86 1/2-87		86 1/2	87 1/2
Vigorit.....	1,580	@ 2 1/2-3		3	3 1/2
		Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.....	150	@ 8 1/2-8 3/4		8	8 1/2
Hawaiian.....	125	@ 87 1/2			
Honokaa S. Co.....	535	@ 31 1/2-32		31 1/2	32
Hutchinson.....	85	@ 24 1/2-24 3/4		24 1/2	
Kilauea S. Co.....	245	@ 19 1/2-19 3/4		19 1/2	19 3/4
Makaweli S. Co.....	575	@ 46 1/2-47		46	47
Onomea S. Co.....	235	@ 26-26 1/2		26 1/2	
Pauahau S. P. Co.....	545	@ 31-31 1/2		31 1/2	
		Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	20	@ 117 1/2-118		117 1/2	118 1/2
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	5	@ 99		97	99
Oceanic S. Co.....	95	@ 92 1/2-93 1/2		92 1/2	
Pac. C. Borax.....	40	@ 150		150	

Notwithstanding the pilgrimage to Tahoe of our board of supervisors in the interest (?) of public utilities, Spring Valley has shown no signs of weakness. The Truckee has not dashed against the company's interests and toppled its price. No one has been offering any stock, sales have been made at rates that have prevailed for several weeks. San Francisco Gas and Electric has been quite active, with good buyers. The scare over the thought that the dividend would be lowered on account of the cut made by the supervisors in the rates has been dispelled by the announcement of the same dividend of 33 cents, payable on August 1st, which is nearly eight per cent. on \$50, a splendid interest for these days. Market Street has been quietly forging ahead on buying orders. Contra Costa Water has been almost without a sale quotation. Giant has been inactive. The sugars, taking all things into consideration, are being well sustained. Constant trading is being done in them and no signs of dumping. The general tendency of the market, to all appearances, is more business and better prices.

On the first of August dividends will be paid on Honokaa Sugar Company, 35 cents; Oceanic Steamship Company, 50 cents; and San Francisco Gas and Electric, 33 cents.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE, Member Stock and Bond Exchange. Stock and Bond Broker. Telephone Bush 351.

407 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd

Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

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RICOLÈS

The only genuine Peppermint Alcohol.

A Refreshing Drink—a few drops in a glass of sweetened water instantly quenches thirst and makes a healthy and delightful drink.

Taken in water or dropped on sugar is an infallible cure for INDIGESTION, STOMACH ACHES, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS or NERVOUSNESS; also a sovereign remedy for CHOLERA MORBUS and DYSENTERY.

For the toilet it will be found most excellent for the teeth, the mouth and the bath. Insist on the name of RICOLÈS.

Sold by Druggists.

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W. S. LEAKE, MANAGER.
San Francisco, Cal.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,238,372.45
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1900..... 28,938,395.12

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.

Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and I. N. Walter.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1900.....\$26,952,875
Paid-up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 218,593
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000
SURPLUS.....1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,321,212
January 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,850,000

INO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christensen, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Birmingham, Dudley Evans. Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One Sunday the minister of a small Northern country parish church had the misfortune to forget his sermon, and did not discover his loss till he reached the church. Suddenly an idea struck him. He sent for John, the beadle, and instructed him to give out the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm (containing one hundred and seventy-six verses), while he hurried home for his sermon. On his journey back to church he saw the faithful beadle standing at the church door, waving his arms and urging him to hurry. On reaching the door he exclaimed, "Are they all singing yet, John?" "Ay, sir," replied John, "they're at it yet, but they're cheepin' like sparrows."

James Russell Lowell studied law and took an office, but never had a case at court. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale sometimes tells, however, the story of Lowell's first client. The poet had laid aside his law-book for the nonce and was polishing off a sonnet, when the door opened and a strange man appeared, with a look of doubt or trouble in his eyes. Lowell hastily hid the sonnet in a pocket, sprang up with all the alacrity of courtesy he could command, offered a chair to the visitor, took his hat and put it on the table with as much reverence as if it were a retainer, drew up a chair opposite, pulled out a brand-new note-book, and waving his pencil in a soft, inviting, confidential way, began: "Well, sir, I am all ready to take notes of your case. Please tell me everything, even the most trivial circumstance." The stranger stared at him with open mouth for a minute, then grinned most amicably, as he answered: "I'm the painter of your sign, sir, come to get my little bill."

Among the assembled officers at a recent supper in South Africa was a very pompous, self-opinionated major, whose rank commanded for him a respectful hearing, but whose habit of instructing his brethren in matters military, both in and out of season, made him rather unpopular. Winston Churchill and the major sat side by side at the table, and the martial potentate voiced his opinions in his usual manner. Churchill bore the infliction dumbly for a season; then, taking advantage of a pause, when the major wanted to take breath, he said, very complacently and irrelevantly: "Do you know, major, I met a man this morning who would gladly forfeit fifty pounds for the pleasure of kicking you." "Kicking me, sir!" roared the angry major; "kicking me! I must ask you to mention his name immediately!" "But the fact is, major, I am not sure that I ought to tell you," replied Churchill, with well-assumed caution. "But I insist on knowing his name at once, sir!" shouted the truculent officer, now red with rage. "Well, sir, I suppose I must tell you. It was a poor young fellow in the hospital who has lost both his legs by the bursting of a shell."

A newly engaged clerk in the employ of the Standard Oil Company was sent to work in a small room that contained a health-lift. Every morning at about ten o'clock, when this clerk was particularly busy with figures, a small, black-mustached man, quiet and diffident in manner, entered, said "Good-morning," walked on tiptoe to the corner, and exercised for a quarter of an hour. It became a bore to the clerk, who at last, one day, remarked with considerable heat to the stranger: "How do you expect me to do my work properly while you are fooling with that blasted machine? I'm getting tired of it. Why don't you put it where it won't worry a person to death?" "I am very sorry it annoys you," said the stranger, flushing; "I will have it removed at once." A porter took it away within an hour. A few days later the clerk was sent for by Mr. Flagler, whom he found in earnest conversation with the small, black-mustached man. The latter smiled at seeing him, gave Flagler some instructions, and left the room. "Will you tell me who that gentleman is?" the young man asked, a light beginning to break upon him. "That was Mr. Rockefeller," was the reply. It was the clerk's first acquaintance with the head of the great corporation by which he was employed.

M. Monnier, the well-known French Asiatic traveler, vouches for the truth of the following story of how his friend, Hop Sing, a traveled Oriental and man of means and refinement, was on one occasion sorely victimized. Hop Sing lived in the Street of the Rusted Corn, as unsavory and as ill-paved a street as any in all Peking. The local mandarin was an intimate friend of his, and Hop Sing availed himself of this friendship in press the mandarin to have the street repaved. Certainly! At once. The men would be at work on it before Hop Sing had returned home. A week passed; then another visit, and so on, until, in despair, Hop Sing determined to have the street repaired at his own expense. The work was satisfactorily completed. The surprise of Hop Sing was only equalled by his indignation when, on awaking one morning, he found a gang of coolies upheaving the newly flagged street. His surprise grew when he heard from the mandarin's own lips that the men were there at his

orders. "You see, my dear friend," said the mandarin, "I am expecting the head inspector round here in a few days. Now, if he were to see the beautiful pavement you have laid down in your street he would come to the conclusion that there was money about, and he would assuredly bleed every vein in my body. This would mean my ruin. Don't you see why your pavement really must come up? It cost me one fortune to secure my post. I don't want to spend another in keeping it."

A NEW VOCATION.

The little flat looked very gay that day. Boxes of pansies were blanning impudently in the window. There was a new song on the piano; there were roses in a vase and new magazines on a table; and there was a new novel in the hands of a young woman wrapped in a kimono of black and gold, and reclining on a rug-covered, cushiony couch.

Bright bits of water-color framed in white, Gihsons in black, and nobodies in *passé-partout*, gave a certain gypsies character to the room. Then there was an canary and a rubber-plant. Despite its vagabondish lack of these, however, the room was evidently that of a student. Fannus dictionaries in cases were in evidence, books of reference, histories, and volumes the labels of which denoted a fondness for abstruse subjects.

The bell rang, and the maid ushered in a tall, athletic-looking young man, with the varsity stamp upon him. The lapel of his coat bore the pin of one of the most exclusive secret societies of a famous college.

The girl rose to her feet with a look of annoyance at the maid. "You brought my card," she said. "May I ask—"

"It was my fault," said the young man. "I beg your pardon, but I was afraid you wouldn't see me, as you don't know me."

"No, I don't. Who are you, please?"

"John Doe." He smiled.

"Well, you want—"

"The usual thing."

"Oh!" The girl's face brightened. "You're the first man," she said.

"Yes? I suppose you are surprised; but my sister told me about you. She's at Holy Smuke. I'm on the crew at mine—and the fact is, there's no time to train and—you understand—"

"Perfectly."

The girl went to a desk and picked up a pad and a pencil.

"Now, if you'll give me an outline?" she said.

"I'd rather leave it to you."

"Oh, I must get some idea of your views."

"Haven't any, except on athletics."

"Do you want it athletic?"

"Great Scott, no! The governor thinks it interferes with studies, and I just scraped through the exams. I want this to be an intellectual corker—high up—far off. Catch on?"

The girl scribbled and nodded. "Like to touch on politics at all—the wars and so forth?"

"Just a bit. I don't want anything they'll be likely to rubber about afterward. I'd rather have it more indefinite."

"How would the achievements of the twentieth century do? That's all guessing, you know, but it's effective when it's done in good shape."

"That's it. Put lots of language in it. That'll tickle dad. But I want to stagger him at the same time, see? And say, no quotations. I don't know none, and it would give me dead away."

"Very well. About four thousand words?"

"Oh, the devil—that is—are they as much as that?"

"That's the average. Shall I mail it?"

"No, I'll come and get it. The real thing, remember. Now, your terms—"

"Are in advance, you know."

"So Sis told me—"

"Two hundred dollars."

He counted out twenty new tens. "I thought you'd like it in real money," he said, laughing.

"Thanks." The girl opened a safe in the top of the desk and packed the bills in with difficulty. It was full of money. The young man looked at her in amused surprise as she nonchalantly pushed the safe-door to and clicked the lock.

"Busy day?" he said, grinning. "Say, I'd give a lot to have your reputation. Your name's a household word in every college in the country."

"The season's so awfully short," said the girl; "that's why I have to charge so much. But there are ever so many graduates, and they must have essays."

"And can't write 'em?"

"Or haven't time," she said, politely.

"By the way," he said; "could you give me a card? Perhaps some of the boys—"

She took half a dozen from a pigeon-hole and slipped them in an envelope that she gave him. He took one out and read:

MISS ALVA SCRIBBLEMORE

CONFIDENTIAL COLLEGE AMANUENSIS

Terms strictly in advance.

—Douglas Dunne in the Smart Set.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

When Webster Davis Spoke.

Then up rose Webster Davis,

And nodded in the morn,

And gave his helpless hearers

His lecture on the Bners.

Then he sang in "Old Hundred"

In plaintive melody:

"O, William Jyan Brennings

Is the candidate for me.

"No, no; I don't mean Brennings,

I suffer from the heat—

But Wenning Brilliams Jyan—

I'll save him from defeat.

"For with him as our leader

Our march shall never pause.

Hail! Jylliam Bryning Wennans

And his see frilver cause.

"Hurrah for Onm Kraul Puger,

Whn has our sympathy,

And Willing Jynam Brennans,

Who'll march in victory."

As on and on he rambled,

The delegates would screech:

"It seems that Debster Wavis

Has knpjes in his speech."

—Baltimore American.

A Lost Soul.

When the ball is pusingighly on the tee,

And ye gnlfer aimeth at it carefully;

When a muffed thud resounds

As the yielding earth he pounds

Then the air becometh azure instantly.

When the ball within a lofty bunker lies,

And ye golfer to dislodge it vainly tries;

When he picks it up, all gashed,

And his record hopes are smashed,

Words can never frame the thoughts that then arise.

When the ball, perchance, rests fairly on the grass,

And ye gnlfer at it makes a vicinus pass;

When he misses it entire—

Good St. Peter must require

A short-hand man to catch it all, alas!

When the ball rests quite serenely in a shrub,

And ye gnlfer seeks to smite it with his club;

When he's broken three or more—

Psalms and hymns he forth doth pour

As the misture from his temples he doth rub.

When the ball is finating calmly in a pool,

And ye gnlfer seeks it with his lofting-tnnl;

When he finds it nnt; instead

Sends a shover about his head,

Listen! Whn would think he taught in Sunday-school?

When the ball reposes close beside the hole,

And ye golfer aims to send it in its goal;

When tnn hard he hits it, and

It rnlfs far—yuu'll understand

Why there's very little chance to save his snul!

—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Base-Ball.

At the umpire's call, "Foul ball! foul ball!"

She queried, "And what's a foul?"

And "Why do they yell so, Will? Please tell,"

When the crowd began to howl.

"He's out," Will said. "Whn's out?" she plead.

"The batter—he fanned, you see."

"He fanned! Which man? And where is the fan?"

What kind of a fan?" cried she.

"Now what is the score?" she asked once more

(For the fiftieth time, alack!)

"Oh, isn't it fun! Just see him run—

But why do they send him back?"

A foul? I know. But he knocked it so!

And doesn't it count a bit?

That's a perfect shame! What a stupid game!

How far does he have to hit?

"And what are flies? And how many tries

Does he have at striking out?

He died on third—what a horrid ward!

Oh, what are they yelling about?

The game is done? Whn wnn? Whn wnn?

We shut them out? What then?

Nnw what is the score? I just adre

Base-ball! Let's gn again."—Judge.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

VVO
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

Paris Exposition

—AND—

PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

Tours and tickets, hotel accommodations, etc. Superior arrangements for all classes of travel.

THOS. COOK & SON,

621 Market Street, San Francisco.

Old & Valuable Silver



CAN be made to brighten memories of the past, without fear of scratch or hemish, if cleaned with

ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

It's as harmless as the flour you eat. It makes old silver new—in brilliancy—and keeps new silver always new.

The proof is yours simply for the asking. Send address on a postal, or 15c. in stamps for box, postpaid. Grocers and druggists sell it.

"SILICON," 30 Chest, New York.

Shade Won't Work—

Because it isn't mounted on THE IMPROVED

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.

A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolsens

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),

Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,

at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.

Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and

connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.

Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, July 26

Doric. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, August 21

Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Wednesday, September 15

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND

U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan

Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,

calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and

connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.

America Maru. Friday, August 3

Hongkong Maru. Wednesday, August 29

Nippon Maru. Saturday, September 22

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

S. S. Alameda sails

Via Honolulu and

Auckland for Sydney,

Wednesday, August 8,

at 8 p. m.

S. S. Australia, for

Honolulu only, Wed-

nesday, Aug. 22, 2 p. m.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 114 Montgomery

Street. Freight Office, 127 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:

For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., July

5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, change

to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11

A. M., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August

4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,

July 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, August 1, and

every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,

July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, August 3, and every fourth

day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San

Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and

Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., July 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24,

28, August 1, and every fourth day thereafter. For

further information see folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.

The company reserves the right to change steamers,

sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

SOCIETY.

The Del Monte Week.

The programme has at last been arranged for the week's outing of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeple-Chase Association at Del Monte, and the enthusiasm with which the various organizations throughout the State are entering into the spirit of it indicates that the affair will be a week of general sport that will be the most successful of its kind ever held on this coast. Applications for rooms at the hotel from August 13th on have been so numerous that the management fears it will not be able to accommodate all who wish to be present. Among others who have already engaged apartments are:

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Miss Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss T. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tohin, Miss Celia Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Freshman, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bruguère, Prince and Princess Poniatowski, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Schmiedell, Mrs. Edwin Barron, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tuhhs, Mrs. A. L. Tuhhs, Mr. Chapin Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Butters, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. Gerstle, Colonel and Mrs. Long, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Requa, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Weil, Mr. and Mrs. B. Hart, Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Foute, Captain W. H. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Mr. A. H. Taylor, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Miss Edith McBean, Major-General William R. Shafter, Mr. Peter Martin, and Mr. Harry N. Steison.

On Monday, August 13th, the carnival of sport will open with the golf contests, which will extend pretty much through the week. The programme is as follows:

August 13th—Ladies' handicap for the Henry T. Scott cup. Eighteen holes to be played to qualify for handicap.

August 14th—Ladies' final competition for the Henry T. Scott cup. Eighteen holes, match play.

August 15th—Men's contest for the Del Monte cup. Qualifying round of eighteen holes, medal play. The sixteen lowest scores to be eligible for final competition, August 16th and 17th. Eighteen holes, match play. Final, thirty-six holes.

The polo tournament will begin on the afternoon of August 13th, and be continued on the afternoons of the 14th, 15th, and 16th, while the two following afternoons, the 17th and 18th, will be devoted to pony races and steeple-chasing. The programme of the races is as follows:

First day, August 17th:

First race—Three-sixteenths of a mile for polo ponies; weight 160 pounds and upward; \$75 to first, \$25 to second.

Second race—One mile for horses owned and ridden by residents of Monterey and Santa Cruz Counties; weight 150 pounds and upward; \$50 to first, \$10 to second.

Third race—Five furlongs for ponies; weight 165 pounds and upward; \$75 to first, \$25 to second.

Fourth race—One-half mile for polo ponies; weight 165 pounds and upward; \$50 to first, \$25 to second.

Fifth race—One mile open maiden race; weight 150 pounds and upward; \$65 to first, \$15 to second.

Sixth race—San Mateo Hunt steeple-chase, four miles; weight for age (four years, 150 pounds; five years, 162 pounds; six years, 172 pounds); for horses regularly hunted with San Mateo hounds; owners must forward to the master of the foxhounds certificate with entry; for cup presented by J. J. Moore.

Second day, August 18th:

First race—Four-sixteenths of a mile for polo ponies; handicap; lowest weight, 145 pounds; \$50 to first, \$25 to second.

Second race—One mile open handicap; \$75 to first, \$25 to second.

Third race—Del Monte cup, one mile for ponies; weight 165 pounds and upward.

Fourth race—One-quarter of a mile open to all racing ponies; weight 165 pounds and upward; \$75 to first, \$25 to second.

Fifth race—One and one-half mile hurdle race for ponies 14½ hands and under; allowance of two pounds for each one-half inch under 14½ hands; weight 165 pounds and upward; \$75 to first, \$25 to second.

Sixth race—Steeple-chase, open handicap, four miles; \$75 to first, \$50 to second.

All ponies entered in any polo-pony race must have played in the polo tournament in the forepart of the week. The entries, which must be forwarded to Mr. T. A. Driscoll, Parrott Building, will close on Wednesday, August 1st.

On the morning of Saturday, August 18th, a baseball game between the Burlingame team and the University alumni team, the victors last year, will vary the sport of turf and mallet. Sunday, August 19th, the week's pleasures will come to an end with yacht racing on the bay.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Nixon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nixon, to Lieutenant Harris Laning, U. S. N., took place at the home of the bride's parents, in Santa Barbara, on Monday afternoon, July 23d. Miss Blanche Nixon, the bride's sister, acted as bridesmaid, and Lieutenant James J. Raby, U. S. N., was the best man. Following the

wedding a reception was held, after which Mr. and Mrs. Laning left for Petersburg, Ill., the home of the groom's parents. From there Lieutenant Laning will report at Washington, D. C., for shore duty.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Lillis, daughter of Mrs. M. B. Lillis, of Chicago, to Mr. W. Armagh Marshall, of this city. No date has yet been fixed for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear recently gave a pretty dinner-party at their summer home, near San Anselmo, Marin County.

Miss Edith McBean entertained a number of her friends at luncheon at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

A luncheon was given at the Union League Club Thursday noon in honor of Mr. W. S. Chance, supervising agent of the United States Treasury, who had just arrived from Washington, D. C. Others at table were Senator George C. Perkins, Colonel John P. Jackson, Colonel George Stone, Mr. John Rothchild, Mr. J. R. Dunn, Mr. S. J. Hendy, Mr. Paris Kilburn, Mr. George A. Knight, Mr. C. M. St. John, and Mr. E. W. Maslin.

Miss Olive Middleton gave a card-party Wednesday at her home in Highland Park, complimentary to Miss Chrissie Taft, who has recently returned to Oakland from Miss Ely's school in New York.

A garden fête is to be held at "Monte Robles," the late Charles Crocker's home, near Burlingame, on Saturday, August 25th, in aid of the Maria Kip Orphanage.

Mrs. W. E. Dean gave a very enjoyable card-party at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy recently gave a tea in honor of Lady Charles M. Wolseley at Burlingame.

Miss Edith McBean and Miss Kip gave a dinner-party at Fairfax Villa on Monday, July 23d, at which they entertained Colonel and Mrs. Marion P. Maus, Mrs. G. Edie, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Cora Smedberg, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. T. Danforth Boardman, and Mr. West.

New York to See Browning's Plays.

One of the most interesting announcements with regard to the next theatrical season is that Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, who has taken such a high place since her return to the stage, will give a series of performances of Browning's plays in New York, beginning with "In a Balcony." Those persons who know their Browning and like him, and those who do not know him and join in the parrot cry about his obscurity, ought to seize upon the opportunity (remarks the *New York Sun*). In spite of the fact that there has been recently an epidemic of plays made out of momentarily successful novels, people have been going to see Shakespeare's plays in London. In spite of the popularity of "Cavalleria Rusticana," we have had too high Wagner seasons. So why should not New York go to see Browning's dramas?

"Strafford," which was written in 1836, when the poet was only twenty-four, was produced at the Covent Garden Theatre on May 1, 1837. Macready was the Strafford, and no less an actress than Miss Helen Faucit was the Lady Carlisle. It was an immediate success, and the run would have been much longer than it was but for a row in the company. But the fact remained that those who saw the play were enthusiastic about it. "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" was produced upon the same stage on February 11, 1843. Phelps was Lord Tresham, Miss Faucit was Mildred Tresham, and Mrs. Stirling, Guendolen. It was a great hit, and Browning had the satisfaction of hearing a brilliant and crowded house insist on the appearance of the author. Now it must be remembered that at this time Browning was not so well known as he afterward became. So when the play ran along at Drury Lane until June 3d, a phenomenal thing for that time, it simply meant that it was entirely upon its own merits. It was revived later by Phelps, during his management of Sadler's Wells. Miss Faucit produced "Colombe's Birthday" in 1852. And it also was a success. These were strictly professional performances. It is unnecessary to refer to the efforts of ambitious amateurs. As for the possibilities of "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "Luria," and "A Soul's Tragedy," one thing is sure, to apply to them the ignorant criticism for which the ridiculous Browning Societies are mainly responsible, that the work of "the master" is a deep riddle, would be absurd. "Sordello" may be difficult. But in his plays Browning is never a maker of poetical tortures. Mr. Augustine Birrell, who loves simplicity and directness himself, writing on this subject, once said that though it would be absurd to pretend that Browning's plays "met with that overwhelming measure of success our critical age has reserved for such dramatists as the late Lord Lytton, the author of 'Money'; the late Tom Taylor, the author of 'The Overland Route'; the late Mr. Robertson, the author of 'Caste'; Mr. H. Byron, the author of 'Our Boys'; Mr. Wills, the author of 'Charles I.'; Mr. Burnand, the author of 'The Colonel'; and Mr. Gilbert, the author of so much that is great and glorious in our national drama; at all events, they proved themselves able to arrest and retain the attention of very ordinary audiences." It is only fair to add that Browning's plays are literature, which can hardly be said of some of the dramas by the distinguished authors just mentioned.

RECENT VERSE.

"For Remembrance."

She lived for love—the traitor years
Took what she lived to find—
I think in dying she has found
Death steadfast and more kind.

You bring her rosemary to-day,
O hearts that weep and love her!
But that she may forget, I lay
Heartsease, instead, above her.

—Arthur Ketchum in *East and West*.

A Little Love-Song.

My heart, my heart's a bonny hird
That carols songs the sweetest heard;
My heart, my heart's a fountain fair
That sparkles in the golden air;
My heart's a rosy-raptured rhyme
That echoes to the glad spring-time.

My heart, my heart's a bud abloom
That lights with love a greenwood gloom;
My heart, my heart's a silver star
That throws its beams afar, afar;
My heart's a canticle divine—
And all because your heart is mine!

—Clarence Urmey in the *Bazar*.

If Love Be One.

The skies are black, the winds are bold,
The road is rough and long;
But what are clouds and stony ways
When hearts are full of song?
And two there he who walk life's path
Unheeding wind or weather,
And minding hut your merry sprite
Who binds their hearts together.
All ways are smooth, all days are bright,
With him for guide and sun;
And three are always company
If Love be one!

The road is smooth, the wind is soft,
The sky is clear o'erhead;
But what are pleasant ways and days
To those whose hearts are dead?
And what is song that fills the ears
But can no farther go?
And what is light that eyes can see
But souls can never know?
Ah, two there he that walk life's path
As though they walked alone;
For two are never company
If Love be gone.

—D. McIntyre Henderson in *Harper's Magazine*.

"Dear Heart, Where Hast Thou Wandered?"

Dear heart, where hast thou wandered?
What happier regions stay
Thy lingering feet, whose coming changed
My winter into May?

Now all our slopes are hurgoned
In summer's lavish mood,
And deep within the grove the thrush
Has helled the solitude.

The laurels set the hillside
With many a spectral light;
Seen through the dusk, they stand like
nymphs,
Expectantly in flight.

But somewhere thou dost linger,
Implacable, afar,
Though high within the twilight sky
Gleams cold our trysting-star.

The brooks we loved still murmur,
Though now through dells of gloom;
The very hills have lost with thee
Their moiety of bloom.

Still, each leaf whispers of thee;
In every path once trod
By thy dear feet, thy spirit yet
Speaks from remembering sod.

—L. Frank Tooker in the *Century Magazine*.

Paris is full of American art-students, who are endeavoring to get an art education. Many of them find it a hard struggle to make both ends meet, and they are using the opportunities the exposition offers to add to their meagre bank accounts. They are organized into a bureau of companion guides. The enterprise is conducted in a business-like, systematic manner, and it is said that they have the support of the American consul-general, Commissioner-General Peck, Mrs. Potter Palmer, and many others. These young women, knowing Paris so thoroughly, are of great assistance to women visiting the exposition. They are bright, companionable, full of knowledge as to the best places to dine or lunch, and the cheapest ways to get from point to point. They know the anecdotes, traditions, histories of all the important places in the city. They all speak English and French, and are naturally superior in many ways to the professional Parisian guides.

Inverary Castle, for centuries the feudal residence of the Duke of Argyll, is offered for rent for a term of years. The present duke and his royal wife, Princess Louise, do not wish to look after the expensive burden. It will require a fortune to bring Inverary up to the modern standard as a residence.

An Authoritative Statement.

The well-informed physician will always name Moët & Chandon White Seal when a patient seeks advice regarding the selection of a champagne.—*United States Health Reports, Washington, D. C.*

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

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All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan expect to leave for a two weeks' visit to Del Monte on August 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay are making a short visit to the Paris Exposition.

Mr. Peter D. Martin expects to go to Del Monte for a stay of some duration on August 3d. He will drive his coach down, and a number of friends will accompany him.

Mr. Frank B. Kiog is at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. William K. Vanderhilt, Jr., and Mrs. Hermao Oelrichs are entertaining Mr. Charles Fair, their brother, in Newport.

Mrs. Francis B. Edgerton is spending the summer at "Delta Lodge," her father's home in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy and family, who returned on Monday from a month's visit to San Rafael, left during the week for Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, who are returning from abroad, were in New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris M. Estee sailed for the Hawaiian Islands on the Oceanic steamer *Australia* on Wednesday, July 25th. Mr. Estee goes to Honolulu to assume the duties of United States District Judge of Hawaii.

Miss Maeoie McNutt is at Del Monte, the guest of Mrs. Andrew D. Martin.

The Hon. Harold M. Sewall, of Honolulu, and Mrs. Sewall are visiting Mrs. Sewall's mother, Mrs. C. L. Ashe, 2315 Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman and Miss Leontine Blakeman are at Highland Springs. To August they will be at Lake Tahoe and Monterey.

Mr. Joseph D. Reddick arrived here from the East on Saturday last, and was a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Marie Dillon has been the guest of Colonel Tohin and his niece at the Hotel Rafael the past week.

Mr. John Dolbeer, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Warren, and Miss Helen Wagner will return from Del Monte on Monday, July 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. Gavin McNah registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Covode, of New York, and her mother, Mrs. A. I. Moulder, will remain during the month of August at the Tallac, Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. C. T. Mills, president of Mills Semioary, has returned from a trip East.

Mr. George Loughborough was the guest of Mr. W. Frank Goad at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. J. A. Folger and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger, who returned to Oakland from San Rafael on Monday, leave to-day (Saturday) for a month's visit at Del Monte.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe has returned from a month's visit at Del Monte.

Miss Anna Miller Wood and Miss Mollie Pierce are guests at the Canfield ranch near San Juan, but will return to town the first of August.

Mr. Henry Moet, the French vice-consul at Honolulu, was a passenger from the islands by the Oceanic steamer *Alameda* on Thursday. He is at the Occidental Hotel, and will leave soon for Paris, where he will make a stay of some duration.

Mrs. William P. Redington and Miss Redington arrived in New York on Wednesday.

A party including Speaker and Mrs. D. B. Henderson, Miss Belle Henderson, Mr. A. Henderson, of Duquesne, Ia., Mr. A. Henderson, of St. Paul, Minn., and Mr. and Mrs. Smith McPherson, of Red Rock, Ia., enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week. On Sunday the party left for the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. Edgar M. Diokelspiel leaves this week for Boston, where he will be joined by Dr. William F. McNutt, Jr. They intend going abroad and establishing themselves at the Edinburgh University for the next two years, making occasional visits to the clinics of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fraser, of Fresno, are at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas and the Misses Florio and Alice Haas have gone to San Rafael for the month of August.

Prince David Kawanakao, who was a delegate from Hawaii to the Democratic National Convention at Kansas City, returned to the islands on Wednesday, July 25th, on the Oceanic steamer *Australia*.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Spaulding, of Santa Barbara, were guests at the California Hotel during the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Phelps, of New York, have apartments at the Occidental Hotel.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Nippert, of San Leandro, Mr. V. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento, Mr. W. A. Mackinder, of St. Helena, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Thurston, of Florida, Mrs. Kirkman, of Benicia, Mr. A. Hanford, of Visalia, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Cuhberley, of Stanford, Mr. T. H. Taylor, of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Dreyfus, of Santa Barbara, Mr. E. B. Perrin, Jr., of Williams, A. T., Senator J. C. Simms, of Santa Rosa, Mrs. J. A. Denton and Mr. H. R. Denton, of New York, Mr. N. Aubrey Fortescue, of Beo Lomond, and Mr. W. A. Desborough, of Santa Cruz.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Rowe, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Marcuse, of Marysville, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sproul, of Chico, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Fish, of Pueblo, Colo., Dr. and Mrs. S. B. Davis, of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Keyes, of London, Caoda, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wright and Miss Laura G. Murphy, of Los Angeles, Mr. J. B. Kelly, of New York, Mr. J. B. Stetson, Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. Alex D. Sharon, Miss May C. Sharon, Hon. and Mrs. Julius Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. R. W.

Osborn, General R. H. Warfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wilkins, and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Henderson.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Folger and Mr. F. S. G. Harper, of Oakland, Mr. C. Byron Russell, Miss Muriel Russell, and Miss Alice Hiller, of Alameda, Mr. J. R. Trimble, of Sao José, Mr. G. Loughborough, Mr. F. C. Coakley, Miss C. A. Harper, Mr. E. B. Dreyfus, Mr. M. Brenner, Mr. L. M. Starr, Mr. J. M. O'Brien, Mr. Paul Cowles, Mr. C. Hardon, Mr. P. B. Collins, Miss Eleanor W. Morgan, Mr. J. M. Byrne, Mr. J. L. Seward, and Miss Frances Steward.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known to San Francisco are appended:

Colonel Marion P. Maus U. S. A., and Mrs. Maus, after a week's visit at the Hotel Rafael, returned to the city on Monday.

Mrs. Hiehorn, wife of Rear-Admiral Philip Hiehorn, U. S. N., chief constructor of the navy, Miss Hiehorn and Mr. Philip Hiehorn, Jr., will be in Atlantic City until September 1st. Rear-Admiral Hiehorn will make periodical visits to the seashore.

Assistant-Surgeon J. H. Payne, Jr., has been detached from the oval hospital at Mare Island, and ordered to the Asiatic station with the fifth battalion of marines.

A daughter was born in San Francisco on Sunday, July 22d, to the wife of Captain Herber Deakney, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.

Major Edward B. Cassatt, Twenty-Seventh Volunteer Infantry, who recently returned from active service in the Philippines, has been ordered to London for duty as military attaché of the United States embassy. He succeeds Colonel S. S. Sumner, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., who was relieved at his own request to order that he might join his regiment now on its way to China.

Major Hugh R. Belknap, U. S. A., paymaster of the Department of the Lakes, has been ordered to proceed to this city.

Captain J. J. Bradley, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., departed for Vancouver Barracks last week, and is spending a short leave of absence with his family before sailing for China, on the transport *Hancock*.

Mrs. Dorn, wife of Lieutenant-Commander E. J. Dorn, U. S. N., will spend a portion of the summer in the vicinity of Boston. Lieutenant-Commander Dorn is now en route to his new station in Samoa.

Lieutenant Henry B. Clark, Third Artillery, U. S. A., was at the Palace Hotel during the week.

War.

Two men on thrones, or crouched behind, With cunning words the world would hind. With faces grave, averse from spoils, They weave their thieving, cynic toils. One thing they mean, another speak; Bland phrases utter, tongue to cheek. Stale truths turn lies on velvet lips; The candid heavens are in eclipse; From crooked minds, aod hearts all black, Comes War upon its flaming track, And reeking fiends to happy hell Shout, "All is well!"

Then lives surprise! While not a devil dares to shirk, But all his hellish malice plies— The angels, too, begin their work. Now every virtue issues forth Aod husy is from south to north: Self-sacrifice, and love, and pity, Tramp all the rounds in field and city; Mercy beyond a price, sweet ruth, Courage and comradeship and truth, And gentlest deed and noblest thought, Into the common day are brought. Man lives at heaven's gate, and dies For fellow-man with joyful cries.

Aod all the while hell's imps are free To work their will with fearful glee. The beast in man anew is born; Revenge and lust and pride and scorn, And glory false and hateful hate, All join to desecrate the State.

—August Century Magazine.

The Native Sons' Celebration.

The celebration committee of the Native Sons of the Golden West has decided on the following programme for the four days' festival commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the admission of California to the Union:

Saturday, September 8th.—Launching of monitor *Wyoming*. Evening: Naval parade. Promenade concert in nave of Ferry Building by two bands of thirty-five pieces each. Concert and fire-works in Union Square.

Sunday, September 9th.—Regatta. Vehicle parade in Golden Gate Park. Dedication of Spreckels' music stand. Sacred concert in Golden Gate Park and Presidio. Polo game in Golden Gate Park. Base-ball game in hall grounds. Bicycle races and field sports at Ingleside. Evening: Sacred concerts, Columbia, Lafayette, Union, and Washington squares. Reception at various parlor headquarters.

Monday, September 10th.—Grand parade. Evening: Literary exercises. Elaborate display of fire-works. Concert in Palace Hotel court. Reception by various parlors at respective head-quarters. Sessions of Curly Bears, Argonauts, Imps, and other side degrees.

Tuesday, September 11th.—Bay excursion. Review of United States troops at Presidio. School-children drill in Golden Gate Park. Drill of fire department. Grand hall in pavilion. Electric parade.

—After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 214 Post St.

How to Become a Fluent Golfer.

A good golfer is not only born, but manufactured, and you should begin as soon after you are born as possible.

If a man has a natural aptitude for languages, does not belong to any church, is willing to give up his hussioes, his family, and his friends, can swear in all the octaves, and has seen me play, there is no reason why he should not be able to write articles about golf for any magazine in a few years.

To begin with, you should learn how to swing. Before you have learned to swing, do not try to hit the ball. You will probably not be able to afterward, but that is another story. Secure one of my drivers—the most expensive one is the best—and carry it around with you wherever you go. While you are about it, you may as well get a complete set of my clubs. Put them in a bag and never part from them. They will give you a distinguished appearance. When on a car or ferry-boat or the street, the maker's name should always be on the outside.

After you have practiced sufficiently with the driver, and know, beyond all doubt, that you will never be able to hit a ball with it more than once in three times, then take up the other clubs. It is better not to learn all their names at once, but one at a time. In this way you will be able to fit a set of swear words to each club as you go along.

No matter what kind of a shot you are playing—whether your ball is at the bottom of a duck-pond or lodged in a tall tree—always fix your mind on some spot where you are willing to bet a thousand to one your ball will not go, and then do your best not to put it there.

Do not pitch your ball when you are making an approach shot. Tar and feather it; or, better still, if there is no other player near to see, and your caddy is hunting for mushrooms, take the shot over again.

Putting is one of the most important parts of golf. You can lose more strokes on the putting-green, if you try hard not to, than anywhere else. Always stay on the putting-green as long as possible after you have holed out. Talk it over, and explain how near you came to the colonel if you had not made such a blankety-blank idiot of yourself. The other players back of you, who have been waiting, will appreciate this. It helps them to keep an even temper, which is necessary to a good golfer.

Never try to put a twist on your ball with your club. Try to twist the club, and if that does not work, bang it on the ground, knock it up against a tree, or hammer it across your shins. Remember that it always costs more to replace a club than it does a ball, and one of the reasons for playing golf at all is to see how much money you can spend in a given time.

Never be discouraged because you happen to start out well. Sometimes a man can keep it up for three or four holes more.

Above all things do not lose sight of the fact that golf is the most important influence of your life. When you are not playing talk about it. You will be surprised how, in a short time, everything else will assume its relative value, and golf will be to you in its true light—the only real thing in the world worth living for.—Life.

Miss Dorothea Klumpke, the young American astronomer employed regularly by the French Government at the Paris Observatory, has been given charge of the balloon work. One of her duties is to ascend in a balloon daily to direct the observations.

—BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

A trip over the Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway is one of the most inexpensive, instructive, and enjoyable of excursions, revealing as it does an incomparable panoramic view of the Pacific Ocean, and the cities, towns, bays, valleys, and mountains of the surrounding country.

Summer Reading.

"Philip Winwood" and "To Have and To Hold" are the two best novels of the season. To be had at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

—COLLEGE GRADUATE (HARVARD) WISHES to prepare pupils living in the city or the country for college. Address, "G. C. F.," Argonaut.

—DO NOT GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A jar of California Strawberry Cream for the skin. Made from the fruit juice, at Greenbaum's, 200 Post

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Vacation Shoes FOR THIS WEEK.

Ladies' Tan Lace and Button Shoes, mostly narrow toes and widths..... \$1.15
Ladies' Kangaroo and Calf (Laird, Schober & Co) Shoes..... .65
Ladies' Tan Golf Shoes..... \$2.50
Ladies' French Kid (Herber's) Shoes, what are left... .25
Ladies' Tan Oxfords, LXV. heel..... .95
Men's Tan Hand Welt Lace Shoe, pointed toes, narrow widths: sizes, 9, 10, 11..... \$1.00
Men's Calf Button and Congress, full plain toe, small sizes, narrow widths..... .75
Children's Patent Leather and Kid Shoes, odd lot... .25

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The Southern Pacific Company has published for free distribution the following books and folders which may be obtained from any Southern Pacific Agent, or T. H. Goodman, General Passenger Agent at San Francisco. If you apply by mail inclose a stamp for each publication.

Resorts and Attractions Along the Coast Line is a handsomely illustrated folder giving a description of the health and pleasure resorts on the coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Shasta Resorts, embellished with beautiful half-tone engravings, describes the scenic and outing attractions of the vast and wonderful Shasta region, the grandest of pleasure grounds.

California South of Tehachapi tells all about the charms of that remarkably favored semi-tropic garden spot, Southern California.

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*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*11.45 A
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A
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*10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha.....	*5.15 P
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17.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	19.55 P
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17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18.05 P
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12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A
*4.15 P	Glennwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	*8.50 A

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 *7.00 15.00 *6.00 P. M.
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(Third and Townsend Streets.)

16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	16.30 P
17.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	1.30 P
17.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	18.35 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*5.30 P
13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	10.36 A
14.35 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	9.45 A
15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	10.00 A
3.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	18.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	18.00 A
11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	7.30 P

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"You seem dreadfully worried." "Yes; you see, I joined a Don't Worry Club, and it worries me to keep from worrying."—*Chicago Post*.

"Papa, is an authoress always a married woman?" "That depends, my son, on whether she can earn enough to support two."—*Life*.

Reasonable: *Husband*—"I don't see why you have accounts in so many dry-good stores." *Wife*—"Because, my dear, it makes the bills so much smaller."—*Bazar*.

She (on a transatlantic steamer)—"I read that book going over last year, but I remember almost nothing about it." *He*—"Well, one retains so little on steamers."—*Bazar*.

The author—"I wish I had time enough to write a good book." *His friend*—"Why not take it?" *The author*—"Can't afford to; I am too busy writing successful ones."—*Life*.

Hodge—"I've got a suit of clothes for every day in the week." *Podge* (suspiciously)—"I never see you wear any but the one you have on now." *Hodge* (cheerfully)—"That's the suit."—*Town Topics*.

Clergyman (examining a Sunday-school class)—"Now, can any of you tell me what are sins of omission?" *Small scholar*—"Please, sir, they're sins you ought to have committed, and haven't."—*Tit-Bits*.

Cahill—"O! I had two brothers that never voted the Dimmycratic ticket in their lives." *Costigan*—"They must hav bin blame queer." *Cahill*—"They was I Wan av thim died coming over and the other wan niver lift Oireland."—*Judge*.

At a garden-party: *Miss Vera Classic*—"How many languages do you speak?" *Mr. Orr D. Nary*—"Six—English, baby talk, bill-of-fare French, society gabble, base-ball dialect, and boarding-house-table talk."—*New York Herald*.

The difference: "When Mrs. Parvenu was poor they used to say she was a great talker, but since she became rich it is different." "Indeed! What do they say now?" "They say she is a brilliant conversationalist."—*Town Topics*.

A matter of necessity: *Wife*—"John, you don't mean to tell me that you shot this poor little bird with that great big gun?" *Husband*—"Yes, dear; I'm sorry to say I had to. I couldn't get near enough to put salt on its tail."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Art dealer—"Here's something fine; it's 'The Battle of Waterloo,' by Van Dyke." *Markley*—"Is it, really? I thought Van Dyke died before the battle occurred." *Art dealer*—"Er—so he did; but—er—you see, this is one of his posthumous paintings."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Ratios of travel: "Mike," said Plodding Pete, "do you believe in dis sixteen to one?" "Sometimes I do," answered Meandering Mike, "an' sometimes I don't. It depends on whether it's sixteen meals to one mile or sixteen miles to one meal."—*Washington Star*.

Not so sudden: *Harry*—"When I asked her if she would be mine, she fell on my breast and sobbed like a child, but finally she put her arms around my neck and whispered that she was so happy." *Harriet*—"Yes, that is what she told me she was going to do; she has been practicing it with Cousin Tom for ever and ever so long."—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

The ghastly rider on the white horse stopped at the gate. "I am Death," he said to the sick man who was watching from the window. "You are welcome," replied the latter, and added, in a whisper: "If you value your life, don't let my wife see you tying your horse to that tree. She'd never let anybody do that."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Tommy's lucky ignorance: "Tommy," asked the teacher, "do you ever read the newspaper?" "Yessum." "Can you tell me the name of the cape where such surprising gold discoveries have been made of late?" Tommy racked his memory in vain, and gave it up. "No'me," he said. "That's right," approvingly rejoined the teacher. —*Chicago Tribune*.

Li's little joke: The trembling Boxer knelt before Li Hung Chang and strove to explain matters. "I must have lost my head; I see no other reason why I engaged in the uprising, O Son of the Blue Sky," he wailed. "You are a trifle off in your grammar," interposed Li; "you should say, 'I will have lost my head.'" And the executioner stepped forward at the proper signal.—*Baltimore American*.

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Knowledge that they are not superior to statutes and courts has come to the gamblers of this city, probably with a shock; for it had been their wont to scoff at the police, and have such laws as interfered with pool-rooms and bucket-shops quietly set aside whenever there arose annoying conflict. Judge Lucien Shaw, of Los Angeles, sitting for Judge Murasky, was the instrument of the gamblers' discomfiture. With a few words he swept aside the sophistries of their lawyer, leaving them, apparently, in the plight of having to close their places and make a living by honest and therefore uncongenial methods. That the visiting judge is entitled to the gratitude of the community, no question will arise. He

has accomplished that which should have been done long ago, and which in not being done had caused wonder if the criminal element was really stronger than the element presumed to suppress crime. Judge Shaw has vindicated law and order.

From Democratic orators there comes frequent moan about "government by injunction." They profess to see a great peril in the injunction that issues with the purpose of preventing crime, but any one can see the peril of an injunction having for its object the promotion of crime. The injunction obtained by the gamblers against the police was an anomaly; but for the fact that the judicial mind seemed to regard it seriously, it would have appeared ridiculous. Certainly a burglar would have equal right to enjoin the patrolman along the beat were it was his desire to operate. Nevertheless, an attorney could be found to argue the position of the gamblers tenable; perhaps would be arguing yet, except that Judge Shaw informed him of the uselessness of it, instructed him to be silent, and gave a decision. In this he said: "A court of equity is here asked to prevent the officers of the law from getting evidence to present in a court of law to support their case against a person arrested for alleged violation of the law. I do not think a court of equity will ever do that. . . . The plaintiff has no standing here. . . . The injunction is denied, and the temporary restraining order is dissolved."

This was good law and good sense, pleasing all but the gamblers and the hangers-on about their resorts. The suddenness of it tended to make it painful. The order in question had been issued in the morning. The hearing at which it was rescinded was at two o'clock on the afternoon of the same day. In securing the order the gamblers had counted upon a respite of a week or two. Judge Shaw disillusionized them; somnolence does not show as one of his strong points. The particular cause considered had to do with a hucket-shop, one of the concerns purporting to deal in stocks and to receive quotations, but seldom dealing in the one or receiving the other. Happily, the same provisions that hark the bucket-shopper apply with similar force and directness to the pool-roomer. His calling is gone, and a good thing that it has. The pool-rooms of San Francisco have been productive of nothing but evil. Gambling of every sort, inspired as it is by the wish to acquire riches without effort, leads to excesses. It breaks down the moral nature, creates embezzlers and thieves, encourages idleness and reckless expenditure. Whether a man bet, as in faro, upon the turning up of a certain card, or on a prize fight, or a horse-race, the principle is the same. It has been through the pool-rooms that the common horde of hettors has placed its money. These have been chief agencies in the propagation of vice. To them directly may be traced instances of trusts betrayed, homes ruined, and modest fortunes wrecked. They have induced women into social outlawry, men to the sacrifice of honor. Their victims have committed suicide, have done murder, have gone to prison or into exile as the result of the fever for gaming. Such is the record made by local pool-rooms. That these plague spots can be effaced is a reason for rejoicing. They have held their malign sway too long. And when, brought to bay, the proprietors seek to have the courts restrain the police from enforcing regulations that the police are employed to enforce, the effrontery in itself is so unspeakable as to merit such condign rebuke as Judge Shaw gave.

While the country is waiting with more or less patience for a permanent settlement of the questions involving the political status of our new territorial possessions, the discussion goes on, interlarding the decisions of minor courts with private opinion, with a persistence and volume which indicates the importance of the subject and the interest taken by the people. So far as developed, the opinions of the judges are by no means unanimous on the question whether the constitution of the United States extends at once, *ex proprio vigore*, over a newly acquired domain, or whether Congress has the

power to legislate for such domains independently of the constitutional limitations which apply to the sisterhood of States. In popular parlance: "Does the constitution follow the flag?"

We had in May a pronouncement by Judge Lochren, of the United States District Court of Minnesota, in the case of Raphael Ortiz, a Puerto Rican, condemned to death for murder by the military tribunals then supreme in the islands, and whose sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life in a Minnesota penitentiary. Judge Lochren sustained the military court on the ground that the case arose previous to the treaty of Paris. But he utilized the occasion to deliver an opinion upon the constitutional question, which, not being involved by the proceedings, has not been considered of weight as judicial authority. That opinion maintained that the constitution was supreme in Puerto Rico. A case more in point was decided last month in the southern district of New York, and a decision diametrically opposed to Judge Lochren's was handed down by Judge William K. Townsend. The latter case carries greater legal weight than the former, because it turned on the direct question of the duties to be levied upon importations of tobacco from the island. Judge Townsend held that the clause in the constitution providing that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States" does not necessarily mean free trade between the United States and its dependencies.

Hon. Edward A. Belcher, a judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco, has made an interesting but brief examination of the subject for the *Merchants' Association Review*, of this city. His opinion, which supports the authority of congressional legislative government for the Territories, is based both upon judicial precedent and upon the arguments of national safety and expediency.

As a leading instance, and one in which the subject was first construed, he cites a case decided about 1845. Its appearance in the United States courts was caused by the transition of Florida from a Territory to Statehood. The case, which was a libel in admiralty, began in the Territorial courts, but the decree followed the admission of Florida as a State. The decree was attacked in the supreme court on the ground of want of jurisdiction, in that the jurisdiction acquired in the Territorial court did not continue in the State or federal courts. The objection was sustained, and put squarely on record a decision that the Territories "are legislative governments and their courts legislative courts, and not subject to the constitutional provisions in respect to State and federal jurisdiction"; that the Territories are not organized under the constitution, "but are the creations of the legislative department, and subject to its supervision and control."

Judge Belcher's argument follows with later rulings of the supreme court which are in the same line. Chief Justice Waite is cited as deciding that "the Territories are but political subdivisions of the outlying dominion of the United States" for which Congress may legislate, as a State may do for its municipal organizations. Judge Bradley coincided with this view in a later decision, in which he said that "the power of Congress over the Territories is general and plenary," and a very recent acquiescence of the supreme court is noted in a case from Alaska, in which a motion to quash a criminal indictment was denied for the reason that "the government of the Territories is exclusively a matter for Congress, and that the provisions of the constitution do not apply."

Judge Belcher finds other reasons of high importance to support the framework of judicial precedent which his article outlines. We have learned by experience the evils of an indiscriminate admixture of foreign elements in our citizenship. We have endured in the West the pest of a large immigration of Asiatics. We should learn better from it than to admit the native races of the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Alaska, and Samoa "into full citizenship and equal voice in the affairs of this free country." Our institutions depend on our conservatism, and conservatism depends on blood and temperament. An alternative

is presented of restricting the entrance of the heterogeneous elements of foreign immigration to the privileges of our citizenship, or of creating a stronger central government to control them. Commercial and strategic considerations may make it imperative that we should retain and fortify our recent acquisitions, but the integrity of our institutions demands that they should be governed as Territories until the native races are supplanted by an assimilable people. In the opinion outlined both the precedents of law and the dictates of common political sense point to the acceptance of the view that Congress is charged with the government of Territories—that the constitution does not follow the flag. In the meantime, citizenship should be confined to intelligent people of the Caucasian race.

That there should be here a commercial museum, modeled after that which in Philadelphia has been of such marvelous growth and utility, has been conceded from the time of its first mention. There has been much discussion, all of it favorable, much weighing of methods, and among progressive business men a large measure of enthusiasm. Philadelphia, delighted with the success of its own institution, has generously offered to cooperate, believing two museums, working concertedly, would be mutually helpful. The Merchants' Association of San Francisco, a body that has been effective in promotion of material interests, was first to agitate and early to advocate the scheme. It has decided that the enterprise should not be launched with less than two hundred charter members. Three-fourths of this number have been enrolled, and there should be neither delay nor difficulty in securing the rest. The matter is of great importance to importers, exporters, and manufacturers; to certain interests almost vital.

While the scope of the proposed museum has been set forth many times, a brief relation of the work it is expected to perform is not inappropriate. The mere title, "museum," is inadequate. While there will be collected and classified all manner of products, from the crude substance to the finished output of the factory, this will represent but a small part of the work. The primal idea is to keep in touch with the markets of the world, to ascertain the demands, the character of goods wanted, the prices available, the cost of transportation, imports; in fact, to have on file all the information that could possibly be necessary, and which now is either not to be had; or acquired only at a considerable expense in time and money. There is also to be a system of credit ratings covering the entire field of commerce. American manufacturers will be kept posted as to opportunities to secure contracts abroad, to build bridges, introduce machinery. They will be instructed as to what tools are acceptable in Java or Ceylon, what fabrics China needs, what food-stuffs may be sent to Germany, what wines to France.

In the collated samples will be displayed in concrete and impressive form the resources of the Pacific Coast. In addition to this will be a library for reference, with a correspondence bureau ever ready to answer questions. On the museum staff will be all American consuls as well as such specialists as may be necessary. Once started, the commercial museum will be of a value so great that the support of it will not be a problem. Business men will be glad to join, and, as in Philadelphia, aid may be expected from the federal, State, and municipal governments. Those who have devoted their efforts to founding the institution should redouble them to keep the awakened zeal from flagging. The scheme is too essential to future development to be permitted to eventuate tardily. The time to act is the present, and the sooner the museum shall be a fact, the better. Once founded, it will grow to vast proportions and assume importance felt throughout the universe of traffic.

Only a few weeks ago the board of health held Chinatown in quarantine, while rumors went afar that bubonic plague was raging or about to rage in this city. The quarantine was foolish, the rumor false, and the harm they accomplished can not be estimated. At the height of the scare, the general agreement among physicians was that there had not been an instance of the plague. Later this belief was fully confirmed. Nevertheless, for a time, if a Chinese died of a filth disease (and living in filth this was to have been expected) his body was analyzed, portions of it injected into rabbits or monkeys, and because these creatures failed to thrive under the treatment the board proclaimed its fears well grounded. During that period about the only way a Chinese could die and escape being rated as a "suspect" was to pass away through the direct agency of the high-binder's axe. Among the several deaths hastily ascribed to the plague there was not one that accorded with the tendency of that distressing malady. There was no case of infection, nor of rapid spread. Just often enough to afford an ostensible excuse for alarm, some squalid Chinese would expire amid the reek of his hovel, after having been ill

perhaps for many weeks. The board had absolutely no chain connecting the different deaths; indeed, it did not have so much as a link.

Very different are methods followed in London. There, recently, was a little epidemic of small-pox, but so effectively was it met that it had been stamped out before the public became aware that it had existed. There the chain was complete. Had the bubonic board had one similarly fashioned, it would have escaped popular indictment. On April 30th a valet employed in a flat in a residential block fell ill, dying May 9th. By some error, his disease had been diagnosed as measles, but one who attended the funeral caught small-pox, communicating it to his own child, servant, and nurse. The widow of the valet, placed under inspection at an infirmary, gave the infection to a ward attendant. She was discharged before this illness developed, and had gone to the home of a step-daughter, taking her clothing and that of her late husband. Going then to visit a brother in Chelsea, she was stricken with small-pox. This caused a watch to be placed upon the family of the step-daughter. In due time two children there became victims. So far had the effect of the valet's illness been followed, it was hoped, to an end. But a week later an employee of a suburban laundry not only got the small-pox, from linen that had been used by the master of the valet, but gave it to four other employees, and then it started on another circuit, causing a number to be sent to the hospital. A woman who had lived in the flat above the valet was in a hospital, undergoing treatment for pneumonia. She recovered from this, but manifested, later, symptoms of small-pox, and soon died of the disease, it spreading to five who had come into contact with her. She had been on intimate terms with the family of the man who caught small-pox at the valet's funeral.

This remarkable sequence of cases, all promptly recognized and recorded, shows how closely and intelligently matters pertaining to the public health are watched in London. Had the San Francisco officials used some degree of care in discharge of their duties, they would never have been guilty of an error at once stupid and hurtful. The London physicians assembled their chain, until it was complete, and made no fuss about it. They did not desire to cause alarm nor to advertise to the world that a scourge was visiting the metropolis. As skillfully as they followed the trail of infection, they isolated and treated the patients. The result was that all danger was soon over, and nobody had heard there was anything about which to be scared.

The local health board, instead of wrangling in defense of its mistake, should guard against mistakes in future. It impairs confidence by crying "wolf" before the arrival of the wolf. It might, by cleaning Chinatown, even work its way into public esteem. While engaged in this laudable endeavor, it could with profit devote its leisure to studying methods in vogue where the prevention of disease is considered even more desirable than its cure.

Outspoken in his opposition to the course of the administration in the Philippines, Senator Hoar is no less explicit in his statement that he will give his allegiance to the Republican party in the coming national campaign. This is his expression, and it is what might have been expected of him:

"President McKinley and Governor Roosevelt will have no more earnest supporter in the country than I shall be. Whether we consider the character of the candidates, the character of the counselors they will bring with them into power, the effect on the prosperity and happiness of the American people, or the ultimate triumph of liberty and justice in the distant islands which have been brought under our control, the alternative of Mr. Bryan and David B. Hill, or any other other associate the Democratic party is likely to give him, is not to be thought of for a moment. Mr. Bryan's election will mean the overturn of the protective system, now happily established, and the wonderful prosperity it has brought to all classes of the people; a dishonest and fluctuating currency; great diminution of the value of all debts and savings; the overthrow of the authority of the supreme court; a dangerous assault on property; socialism; the complete success of the attempt now going on to disfranchise ten millions of American citizens at home, and render null and void the great constitutional amendments.

"I was and still am opposed to the policy which brought on the war in the Philippine Islands. I like the policy which has been and is to be pursued in Cuba. I am willing now to test the two methods by their results. But I have never questioned the honesty of purpose of President McKinley and the Republicans who agreed with him. The past can not be undone. I think the future of the Philippine Islands safer in the hands of Mr. McKinley than of Mr. Bryan, in the hands of the Republicans than of Tammany Hall and the solid South. In saying this I am but repeating what I said in the Senate and what I said last year in Massachusetts.

"Mr. Bryan earnestly advocated the treaty which bought the Philippine Islands, and secured for it the votes of seventeen of his supporters. For this action of his no motive can be reasonably argued but the desire to keep the question for an issue in the campaign. The Republican party, in its platform, has refused to commit itself to keeping the Philippine people in subjection against their wish, and cites the example of Cuba, to which it renews its pledge of independence. The Massachusetts Republican platform of 1899 promises them, after hostilities are over, a government as free, as liberal, and as progressive as our own. I believe that these pledges will be kept. Whatever mistake may have been made in the past, I prefer to trust the future of liberty to the party that for fifty years has never been wrong but once rather than to the party that for sixty years has never been right once.

"Does anybody believe that the American people have changed; that the great North has changed; that the Republican party has

changed in a minute, in a day, in a twinkling of an eye? Liberty is not dead. Justice is not dead. The great Declaration is not dead. Men will differ; good men will differ; good men will sometimes err; parties are not infallible. But I am confident that the great free North, which achieved and established liberty at home, will surely and very soon establish it abroad."

Senator Hoar distrusts Democratic promises, and believes that no new issue can possibly make any difference with the essentials of Bryanism as they have been preached for four years.

The cowardly assassination of King Humbert of Italy, coming as it does shortly after the murder of Empress Elizabeth of Austria and President Carnot of France, has renewed the discussion as to the necessity of society protecting itself against these self-constituted enemies of society. King Humbert had been guilty of no offense that justified the enmity of any man. Italy has been unfortunate in being so situated that taxes have necessarily been unusually heavy. With a large percentage of the population unable to read or write, there has been an unusual degree of discontent among the people. Yet King Humbert has ever striven in a difficult situation to secure the happiness and welfare of his people. His offense, for which he was called upon to pay the penalty of his life, was the fact that he was the representative of established society. So it was with Empress Elizabeth; so it was with President Carnot.

This is a fact that the supporters of the established order of society can no longer shut their eyes to. The more useful a ruler is in promoting civilized progress, the more prominent a mark he becomes for the dagger or the pistol of the anarchist. His enmity is not against despotism or oppression, but against the enforcement of law, the pursuit of justice. It is the fashion to claim for this country the most liberal government on the face of the earth; to speak of it as the haven for the oppressed of all countries. Yet in the eyes of the anarchist the government of the United States is as hateful as is any one of the monarchical governments of Europe. It is the conservation of social order that the anarchists are pledged to destroy, and this they find here as well as elsewhere. President Garfield was stricken down by one who espoused the same principles as the assassins of Carnot, Elizabeth, and Humbert.

When the excesses of the anarchists were yet new they were looked upon as political offenses, and it was a recognized principle of international law that extradition did not lie against political offenders. In this country, more strongly than elsewhere, the feeling existed that the foundations of the republic had been laid in protest against political oppression. Here was the refuge where the oppressed of all lands might find a welcome and a home. Switzerland, following what may be called the republican tradition, extended a welcoming hand to those who were in revolt against the political institutions of their own country. But of late years there has been a growing realization of the fact that there is a distinction between opposing the oppression of despotic political institutions and waging war against organized society. The fact that offering a refuge for the fanatics of the anarchistic propaganda is a more or less speedy method of self-destruction is coming to be understood, and with a complete understanding of that fact will come the ending of the license that these people are now enjoying.

The people of this country are to blame for granting immunity to this class of people who are mentally unsound, and, in the last analysis, who are to be classed only with the wild beasts. They deny to themselves the rights and privileges of human beings, since those rights and privileges find their basis in the social organism against which they have declared war. It is true that the sentiment of repulsion aroused by such dastardly acts of violence defeats the purpose of the anarchists, yet it is equally true that the safety of society will never be insured until all civilized nations unite to stamp out this menace. The proposal for such an agreement has been made many times; the United States, through sentimental considerations, has heretofore held back. Had this country not done so it is improbable that Bresci would have received the encouragement that he did in New Jersey, and King Humbert might have escaped the assassin's bullets. America has in many cases been foremost in advocating the progress of civilization; here is an opportunity to stand in the forefront once more.

At the present time, when the civilized nations of the earth are waging bitter warfare against China, it is interesting to note that those in control of the Fourth of July celebration in Philadelphia this year saw fit to select Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister to the United States, to deliver the oration on that occasion. The exercises were held in Independence Hall, a structure dear to the heart of the American people on account of the historical associations that cluster around it. Minister Wu is a diplomat of unusual ability; he was described a few months ago as the most popular after-dinner

ORIENTAL
INSTRUCTION
FOR AMERICANS.

speaker in America; he is a suave and courteous gentleman. Yet the reflections of the gentlemen of the committee who extended the invitation must have been somewhat peculiar when they recalled the fact that on the very day that Minister Wu was to expound to the American people resident in Philadelphia his views on the civilization expressed in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, the accredited representative of this country in China was besieged by the regular troops of the Chinese Empire and unable to communicate with his own government.

The Rev. George E. Rees, D. D., of the Tabernacle Baptist Church in Philadelphia, expressed his views on the subject, before the conflict with China had developed, as follows: "I can not help but enter my protest against the Chinese minister's making the address at Independence Hall—not from a lack of appreciation for the minister himself, but because he comes here as the representative of a country committing acts of barbarism. He represents a people who look on other nations as 'foreign devils,' and among whom there seems to be a deep-laid purpose to exterminate Christians. While I have no sympathy or belief in extending missions by military power, yet Christian nations ought to raise their voices for the protection of those who of their own accord embraced the Christian faith."

Dr. Rees would probably have expressed himself in somewhat stronger terms had he spoken after the violations of the rules of civilized warfare by China had become generally known, but the point to which he calls attention will well bear emphasis. The celebration of Independence Day in this country has degenerated in many ways and does not always arouse the sentiment that it should, yet it has a distinctive meaning to every American, and that feeling is one that no person, however able, can appreciate if he himself is a product of the Oriental civilization.

The supreme court has at length relieved the anxiety of the politicians by handing down a decision declaring the Stratton primary election law unconstitutional. The decision is given with sufficient agreement to render it useless to attempt any reform of the primary elections so long as the court retains its present personnel. The opinion of the court is written by Justice Henshaw, Justices Van Dyke and McFarland concurring. Justices Temple and Harrison present a concurring opinion, while Justices Beatty and Garoutte dissent. The main opinion holds that the law creates an express limitation upon the power of political parties, which hitherto they have freely exercised, of adopting their own mode for the selection of their representatives; that both the federal and State constitutions guarantee to the people the right peaceably to assemble in convention; that the law discriminates among parties to the disadvantage of the smaller; that the law is an invasion on the rights of political parties; and that its tendency is to hand the affairs of political parties over to the venal and corrupt members of another party or of no party at all. Justices Temple and Harrison concur in these opinions and raise the further point that it is not competent for the legislature to prescribe the test of party affiliation.

The argument of the court is a plausible one, but it is based upon a failure to look at the question broadly. If the fact that any law proposes to change a time-honored custom is to be accepted as conclusive of the invalidity of that law, all progress through legislation becomes impossible. It is true that the people, acting through their government, have heretofore refrained from interfering with primary elections, but such a policy has been found in practice to be bad. The law of self-defense applies to communities as well as to individuals, and the primary law was an attempt to exercise this right.

The argument that the federal and State constitutions guarantee the right of the people to assemble in conventions is the weakest point in the opinion, and simply amounts to a play upon words. It is enough to say in reply to it that the constitutions do not refer to political conventions as contemplated in the primary law. That law denies to no persons the right to meet in convention and to discuss political questions as much as they please. As Justice Garoutte points out in his dissenting opinion, the ballot law recognizes certain bodies as political parties and excludes others. The primary law merely followed the ballot law in this definition. It would be idle to provide for an organization holding a political convention when the nominees of that convention could not secure a place on the official ballot.

Under the head of discrimination among parties much is said in the opinion concerning the fact that the law does not recognize as a political party an organization polling less than three per cent. of the vote at the previous election. Why three per cent.? inquires the court. If the legislature can draw the line at three per cent., why not at forty-nine per cent., or at any other number? The reason ought to be sufficiently obvious to any one as familiar with the political

history of this State as the justices of the supreme court ought to be. An organization that does not poll more than three per cent. of the vote can not elect any of its candidates, and merely cumbers the official ballot at an additional expense to the tax-payers. The three-per-cent. limitation was adopted to put an end to the piece-clubs that existed to levy black-mail on candidates, and it has served its purpose well.

The argument that the tendency of the law is to pass the control of the party over to the corrupt and venal members of the opposition has not been borne out by the facts. In fact, the exact contrary has been the case. Under the old primary system it was the corrupt politician who was absolutely in control; the respectable citizen did not consider it worth his while to vote when he was reasonably certain that his vote would not be counted. At the only primaries held under the Stratton law the respectable citizens turned out, and the vote was the largest of any primary election in the history of the city.

The law as enacted had one defect, but this was unavoidable. Under the constitution, the legislature had no power to prescribe any political test for voting at the primaries. No voter can honestly object to agreeing to support the ticket of the party with which he affiliates during the preliminary stages of the campaign. An amendment to the constitution conferring this power upon the legislature has been proposed, and will be voted upon by the people at the election in November next. The amendment also proposes to permit the legislature to make the primary law compulsory in certain cities and towns only. This is a desirable change, since a mandatory law is not necessary in country districts, and would simply work undesirable inconvenience there. With these changes, a new primary law should be enacted. The government has a right to adopt such election machinery as is necessary to insure an honest and capable administration of public affairs, and a primary-election law is a proper part of that machinery.

The commercial agencies have been calling attention to the fact that while business is prosperous, factories are running overtime to fill their orders, railroads are earning increased dividends, and the volume of foreign trade is greater than it has ever been before in the history of the country, the bank clearings are falling off and failures are increasing. To present the figures of comparison, the bank clearings for the first week of July of this year were 21.1 per cent. less than they were for the corresponding week of last year—a decline of nearly one-quarter. At the same time the failures for the first six months of 1900 aggregated \$100,570,000 as against \$49,664,000 for the corresponding period of 1899. Here is an increase of more than one hundred per cent.

Upon the surface this looks like an exceedingly bad financial condition for the current year. An analysis of the figures, however, develops a very different showing. The key to the whole matter is found in the fact that last year saw the high-water mark in the organization of industrials or trusts; this year has witnessed the weeding out of the purely speculative institutions. That this liquidation is taking place without disturbing general business conditions is cause for congratulation. The speculative character of the failures is shown by the fact that brokerage and real estate account for \$19,800,000 of the \$51,000,000 increase in failures, and banking institutions for \$18,200,000 more. The banks assisted in financing the purely speculative industrials, and they are reaping the whirlwind.

While speculation accounts for the greater part of the increased failures of the year, a secondary cause is to be found in the unnatural forcing up of prices, particularly of iron and steel. Dun's agency declares that, in spite of this, cause for satisfaction is found in the fact that business has been, on the whole, so soundly conducted under conditions of unusual danger. Continuing, they say that the efforts of the last few months to get back to a normal state of business have been largely successful, and when this is seen and the remarkable steadiness in the number and size of the great majority of failures not for exceptional amounts, there appears ground for especial satisfaction.

There is one feature of the burning of the North German Lloyd steamers at Hoboken last month that has not received the attention it deserves. The company had every reason to exercise

the most extreme caution in guarding against just such a catastrophe. There were millions of dollars involved in the four ocean liners and in the elaborate system of docks; there was nearly an equal amount of money represented by the freight, for the safety of which the company was responsible; there were nearly one thousand people, employees and visitors, whose lives were jeopardized. The company had every reason to take every precaution to guard against just such a fire. Yet with a suddenness that was appalling the entire property was swept away and three

hundred lives were sacrificed. The responsibility has not yet been fixed, but the conviction is almost inevitable that the officials of the company were lacking in watchfulness, and are to be censured on this account.

The broader question that arises is, how such calamities are to be prevented in the future. These steamers were tied to the docks; the passengers had left them. Suppose that this freight, which was known to be most inflammable in character, had been loaded into the holds of the vessels, the passengers had gone on board, and the steamers had put out to sea when the fire started. Terrible as was the Hoboken disaster, it would pale into insignificance before such a horror as this. The most rigid investigation should be made into the facts of this fire, in order to prevent, if possible, a repetition. The officers of the company must know all the essential facts. They must know the character of the freight they were handling, its exposure to fire, the nature of the structure in which it was located, the manner in which it was disposed. What rules had been adopted for avoiding such risks. What apparatus had been provided for fighting fires. What was its condition as to readiness, and what training had been enforced as to its use. These are facts that must be known. It is evident that the preparations were inadequate at some point. The defect must be remedied, if a repetition of the disaster is to be prevented in the future.

San Francisco has had long experience with monopoly in the lighting of streets and buildings, and that the result has not always been satisfactory the memory of yearly wrangles as to rates and of disputed hills attests. The streets have not been well-lighted nor the expense moderate. Happily, a change is imminent, for that competition which is the life of trade, and the salvation of the patron, has appeared.

Now the city has under consideration two propositions, one from the Independent Electric Light and Power Company, a local concern, the other from an Eastern syndicate. The latter stands ready to install all the machinery to operate a plant having a capacity of twenty-five hundred arc lights and five thousand incandescent, agreeing to place all its wires underground. It offers the city the privilege of purchasing the plant at the end of five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years, providing that in making the purchase it advance a sum equal to the profits that would have accrued to the corporation. Another proposition has been made to the effect that the city should construct the plant itself, and that the company should enter into an agreement to run the works for a certain annual compensation until the city is prepared to conduct the whole business itself.

The proposal of the Independent Company is couched in terms almost too technical for ready comprehension by the layman, but before the supervisors it will receive careful attention. This company possesses a peculiar advantage over any rival. It is financially strong, and the construction of its system, now nearly complete, has been marked not only by unusual expedition but by regard, almost unprecedented, for the comfort and rights of the public. Where pavements have been torn up they have been replaced quickly, and in many instances the change has actually been an improvement. The company came into existence directly in response to the challenge of the old corporation, which, deeming its position too secure to be disturbed, was at times led into arrogance.

But in the desire to have the city lighted well and economically, no "favorites will be played." The decision must be on merit alone, with every consideration for the responsibility of the competing companies. As to the prospective purchase of a plant, there needs only to be said that in such cities as the experiment has been made it has lessened the cost to consumers and bettered the service. Without regard to the possibility of the future, the mere fact that a monopoly has been broken is a matter for congratulation. Nobody wishes the value of any investments impaired, but, on the other hand, there is a general and marked disinclination to contribute to dividends larger than can fairly be earned. A contract can be placed with a company fully capable of carrying out the agreement, and without any injustice toward the company that has for so long had a remunerative field to itself.

Two local literary celebrities who went to the Republican National Convention from Washington reported their experiences to a newspaper correspondent as follows: "We got up two hours earlier than usual to catch a train; we rode three hours and a half, and then, after a very scant luncheon, secured our seats, high up in the rear of the hall. Not a living word did we hear of the proceedings: the applause we could hear, but in no instance did we know who it was for, or what it was about. Witnessing this dumb show, we sat for four hours and a half, and when the call for adjournment came we had no protest to offer. We had a four-hours' car ride before us. Next time we shall be contented to get our impressions of the Republican National Convention from the columns of the Washington Star—price two cents—and to read them in an easy-chair after dinner."

PRIMARY LAW
DECLARED
INVALID.

PROSPERITY AND
BUSINESS
FAILURES.

ONE FEATURE OF
THE HOBOKEN
CATASTROPHE.

THE COLONEL'S NITA.

How the Honor of the Alvarez Name Was Saved.

The colonel's Nita could not have given you the first simple axiom in plain geometry—in fact, she could not even keep her accounts of her expenditures for satin slippers and lace petticoats straight, but there was in her nature a depth of loyalty and devotion that would overmatch the heart force of twenty college-bred Yankee girls. And when she broke her alabaster hox of devotion at the feet of young Masson there was not one thought of flinching at the inevitable consequences. She simply loved him, and because he was he and she was she, they two alone made up her universe. Through all the years of her childhood her starved young heart had spent itself on a galaxy of painted saints and the tradition of a father, for although the colonel's one idea in regard to his daughter was that she should be happy, his ideas of what should constitute the happiness of a budding woman were vague. He saw that she was indulged in every whim and that she was taught to dance and sing, which in some unaccountable way—he did not pretend to understand the nature of women—was to accomplish the result of her growing into a useful, lovable womanhood.

As long as the colonel was at the Presidio with the worries of the service on his mind, the little motherless daughter was not often in his thoughts, and on the rare visits he made to the Santa Ynez convent he saw a demure little girl in a slim little frock, and was assured by the sisters she was a good child and sang well. After each visit he carried away with him the gratifying impression that the child was growing like her mother. As a man's estimate of a woman, even his own flesh and blood, is merely as to her looks, he saw only the blue-black hair and erect carriage. He was too slightly acquainted with his child to guess at the volcanic nature beneath the demure exterior. So all thought of the child was quickly obliterated by the memories of a gay youth, Seville, his beautiful Carmenita, then the new world, with only the little motherless Nita to link him with the past. After these visits his men always found him sterner than ever, his discipline more rigid, and his temper more irascible.

But when the colonel's Nita was sixteen—it does not take long for these Spanish-American girls to grow up—the colonel's complacency was suddenly interrupted by the realization that the child was now a woman, that her education in singing and dancing, with a few minor details, perhaps, was now complete, as far as the convent course could take her, and she insisted upon going home. To the old colonel home meant barracks, or a shelter-tent somewhere out on the border, and the thought of the presence of a restless young woman, with innumerable trunks, judging by her mother's way of doing things, was disturbing.

So Nita was sent, like the colonel's other belongings, to the colonel's sister for safe keeping. And the Señora Alvarez was a most proper person for the colonel's Nita to be intrusted to. She had had two daughters of her own, who, promptly upon their release from the convent school, had been married off, one to a wealthy octogenarian who owned half the valley he lived in, and the other to a Spanish count whom the poor girl loathed; but the old señora rested serene in the belief that she had done her duty by her own daughters, and complacently undertook the care of the colonel's Nita.

The proud old señora did not know, and neither did Nita, that the colonel's wife had been a public singer, who for her love for the young officer had thrown away a brilliant stage career; neither did Nita know why she loved brilliant music, and glitter, and show; why she put trills and arpeggios in a *miserere*, and said her prayers to Santa Lucia instead of the Blessed Virgin, because Santa Lucia was painted in a red robe. So when the singer's child burst from her convent chrysalis, with the blue-black hair, the imperious manner, and the glorious voice of her mother, and the hot, high-strung nature of her father, the serene old aunt found her a very different charge from her own docile young daughters.

The sombre old house was overrun with riotous young life, doors and windows were flung wide to such an onslaught of fresh air, sunshine, clouds of dust, and swarms of visitors as had never been dreamed of before. The rank old garden, which Nita declared suggested an overgrown grave-yard, was transformed into smooth lawns and rose-bedged avenues, that rang all day with gay voices and light laughter, and in the evenings the vault-like summer-houses heard many tender avowals, and, alas! too many light exchanges of vows. And above it all and through it all rose Nita's voice, caroling and trilling like a sky-lark. Now not in *aves* and *misereres*, but tender love-songs, bits from gay operas, soft lullabys, and stirring patriotic airs. Songs the old señora had sung herself before her thin old lips had grown too dry and her stern old heart too hard to sing them if she would. But the people who filled the house and garden were not of the señora's inviting. The colonel's Nita had turned her back upon every one of her aunt's guests, the eligible husbands from whom she had picked her own sons-in-law. The girl had gathered from the social highways the light-hearted "detrimentals" who could dance and make love, and dashing young officers on her father's staff, till one would think the house was continually garrisoned. Everything about her must be replete with life and youth and warmth.

The horrified aunt was compelled to appeal to the colonel for assistance in managing this self-willed young person, and after many urgent calls the old colonel made up his mind to go and put down the insurrection within his own lines. When the gray old soldier clanked down the avenue that led to his sister's house, in some uncertainty of mind, a vivid young creature flashed toward him, and Carmenita with all her well-remembered impetuosity, Carmenita to the life, flew down the steps to meet him.

The little convent daughter had no connection with this resplendent young woman, for he had not counted on how

striking the similarity might be when her surroundings should be similar. The same love of beautiful things, the same alert manner, the same trick of the eyes, and, with a quickening of the heath, he caught the sparkle of the same sapphire rings glistening on her nervous little hands that he had bought for Carmenita and then forgotten among the other trinkets in the little casket his sister had kept.

This, then, was the insubordinate he had come to discipline, and, as usual, he forgot the matter in hand while his mind reverted to the scenes of his youth. But the old señora also came of fighting stock, and never yet had struck her colors before an obstacle; now she had no mind to be faced down by a chit of a girl. On one point the old colonel was adamant; however kindly he might be disposed toward the child, he had all his sister's hatred for the *gringo*, and the señora knew the right tactics to use.

"And there is not a moment to be lost," she pursued, as they discussed their campaign the following evening in the garden; "now that we have talked the matter over and you agree with me"—he had not said a word—"our only course is to act at once. We can not have a repetition of the disgraceful scene we witnessed this morning."

Meanwhile, the author of the "scene" watched the pair from the shadow of the *patio*, and lived over the melodrama of the morning. Her shoulders squared back as she recalled the first horror of her father's ultimatum, and then how splendidly Jack—her Jack—had stood up and confronted him, repeating to herself for the twentieth time the scornful taunt: "I will see my daughter dead before I will consent to her marrying herself with a damned *gringo*!" And the passionate defiance: "Then, sir, I shall marry your daughter without your consent, and in the face of the whole garrison, and all heaven and hell beside!"

The little figure in the shadow grew tense as steel, the full lips lost their curves and showed only a hard, red line. She almost smiled as she watched the nodding figures in the garden, thinking the valiant Jack had routed them. And with the picture in her mind of those clear, gray eyes, and the boyish, eager face framed in its mop of reddish hair, she knew she could dare anything—anything. Being a woman her faith was blind. Poor Jack! His weapons were too straightforward and primitive to meet the old señora—as well try to meet a trained swordsman with a broad-axe.

Finally, the nodding figures in the garden turned and slowly approached the house. They did not notice her as she arose and stood aside for them to pass. They sat uncomfortably, holt upright in the piazza chairs that were made for lounging, and in formal, measured tones called her to them. And there in the warm, mellow moonlight, on the very spot she had plighted her vows with Jack, under the breath of the roses and honeysuckles, with all the earth teeming with spring-time and palpitating with life and promise, they told her—their heads already bent beneath the snows of winter and the frosts creeping into their hearts—they told her she was to be torn away from it all, and sent back to the convent to take the veil—she who had just begun to live!

After the first wild outburst of anguish the girl regained her tenseness, and the señora waited for her to take the course any well-brought-up girl might be expected to pursue—weep, and sulk, and finally yield. But the colonel's Nita had too much of the soldier-father in her. All the buoyancy and brightness of her nature turned into a rigid defiance of a temper which might break but never bend. The offending Jack was, of course, forbidden the house, and Nita kept a prisoner in solitary confinement.

There had been since then only one meeting, one last desperate moment, when Jack had contrived to say, "Promise to keep your faith till we meet." To which the ghost of the glowing Nita, every drop of whose blood had gone to strengthen the resolve of her heart, had answered, "Till death shall us part."

Even the old father was not allowed to see her, for the señora divined that to the father she was not Nita, but a reincarnation of the lost Carmenita, in whose hands he had been as clay, and, as is often the case with fathers, after the first storm-clouds of anger had cleared away, he might be as plastic in the hands of the daughter.

When this state of affairs had lasted beyond endurance, and everybody except the señora, who was calm and determined as ever, felt something must snap, the tension was so high, the colonel was suddenly called away and the señora left in sole charge of the rebellious forces.

When next the colonel visited his sister he found her more stately and serene than ever, and was assured that Nita, although without a doubt the most untamed and rebellious spirit she had ever known, had finally found her senses and yielded to her aunt's superior judgment. She was in the convent and was perfectly calm; oh, yes, she gave him her word for it, she was perfectly calm. So, thanks to her efforts, the family name was saved from the scandal of an elopement, and his unfortunate daughter from a disgraced life.

Nevertheless, after the old father's rage had cooled somewhat, and, once back at his post, he had found a perspective on the domestic uprising, he was almost ready to admit it might have been better to temporize with the child—Carmenita's child—than to shut her up in a convent. It had been to him almost like finding his young life again in this brief glimpse of his daughter. There arose in his mind a picture of what his declining years might be with this glowing young life at his elbow and this blithe young voice filling his old heart with memories of the beautiful singer of Seville. He proposed to go and see his daughter to satisfy himself that she was happy; but he was always met by the objections from his sister that she was not allowed to see visitors until her novitiate was finished, that she was in retreat, and finally that she was transferred to another convent. Always successfully baffled, his visits became less frequent, his temper more uncertain, his discipline more unreasonable, until his lonely life was ended unsolaced by wife or child.

As the years went by the old señora grew grimmer and sterner, and more stately; the old house was closed again

and grew musty and silent; the garden went back to its original state of rank overgrowth and solitude, and in time all trace was lost of the little gust of life that had once animated it.

And Jack, her Jack, did many things—raged, and dissipated, and traveled, and finally went back to his Eastern home, and married a nice Eastern girl, and settled down. So the story of the colonel's Nita passed into local tradition, and was told as a warning to other rebellious daughters, until it, too, was buried under the *débris* of newer sensations.

And the sequel might never have been told had it not been for the survival of a toothless old hag who recognized the picture. After the occupation and supremacy of the *gringo* had become an established fact, and the Mission precinct extended, a street was surveyed through the Alvarez garden and the house condemned and torn down. And as the massive old adobe walls fell to the ground they cried out the ending of the colonel's Nita's story. Under the oriel window in the room which had been hers, in a tiny niche all too small for a full-grown woman, crouched a grinning skeleton, the dry bones clothed by the masses of blue-black hair that rippled and waved like a garment about it—save for the locks that in the last agonies had been torn out and were still clutched in the fingers on which gleamed the same great sapphire rings of the singer of Seville. And sbut away from sight, when they had robbed her of every token, behind the little teeth that were still white and even, they found a tiny locket of Spanish workmanship with the picture of a boyish, eager face, framed in its inop of reddish hair, guarded, as she had sworn, "till death shall us part."

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1900.

THE TOY COMMANDMENTS.

Oh, the black night, oh, the long, lagging hours,
When the soul yearns and tugs and fawns and cowers,
Eager to know, yet loath to meet its fate,
Sick with the penitence that comes too late!
I am no coward to be crazed with fear
Because the death-time of my life is near.
What if my years are stained with many crimes?
Death hurts but once, and life a thousand times.
Yet in the growing frenzy of my pain
Strange fancies flit across my fevered brain.
Ever before me, wistful-eyed and wild,
I see the phantom figure of a child.

It is my night, the time of life and day
When fathers and gods come home along the way
That eager eyes have watched throughout the day.
And all good children with their hearts aflame
Are crooning soft and low their father's name,
Or running to and fro from place to place,
To catch the first quick glimpse of his dear face.
But I am lurking where the shadow's grace
Covers the pallor of my wretched face,
Whistling brave tunes so no good child may guess
That I am crazed with fear and bitterness.
But every footstep at the outer door,
And every sound that creaks along the floor,
And every gentle wish of wind or rain
Crashes like nightmare through my tortured brain.
The night grows darker, shadows crawl and creep,
The other children have been soothed to sleep,
But I am left alone to bide my fate,—
O Father God, what makes you stay so late?
They thrust me into life, and left me free,
Told me to stay until you came for me,
Gave me for comfort in my hours of need,
To calm my body and to curb my greed,
Those toy commandments which your own cool hands
Fashioned for children of all times and lands.
O God, I never meant in any way
To hurt those treasures in my rough child play!
I put them high up on my treasure shelf,
And let no children touch them but myself,
And climbed up to them when my hands were clean:—
If you had only come back then and seen!
But, God, my hands, my eager man-child hands,—
Mad with unrest no mortal understands,
Blind with the breathless joy that power brings,
Crazed for the knowledge of the *why* of things,
I broke at noontime all my blessed toys,
Then turned and mocked the timid other boys.
It was a grand play-time, that little hour,
Vibrant with life and blood and love and power;
Breathless,—so breathless was its moment's trend,
I did not know my sin until the end.
Then, when my soul awoke to know and care,
All the good children stood around to stare,
Prodding their white hands deep into my pain,
To watch me writhe and wince and writhe again.
God, my own sorrow was enough indeed
To punish me the full strength that I need,
But their relentless hands contemptuous gaze,
Have left me festering in my length of days.
I can not stand another touch of scorn.
I hate the ghastly day that I was born.
I do not dare to pray, for fear that I
With lips once loosened will curse God and die.

Now comes the night, the time of life and day
When fathers and gods come home along the way
That eager eyes have watched through all the day.
I am no coward to be crazed with fear
Because the death-time of my life is near.
Yet in the growing frenzy of my pain
Strange fancies flit across my dying brain.
Father, I do not need your strength and might,
I only want a little love to-night.
If you must come in wrath with threats of Hell,
I can go bravely and can call it well.
But if you should come with a smiling face,
And take me close and warm in your embrace,
And kiss away the years of sin and pain,
I think, I think I could be good again.

—Eleanor Hallowsell Abbott in August Harper's Magazine.

Studies of the zodiacal light made at sea lead F. J. Baydon, formerly of the British navy, to remark that the air over the Pacific Ocean appears clearer and better adapted for celestial observation than that lying over the Atlantic Ocean. Honolulu is admirably situated for clearness of air, and it may become an important outpost in astronomy. It has already been selected as one of the chief points for the study of the vibrations of the earth.

Rosewood and mahogany are so plentiful in Mexico that some of the copper mines there are timbered with rosewood, while mahogany is used as fuel for the engines.

ITALY'S ROYAL FAMILY.

Story of King Humbert's Marriage to Princess Margherita—His Narrow Escapes from Assassins—Notable Incidents of His Reign—Characteristics of the Crown Prince.

King Humbert the First, second king of Italy, who was shot and almost instantly killed at Monza on Sunday last by an anarchist who gave the name of Angelo Bresci, was born at Turin, March 14, 1844, at the anniversary of the same day that had given birth to his father, Victor Emmanuel. His mother was Maria Adelaide, daughter of Archduke Ranieri, then Viceroy of Lombardy and Venice. Thus in the veins of Italy's king ran some of the hated Austrian blood—the blood of that cruel oppressor of Italian soil of whom, happily, all vestige has vanished from the fair peninsula.

An English writer, who in 1891 put forth a work on "The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe" under the *nom de plume* of "Politikos," thus speaks of his early life:

"The princess was a very sweet and charming woman, and an excellent wife and mother, who watched with tender care over the education of her children, being herself their teacher, ever present at their studies, their recreations, their meals. To educate them she followed the principles of the House of Savoy, which requires its sons to be robust and courageous. Ancestry worship is a family characteristic of the Savoy family, and its children have always been nourished upon the traditions of its ancestral heroes, and taught that they ought to endeavor to resemble them to the best of their ability. Their family motto runs, 'Fear and Savoy have never met.' Early in 1855, when Humbert was but eleven years old, he and his brothers and sisters were deprived of her gentle guiding hand. Queen Adelaide was carried off by an early death, leaving behind her a void that was never filled. In 1859, while still but a boy, Humbert was to be found beside his father on those battle-fields which decided the future fate of Italy. He was also sent, very little later, on political missions of the greatest consequence. It was he who took a leading part in the reorganization of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and July, 1862, saw him in Naples and Palermo, amid a population celebrating with *fêtes* and joy their recovered liberty."

A little before the outbreak of the war with Austria, the Prince of Piedmont went to Paris to sound the French Government as to its sentiments concerning the alliance, then actually concluded, between Italy and Prussia. Action soon followed upon negotiations in 1866.

"The moment came in 1866, when on one June day at dawn the Italian army put itself in motion, and the first shots were exchanged at the same moment—that is, before Villafranca, between the division led by Prince Humbert and the Austrian cavalry regiment led by General Pubz, and under Peschiera at Monte Carlo, where fought also Prince Amedeo, and where he received not only his baptism of fire, but also his first wound. From this time forward Prince Humbert was always in the field with his troops when occasion required; and occasion required it right often in those stirring times. And one of his first acts—to his honor be it told—was to declare that he renounced his steepest as a general, not desiring, he said, to add further burden to the budget of his heavily burdened country. At Custozza, Nino Bixio was only just in time to save him from inevitable danger, so fearlessly had he exposed himself to the enemy. 'I shall never forgive you for not letting me manage this affair alone,' was the first impetuous answer given by the prince, after the general had pointed out to him the risk he had run."

It was not till he was twenty-four that a bride was chosen for Humbert:

"Heirs apparent are not usually allowed to remain unwedded so long, but it so happened that death had carried off the wife destined for him, a young Hapsburg archduchess. In 1863, however, Victor Emmanuel grew uneasy at this single state of his heir, whose younger brother was already provided with a wife. He one day told his prime minister, General Meoabrea, that he absolutely must find a wife for Humbert. To this preposterous command the soldier quietly remarked that she was already found; there was wanting only the will of his majesty and the consent of the prince. The lady on whom the general had fixed was the Princess Margherita, daughter of the Duke of Genoa, the brave brother of Victor Emmanuel, whom consumption had too early borne away from his family and fatherland. When Victor Emmanuel first heard this suggestion he was surprised. He had never thought of his niece in this light. He asked the general to tell him something about the qualities of the princess, and what had suggested the idea to him. Menabrea then related to him a number of anecdotes illustrating the princess's noble disposition, strength of character, and delicacy of feeling, and enlarged on the advantage of securing this charming daughter of Savoy to the Italian nation before she was carried off by the Prince of Roumania, who was about to offer her his hand. All he heard greatly pleased the king, who, striking the table with his fist, as he often did when excited, exclaimed, 'Bravo! From all you have related I recognize in her the Savoy blood. Now that you have told me so many nice things about my niece I will go and assure myself of it personally.' No sooner said than done. He set out for Turin at once and arrived unexpectedly at the palace of the Duchess of Genoa. His conversation with the princess satisfied him that her charms had not been overrated. The marriage was therefore arranged, and was celebrated in April, 1868, at Turin, with great pomp, in the presence of the whole royal family."

After making a triumphal tour through the chief Italian cities—excluding, of course, Rome—the bride and bridegroom settled down to live quietly at Turin:

"A year and a half later, at a time when Victor Emmanuel's life hung on a thread, was born to them their heir and only child, also named Victor Emmanuel, after his grandfather, to whom was accorded the title of Prince of Naples, from the place of his birth. When Rome became Italian, the Prince and Princess of Piedmont also moved thither to live in the Quirinal, and it was then that the young princess gradually so conquered her father-in-law's good graces that she acquired great influence over him, causing him to conform to a little more than he was wont to do to the conventionalities and usages of society. It was a difficult position the princess was called on to fill. Countess Miraflore, Victor Emmanuel's morganatic wife, claimed to rule the house and take her place in society as wife. As a woman not only not of royal birth, but entirely of the people, this was clearly out of the question; or could such an insult be put upon the proud old Roman nobility. These, on the other hand, demanded that their king should hold some sort of court, and a court without a woman to preside over it is an impossibility. Victor Emmanuel himself was wont to quote the words of Henry of Navarre: 'A court without a queen is like a spring-time without flowers.' But it was not till after Victor Emmanuel's death that Margherita took her full place at the court, and part of the enthusiasm felt by the Italian people for their queen may be traced to the fact that she is the first queen this land has known, and it is beyond question that her grace, her beauty, make her fill the post with a charm that captivates all beholders."

One of Humbert's first acts on ascending the throne earned for him well-merited praise:

"As is well known, Victor Emmanuel was most extravagant, not so much in the gratification of his private tastes—which, except for women and horses, were simple—as because his charities, his open-handedness, knew no bounds. It was found on his death that his debts were very considerable, and it was proposed in parliament, in the first enthusiasm after his loss, that the state should pay these. To this, however, Humbert opposed a firm negative, declaring that his father's debts were his, and that he should undertake the liquidation. And instantly he set about reducing all needless expenditure in the various palaces,

selling a number of superfluous horses, and restricting outlays in every mode possible; and this, helped by an able major-domo, he carried through so successfully that not only has he paid his father's debts and peopled his father's numerous dependents, but he has always a good sum in hand on which he can draw to subscribe towards any national charity or disaster, or to encourage art and science, whenever it lies in his power."

On November 17, 1878, eleven months after King Humbert's succession to the throne, as he was making his entry into Naples accompanied by the queen, his little son the Crown Prince, and by his prime minister, Benedetto Cairoli, he had a narrow escape from being murdered by an assassin:

"A pettitoer approached the carriage offering a paper. The king stretched out his hand to receive it, when the mao pulled out a dagger and dealt a blow at him. The king caught it on his arm, for the queen had flung her bouquet to the assassin's face, which made his aim uncertain. Then Humbert sprang to his feet, and struck his assailant with his sword. The mao, Passameote by name, aimed the other blow, this time more surely, at the king's heart; but Benedetto Cairoli threw himself on the assassin, received the wound intended for his sovereign, and held the murderer by his hair until an officer rode up and secured him. In two minutes the royal carriage and the procession moved on, the occupants keeping their places. Cairoli was observed to be smiling radiantly, though he was bleeding profusely from the wound he had received—almost on the same spot in which he had been severely wounded while serving under Garibaldi in Sicily. But though the queen bent up bravely for the remainder of the day, the alarm and excitement brought on nervous prostration, from which she suffered for many months, and which seriously alarmed the court and those around her."

A more recent assault by the assassin Acciaritio also showed that Humbert was no coward:

"In April, 1897, while going to the Capannelle, where the royal Derby was to be run, just as he was a mile from the gate of S. Giovanni, on the oew Via Appia, he saw a workman throw himself against the carriage and try to strike him with a dagger. The king was quick enough to ward off the blow with his right arm, and at the same time gave such a ponderous blow with his fist in the middle of the assassin's chest that he rolled under the royal carriage. At the cry of alarm of General Ponzio Vaglia, who accompanied the king, two gendarmes on horseback hurried to get hold of the rascal, tying him tightly. When the would-be regicide underwent his first interrogation in King Humbert's presence, he said his name was Peter Acciaritio, from Ardea, and that he had decided to take that step as he had nothing to eat—and I had to do something! This was said with the greatest calmness and cold-bloodedness."

As a boy, Humbert was extremely thin—as the princes of his house are wont to be—and as a young man he was delicate, having abused the pleasures of life:

"He modeled his manners on those of his father, but he had not his father's robust fibre, which allowed him to carry both pleasure and work to excess. In the course of years he has grown stouter and stouter, but he has aged prematurely. For some years he has been quite bald. At one time he smoked to excess; but one day, his doctors having prescribed abstinence from tobacco, he completely renounced the habit. It is recounted that when the advice was given that he should give up smoking for a time, he answered, 'On my kingly honor, I will never smoke again.' And he has kept his word."

A pretty story is told of an attempt of the queen to have her husband follow the example of his father and dye his hair black, the fashion common among elderly Piedmontese officers:

"Her pleadings were in vain. Humbert's is an honest nature, that does not love these subterfuges. Seeing petition was in vain, the queen had recourse to stratagem. She caused a quantity of fine hair-dye to be sent from Paris and put in the king's dressing-room, together with directions for its use, making, however, no allusion to the subject. The king, too, said nothing, though he could not fail to have seen the pigments. Now the queen had a large white poodle of which she was very fond. What was her horror, a few days later, to see her pet come running into her room with his candid locks of the deepest black-blue! King Humbert had expended the dyes upon the poodle. From that day forth the subject of hair-dyeing was dropped between the royal couple."

Like his *confère*, Humbert has been most sincerely anxious to do his duty, but he was constantly tormented by uncertainty. Says the English author above quoted:

"He solves a situation by following closely the sentiment given by the passing votes of the chamber, and in accordance with the solicitations of his ministers, who are naturally inclined to favor the temporary interests of their own party rather than the permanent interests of the state. It is said that he is always enthusiastic about the prime minister in office; he was so for Cairoli, for Depretis; he was so for Crispi. The persons who approach him for the first time are struck with his language, for he bursts out with the most astonishingly free judgments on what is happening in national and international politics. But this frankness of speech, most un diplomatically and unroyally, covers the timidity of a man who is not very sure of his own judgments. One of the king's indubitable merits is to know how to deal with the masses, and how always on such occasions to find the right word to say, a word that goes straight to the heart of his warm-hearted Italian subjects, and which causes the loudest chords of patriotism to vibrate. And this comes about because he himself is a man of heart, a sincere patriot, and because the glories and the sorrows of the Italian nation for the past forty years are also the glories and the sorrows of his family. Like his forebears, he has no political philosophy, no book-learning; but this want is compensated for by a straightness of vision, and a rare good sense."

Of the Prince of Naples, who succeeds to the throne, F. Marion Crawford recently said:

"The opinion has sometimes been expressed that if King Humbert would abdicate in favor of his son things would go better in Italy. The idea is at least founded in a real contrast between the characters of the two men; the king, whose fierce black eyes, enormous mustache, and generally rough and soldierly appearance convey the impression of a personality not unlike that of his father, is in reality a lover of peace and quiet, who detests anything disturbing to his simple life and equally simple amusements. In common with old King Victor he has only the extraordinary indifference to physical danger which seems to belong to every member of the family, and that same courage is the only common trait between King Humbert and his son, the Prince of Naples. To all other respects the young prince is a complete contrast to his father, and it is safe to predict that whenever he shall obtain the power something unexpected will happen. He will never have the rough prestige of his grandfather, he will never look the soldier-king as his father does, but in a royal house which has always been distinguished for bravery rather than for genius he may prove an exception in possessing courage and intellect in equal degrees. To those who know him and have heard him speak freely of modern political events, there can be no doubt that the future of Italy will turn upon the use he shall make of his deserved popularity with the army, of the wonderful energy that resides in his slight and almost delicate frame, and of the brilliant and unusual intellectual gifts with which he is endowed. Revolution may have come already, or it may yet be an evil of the future, but so soon as it is a fact, Victor Emmanuel, Prince of Naples, will stand between his house and destruction, as the elder Victor Emmanuel stood in the days of Charles Albert's abdication, when Lombardy had fallen back to Austria after the defeat of Novara."

Four years ago the prince was married to the beautiful Princess Helena of Montenegro, but this marriage has not been fruitful. If the new king and queen remain childless, the royal line will pass to the son of the Duke of Aosta.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is reported that the chair of poetry in the University of Chicago has been offered to Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Mlle. Dosne, sister-in-law of Thiers, has presented his manuscripts to the National Library in Paris, a condition being that they shall not be utilized till after her death. It is believed that they throw much light on French political and literary history.

The Princess of Monaco is unique in that she is the first Hebrew to sit on a European throne. She was a Miss Heine, and was first married to the Duke of Richelieu. Her present husband has also been twice married, his first wife having been Lady Mary Hamilton.

Great preparations are being made for the Sultan's silver jubilee, on August 31st, when he will have been twenty-five years on the throne. Poets and historians are busy writing accounts of all his pious works, and the great things he has done for his subjects, to be translated and published.

Spido, the youth who recently attempted to take the life of the Prince of Wales, has escaped punishment, and is now in Paris. It was expected that the Belgian Government would put him in a reformatory until he was twenty-one, but he was hastily removed from the country by his parents, who talk of apprenticing him to an engineer in France.

General John Watts de Peyster, who declares that the earth is fixed in space and who laughs at those who hold to the Copernican theory of the solar system, is one of the most distinguished veterans of the Civil War and was formerly a military expert of international fame. In his old age—he is now seventy-nine—he has turned his attention to astronomy and has just translated a lecture of a Berlin professor, Professor Schoepfer, who proves to the general's satisfaction that Kepler, Newton, Copernicus, and all their followers are in gross error when they assert that the earth moves around the sun or upon its own axis.

The success that Amalie Kussner, now Mrs. Coudert, the miniature-painter, has made in her art, not only in this country but also abroad, is an instance of what may be achieved by industry, indomitable energy, and cleverness. There are other miniature-painters whose work is technically as fine as that of the Kussner miniatures. It was the artist's knack of quickly understanding the style of her sitter, and posing her in such a way that the picture represented the temperament of the subject deftly idealized, that won her first vogue with fashionable women. Miss Kussner, unlike Meissonier, would never affront a wealthy patron by painting her wrinkles in all their reality. She always flattered her sitters, but so delicately that the likeness was true. Thus she became popular, and her own wit and tact won her prestige that she has never allowed to grow less.

Edwin Hurd Conger, our minister to Peking, met, wooed, and won his wife at Lomhard University, Galesburg, Ill. "It was a college match," says the *Chicago Record*, "and both bride and bridegroom were attending school together there. The bride was Miss Sarah J. Pike, and the match was a romantic one. They were attracted to each other by their brightness in classes and by the good spirit which pervaded every action and word. This was in ante-hellum days, and the firing on Fort Sumter put a temporary end to their love-making, as cruel war intervened. Mr. Conger went away to war, serving with gallantry and distinction, rising to the rank of major. During his absence Miss Pike was true to him, and kept in touch by constant watch and continued correspondence. The years spent apart only intensified their affection, and they were married when the war was over, the school-days' courtship resulting in thirty-four years of happy wedded life."

The following anecdote of the Crown Prince of Japan explains why he is so popular among all classes of his people: Ten years ago, when in his thirteenth year, he spent a summer at Futamigaura, Ise. While out gambling in the water one day, the prince noticed a fisherman's boy of about the same age as himself, whose consummate skill in swimming drew forth his admiration. The lowly youth, whose name was Yei, had the honor of being presented to the prince, and there sprang up a boyish friendship between the two. A decade had elapsed since then, and his highness was once more back at Ise, the other day, on his wedding tour. The memories of the past came back, and the prince thought of Yei. He wanted to see his old friend, and, after a good deal of trouble, the order was conveyed to Yei, now grown a sturdy young man, but still poor and lowly. Yei approached the imperial presence. In high delight the prince talked freely of the past, and then allowed Yei to take leave of him loaded with various presents.

The task allotted to Rodin, the sculptor; Hellen, Boldini, and Henner, the painters; Caran d'Ache, Leandre, and Steinlein, the caricaturists; and Redfern, the tailor, of deciding who is the most beautiful woman in the world, has been accomplished. Although the Paris paper, *Gil Blas*, which arranged the competition, was to award two prizes, one for the "fairest face" and the other for "plastic beauty," the judges have found two ladies in both of these classes who so nearly come up to the standard of perfection that it has been impossible to decide which should carry off the prizes. For the fairest face a Marseillaise, Mlle. Madeline de Beaugarde, shared the first prize with a young Spanish woman, who is studying in the Conservatoire. For plastic beauty the honors were divided between Mlle. Jeanne Sully and Mlle. Marcelle Deschamps, the latter a young person of the mature age of fourteen and one-half years, who gained renown on the stage in Sarah Bernhardt's production of "Gismonda." Curiously enough, all the prize-winners and all those who came near to them were decided brunettes, the blondes trailing along far back in the rear. In Paris it is said that this means an immediate slump in the peroxide market.

THE SEASON AT CARLSBAD.

Pleasure-Seekers as well as Health-Seekers—The Race Meeting—
Beauties from All Over the World—American and
English Visitors.

Carlsbad, July 15, 1900.—It will doubtless surprise many people to know that Carlsbad is frequented by pleasure-seekers as well as health-seekers. Yet the fact is apparent from the present season, which is a very gay one. The Carlsbad race-meeting in July was very brilliant. Princess Titi Metternich made a sensation by driving her smart four-in-hand with great skill. In Princess Metternich's four-in-hand were King Milan, seated next to the princess, Herr von Péchy, Count Adalbert Sternberg, and M. Alexander Baltazzi, next to Princess Titi. Among constant attendants at the races was the beautiful Comtesse Jacques de Pourtalès, seated with Princess Max Egon Fürstenberg. One day the former wore a black tailor-made suit, with pale-green velvet collar and lapels, and large black picture hat; the latter a beige dress, with a black holero and broad lace collar and black hat. The beautiful Mrs. Martens, of Paris, went daily with the actress Jenny Gross. Mrs. Maurice Untermyer, of New York, and Mrs. Rothschild and her daughters, of New York, were seen daily. So was Mrs. Charles Yerkes, the handsomest woman in Carlsbad, every one says.

King Milan with his kodak takes pictures of all the pretty women. The king recently gave a dinner of twenty at the Savoy Hotel. The ladies wore large hats. To the right of the king sat Princess Metternich, and around the table were Comtesse Jacques de Pourtalès, Princess Titi Metternich, the Fürstenberg family, Herr Nicholas de Szemere, Herr von Péchy, Count Adalbert Sternberg, Count and Countess Hans Wilczek, Jr., Countess Kinsky, Countess Palffy, Countess Hardegg, Count Haugwitz, and several others. The guests danced until nearly midnight, which is very late for Carlsbad.

At another table was a small party, including the Prince and Princess Loenstein and the Countess Nostitz, with her mother. The prince is the uncle of Countess Chotek, whose marriage with the Archduke Francis Ferdinand has just been celebrated. The Princess Fürstenberg was there with the pretty and stylish Princess Essie. Mr. E. Thalmann, of New York, was with his stylish wife, very handsome in white. The beautiful Mrs. Charles Yerkes, of New York, wore a lovely creation of pale-blue mousseline de soie and lace. At the same table were Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, of New York.

At another table was the well-known Berlin actress, Fraulein Jenny Gross. She wore a creation of pale-blue and white foulard, with costly lace and mousseline de soie, and the most tasteful hat of straw, turned up in front, with large flowers on the crown. She was accompanied by the Viennese beauty, Frau Bahr, who wore a white voile dress and large, black picture hat. These two stately dames dined with Baron George Bleichröder.

The talented young American singer, Miss Bridewell, entertained a party of American ladies and gentlemen recently with a few songs. Miss Bridewell has a magnificent contralto voice, and is very handsome. Before fulfilling her three years' engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Miss Bridewell will make a tour through the United States, as far as San Francisco.

Among the many interesting persons here is the young Prince Soleiman Ben Nasar, governor of Dar-es-Salaam, the seaport district of Zanzibar. He is a scion of the ruling Arab house, a highly cultivated and traveled man. Professor Dr. Demetrius von Otto, body physician to her majesty the Empress of Russia, has arrived from St. Petersburg. Sir Basil F. Hall, Bart., Glasgow, is here for the cure. The Crown-Princess Victoria of Sweden left recently after a prolonged stay for Gmunden, to be present at the marriage of Princess Marie Louise of Cumberland to Prince Maximilian of Baden. King Alexander of Serbia, who was expected here in a few days, has again postponed his visit, and will not come until August. Ex-King Milan will visit the Paris Exposition after the termination of his cure here, and his son will not come here until his father has returned to Belgrade.

The recent English and American arrivals within the last week include:

Sir Charles Pritchard, of London, Mrs. J. Heyn, of Bradford, Miss L. Mason, of Wimbledon, Miss MacDonnell, of London, Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Kremer, of New York, the Rev. John F. M. Cailly, of Newark, Captain and Mrs. Heygate, of Leicestershire, Mrs. Sara B. Parkinson, of New York, Mrs. Ender and Mrs. Kate Lepsius, of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Donald, of London, Mrs. J. Trounstone and daughter, of New York, Miss Louisa Dittman, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. Stemme and daughter, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Platt, of New York, Miss Anna Bromer, of San Francisco, Mr. Walter S. Johnson, of New York, Captain John L. Johnston, of Philadelphia, Mrs. George Lee Thompson and daughter, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Max Danziger, Mrs. Daniel Bacon and daughter, Mrs. and Miss Holiz, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Wise, Mr. James Rascovar and family, and Mr. Edward Rascovar, all of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Topping and daughter, of London, Miss R. E. Austen, of Bath, Mrs. Alice G. Richardson and Miss Richardson, of New York, Mr. George E. P. Dodge, of Chicago, Mr. J. Corlies Lawrence, of New York, Frau Marie von Baltazzi, of Vienna, Mr. Abner Kalisch and family, of Newark, N. J., Prince Franz Auerberg, of Vienna, Count Paul Almeida, of Prague, Mrs. Lyman and Miss Alice Lyman, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wallace, of St. Louis, Mrs. Florence Oberbury and Miss May Grant, of London, Count Andreas Potocki, of Cracow, Mr. Thomas H. Richardson, of New York, Messrs. R. Liedenburg and Charles Van Bergen, of New York, Mr. Alexander Baltazzi, of Vienna, Mr. Arthur Helford, of London, Mr. William Nelson and family, of Nashville, Tenn., Lieutenant Count Nicholas Desfours Walderode, of Klaitau, Mr. Berwick Wilkins, of Washington, Princess Irma zu Fürstenberg and Prince Karl Egon zu Fürstenberg, of Vienna, the Rev. Dr. Robert A. Edwards and family, of Philadelphia, Dr. A. J. Messing, of Chicago, Mr. Andrew Barlow, of Southampton, Mr. Basil F. Hall, of Glasgow, Baron and Baroness de Tuyl de Serockkerken, of Arnheim, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Winter and son, of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Rees and son, of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Lawrence, of London, and Professor Patrick J. Daly, of Boston.

Turning from the gay and social side of Carlsbad to its other phases, here are some facts concerning it by an authority: Carlsbad, the leading European Spa, is situated

in Bohemia, in the German portion of the Austrian Empire, 1,227 feet above the sea level. It is in a valley, surrounded by high hills, which are covered with fir, pine, oak, and beech. The average temperature throughout the season is 57.2 degrees Fahrenheit. The town rises in terraces on both banks of a river, the Tepl.

Carlsbad has been free from epidemic diseases from time immemorial. It has about 13,000 resident inhabitants. The number annually visiting the place for the waters is about 45,500. About 1,000 come from the United Kingdom and 2,000 from the United States.

Modern geologists estimate the main basin of Carlsbad waters to be about 8,000 feet below the surface. All hot springs possess the property of *incrustation*, that is, they incrust objects with the minerals which they hold in solution, such as lime, silicates, manganese, iron, etc. This process takes place in the Sprudel spring, and in this way the latter has in the course of time built up by slow degrees a cylinder or shell composed of its earthy ingredients, and incrusting the walls of the capacious subterranean caverns through which it flows. This shell goes by the name of "Sprudel-schale." The "Sprudelschale" has formed a vast number of vaults or caverns, one rising above the other, or extending side by side. It rests upon the solid granite below. The caverns referred to communicate with one another by lateral channels. In these the waters accumulate, and so does the carbonic acid, forming large or small bubbles. Whenever the carbonic acid manages to overcome the pressure of the column of water which confines it, the water and the gas break forth simultaneously, and this is the reason why the Sprudel spurts out, as it does, in its own peculiar way, in jets. The Sprudel shell has a thickness of about 20 to 40 inches, and stretches out a considerable distance beneath the surface of the earth and of the Tepl River. Whenever the Sprudel water finds its flow hindered by mechanical obstructions—for instance, by deposits accumulated in its channels—it bursts forth with some violence, breaking through the shell, and thus creating for itself a new outlet. This process is called a "Sprudel eruption." Violent eruptions of this kind in the past have caused much damage. In order to guard against their repetition the openings of the Sprudel are now periodically widened and cleared of the shell deposited by boring to the bottom. The bore-holes thus created, being opened and closed as occasion requires, are used as safety valves. Pieces of the Sprudel shell, passing by the name of "Sprudelstein," cut and polished, form a favorite article of commerce.

Carlsbad was already known in the twelfth century. The authentic history of Carlsbad begins in the fourteenth century, and the oldest document, a deed of feoffment, is dated 1327. Legend and history agree in naming Charles the Fourth as the founder of the watering-place of Carlsbad.

The regular season begins annually on the fifteenth of April and extends to the first of October. But visitors are found here at all seasons. Every visitor who makes a longer stay than eight days in Carlsbad, whether taking the waters or not, is required to pay the local tax (called the "Kur-tax"). It varies according to the visitor's rank and station, from four dollars to forty cents. Payment entitles the payer to free admission, during however long a stay, to all springs, parks, and promenades, and afternoon and evening concerts arranged by the authorities of the town. Medical men are entitled to free admission to the baths and reading-rooms.

The town band ("Kur-Kapelle") plays during the season in both the Sprudel and the Mühlbrunn colonnades every morning from six to eight (the usual hours for drinking). There are afternoon concerts in the "Stadt-park," in Pupp's Garden, and also evening concerts at the "Stadt-park" and the Kurhaus. All these are "open-air concerts." Visitors having a fancy for classical music, symphonies, etc., will greatly relish the far-famed concerts conducted by Herr Labitzky.

There are plenty of fine hotels at Carlsbad. Lodgings can be obtained in these hotels, leaving the visitor (called "Kurgast") free to take his meals wherever he likes. There are good private lodging-houses, also. The prices asked are pretty much the same as those charged in other watering-places, and they vary according to situation and season. Those who wish to secure apartments of more than ordinary pretensions during the height of the season (in June and July) will do well to write betimes. There are special laws for the letting of apartments, which visitors will do well to consult, to avoid disputes. These regulations must, on demand, be produced for inspection in every hotel, as well as in every private house.

Carlsbad possesses a Roman Catholic Church, a Lutheran Church, an Eastern-Orthodox (Russian) Church, an English Church, and a Jewish Synagogue. In all these places there is regular service during the entire season. The reading-rooms (with smoking-room and ladies' room attached) are situated on the first floor of the Kurhaus, with one hundred and twenty different newspapers and periodicals in all modern languages. The Municipal Theatre is magnificently fitted up, well ventilated, and lighted by electricity. Performances take place every evening at half-past six p. m. The performances consist mainly of light operas and comedies. In the "Municipal Kurhaus," dancing parties take place every Saturday. Pedestrians will enjoy the shady walks and promenades (their length being more than seventy miles) through the woods and on the mountains; they offer plenty of variety and beautiful scenery, and are well-provided with seats.

In 1522 Carlsbad already enjoyed a wide reputation as a watering-place, and had a church of its own, a town hall, and about forty houses. The Sprudel was then used only for bathing. About the year 1766 bathing became unpopular, and was for a time entirely given up. In its place there grew up a craze for excessive drinking, the patients being made to swallow from fifty to seventy cups a day. The first bathing establishment was erected in 1704. Until 1827 the Sprudel spring was left open, but in 1879 was erected the

modern, magnificent hall, constructed of iron and glass. The first written *Visitor's List* dates from the year 1756, giving the names of 134 families. Six hundred and thirty-eight visitors used the "Kur" during the season of 1795. Among the visitors to Carlsbad during the last centuries we find the following names: Philippine Welsch, with her husband, Ferdinand, Archduke of the Tyrol (1571 and 1575); Wallenstein (1630); the extravagant Prince-Elector of Saxony, Augustus, King of Poland (1691); Peter the Great, Czar of Russia (1711 and 1712); Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, the wife of Charles the Sixth, with her daughter, Maria Theresa; Joseph the Second, Emperor of Austria; the Prussian kings, Frederick the First and Frederick William the First (1732); moreover Leibnitz (1712), Gellert, Laudon, and others. Later on we find Goethe (14 seasons); Schiller, who spent his honeymoon at Carlsbad, Fichte, Körner, and the immortal Beethoven, who gratified the public by playing a free fantasia at a charity concert; also the Prussian Field-Marshal General Blücher, the famous "General Vorwärts" of the great war of liberation, 1813-15, etc.

The Carlsbad treatment is a combination of internal and external use of the thermal waters, supported by a diet designed to assist the effect of the waters, the special ailment and the individuality of the patient being fully taken into account in the application of all hygienic factors, such as exercise. The absence from home, from business and care and occupation is, of course, of material importance. Carlsbad is the main representative of the alkali saline mineral waters—i. e., of waters which, in addition to carbonic acid and alkaline salts, contain a considerable proportion of sulphate of soda. The springs vary in temperature from 93 degrees Fahrenheit to 163 degrees Fahrenheit. The Carlsbad waters are quite clear and free from color, generally speaking, very palatable, with a faint saline taste, but without any characteristic smell. They never, from the very first, cause the slightest distaste or nausea. The Carlsbad waters act: By immediate contact with the mucous membrane of the stomach and alimentary canal and through the blood; that is, they change its condition by increasing the proportion of alkali in the blood as well as in all derivative secretions.

The Carlsbad waters are indicated: In diseases of the stomach, of the intestines, of the spleen, of the liver, of the kidney and urinary organs, chronic catarrh, renal and vesical gravel, and calculi—diseases of the prostate gland, in certain diseases of women, in gout, general adiposity, abdominal plethora, diabetes mellitus. The quantity of the mineral waters to be taken varies, generally speaking, from two to six cups (ten to thirty ounces) a day. More is rarely advisable, and often much less is sufficient. Occasionally milk or whey is added to the water. The baths can be taken in the bathing establishments belonging to the town. They include mineral-water baths, mud baths, vapor baths, *douches*, and common water baths; electric baths and electric-light baths; massage and Swedish medical gymnastics (Professor Zander's method). This bathing establishment, opened in 1895, is the finest in Europe.

The export of Carlsbad water and Carlsbad salts began in 1843. The local authorities supervise the bottling process. The authorized exportation of the Carlsbad mineral waters was introduced in 1844, at the instance of Dr. E. Hlavacek, and was then first let out to T. A. Hecht for 500 florins per annum. Then it was put up for auction, and granted to Seifert & Damm for 6,673 florins per annum (from 1845 to 1849); during the following six years the town took the sale into its own hands; from 1857 to 1866 the trade was again let out to contractors, viz., Knoll & Mattoni for 6,050 florins; then for nine years to H. Mattoni for 14,000 florins; from 1877 to 1886 to Löbel Schottländer, from Breslau, for 70,000 florins; and from the first of January, 1887, during fifteen years, to the same company for 175,000 florins per annum.

A good deal is said about a specific Carlsbad diet. In reality there is no such thing as a specific Carlsbad diet at all. It is not the water, it is the particular ailment which compels a particular diet. But speaking generally, the following may be taken as rules for patients: The meals consumed should be as plain in composition and as moderate in quantity as can be managed, more especially the evening meal. Anything heavy, rich or fat, spiced or smoked meats, large doses of sweets, moreover strong beer—all these ought to be carefully avoided. Wine should be taken only in moderation and the same restrictive rule applied to other alcoholic drinks. Diabetic patients, as a matter of course, should observe their specific diabetic diet. Smoking should be kept within moderate bounds. Plenty of outdoor exercise and bathing hotb add naturally to the effect of the waters. But excessive exertion, alike of body and of mind, ought to be carefully avoided. Baths, of course, should be taken only if otherwise agreeing with the patient. The diet here sketched in rough outline should be observed for some time after the course of treatment is over. As for the proper length of that course only a physician acquainted with the constitution of the patient and observing the symptoms can form a judgment on that point.

In 1764 the town began exporting salts. In 1868 the production had increased to sixty hundredweights, then the town erected new salt works, but in 1878 all orders could not be executed, and a further enlargement of the works was found indispensable. When the further extensions of the building now in progress are completed, it will be possible to increase the production to very nearly 100,000 kilos—220,750 pounds—of the salts per annum.

DR. LUDWIG SIPÖCZ.

What is believed to be a Viking corpse has been dug up in a peat bog at Damendorf, in Schleswig, and placed in the Kiel Museum. It was well preserved, and had red hair; it was clothed in coarse woolen material, with sandals on the feet. Kiel experts think it was buried fifteen hundred years ago.

NEW LIGHT ON LINCOLN'S LIFE.

Truth About His Marriage to Miss Todd—The Famous "Lost Speech"—Anecdotes of His Relations with the Soldiers.

Believing that there was a large quantity of unpublished Lincoln material hidden away among old family relics and in Lincoln collections in various parts of the country, Ida M. Tarbell in 1894 commenced the task of collecting these fragments, which were ultimately used in the preparation of her latest work, "The Life of Abraham Lincoln." In prosecuting this labor, the author wrote thousands of letters and traveled thousands of miles to secure new reminiscences, pictures, letters, telegrams, and speeches for her work. The larger portion of the results of the research here presented appeared in articles in *McClure's Magazine* since 1895. There is no doubt that this new material collected will add considerably to our knowledge of Lincoln's life. Miss Tarbell presents documents which prove that Lincoln's mother was not the nameless girl that she has been generally believed to be. His father, Thomas Lincoln, is shown to have been something more than a shiftless "poor white," and it is made evident that Lincoln's early years, although passed amid a crude environment, were animated by a cheerful and persistent effort at self-improvement. His struggle for a livelihood and his intellectual development up to the time when he was admitted to the bar are traced with more detail than in any previous biography. Again, Herndon's sensational account of his running away from his wedding with Miss Todd, hitherto commonly accepted by historians, is proved false by an overwhelming array of evidence.

For instance, this is the testimony of Mrs. D. T. Edwards, sister-in-law of Mr. Ninian Edwards, who had married Miss Todd's sister. She came to Springfield in 1839, and was intimately acquainted with Mr. Lincoln and Miss Todd. She is still living in Springfield, and is recognized as a woman of absolute trustworthiness. In answer to the question, "Is Mr. Herndon's description true?" she writes:

"I am impatient to tell you that all that he says about this wedding, the time for which was 'fixed for the first day of January,' is a fabrication. He has drawn largely upon his imagination in describing something which never took place. I know the engagement between Mr. Lincoln and Miss Todd was interrupted for a time, and it was rumored among her young friends that Mr. Edwards—that is, her brother-in-law—had rather opposed it. But I am sure there had been no time fixed for any wedding—that is, no preparations had ever been made, until the day that Mr. Lincoln met Mr. Edwards on the street, and told him that he and Mary were going to be married that evening. Upon inquiry, Mr. Lincoln said they would be married in the Episcopal church, to which Mr. Edwards replied: 'No, Mary is my ward, and she must be married at my house.' If I remember rightly, the wedding guests were few, not more than thirty; and it seems to me all are gone now but Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Levering, and myself, for it was not much more than a family gathering; only two or three of Mary Todd's young friends were present. The entertainment was simple, but in beautiful taste; but the bride had neither veil nor flowers in her hair with which to 'toy nervously.' There had been no elaborate *trousseau* for the bride of the future President of the United States, nor even a handsome wedding gown; nor was it a gay wedding."

Another witness to the falsity of the story was the Hon. H. W. Thornton, of Millersburg, Ill., who was a member of the Twelfth General Assembly which met in Springfield in 1840-41:

During that winter he was boarding near Lincoln, saw him almost every day, was a constant visitor at Mr. Edwards's house, and he knew Miss Todd well. He wrote to the author declaring that Mr. Herndon's statement about the wedding must be false, as he was closely associated with Miss Todd and Mr. Lincoln all winter, and never knew anything of it. Mr. Thornton went on to say that he knew beyond a doubt that the sensational account of Lincoln's insanity was untrue, and he quoted from the house journal to show how it was impossible that, as Lamon says, using Herndon's notes, "Lincoln went crazy as a loon and did not attend the legislature in 1841-1842 for this reason"; or, as Herndon says, that he had to be watched constantly. According to the record taken from the journals of the house by Mr. Thornton, and which have been verified by Springfield, Mr. Lincoln was in his seat in the house on that "fatal first of January," when he is asserted to have been groping in the shadow of madness, and he was also there on the following day. During the whole of the two months of January and February he was absent not more than seven days, as good a record of attendance, perhaps, as that made by the average member.

Lincoln's sensitiveness to a child's wants made him a most indulgent father. He rarely went down street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat:

The antics of the boys with their father, and the species of tyranny they exercised over him, are still subjects of talk in Springfield. Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, tells one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children crying, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world,"

Lincoln replied; "I've got three walnuts and each wants two."

For the period of Lincoln's career from 1849 to 1853, the period which included the Lincoln and Douglas debates, Miss Tarbell's most important contribution is the report of what is known as the "lost speech," delivered at the Republican State Convention which met in Bloomington, Ill., on May 29, 1856. Throughout the North the excitement over Kansas had risen almost to the pitch of frenzy:

The new State was in the hands of a pro-slavery mob, her governor a prisoner, her capital in ruins, her voters intimidated. The newspapers were full of accounts of the attack on Sumner in the United States Senate by Brooks. Little wonder, then, that when the convention met its members were resolved to take radical action. It adopted a platform, appointed delegates to the Republican National Convention, nominated a State ticket, completed, in short, all the work of organizing the Republican party in Illinois. Then came a call for speeches. The convention felt the need of some powerful amalgamating force, which would weld its discordant elements. In spite of the best intentions of the members, they knew that in their hearts still lingered political enmities, that the Whig was still a Whig, the Democrat a Democrat, the Abolitionist an Abolitionist. Man after man was called to the platform and spoke without producing any marked effect, when suddenly there was a call raised of a name not on the programme—"Lincoln!—Lincoln!—Give us Lincoln!" The crowd took it up and made the hall ring, until a tall figure arose at the back of the audience and slowly strode down the aisle. As he turned to his auditors, there came gradually a great change upon his face. As Judge Scott, of Bloomington, told the author of this book, "There was on his countenance an expression of intense emotion. It was the emotion of a great soul. Even to stature he seemed greater. He seemed to realize it was a crisis in his life."

Lincoln, in fact, had come to the parting of the ways in his political life, to the moment when he must publicly break with his party:

For two years he had tried to fight slavery extension under the name of a Whig. He had found it could not be done, and now, in spite of the efforts of his conservative friends who had vainly tried to keep him away from the Bloomington convention, he was facing that convention, was openly acknowledging that henceforth he worked with the Republican party. Lincoln's extraordinary human insight and sympathy told him, as he looked at his audience, that what this body of splendid, earnest, but groping men needed was to feel that they had undertaken a cause of such transcendent value that beside it all previous alliances, ambitions, and duties were as nothing. If he could make them see the triviality of their differences, as compared with the tremendous principle of the new party, he was certain they would go forth Republicans in spirit as well as in name.

He began his speech, Miss Tarbell says, deeply moved and with a profound sense of the importance of the moment:

At first he spoke slowly and haltingly, but gradually he grew in force and intensity, until his hearers arose from their chairs and, with pale faces and quivering lips, pressed unconsciously toward him. Starting from the back of the broad platform on which he stood, his hands on his hips, he slowly advanced toward the front, his eyes blazing, his face white with passion, his voice resonant with the force of his conviction. As he advanced he seemed to his audience fairly to grow, and when, at the end of a period, he stood at the edge of the stage, hands still on the hips, head back, raised on his up-toes, he seemed like a giant inspired. "At that moment he was the handsomest man I ever saw," Judge Scott declared. So powerful was his effect upon his auditors that men and women wept as they cheered, and children there that night still remember the scene, though at the time they understood nothing of its meaning. As he went on there came upon the convention the very emotion he sought to quicken. "Every one in that before incongruous assembly came to feel as one man, to think as one man, and to purpose and resolve as one man," says one of his auditors. He had made every man of them pure Republicans. He did something more. The indignation which the outrages in Kansas and throughout the country had aroused was uncontrolled. Men talked passionately of war. It was at this meeting that Lincoln, after firing his hearers by an expression which became a watchword of the campaign, "We won't go out of the Union, and you shan't," poured oil on the wrath of the Illinois opponents of the Nebraska bill by advising "ballots, not bullets."

Nothing illustrates better the extraordinary power of Lincoln's speech at Bloomington than the way he stirred up the newspaper reporters. They became so absorbed in his magnetic oratory that they ceased to take notes, and joined with the convention in cheering, and stamping and clapping, to the end of his speech. As a result, there was no reporter present who had anything for his newspaper. They all went home and wrote burning editorials about the speech and its great principle, but, as to reproducing it, they could not. Men came to talk of it all over Illinois. They realized that it had been a purifying fire for the party, but, as to what it contained, no one could say. Gradually, it became known as Lincoln's "lost speech." From the very mystery of it, its reputation grew greater as time went on.

But though the convention so nearly to a man lost its head, there was at least one auditor who had enough control to pursue his usual habit of making notes of the speeches he heard:

This was a young lawyer on the same circuit as Lincoln, Henry C. Whitney. For some three weeks before the convention, Lincoln and Whitney had been attending court at Danville. They had discussed the political situation in the State carefully, and to Whitney Lincoln had stated his convictions and determinations. In a way, Whitney had absorbed Lincoln's speech beforehand, as, indeed, any one must have done who was with Lincoln when he was preparing an address, it being his habit to discuss points and to repeat them aloud, indifferent to who heard him. Whitney had gone to the convention intending to make notes, knowing, as he did, that Lincoln had not written out what he was going to say. Fortunately, he had a cool enough head to keep to his purpose. He made his notes, and, on returning to Judge Davis's home in Bloomington where he with Lincoln and one or two others were staying, he enlarged them while the others discussed the speech. These notes Whitney kept for many years, always intending to write them out, but never attending to it until the author in 1896 learned that he had them, and urged him to expand them. This Mr. Whitney did, and the "lost speech" was first published in *McClure's Magazine* for September, 1896.

The volumes abound in entertaining reminiscences and characteristic anecdotes, many of which have never appeared in print before. We quote a number of them. Lincoln depended a great deal upon his stories in pleading, using them as illustrations which demonstrated the case more conclusively than argument could have done. Judge H. W. Beckwith, of Danville, Ill., tells a story which is a good example of Lincoln's way of condensing the law and the facts of an issue in a story:

A man by vile words first provoked and then made a bodily attack upon another. The latter, in defending himself, gave the other much the worst of the encounter. The aggressor, to get even, had the one who thrashed him tried in our circuit court upon a charge of an assault and battery. Mr. Lincoln defended, and told the jury that his client was in the fix of a man who, in going along the highway with a pitchfork on his shoulder, was attacked by a fierce dog that ran out at him from a farmer's door-yard. In parrying off the brute with the fork, its prongs stuck into the brute and killed him.

"What made you kill my dog?" said the farmer.

"What made him try to bite me?"

"But why did you not go at him with the other end of the pitchfork?"

"Why did he not come after me with his other end?" At this Mr. Lincoln whirled about in his long arms an imaginary dog and pushed its tail end toward the jury. This was the defensive plea of "son assault demesne"—loosely, that "the other fellow brought on the fight"—quickly told, and in a way the dullest mind would grasp and retain.

One noticeable feature of Lincoln's life during the Civil War was his relation to the common soldier. Officers he respected, even deferred to, but from the first arrival of troops in Washington it was the man on foot, with a gun on his shoulder, that had his heart. The men soon found it out, and went to him confidently for favors refused elsewhere. But it did not take them long to learn, also, that trivial pleas or complaints were met by rebuke as caustic as the help they received was genuine when they had a just cause. General Sherman relates the following incident that befell one day when he was riding through camp with the President:

"I saw an officer with whom I had had a little difficulty that morning. His face was pale and his lips compressed. I foresaw a scene, but sat on the front seat of the carriage as quiet as a lamb. The officer forced his way through the crowd to the carriage, and said: 'Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to speak to Colonel Sherman, and he threatened to shoot me.' Lincoln said: 'Threatened to shoot you?' 'Yes, sir, threatened to shoot me.' Lincoln looked at him, then at me, and stooping his tall form toward the officer, said to him, in a loud stage whisper, easily heard for some yards around: 'Well, if I were you, and he threatened to shoot me, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it.'"

A pleasing scene between Lincoln and a soldier once fell under the eye of Mr. A. W. Swan, of Albuquerque, N. M. He says:

"To company with a gentleman, I was on the way to the War Department one day. Our way led through a small park between the White House and the War Department building. As we entered this park we noticed Mr. Lincoln just ahead of us, and meeting him a private soldier who was evidently in a violent passion, as he was swearing in a high key, cursing the government from the President down. Mr. Lincoln paused as he met the private soldier, and asked him what was the matter. 'Matter enough,' was the reply; 'I want my money. I have been discharged here, and can't get my pay.' Mr. Lincoln asked if he had his papers, saying that he used to practice law in a small way and possibly could help him. My friend and I stepped behind some convenient shrubbery where we could watch the result. Mr. Lincoln took the papers from the hands of the crippled soldier, and sat down with him at the foot of a convenient tree, where he examined them carefully, and writing a line on the back told the soldier to take them to Mr. Potts, chief clerk of the War Department, who would doubtless attend to the matter at once. After Mr. Lincoln had left the soldier, we stepped out and asked him if he knew whom he had been talking with. 'Some ugly old fellow who pretends to be a lawyer,' was the reply. My companion asked to see the papers, and on their being handed to him pointed to the indorsement they had received. This indorsement read: 'Mr. Potts, attend to this man's case at once and see that he gets his pay. A. L.' The initials were too familiar with men in

position to know them to be ignored. We went with the soldier, who had just returned from Libby Prison and had been given a hospital certificate for discharge, to see Mr. Potts, and before the paymaster's office was closed for the day he had received his discharge and check for the money due him, he in the meantime not knowing whether to be the more pleased or sorry to think he had cursed 'Abe Lincoln' to his face."

It was not alone the soldier to whom the President listened; it was also to his wife, his mother, his daughter. Mr. A. B. Chandler says:

"I remember one morning his coming into my office with a distressed expression on his face and saying to Major Eckert: 'Eckert, who is that woman crying out in the hall? What is the matter with her?' Eckert said he did not know, but would go and find out. He came back soon and said that it was a woman who had come a long distance expecting to go down to see her husband; that she had some very important matters to consult him about. An order had gone out a short time before to allow no women in the army, except in special cases. She was bitterly disappointed, and was crying over it. Mr. Lincoln sat moodily for a moment after hearing this story, and suddenly looking up, said, 'Let's send her down. You write the order, major.' Major Eckert hesitated a moment and said, 'Would it not be better for Colonel Hardie to write the order?' 'Yes,' said Lincoln, 'that is better; let Hardie write it.' The major went out, and soon returned, saying, 'Mr. President would it not be better in this case to let the woman's husband come to Washington?' Mr. Lincoln's face lighted up with pleasure. 'Yes, yes,' he said; 'let's bring him up.' The order was written, and the woman was told that her husband would come to Washington. This done, her sorrows seemed lifted from Mr. Lincoln's heart, and he sat down to his yellow tissue telegrams with a serene face."

The futility of trying to help all the soldiers who found their way to him must have come often to Lincoln's mind:

"Now, my man, go away, go away!" General Fry overheard him say one day to a soldier who was pleading for the President's interference in his behalf; "I can not meddle in your case. I could as easily bail out the Potomac with a teaspoon as attend to all the details of the army."

The President often visited the hospitals in Washington. There are still many men living who tell of a little scene they witnessed at Armory Square in 1863:

A soldier of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, had been wounded in the shoulder at the Battle of Chancellorsville and taken to Washington. One day, as he was becoming convalescent, a whisper ran down the long row of cots that the President was in the building and would soon pass by. Instantly every boy in blue who was able arose, stood erect, hands to the side, ready to salute his commander-in-chief. The Pennsylvanian stood six feet seven inches in his stockings. Lincoln was six foot four. As the President approached this giant towering above him, he stopped in amazement, and casting his eyes from head to foot and from foot to head, as if contemplating the immense distance from one extremity to the other, he stood for a moment speechless. At length, extending his hand, he exclaimed: "Hello, comrade, do you know when your feet get cold?"

In addition to the many well-chosen illustrations, the most interesting of which is the series of portraits of Lincoln at different ages, there is an appendix of nearly two hundred pages containing letters, telegrams, and speeches of Lincoln, none of which have appeared in his "Complete Works" or in any previous collection of his writings.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, two volumes, \$5.00.

Oom Paul once determined that the people of Johannesburg should have at least two days' rest in each week. He issued a decree that no piano-playing should occur on Friday or Saturday.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Romance of Pagan Rome.

William Stearns Davis has chosen a time of great names and great events for "A Friend of Cæsar: A Tale of the Fall of the Roman Republic," and even aside from the interest aroused in the varying fortunes of his hero and heroine the work possesses attractive qualities. It pictures historic scenes in which the foremost men and women of the world took part, and in every instance preserves and follows the accepted records of the period. Its figures are clothed in the habits and eccentricities of their day, and their surroundings are described with sure touches that speak of thorough knowledge. If there are phrases here and there and turns of speech that seem intensely modern, they may be explained by the author's brief and candid preface, in which he states his purpose to show that classical life had many phases akin to our own. The romantic element in the story is nobly conceived and skillfully worked out.

Quintus Livius Drusus, the hero of the novel, was the son of a tribune in one of Cæsar's legions who fell fighting in Gaul. He had just reached his majority at the opening of the story, and came from Athens, where he had been at school, to take charge of the family estate at Præneste, in the hills looking down upon the Campagna. Cornelia, daughter of Caius Lentulus, a life-long friend and brother officer of the elder Drusus, had been named as the young man's future wife before his father went away to the wars, and the first chapter introduces the youthful pair, mutually attractive to each other and happy in anticipation of their approaching marriage. But the guardian of Cornelia had squandered her fortune, and, as a consul, is possessed of power sufficient to protect himself in wrong-doing. He is also an ardent partisan in the cause of Pompey, and learns of the attachment of young Drusus to the fortunes of Cæsar with anger and contempt. He turns against Drusus and puts off his suit, boping for some event that will make it possible for him to deny him perpetually. Another suitor, one Lucius Ahenobarbus, appears and joins in the plots against Drusus, and from this time forward the way of the lovers is anything but smooth. Drusus escapes the attack of outlaws upon his house, goes to Rome, becomes intimate with Marcus Antonius, is in the senate-house on that fateful seventh of January when Pompey and Cato led in the driving out of the tribunes, and later joins Cæsar before the crossing of the Rubicon. Cornelia is kept closely guarded by her uncle, and only the devoted service of a slave enables her to evade the most cruel of her punishments.

There is much of fighting and bloodshed in the story, and the passions of the men of pagan Rome are shown in scenes of tumult in senate-house and street, in patrician villas, and in the temple of the vestal virgins, on the field of Pharsalus and before the city of Alexandria. Cæsar in action and in repose is a familiar figure in the story, and Cleopatra is visited in her Egyptian palace by the daughter of Rome, who is saved and won at last by Cæsar's friend.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Two New Haggard Stories.

Two stories by H. Rider Haggard, as full of adventure, mystery, and romance as are all his tales of the Dark Continent, are given in the volume named "Elissa, or the Doom of Zimbabwe." The first story, which gives its title to the book, is of the city of South-Eastern Africa whose mysterious ruins are the object of endless speculation by travelers and scholars, and which is identified by the novelist as the Ophir of the Scriptures. It is certain that the place was the seat of a barbarous empire in the Middle Ages, and beyond this and the fact that it was still earlier inhabited by the Phœnicians, all is conjecture. The tale describes incidents that might have taken place in those earlier days, and it is told with the art and power that marks this writer's work. It is not another "King Solomon's Mines," but it is worthy of the author of that greater story. The tragedy at the end of this chronicle is a notable bit of description.

"Black Heart and White Heart," the second story in the volume, has for its central figures Philip Hadden, a trader in the Zulu country, and a native captain in the service of Cetwayo, the king. It is the white man who is the evil character in the story, and his punishment comes at the end of a series of stirring adventures.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Short Stories by A. Conan Doyle.

The latest volume from the pen of A. Conan Doyle presents fifteen short stories, the first of which, "The Green Flag," gives its name to the book. All are strong and some of them have a charm which fades slowly. The first, perhaps the most impressive of the lot, is not altogether pleasing, though it is easy to believe that it is true to life. It tells of a poor, unlettered Irishman, who takes a new name and the queen's shilling to escape from the officers of the law, and is put in the Royal Mallow, with a company "dry-rotted with treason and with bitter hatred of the flag under which they served." The danger of the Irish regiment's disaffection comes at a serious time, when the little

force is being cut to pieces by the dervishes, but at the last moment the men rally about a little green flag bearing the crownless harp, held on the bayonet of Private Connolly's rifle, and the day is saved. There are three stories of the exploits of Captain Sharkey, a hold and notorious pirate, and the remainder are of the hunting-field, the foreign office, and haunts on the Continent not so well known.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Hall Caine's forthcoming story is not to be called "The Roman," but "The Eternal City." It will be published in England, in the *Lady's Magazine*, a new periodical which C. A. Pearson will bring out in January next, and in this country in the *New Magazine* to be published in the fall by R. H. Russell. It is said that Mr. Caine received seven thousand five hundred dollars for the serial rights.

Dr. Azel Ames has practically completed his work on "The Mayflower and Her Log," which will give an exhaustive account of the preparations for the Mayflower's sailing, and of the incidents of the voyage.

F. P. Dunne, author of the "Dooley" articles and creator of the humorous Irish philosopher, has signed contracts with E. W. Townsend, giving the latter the right to dramatize his book. Klaw & Erlanger, the theatrical managers, have secured the rights to the play, and it will be staged some time this fall, with Charles Hopper of "Chimmie Fadden" fame in the title-role.

Dr. William Barry, the English Catholic priest, whose latest novel, "Arden Massier," is having a wide reading, has turned his attention to historical writing, and has arranged to bring out a hook entitled "The Papal Monarchy from Gregory the Great to Boniface the Eighth."

The Macmillans will be the English publishers next autumn of John Morley's "Life of Cromwell," which has been running as a serial in the *Century Magazine*.

W. B. Yeats is working at his important book on the folklore of Galway. He is also engaged on a new novel.

A new novel by Gertrude Hall, the title of which is to be "April's Sowing," is announced. The name is said to have been suggested by the following lines in Browning's "Pippa Passes":

"You'll love me yet, and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing;
June reared the bunch of flowers you carry,
From seeds of April's sowing."

D. Appleton & Co. will soon have ready a work giving a history of the present trouble in South Africa from the point of view of the Boers. It comes from Howard C. Hillegas, author of "Oom Paul's People," and it is called "The Boers in War."

A series of biographies of famous living actors and actresses is to be published next month. The first two biographies will be "Ellen Terry," by Clement Scott, and "John Drew," by Edward A. Dithmar. The volumes are to be copiously illustrated with photographs in character.

An historical novel, dealing with the life of the earlier settlers of the Mohawk Valley just before the Revolution, has been written by Miss Pauline Bradford Mackie, author of "Ye Little Salem Maid." It will be entitled "A Georgian Actress."

William Heinemann has brought out in London Stephen Crane's two stories, "George's Mother" and "Maggie," in one volume, under the title of "Bowery Tales."

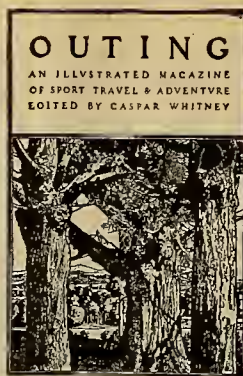
The Macmillan Company will publish shortly "The Venetian Republic, Its Rise, Its Growth, and Its Fall," by W. Carew Hazlitt. The time embraced is from 421 to the abrupt ending of the republic in 1797, and the work will be in two octavo volumes.

Edwin Markham has nearly completed his second volume of poems, which will be issued in the early fall.

"The Jay-Hawkers," by Adela E. Orpen, has just been brought out by D. Appleton & Co.

Marie Corelli's elaborate new novel, "The Master-Christian," which is in press, is said to be a fearless and scathing denunciation of the shams and vices of much of the social and so-called religious life of the present day. The conception is daring in the extreme, embracing as it does the return to earth of the Christ Child, who, taking the form of a founding, is rescued and protected by a saintly cardinal-archbishop, with whom, for a time, He makes His home. The story opens in Rouen, thence the scene shifts to Paris, and later to Rome, where a most impressive interview takes place between the cardinal and the young Stranger and the Pope.

Another interesting English literary landmark is soon to disappear. This is No. 8 Park Shot, Richmond, where George Eliot wrote "Adam Bede." George Eliot and Mr. Lewes went to reside in this house about the beginning of October, 1855. It was their home for more than three years, and while here she completed some of her most memorable literary work, including her "Scenes of Clerical



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Life" and "Adam Bede." The former work was begun on September 22, 1856, the latter on October 22d of the following year. The house is soon to be pulled down.

ESCAPE.

Masters twain of Wont and Use

It is time to set me loose

Who have worn your galling chain

Till my wrists are girt with pain,

Served you well—O words which curse;

Would that I had served you worse!—

Not to you alone my duty.

Am I not the thrall of Beauty?

I have said her "Nay" too long—

May she pardon me the wrong.

She has called to me and waited.

I will be emancipated.

First to feel that I am free

I must hie me to the sea;

Glad as any bird that sings

Will my spirit find its wings.

Floating there 'twixt deep and deep

I shall waken as from sleep,

On my brow to know the chrism

Of the spray in new baptism.

Like a child to laugh and wonder

At the crashing ocean thunder.

Then away where twilight spills

In the hollows of the hills

Pools of palest purple wine,

And the purple columbine

Fastens fairy bells to nod,

Brooding with bloom the sod

That goes groping up to God.

Jealous masters Wont and Use,

Let your wretched servants loose.

Very heavy is the chain

That has girt their flesh with pain.

They have labored for their bread

Which they eat and are not fed;

They have listened to "Thou must,"

And go downward to the dust.

Toil their hands to what avail

If their hearts grow faint and fail?

Grant us freedom from our care

That we be not unaware

Of the flush of dawn so tender

And the sunset's awful splendor,

The perfection that uncloses

With the crimson summer roses,

Looks that startle from the features

Of earth's humblest human creatures;

All the loveliness supernal,

All the echoes of Eternal

Music that the soul surprise

And forever tantalize.

Long, too long, has Beauty waited.

Let us be emancipated.

—Alice Lena Cole in August Atlantic Monthly.

Liszt's love-letters to the Princess Carolyne Wittgenstein, recently published, deal with the narrow escape which Liszt had of marrying the lady. The princess imagined that she had persuaded the Pope to sanction her divorce from the prince, and actually fixed her wedding day for October 22, 1861, Liszt's fiftieth birthday, but shortly afterward renounced the idea, and there is now little doubt that she detected reluctance on Liszt's part. It was no ardent lover who wrote "Permanent happiness can only be found in renunciation, the utter, absolute renunciation such as the saints have practiced, and such as love, in its moments of highest exaltation, alone can understand."

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Pine Knot.

A Story of Kentucky Life. By WILLIAM E. BARTON, author of "A Hero in Homespun." Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

"Pine Knot" is full of the atmosphere of the quaint mountain life with its wealth of amusing peculiarities, and it also has a historical value, since it pictures conditions attendant upon the antislavery movement and the days of the war. The interest of a treasure search runs through the tale, since the author has adroitly utilized a mountain legend of a lost mine. "Pine Knot" is a romance "racy of the soil" in a true sense, a story fresh, strong, and absorbing in its interest throughout.

The Jay-Hawkers.

A Romance of Free Soil and Border Ruffian Days. By ADELA E. ORPEN. No. 289, Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Mrs. Orpen's romance deals with a theme peculiarly stirring and full of interest. She pictures the Free-Soil and Border Ruffian conflicts in Missouri and Kansas, and introduces the notorious guerrilla Quantrell, together with a dramatic picture of the sack of Lawrence.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Old Favorites in New Dress.

Special favor does not at all times rest on the altogether new makings in literature. Reprints of standard works are offered in many forms, and with some of these the seeker of good things will rest content in leisure hours. There could be no books for the reader more attractive than Macmillan's Library of English Classics, now being issued in monthly collections of a single author's works, though these essays, plays, biographies, and tales have been standard favorites for generations. The series began with the year, and Bacon, Sheridan, and Malory were the writers represented in the four volumes presented in the first three months. The editor of this edition is A. W. Pollard, secretary of the London Bibliographical Society, and beyond a bibliographical note to each book the volumes contain no fresh editorial matter.

Fourth in the list is presented Laurence Sterne, and the two volumes sent out from the press in March contain "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman," "A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy," "A Political Romance," and the brief "Memoirs." In his modest note prefacing the first volume, the editor includes no critical paragraphs but speaks of the surprises and curious history of "Tristram Shandy." Sterne offered the whimsical tale to a firm which had undertaken to bring out his sermons, asking £50, or \$250, for the work, but the offer was refused, and he had the book printed at York at his own expense. The few copies placed on sale were so eagerly purchased that the firm reconsidered its refusal, and paid for the right to republish the work and the sermons £480, or \$2,400. The part of the story published, however, contained only about one-quarter of the work as known to-day, and the seven volumes following came out at intervals during a period of eight years, the story breaking off, finally, in 1767.

Boswell's "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D.," in three volumes, was issued in April, and the immortal biography has never appeared in a more advantageous form. The sub-title of this work, from the original quarto edition, is not the least worthy paragraph from the biographer's pen: "An account of his studies and numerous works, in chronological order; a series of his epistolary correspondence and conversations with many eminent persons; and various original pieces of his composition never before published: The whole exhibiting a view of literature and literary men in Great Britain, for near half a century, during which he flourished." The history of the biography and its editing at the hands of Boswell's successors makes an interesting preface to the first of the volumes.

That great work whose loss in the manuscript at the hands of a careless servant is one of the tragic chapters of literature, is given in the May issue of the Library Series, in two volumes. Carlyle's "The French Revolution" was completed for the second time in January, 1837, and not until twenty years afterward did the author attempt any revision of the work, and the edition of 1857, which contains the true version of the sinking of the *Vengeur* as an appendix to the false, has been followed in this reprint.

"The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling," by Henry Fielding, was published in February, 1749, and the demand for the work became so great when the first copies were put on sale that it was impossible for the binder to furnish completed books, and many sets were sold sewed in "blue paper and boards." The success of the book was so considerable, in fact, that Andrew Millar, the publisher, paid Fielding an additional hundred pounds above the price set for the copyright, £600, or \$3,000. The edition issued in June, in this series, is in two volumes, following the copy of the third edition, which was the last revised by its author.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50 per volume.

Portraits in Bird Homes.

A volume full of delights, even for those who put its instruction to no practical use, is "Bird Studies with a Camera," by Frank M. Chapman, assistant curator of vertebrate zoölogy in the American Museum of Natural History. Its introductory chapters are given to explanations of bird photography, its scientific value and its charm, and the outfit and methods of the bird photographer, and in these the brevity and clearness of the expressions, and evident enthusiasm of the author are notable features. Following these are the "studies"—of chickadees, hithers, herons, swallows, terns, orioles, marsh hawks, flycatchers, thrushes, sparrows, and many other birds, in their native haunts, on their nests, in their earliest youth, and in full plumage.

There are more than one hundred illustrations, each one an engraving reproducing a photograph, and nearly all of them are unique. But the book's greatest value is not in its pictures, attractive as those are, but in its appreciative descriptions, its notes of nature, its suggestions, and its plea for a kinder interest in the feathered denizens of the grove, the marsh, and the sandy shore. Readers who have known little of the pleasure of nature studies will find new attractions and inspirations after an hour or two with this book. Mr. Chapman refers occasionally to his "best assistant" in

describing his visits to the homes of the birds—which ranged from the north Atlantic coast to the shades of Indian River, Fla.—and the dedication of his book makes plain the significance of the term, as the inscription reads, "To my wife, my best assistant."

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

New Publications.

"Jonathan's New Boy," by Pythias Damon, is a prose allegory. Published in paper covers by T. S. Denison, Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"Lady Blanche's Salon: A Story of Some Souls," by Lloyd Brice, is hardly a story, rather some episodes in a sentimental trifle's life, mainly concerned with an impossible young woman married to another man. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

The eighth volume of the new library edition of Edward Everett Hale's works is made up of "Addresses and Essays on Subjects of History, Education, and Government," and there are eighteen of the papers. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Arthur Waugh's "Robert Browning" in the Westminster Series of Biographies is spoken of by its author as a miniature, not a panel portrait, and its purpose is announced to be the leading of the reader to Browning's poems. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

A. Beinhorn has edited for school use three of the delightful stories of Frida Schanz, and the first of them gives the title to the book, "Der Assistent." The stories are in German text, and the questions and suggestions in English. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 35 cents.

Nihilists, secret plots, princes and princesses in disguise, police agents, and a general retribution, are the usual materials in Russian stories, and "The Black Terror," by John K. Leys, has them all, and is not distinctive. There are occasional wrenchings of the probabilities in the tale, but the interest seldom drags. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Twenty different fields are surveyed in Helen Churchill Candee's book of essays, "How Women May Earn a Living," and they range from the keeping of a boarding-house to the advertising business, not overlooking the stage, trade opportunities, and the professions. The writer is clear and candid, and her suggestions are the fruit of practical knowledge. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"THE FAILURE OF BOOK-REVIEWING."

The critics of books, who, like the preacher in the pulpit, usually have things pretty much their own way and do all the talking, are themselves held up to keen examination and criticism in a recent article by Mr. John Cotton Dana, librarian of the City Library, Springfield, Mass., and late president of the American Library Association. Mr. Dana looks at the subject from the standpoint of the librarian, and finds the usual book review of to-day lacking in most of the qualities which would render it of practical use to the purchaser and reader of books. In the first place, Mr. Dana finds fault with the current book review because it usually does not give helpful information about what he terms the "physique" of the book—the workmanship of the binding, the quality of paper, type, ink, margins, illustrations, and index. These facts, he remarks, are very important not only to the librarian but to all users of books, and in most cases they can not be ascertained by the large purchasers until the book is bought.

But more important than the book's "physique" is its "character," and it is here, says Mr. Dana, that the literary journals most fail to live up to what they profess. He writes (in the *Springfield Republican*, May 23d):

"Every new book they mention is excellent. If one reads with credulous mind the things said by most reviewers about most books, one would feel that an Augustan age of letters comes round again with every rising sun. To test this statement a little I have gone over all the longer notices of books in four literary journals for two months. The journals examined were the *Book Buyer*, the *Bookman*, the *Critic*, and the *Nation*. The first two [the third also now] are publishers' organs, and perhaps it would be asking too much that they should do anything but praise their own books and for the sake of peace refrain from condemnation of those of rival publishers. But if this is their policy they should not cultivate quite so sedulously the air of fairness and breadth. And of the purely literary journals like the *Critic*, which must support itself largely by the advertising in one column of the books it professes to criticize with unbiased mind in the next, it is perhaps seeking grapes of thorns to expect untrifled censure. But the three are in large measure typical, in this country, at least, of the journals to which the book-buyer must turn for information on the latest books. The *Nation*, as the returns of my brief examination indicate, is almost in another class, and helps to relieve American book-reviewing of the full measure of condemnation.

"In the four journals considered there were, in the two months' issues which were examined, 243 reviews. In the *Critic* 75, with about 470 words in

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All of its thirty-seven chapters are entertaining as well as instructive. Its author is Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine, and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia.

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JOURNAL.	Criticism.....	Condemn.....	Saying Nothing.....	Silent Praise.....	High Praise.....	Total Reviews.....
Critic.....	75	40	15	17	3	150
Book Buyer.....	60	31	20	4	5	120
Bookman.....	54	39	9	5	1	108
Nation.....	54	37	8	1	1	101

All, it will be seen, with the exception of the *Nation*, lack the courage of condemnation. And of the 189 works examined by the three first named, 154 are found excellent, and only 9 are actually disapproved of."

This table, says Mr. Dana, tells the story of American literary criticism; it is "a chorus of praise." Neither can it be said, in justification of this endless gush, literary journals notice only the books that can be praised, those that have attracted attention and are for sale everywhere. "Book reviews are written to please authors and publishers." 'Tis true 'tis pity—and pity 'tis 'tis true. "The *Bookman's* one condemnation in its ocean of praise," says Mr. Dana, "was directed against 'David Harun.'" "Later the editor wrote a very flattering estimate of the book in another journal—when the tide had turned strongly in its favor."

As to how books ought to be reviewed, Mr. Dana writes:

"A good book review—I am not speaking here of 'criticism' in the broader sense of the word—should tell the busy book-buyer and the busy reader who wants to know about the books he can not read or even see, these things: What the book is about; with what authority the author speaks; what part of his field he covers; with what degree of definiteness he covers it; the relation his work bears to others in the same or cognate fields; if it is well arranged; if it is a book for the student and specialist or for the general reader. By a man who knows his subject, these things can be told in a few words. They are told in the columns of the *Nation* and a few other journals not infrequently. Generally the reviewers do not set them forth, and sad experience leads the reader to feel that the study of book reviews simply leads him astray. They generally darken counsel.

"An illustration of how books ought to be reviewed—ought to be, that is, if the reviews are to be helpful guides in book-buying—is found in the admirable 'List of books for girls and women and their clubs,' compiled by George Iles. The work was largely done by experts. They felt they were untrammelled by an advertising agent, and they spoke their minds. It is a pity there is not more such work available."

The August Number of Outing.

The leading articles in *Outing* for August are "Racing for the Kata," by Henry Savage Landor, in which he relates one of the pleasant sides of Tibetan life; "The Igerotte Runners of Luzon," by William Dinwiddle, the famous Philippine war-correspondent, and "Jan, the Unrepentant," a sketch of Nome in 1897, by Jack London. Besides these adventures of the adventurous there is plenty of suitable sporting and seasonable topics. "The Island of Delight" reveals the possibilities of camping at the very gates of the city. "Outgoing Ways" is a daintily illustrated idyl of a nature-lover, and "Bicycling Through Shakespeare's Land," profusely illustrated, is a glimpse of the English west country. Horace Hutchinson discusses "The Golf of the New School," and gives illustrations of famous English players; H. Chatfield Taylor gossips pleasantly on "The Development of Golf in the West"; Colonel C. L. Norton justifies the title of "The Practical House-Boat"; Frederic J. Wells tells how "Surf Bathing" can be made safe and enjoyable; Duffield Osborne gives "A Common-Sense Swimming Lesson"; J. Parmly Paret writes of "The Progress of Lawn-Tennis"; W. J. Henderson has an article on "Navigation for Yachtsmen"; J. B. Berryman on "Yachting on the Great Lakes"; A. J. Kenealy on "Beating to Windward"; and Charles G. Davis pleads for "A Centre-Board Cup Defender for 1901."

In preparing the stage version of her novel, "Red Pottage," Mary Cholmondeley has collaborated with Kinsley Peile, an English writer.



"Celeste Aida," they hummed as they elbowed, scrambled, and struggled into the Tivoli Opera House on Monday night—"Celeste Aida," whom they meant to greet with the thunderous, regal welcome which only southern blood gives to art. For they were mainly southern, and, above all, Italian. To be sure there were all nationalities in that densely packed crowd, but none the less was it an Italian night, with an Italian *maestro's* work to rejoice over, with Italian favorites to enthuse over—above all, with a common Italian sorrow. Italy was mourning its murdered monarch, the sons of Italy out here felt the grief of *la patria* tugging at their own hearts, and all pertaining to her had grown doubly dear. Waiting patiently in front of these artistic new curtains, you could hear variously accented Italian, spoken or hummed, on every side, and you knew that the premiere of the Tivoli grand-opera season was a predestined success.

Then the curtains fell apart, the glamour of Old Nile was upon us, and "Aida," with its gorgeous glow, its dramatic intensity, its impassioned song, its orchestration that heats the blood like southern wine, "Aida" stole upon our senses.

"Celeste Aida, forma divina." The first big ovation fell inevitably to Radames. Now Avedano is not an ideal tenor—either vocally or histrionically—his powerful voice lacks sweetness and delicacy of method, he occasionally slurs his phrasing, and he is a heavy actor. On the other hand he is a loved, hard-working old friend, and had to be received accordingly. In truth, Avedano deserved it. Popularity and Aida's glow roused him and he worked with unexpected fervor. But the opening scene also gave us a novelty, a Ramphis whose grandly severe type, distinguished air, stately bearing, were the embodiment of a high priest of Isis; as Signor Nicolini's rich notes rolled forth in cultured phrasing, with the precision of attack, the clean falls, the finished work for which we sometimes vainly sigh, we knew that here was an artist of the finest make to be thankful for, and he had cause to know that we were thankful.

And then it was the turn of Anna Lichter, beloved of her audience in all rôles; a pathetic, winning Aida, plaintive and tender, her voice a trifle worn, at her best in soft, *sostenuto* notes, just in her old way. But how pleased everybody was to see her again. Lichter has been accused of inability to act, yet, if she does not always act, she occasionally feels, which is, perchance, better. Was it the magnetism of Salassa's art that fired her blood, or is tender, womanly wooing her specialty? When Aida came out of her grand scene with Amónasro, when she hung about Radames and clung to him and beguiled him, St. Anthony himself must have fallen; and Aida inspired Radames, and the "Ah, Fly with Me" was a wild success.

But what of Salassa himself, Salassa's Amónasro, leaping upon us in his panther's skin, holding the stage with his intense personality, possessing our souls with magnetic thrill, witching us with full-throated, impassioned song? What for Salassa the dramatic, who would he tragedian were he not singer? Thunder, and more thunder, from vigorous hands, feet, and sticks; a mighty roar of applause, a whole audience at his feet, shouting in his honor.

Frances Tempest Graham, as Amneris, is beautiful on a juno scale, with goddess-like grace of motion, impassioned as a southerner, and looks her part at the first glance; when the contralto's lips open, when her sweet, rich notes rise and swell and fill the theatre, she no longer looks it, she is the part incarnate. Miss Graham was granted the gift of song and the dramatic instinct; she has trained both so accurately that she sweeps her audience away in a tempest of passionate sympathy. We forget to pity poor Aida; her rival claims us and keeps us with charm of *timbre*, with charm of phrasing. Voice, gesture, glance, her very soul aflame with passion, she hurries us on to the artistic triumph of the last act. Amneris wooing Radames the victim; Amneris pleading, kneeling, groveling prostrate in her helpless love and self-reproach; Amneris calling down the vengeance of heaven upon the priests—this Amneris strikes our imagination and beats our blood. And the heart of the audience was not with the lovers in their tomb, but up above with Amneris, who had so vainly uttered her piteous "Ayez pitié de lui, ayez pitié de moi!" For Miss Graham elects to cap the linguistic complexities of the Tivoli by taking her rôle in French; verily our cosmopolitan opera is an education in itself.

William Scubster's handsome Pharaoh, looking out like a Norman king than a king of Egypt, the

white-robed priests, the priestesses with their waving fans and sacred dances, the worship of Ptah in its elaborate ceremonial, all faded away in dying echoes of applause. And so the first night ended. "Little Italy" had been mourning its king that day, but at night it knelt and worshiped Verdi, its own art king.

"Music so delicate, soft, and intense, it was felt like an odor within the sense."

Shelley's words steal insensibly on the memory, as Lucia's *staccato* trembles and floats with liquid delicacy on the air; Italia Repetto's mad Lucia, trifling airily with *cadenzas* and trills, smiling like a pretty, wistful child as she listens to the flute echoes, blending so exquisitely with that same flute that we sometimes query which is flautist and which human lark? It is the very aroma of music, Shelley's snowdrop and violet breath mixing with turf scents "like the voice and the instrument." Lucia and Donizetti are forgotten, we wot of nothing save the Repetto, literally "skylarking" with her dainty voice, as happy as the audience in the joy of her gift.

And the audience was supremely happy; it rose at its Lucia, caressed her, shouted at her, *encored* her, forced her into renewed mania; fairly took her to its capacious heart, as with pretty, girlish gesture she plucked a spray from her floral offerings, courtesied, and beamed with happiness, and forgot all about her maniac woes, as indeed such a blithe singer should. For Signorina Italia Vittoria Repetto is not a first-class actress; until the mad scene she is subject to the stilted woodenness of the traditional Italian school. Neither has she a powerful organ; emphatically a *soprano leggero*, her voice would probably fail her in strongly dramatic phrasing. But for Lucia it is the perfection of a voice, clear and sweet, with long-drawn high notes of crystalline purity. And we have seen her first in Lucia and taken her to our hearts "for better, for worse."

She has a rival in the public affection—Signor Nicolini, whose Raymond, despite himself, interfered with the progress of the opera. In vain the band wished to give precedence to the recital of Lucia's tragedy, in vain the chorus sang its loudest to hurry on with the action of the third act, the audience would have none of it. Raymond, with his dignified air, clear enunciation, and full notes, must come back and sing his tale afresh. There have been deeper and richer basses than Nicolini's; others have growled from the lower depths with a thunder he does not provide, but very, very seldom is a basso gifted with so much sweetness of tone and dramatic power.

And what of Domenico Russo's Lord of Ravenswood, that gymnastic performance with its exaggerated *pianissimos* and *fortissimos*? Signor Russo has undoubted vocal gifts, but he is an actor first, a singer afterward, and the results are painfully unconvincing. The Russo-voice "plays to the gallery"; it treats us to a succession of wondrously skillful *pps*, into which suddenly run deafening *ffs* with a singularly jarring effect; it is the very jugglery rather than the witchery of art, and spoils what would otherwise be a fine performance. For Russo has the dramatic instinct to a quite unusual extent, and only requires to watch himself from an artistic standpoint. Also he should guard against certain positively disagreeable head notes.

Signor Ferrari's rugged voice did good service in Ashton's part, when not marred by his *tremolo*; it is a heavy, useful, rather than captivating organ, but it stands the strain of an important rôle, and the enthusiasm of the audience included all performers in its warmth, waxing specially noisy over the favorite *sestette*. The men's chorus in the popular airs of the final scene deserves special commendation, and in paying a tribute to the orchestra, Mme. Marquardt and her harp deserve to be remembered.

ROSE-SOLEY.

Famous Music Publishers.

Breitkopf & Haertel, of Leipzig, Germany, have just re-issued in sheet-form six songs by H. B. Pasmore, which they published in sheet-form some years since. This is a great compliment to Mr. Pasmore's work in composition, for the house of Breitkopf & Haertel is the greatest music publishing concern in the world. Grove's "Dictionary" states that this renowned firm celebrated the one-hundred-and-fiftieth year of its existence on January 27, 1869. It will celebrate its two-hundredth year by a magnificent edition of the works of the masters from Bach to Schumann, preparation for which has been made for many years. The house has published original editions of works of Mozart, Haydn, Clementi, Dussek, Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Weber, Hummel, and others. Their catalogue of 1874 included over fourteen thousand works, extending over the whole range of music. During its existence of nearly two hundred years, the *personnel* of the house has, naturally, changed many times, and now there is no one of the name of Breitkopf or Haertel connected with the firm.

The subject of the next Burton Holmes lecture at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday afternoon, August 6th, and Sunday evening, August 12th, will be "The Grand Cañon of Arizona," illustrated with beautiful pictures of one of America's most marvelous scenic wonders.

—YOUR SIDEBORD AT HOME IS INCOMPLETE if it is not stocked with Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky.

Jean de Reszke's Voice Is Going.

Doubtless hundreds of *Argonaut* readers have heard the gifted tenor Jean de Reszke, and they will learn with regret that his voice is going. His late réentry on the Covent Garden stage, after a long absence from the constant work and continuous vocal discipline which kept him keyed up to concert pitch, was a most distressing event to himself, to his manager, his fellow artists, who are really very fond of him, and to the public of London, always kind and loyal to a favorite.

An American, who was in the audience when he made his réentry with Melba in "Romeo and Juliet" on the evening of June 12th, thus describes his pitiable breakdown—for it really amounted to that:

"It was wholly unexpected by him, for he had told Mr. Grau that afternoon, I heard afterward in the foyer, that he was never more confident of renewing his old successes, never felt in better voice. He began finely and well earned the hearty applause he received. But within a few moments his voice began to diminish and fade, if I may so express it, which astonished the audience and seemed to frighten him. He roused himself, used every artifice that a skillful singer could command, but he became vocally huskier and weaker, and went to his dressing-room during the entire act thoroughly alarmed. Melba was so affected by the scene that she cried like a child. He could do nothing to better his voice, and at last some one had to go before the curtain and ask the indulgence of the audience, 'owing to a cold from which M. de Reszke was suffering.' There was no cold; it was a giving out of his voice."

The great tenor insisted that his failure was only temporary, and the result of long vocal idleness, but this does not seem to be the case, judging from a paragraph in the London *Times* of July 6th, concerning a later appearance:

"After the manifold disappointments in regard to M. Jean de Reszke, it was almost a surprise to find that he was not put off again last night, but was to take the part of Walther in 'Die Meistersinger.' A disappointment of another kind awaited the audience, for it was clear, before the curtain had been up many minutes, that the beautiful voice is by no means what it was, and that the ringing quality of its tones has apparently disappeared, it may be hoped only for a time. The impersonation is as beautiful and sympathetic as ever, and this would have won him success even had his vocal condition been so satisfactory as to do away with the necessity of saving himself for the prize-song at the close. When it came, it was, of course, artistically phrased, but in power and effect it was a sadly faint reflection of what it used to be. The wreck is beautiful, but a wreck it is, and the performance could not but excite painful memories."

De Reszke, according to the dispatches, has retired from the present season at Covent Garden, and is now in Paris en route to Cauterets, a village in the Hautes-Pyrenees, where there are hot sulphur springs. He is still of the opinion that he will get back his old powers and be able to rejoin the Grau Opera Company at the Metropolitan Opera House before December. De Reszke's trouble may be something similar to that which afflicted Mme. Gerster after a prolonged absence from the stage. When she returned and was heard at the old Academy of Music in New York her voice was veiled, and every one said her career was at an end. She insisted, as does De Reszke, that work, and plenty of it, would restore her powers, and it did, for her greatest triumphs occurred toward the end of that season.

Albert Saleza, who shared the leading tenor rôles with Alvarez at the Metropolitan Opera House last year, has fully recovered from the prolonged vocal illness that he suffered in New York, and is singing in grand style in London. He has been engaged to sing leading French and Italian rôles until De Reszke is able to return, and is to receive next season just twice the salary paid to him last year. This change in arrangements with the Metropolitan Opera House management is important in that it puts him in the rank of "great tenors," so far as that distinction is determined by salary.

Detroit and Michigan women who take an interest in cats are planning to hold a cat show in the city in the fall. Preparatory to this they are organizing a cat club. Many of the large cities—New York, Chicago, Baltimore, and Louisville—have cat clubs, devoted to the culture of the domestic pet. These clubs give annual shows which are conducted after the general plan of a dog show, and at which only the finest specimens of cats are entered—long-haired Angoras, Persian, Australian, and other fancy kennel-bred varieties. Much interest was awakened in Chicago in the first annual show of the Beresford Cat Club, given under the auspices of the National Fanciers' Association. Cats were sent from all over the States.

A practical form of summer club work has been introduced by Jewish women of Cincinnati, who furnish free trolley rides for convalescents among their sick poor. In many cases such a ride affords the single opportunity of the year to see the open fields, the wide horizons, and is of incalculable medicinal value.

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Every Thursday Afternoon and Sunday Night, "The Burton Holmes Lectures."

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Re-Appearance of Walter Jones and Maude Courtney. Sunday Afternoon, and the Week Commencing Monday, August 13th, "The Brownies in Fairyland." Special Sunday Night Performance, Grand Farewell of Dunne & Ryley's All-Star Cast, in "Rush City."

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—PRESENTS—

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Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs, and box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

"After all," asserted the youthful machine politician, "I believe in 'ring' methods." "Oh, George!" she cried, "this is so sudden."—Chicago Post.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Last Week of Dunne and Ryley's Comedians.

At the California Theatre on Sunday evening the Dunne and Ryley all-star company will begin the tenth and last week of its engagement in "The Night of the Fourth," the new hodge-podge of nonsense, in three acts, which has been written especially for Matthews and Bulger, and in which they will star during the coming season. Mr. Bulger will play the rôle of a retired iceman, who goes to the country for peace and quiet. He buys up all the fire-works in town in order that he shall not be disturbed, and stores them in the cellar of the Summer Rest Hotel, where he conceals himself on the national holiday. Unfortunately, the only fire-cracker remaining in town is thrown into the cellar, and the first act ends with a general explosion of the hidden fire-works. J. Sherrie Matthews will create the part of Keenan Swift, a lawyer, who forces damage suits against every one on account of the explosion; Walter Jones, who has returned from Chicago, will make his re-appearance as Arthur Strong, looking for work; Maude Courtney will sing several new songs; Norma Whalley will be the Elsie Bnlivar, just from school; and Bessie Tannehill will have an excellent opportunity as Laura Jean Frost, the iceman's sister; Mary Marhle will be seen as Kitty, a ready maid; and Tony Hart and the eight English mascots will have the lesser rôles.

On Sunday afternoon, August 13th, and during the following week, "The Brwnies in Fairyland" will be revived, with a long cast of precocious children. On Sunday night, August 13th, Dunne & Ryley's comedians will bid farewell to this city in "Rush City."

Henry Arthur Jones's "The Middleman."

The offering of the Frawley Company at the Grand Opera House next week will be "The Middleman," one of Henry Arthur Jones's best plays, which has hitherto been identified with E. S. Willard, the noted English actor. Willam Lackaye will be seen as Cyrus Blenkarn, the character in which Willard was introduced to us, and Carmna Riccardi will appear as his daughter, Mary Blenkarn, the strong emotional rôle which Marie Burroughs made so effective. The comedy element will be furnished by Mr. Amory and Alice Evans who will impersonate Jnase Pegg and Nancy Blenkarn, respectively; while H. S. Duffield will be the Joseph Chandler, who becomes wealthy through Blenkarn's invention, and Henry Roberts, his erring son. Others in the cast will be Wallace Sbay, H. W. Gilbert, Herbert Ashton, George Gaston, George W. Bnwmann, Clarence Chase, Reginald Travers, Phnsa McAllister, Pearl Landers, Christine Hill, and Ruth Berkeley.

Among the striking scenes of this production will be a graphic representation of a pottery, showing the furnaces in full operation, which, when the fires are stirred and replenished, shunt out angry tongues of flame.

Henry Miller in "Heartsease."

Leo Trevar's charming play, "Brother Officers," is to give way to an elaborate revival of "Heartsease" at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening. It is by J. I. C. Clarke and Charles Klein, and tells the story of a young composer whose opera is stolen by his rival, in order to win the hand of an aristocratic young lady, Margaret Neville. The dénouement, where Eric Temple enters the foyer of Covent Garden, recognizes the airs of his own composition, and accuses the villain of the theft of his work, is a powerful climax, and gives Mr. Miller an excellent opportunity for some forceful acting. The play calls for several dainty stage-settings, and the costumes of a century ago, with the sweeping gowns, the powdered wigs and beauty-patches, are very effective. Another costume play, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," by Anthony Hope, one of the greatest successes in Mr. Miller's repertoire last year, is to be the next production.

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

The second week of the grand opera season at the Tivoli Opera House is to be devoted to Verdi's "Othello" and "Rigoletto." "Othello" will be sung on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, with Avedani in the title-rôle, Salassa as Iago, Frances Graham as Emilia, and Anna Lichter as Desdemona. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights and Saturday matinée, "Rigoletto" will be the bill, with Repetti as Gilda, Ferrari in the title-rôle, Russa as the duke, Palletini (her first appearance) as Maddelene, and Nicolini as Sparafucile. With such strong casts, the popular opera-house is bound to be crowded to the doors nightly. The management once again requests its patrons to be seated by eight o'clock, as it is necessary to raise the curtain at that time in order to finish the opera at a reasonable hour.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

George Cohan, one of the most prolific writers for the vaudeville stage, is said to have scored another hit with a clever sketch entitled "Sapho and Lulu," which he wrote especially for Laura Bennett and Sallie Stemhler, who are to present it at the Orpheum next week. Among the other new-comers will be the Mecker-Baker Trio, who will be seen in

a ludicrous clown act; jolly Bill Nash, the popular monologist; and Hooker and Davis, who appear in an act of their own construction, in which singing and dancing specialties form an important part.

Those retained from this week's bill are Mr. and Mrs. John Mason, who have been enthusiastically received in their pretty little playlet, "A Loving Legacy"; the Nichols Sisters; the St. Onge Brothers, comedy cyclists; Zelma Nelson, the well-known male impersonator; and new views on the Biograph.

CHARLES FROHMAN'S PLANS.

Some of the New Plays He Secured while Abroad for Use During the Coming New York Season.

Charles Frohman, the well-known theatrical manager, who returned from his annual visit to Europe a fortnight ago, thus outlined his plans for the coming dramatic season to a New York Tribune reporter:

"I have been away from America four months, and I feel that the material secured by me abroad and from home will give my American audiences during the coming season a variety of all styles of drama. At the same time I shall be able to present to my English audiences a number of America's best plays and players in the two London theatres which I control. I am bringing to New York an entire organization from the Savoy Theatre, London, and shall present the latest Sullivan opera, 'The Rose of Persia,' the libretto of which is by Basil Hnnd. This will be played at Daly's Theatre early in September. I have secured a contract with Arthur Collins, of the Drury Lane Theatre, by which I shall have for a term of five years all of the big dramas from that theatre. The one in the autumn is by Cecil Raleigh, the author of 'Hearts are Trumps.'

"John Drew, who is to open his season at the Empire Theatre, will have a play by Haddon Chambers, and a play by Louis N. Parker. I expect to begin Mr. Drew's season with Haddon Chambers's play. I have brought only two acts of this over, but expect Mr. Chambers to send the other two within three weeks. It is his first play since 'The Tyranny of Tears.'

"The great success of Edmond Rostand's 'L'Aiglon' is well known here. This will be Maud Adams's opening play, beginning at the Knickerbocker Theatre in October. I have also for Miss Adams a new comedy by J. M. Barrie, author of 'The Little Minister.' I am delighted to have the rôle of 'L'Aiglon' for Miss Adams. It calls for a sympathetic personality, and a physical slightness, too, must be suggested to show the big nature of Napoleon within a fragile body. The boy feels himself capable of all greatness; he has a wonderful power of imagination. Miss Adams is fitted by nature to embody those characteristics. I feel that she is the actress in this country to make the part sympathetic and interesting to an American audience.

"I have secured a new play, called 'The Wilderness,' by H. V. Esmond, author of 'When We Were Twenty-One.' I have for Miss Annie Russell, for her opening at the Lyceum Theatre early in September, a comedy called 'A Royal Family,' by Captain Marshall, author of 'His Excellency the Governor.' He has also started work on a modern comedy for me. I have also a comedy entitled 'The Husbands of Leontine,' which has been running for the last six months at the Nouveauté Theatre in Paris, where the 'Girl from Maxim's' was produced. This will be played at the Madison Square Theatre. I have a new and original play by Sydney Grundy, author of 'Sowing the Wind,' which is to be produced by George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre, September 1st, which is called 'The Debt of Honor.' Mr. Alexander has just closed his season with Walter Frith's play, 'The Man of Enry,' which I have secured for the Empire Theatre.

"Among other novelties which I have obtained is a new and original play by Louis N. Parker, author of 'Rosemary,' called 'The Swashbuckler.' This will be played in England by Wilson Barrett. I have a drama produced by Coquelin at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, called 'Jean Bart.' I have also a melodrama by Decourcelle, author of 'The Two Vagrants,' entitled 'Imprisoned for Life,' and a comedy by R. C. Carton, author of 'Lord and Lady Algy,' called 'Lady Huntworth's Experiment,' which is the success of the present London season, and which I shall produce in connection with Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre during the season. I have a new comedy, the English rights of which belong to Charles Hawtre, entitled 'By Proxy,' and a new and original play by Madeline Lucette Ryley, called 'My Lady Dainty,' and also a new comedy by Alexandre Bisson, his first play since 'On and Off.' It is called 'The Good Judge.' This play is to be produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris. I shall produce it in the course of the season at the Madison Square Theatre.

"I am going in extensively for dramatization of books the coming season, and among them are 'To Have and to Hold,' 'The Idols,' 'Red Pottage,' 'The Forest Lovers,' 'A Gentleman of France,' and 'Richard Carvel.' Most of these novels I have already dramatized, and they are ready for stage production. I have also secured the dramatic rights of Hall Caine's new story, which is soon to be pub-

lished, entitled 'The Eternal City.' It will be dramatized by Mr. Caine. Stephen Phillips, the author of 'Paula and Francesca,' is to write a new play for me.

"The serious four-act play which J. M. Barrie has written is to be produced at the Garrick Theatre, London, in September, and I have the rights of this work for America. Clyde Fitch has delivered to me a comedy of American life, and is writing a new play, to be finished on October 1st. I have contracted for the American rights of a new play which Henry Arthur Jones has just finished for Charles Wyndham, besides the comedy Mr. Jones has written for the Duke of York's Theatre, and which will be produced at Wyndham's Theatre in November. I have accepted a new play by Jean Richepin and one by Bertin, one of the French authors of 'Zaza.' These will be produced by me in the coming season. I shall make an elaborate production of a new drama by Henry Hamilton, and in one of these plays I have mentioned Henry Miller will appear when he returns from San Francisco in September.

"I am having dramatized an American book entitled 'Mistress Penwick,' which I propose to present in London with Miss Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks, and afterward in New York. Besides these plays I have arranged for Basil Hnnd, author of 'The Rose of Persia,' to write me an original comedy, and with Jerome K. Jerome, author of 'Miss Hubbs,' for an original comedy hot for England and America.

"Plays are being written for me in America by Augustus Thomas and Henry Guy Cartlenn, and Brnson Howard is at work on a play for me for London. I have arranged with Charles Hawtre, whose great success, 'A Message from Mars,' has been running the entire season, and will probably continue through next season, to come to America a year from September. He is to come for two years, with an entire English company.

"The Empire Theatre will be opened in August with the Empire Stock Company for two weeks previous to their tour. After John Drew's annual engagement at this theatre, the stock company will return, probably opening in Henry Arthur Jones's comedy. At the Criterion, following Mr. Hackett, I shall make a production of one of my novels, and in November, John Hare, with his English company, including Miss Vanhugh, will appear under my management, both in New York and throughout the country, in A. W. Pinern's successful play, 'The Gay Lord Quex.'

"At the Garrick Theatre, following Mrs. Carter in 'Zaza,' comes my production of 'David Harum,' with William H. Crane in the title-rôle. Following my comedians at the Madison Square Theatre, I shall present Mr. Broadhurst's new farce. In September I shall open the Garden Theatre with E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned in 'Hamlet.' They will be followed by the annual engagement of Richard Mansfield. Then I have arranged with Maurice Grau for a season of Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin. They will present the French production of 'L'Aiglon,' and also 'Hamlet,' in which Coquelin plays Polonius to Mme. Bernhardt's Hamlet; 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' in which Bernhardt will appear as Roxane to Coquelin's Cyrano, and also 'Camille.' Following their season, Mr. Willard will appear, and then I shall produce the new melodrama of Drury Lane Theatre. Paul Potter will sail in August with a new play for me, and he will remain in New York until after the production.

"In London my season, which was affected at the start by the war, closed with great success at the Duke of York's Theatre. My stock company presented 'Miss Hobbs' for two hundred and twenty-five times, and Belasco's 'Madame Butterfly' achieved so great a success that I shall send it through the provinces, and put it on again next season in London.

"At the Garrick Theatre, London, I have had an enormous season, with Mrs. Carter's 'Zaza,' where she played for the last fourteen weeks to the capacity of the theatre. I have also arranged for a new production this winter in New York with David Belasco. I have made an arrangement with Gatti Brothers by which I will present my farces for the next three years at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, which I will open some time in September, with Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks, producing, first, 'Self and Lady,' by Pierre Decourcelle. I have also arranged that Mr. Gillette, following his tour in America this season, will open his next season at Irving's Lyceum Theatre, London, with 'Sherlock Holmes.'

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VANITY FAIR.

THE SHIRT-WAIST MAN.

The shirt-waist man is coming—he is strutting into view.
His smile of satisfaction shows he's made his mind up, too.
He wears a look that marks the soul by coolest comfort blest.
He doesn't care what people think—he's doffed his coat and vest,
And now he is devising diplomatic means and ways
Of introducing pantaloon to wear on rainy days.
The shirt-waist man is here to stay; full well he plainly sees
That fashion's dictates have shut off a lot of pleasant breeze,
And if he takes a notion that he wants it made that way
He'll have his shirt designed and cut in hold *decolleté*.
And trousers built for rainy days he'll order next—that's what.
And wear them all the summer through, if there is rain or not.
The shirt-waist man—hurrah for him! Now let him set the pace,
And give some cooler clothing to one-half the human race.
Let's have the shirt-waists with short sleeves and lace insertion, so
They'll catch the faintest sort of breeze that e'er was known to blow.
And don't forget, oh, tailor, you must abbreviate
The trousers, so that all the man may be in coolest state.
The shirt-waist man! Make way for him. He's coming at full speed.
He marks a suffrage movement that the menfolks sadly need.
Hereafter we'll not be afraid of women's scoffs and sneers
If we forsake the collar that so hotly saws our ears,
And, furthermore, in stern demand, let us our voices raise
And call for trousers we can wear in peace on rainy days.—*Baltimore American.*

Women are no longer to monopolize the shirt-waist, for, owing to the intense heat in New York, many men of the metropolis have discarded their coats and waistcoats, and now appear in their shirt-sleeves, with their trousers held in place with a belt. The demand of men to leave off their coats during the warm weather has been very wide-spread, and already the press throughout the country is hailing the innovation with joy. The Washington *Star* reports the shirt-waist man full-fledged in the national capital. He is blooming in Baltimore and Philadelphia. He is welcomed in Boston. As his form looms up across the Western plains, he and his fashion are greeted by the *Denver Republican*: "If the new man in the shadow of Independence Hall can demonstrate that men and women are on an equal plane, when it comes to life, liberty, and the wearing of shirt-waists, sweltering millions in the United States will welcome him as a benefactor. He should go slow, however, in the work of introducing his yokes, frills, and tucks this side of the Missouri River, as the brawny men of the West are still wrestling with the golf suit, and a sudden influx of male shirt-waisters is likely to result in misunderstandings that the coroner will be called upon to settle. Just give the great, exuberant, expanding West a chance to puzzle out the new style, and then bring on your 'gent's shirt-waists!'"

The more this new scheme of dress is studied the less beautiful and easy it appears. For a man to throw off his coat reveals the structural defects that so often attend middle age, like throwing off the hat. The head is bald; the waist is too out-of-line with the chest. We see a form that is better dressed on impressionist lines than on the lines of relentless nature. In short, the shirt-waist seems too juvenile for old men, too truth-telling for fat ones, and too generally discordant with the habits of civilization to be the very best form of hot-weather costume possible. The New York *Sun* thinks that "if the coat must be left off, it would be better probably if the shirt should be extracted wholly from the waist-band of the trousers, let fall in obedience to its natural weight, and then cut, all buttoned as before, into the semblance of the discarded coat. The shirt-coat would preserve all the formality and dignity of the usual dress, and still compel man to wear no more thicknesses of stuff than when he is in 'shirt-sleeves.'"

Commenting on the chief characteristics of the Cuban teachers who are availing themselves of the opportunity to attend the summer term at Cambridge, Mass., a chaperon, who for nearly a month has been living with eighteen Cuban women, says: "I think the most casual observer is struck by the bright colors they wear, especially by the prevalence of pink and blue. When they landed from the transports they wore lavender silks and lace-trimmed muslins, and now when they go on excursions, where they have to walk through the dust and dirt, they wear white piqué skirts over red silk petticoats and deck themselves with fluttering tags of ribbon. They imitate the American costume of shirt-waist, cloth, shirt, and sailor hat, but always without

achieving the trimness of the American girl, and this in spite of the fact that nearly all of their young girls lace to an abominable degree. The trimness of the waist is offset by the bad carriage, by the slackness in the adjustment of belts and neckties, by the elaborateness of the hats that are almost universally worn, and by the veils and ribbons and laces. These are seldom perfectly fresh. My experience in the house is that it is impossible to make a Cuban girl keep her belongings in order. She seems to shed articles of apparel over the whole house. The Cuban woman, old or young, is devoted to her wrapper and dressing-sack. If she has only half an hour in the house, she is out of her dress and into her wrapper in an incredibly short time, and has at least twenty minutes of comfort. She goes to her breakfast in her dressing-sack, unless she is going out to recitations immediately after, and she wears her hair down, either loose or in a braid. Many of the women have a heavy growth of hair, but it is seldom beautiful, for it has a tendency to coarseness and oiliness. In spite of that they wear it down their backs frequently. I see women of twenty-five go to classes with their hair in braids, and I know one married woman who wears hers so all the time. The Cuban women have no objections to receiving men when they are in their wrappers and when their hair is done up on pink and blue curl-papers. This was a matter which shocked the American chaperons to a considerable extent during the first few days when the men were making early morning calls on all the girls of their acquaintance. Yet the same girls would make careful toilets for a walk on the street or for a dance. No toilet is complete without a flower or a ribbon in the hair, much rice-powder on the face, and much perfume on the handkerchief. The use of the powder is a convention, probably the result of the climate of Cuba, and in no way corresponds to the habit of painting or rouging. It does not even pretend to deceive, for it is put on in large quantities and neither rubbed in nor brushed off."

The German emperor, who admires the English for making the Sabbath a day of rest, is much stricter than the average German in keeping Sunday (says *M. A. P. J.*). The empress, a most devout Christian, has aided and abetted his good work in securing the enactment of laws which should make Sunday labor a difficulty for the people. The old Emperor William and the Emperor Frederick, although both religious men, viewed Sunday as a day to be spent in pleasure, but as soon as William the Second came to the throne he put off, whenever possible, the holding of balls and banquets on Sunday night. The imperial couple always attend the Dom on Sunday mornings, and it is an understood thing that the members of the congregation should keep their eyes off their sovereigns during the service. It has been forbidden the court preacher to extend his discourse longer than fifteen minutes, but the emperor "listens up," and such is his memory that he can repeat the sermon almost word for word to his boys on returning home. Those friends who are really intimates of the emperor and empress receive an invitation to luncheon, and frequently accompany them in their steam launch down the river from Potsdam to Peacock Island. I may add that the influence of the emperor and empress in spreading about a feeling for religion in Berlin has been most remarkable. Formerly there was an atheistic spirit abroad in German society, and the churches. I remember, when visiting the town some twenty-five years ago, were almost empty on Sunday mornings. At the beginning of the present sovereign's reign the smart world in Berlin took up church-going as a whim, but those who went for fashion "have remained to pray," and their example is now being followed by the middle and lower classes.

"Horse-races are not a social feature in this country, which seems a pity," said a woman who returned from England the other day. "Now in France and in England the smartest display of clothes of the year is seen at the races—and the smartest women as well. In olden times fashionable Englishwomen contented themselves with going to the Oaks, Ascot, and sometimes to Doncaster; but now they put in an appearance at Kempton and Sandown and attend Newmarket as a matter of course. They discuss the merits of rival jockeys, know the names and pedigrees of the horses, the reputations of the various stables, the odds on 'favorites' and 'short' horses, in a word are adepts in all the mysteries of the turf. In a lesser degree, Frenchwomen are horse-wise. They seldom miss a show-day at Longchamps or Chantilly or Auteuil, and they bet pretty heavily. But they are not sufficiently enthusiastic to attend the races when the sky is cloudy and the prospect of a fine drive and an *à la fresco* luncheon doubtful. The races are very exciting and interesting, of course. But dress and drive first—in France. In England, Ascot is the most showy and spectacular of race-courses, Newmarket the most exclusive, although the latter has never been as much of a place for fine birds in fine feathers as either London or Ascot. Women who really like horse-racing always attended Newmarket, and within a few years it has become very popular, mainly owing to the fact that Ascot is becoming so very 'mixed.' The Newmarket race-course belongs partly to the Jockey Club and partly to the Duke of Rutland, and the Jockey Club stand, which is

equivalent to the royal inclosure at Ascot, is even more select than the latter. Being some distance from London, Newmarket does not attract much of a rabble. Many dinner-parties are given there during the race week, some of them followed by small and early dances. For many of the dinners, the fruit, flowers, and food are all sent from London. After dinner 'bridge'—the eternal amusement of the smart set nowadays—and other games are played till the small wee hours. There are several country-houses in the neighborhood whose owners entertain the big festive parties that seem indigenous to English country life, and in the town of Newmarket itself the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, Lord Brassey, Lord Cadogan, and Lord Howe have houses near the race-course."

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, August 1st, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Water 5%.....	10,000	@ 106- 106 1/2	105 3/4	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	16,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2	105 1/2
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 106- 106 1/2	106	107
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	4,000	@ 105	104 3/4	105 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	15,000	@ 112 1/2	112 1/2	
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	2,000	@ 111 1/2	111	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....	3,000	@ 112 1/2	112 1/2	
1900.....	5,000	@ 133	132 3/4	133 1/2
S. P. Branch 6%.....	1,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%.....	1,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2	
	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	110	@ 68 1/2- 68 1/2	67 1/2	68
Spring Valley Water.....	185	@ 94- 94 1/2	94 1/2	94 3/4
Gas and Electric.				
Equitable Gaslight.....	400	@ 3 1/2- 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 3/4
Oakland Gas.....	140	@ 49 1/2- 50	50	50 1/2
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	260	@ 49- 51	49 1/2	50 1/2
Pacific Lighting Co.....	50	@ 43	43	43 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	2,050	@ 51 1/2- 55	53	53 1/2
Insurance.				
Fireman's Fund.....	6	@ 227	225 1/2	230
Banks.				
Bank of Cal.....	117	@ 410	410	
First National Bank.....	110	@ 275	274	
London P. & A. Bank.....	25	@ 135	134 1/2	
Street R. R.				
Market St.....	245	@ 63 1/2- 64	64	64 1/2
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	85	@ 87 1/2- 88 1/2	87	88 1/2
Vigorit.....	1,100	@ 3 1/2- 3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.....	60	@ 8- 8 1/2	8	8 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S.....	10	@ 87	87	
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,040	@ 31- 31 1/2	31 1/2	31 3/4
Hutchinson.....	30	@ 25- 25 1/2	25	25 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.....	5	@ 46	46 1/2	
Onomea S. Co.....	200	@ 26 1/2	26 1/2	27 1/2
Pauhaub S. P. Co.....	435	@ 30 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	128	@ 116 1/2- 118	116 1/2	
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	25	@ 98- 98 1/2	98 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.....	25	@ 93	92 1/2	93

San Francisco Gas and Electric has been showing to the public that locals are not dead, that good huying orders and confidence in the reliability of a stock will start a boom in short order; 2,047 shares have changed hands during the past week at prices ranging from 50 1/2 to 55, closing at 53 bid and 53 1/2 asked. Unless the action of the public utility committee, relative to the placing before the people at an election the question of the acquirement of electric-light works, should produce another feeling of uncertainty in the mind of the public, the stock may go still higher. Vigor Powder has also been quite extensively dealt in, 1,100 shares having been sold, according to record. The sugars have been a little weary, some one evidently in need of money having thrown upon the market quite a little stock. Buyers, however, were ready to absorb it, and the effect of the dump should be a thing of the past and a reaction result. In Giant hardly anything has been done; Contra Costa Water the same, Spring Valley Water ditto, and Equitable Gas not much better. Transactions in bonds light.

Dividends will be paid on the 5th, on Onomea, 25 cents; Pacific Lighting Company, 30 cents. On the 8th, California Street Cable Company, 50 cents. On the 10th, Giant Powder, 75 cents; Pacific Gas Improvement Company, 35 cents; and Pauhaub, 30 cents.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A pale and disheveled Frenchman who had not found "a life on the ocean wave" all that could be expected, was sinking into his steamer-chair, when a passenger asked, cheerily: "Ah, good morning, monsieur; have you breakfasted?" "No, monsieur," answered the pallid Frenchman, "I have not breakfasted; on the contrary!"

A witness, being cross-examined as to his distance from a particular place, answered very promptly, "I was just four yards, two feet, and six inches off." "And how came you to be so exact in the matter?" asked the counsel, with a significant look upon his inquiring countenance. "Because," came the unexpected reply, "I expected some fool or other would ask me, and so I measured it."

President John Quincy Adams once asserted that he "would not give fifty cents for all the works of Phidias or Praxiteles"; adding, that he "hoped that America would not think of sculpture for two centuries to come." On hearing of this, William Morris Hunt, the foremost American painter of his day, dryly inquired: "Does that sum of money really represent Mr. Adams's estimate of the sculpture of those artists, or the value which he placed upon fifty cents?"

Moltke's reticence was so proverbial that, as the king's birthdays approached, there used to be hets among the officers and the general staff as to how many words Moltke would use in proposing the toast of the day. Some backed a nine-word speech, others put their money on eight words. Moltke's habit was to say, "To the health of his majesty, emperor and king"; or, "To his imperial majesty's health." In 1884 an oyster breakfast was staked on the marshal's not using more than nine words. But, because he began with the word "gentlemen," the bet was lost. The loser comforted himself by saying, "He's aging, is Moltke; he's getting loquacious!"

While "Uncle Dick" Oglesby was governor of Illinois the second time, a State senator opposed to him charged that the money in the "governor's fund" had been illegally used. The "governor's fund" contains usually about ten thousand dollars, to meet the incidental expenses of the office for the purchase of stationery and such things. Soon after this charge was given currency the governor was in the next county to the senator, making a speech, and he referred to the charges thus: "There's a little sap-sucker senator over in the military tract who says I have misused the money of the 'governor's fund.' It's a lie." That was all the explanation or refutation he ever made, but it was enough.

When Captain Jack, the chief of the Modocs, once the terror of the whites, was captured and about to be executed, a clergyman waited upon the tough old chieftain to offer consolation. He ended up a long exhortation by saying: "And if you repent of your wickedness in fighting good white men the Great Spirit will permit you to go to heaven." With all the politeness in the world Captain Jack inquired: "Do you think you will go to that place?" "Certainly," said the minister; "if I should die to-day I would be there before night." Quick as a flash came the answer: "If you will take my place and be hanged to-morrow I will give you forty ponies." The offer was not taken and the clergyman sought heaven by a less direct route.

Many betting men are very superstitious and attach importance to trifling omens. The *Westminster Gazette* tells a story of a Birmingham gun-maker who backed Daniel O'Rourke, the winner of the Derby in 1852, solely through seeing his son reading a book entitled "Daniel O'Rourke's Voyage to the Moon." "I took the tip at once," he would say when talking of the incident, and he was successful. A gentleman once backed Ellington, who won the Derby of '56, from the fact that he happened to see the "W" in the word "Wellington" obscured by the hand of a clock placed over the door of a London restaurant. It is also told of a commercial traveler that he backed Doncaster through the simple expedient of writing the horses' names on pieces of paper, rolling them into pellets, throwing them against the wall, and backing the one which rebounded farthest, and which, as it happened, held the name of the winner of the Derby of 1874.

Mozart, being once on a visit at Marseilles, went incognito to hear the performance of his "Villanelle Rapita." He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied, till, in the midst of the principal aria, the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D-natural where the composer had written D-sharp. This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a commonplace character to the phrase, and obscured the sentiment of the composer. Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently, and, from the middle of the pit, cried out in a voice of thunder: "Will you play D-sharp, you wretches?" The sensation produced in the theatre may be imagined. The actors

were astounded, the lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized, and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamor subsided, and was succeeded by shouts of applause from all sides. It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra, and directed the whole performance. This time the D-sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were surprised at the superior effect produced. After the opera Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

HIS FIRST AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

[He takes his seat at the table, and steals a glance at the toast-list.]

"Third from the last speaker—and a twelve-course dinner to be lived through first. Great Caesar! Well—maybe I'll die before we get to it. Hope so, I'm sure.

"Elegant oysters, but no taste to 'em. Perhaps it's my tongue—it feels sort of blurred.

"Soup looks all right, but I don't seem to notice it as it goes down.

"Ladies and Gentlemen"—no, no—I mean—'Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen.' Wonder if I look pale? Feel pale, I'm sure. Glad I got a fish-bone in my throat just then. It changed the current of my thoughts for a time, and eased up some of the pressure on my brain. Besides it headed off the man on my left from asking me questions which I haven't mind enough to spare to answer.—*There's a little story which comes to my mind, as I rise to address you.*" By the Lord Harry, how did that story begin? Suppose it *shouldn't* come to my mind!

"Is this game? Shouldn't know it from chicken-feed. Am I eating like a civilized being, or am I ramming it down the way I used to do when I knew a thrashing was waiting for me after dinner? Wish that idiot across the table wouldn't look at the parting of my hair so often. Wonder if I got it crooked after all?

"Used the wrong fork for my oysters, it becomes evident. Got to use oyster-fork now for the roast. Glad my wife isn't here; glad I've got one thing left to be glad for. *There can be no question that the issues which are involved in this matter of—*—that's not right. *There can be no issue involved in this question which is not—*" By Jove, but this room is infernally hot! *There can be no question involved in this issue!*—oh, which way does the confounded thing go?

"While I eat this salad, I'm going to think this thing out calmly. I certainly know this speech by heart; I've gone to bed, and got up with it, too long to forget it now. There's no use in my getting rattled. *There can be no question that this matter involves issues!*—confound it, why can't that man let me alone? He may have nothing to do but eat his dinner and ask fool questions of men who have something on their minds.

"By Jove, we're getting pretty well through! My mouth is as dry as sawdust; nothing seems to moisten it up. Never knew I had palpitation of the heart—but I got it now, sure. I'll see the doctor in the morning, if I'm alive—which I doubt.

"Guess I won't smoke; don't think I could hold my hand steady to light up. I'll have to take out more insurance if I've got heart disease—if I can get any company to take my risk.

"Great heavens! I've got to the toasts. First man looks as calm as mud. Wish I could just look that way, whether I said much of anything or not. But I don't. I look all colors—blue, just now, I think.

"Second man up! Three more before me. Wish I could go home. Afraid I forgot to applaud Number One. Must remember that this time.

"Two more! If my knees shake like this, I can't stand on my legs, that's all. I see my finish; I shall fall over and be carried out, and that'll be the best thing that could happen—so long as nobody gets onto it. *One more!* George Thompson, when that man sits down you've got to get up. Oh, why can't I go home? I've had enough of this. I believe I'll—I'll run away—NOW!

"He's getting through! *The questions involved in this issue—The issues involved in this question—Ladies and—Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen: As I rise to address you—as I rise to address you, a little story comes to my mind—*" My mind! It's a perfect blank—absolute. He's sitting down! Oh, I wish I were being hanged—I do, I DO!—*Mr. Toastmaster and Ladies!*—or being shot for a deserter, or being wrecked on a barren island. Now, it's COME! He's calling on ME! They're looking at me! I know my necktie's under one ear—I know it—but I can't help it now; it's too late—everything's too late. Here I go. SPEAK, George Thompson! SPEAK, you fool!"

[Aloud]—"Mr. Toastmaster—L—l—and Gentlemen—"*—Grace S. Richmond in Truth.*

Prospective Mothers.

Preparatory Hints; Bathing; Clothing; Habits; Fresh Air; Second Summer, etc.; are some of the subjects treated in "Babies," a book for young mothers sent free by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., who make Gail Borden Eagle Brand.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Revised Version.

They used to sing some time ago
A rather plaintive song:
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
But nowadays the song is set
With music to the rhyme:
"Man wants as much as he can get,
And wants it all the time."

—Tit Bits.

Golf.

A whang—a whirring thro' the air—
Two hundred yards to walk—
Another whang—an hour's search
Made warm with low-breathed talk.
A triplication of the whang—
The walk and talk the same—
The green—a pretense at croquet—
And that's the golfing game.—*Life.*

The Doctor.

The doctor tells you what to eat
And likewise what to wear.
He checks each pleasure that you meet
And says "you do not dare."

The doctor is a canny elf—
He warns us 'gainst diseases,
But wears his clothes to please himself
And eats just what he pleases.—*Ex.*

To a Poet.

FROM DULCINEA.

Poet, although you've been extremely kind,
The time has come when I must speak my mind.

I think it is absurd for you to write
My "lips are like twin cherries"—what a sight

I'd be if such a silly thing were true!
Do cherries really look like lips to you?

Then, "shell-like ears!" To the marines, pray tell,
My ear is like a hard and slimy shell!

"With eyes like stars!" Indeed, sir, even at night,
My eyes are not two yellow dots of light.

And I confess it gives me quite a twinge
Just to imagine "lids with jetty fringe."

"Hair like a raven's wing!" Fancy a maid
With short, stiff quills that wouldn't coil or braid!
And I would be the most distressed of girls
Were my teeth small and spherical "like pearls."

As to my neck, you really should be told
'Tis not "like alabaster," hard and cold.

Then, "arms like ivory!" Candid, I must own I
Why don't you say they're nothing but a bone?

Oh, prithe, Poet, if you think me fair,
With better things than these my charms compare!
—*Carolyn Wells in Life.*

The Able Speaker.

Of all the tantalizing things by which we are beset,
The man who makes an "able" speech, he is the toughest yet.

The people stand and whisper, "Be as quiet as you can;

You mustn't interrupt him. He's a very able man."
And the boys get tired and wriggle,
And the girls all want to giggle,
And I lose his chain of logic and go drifting into doubt,

And my head in rhythm nodding
With his cadences goes plodding,
While I wonder what the mischief he is hollering about.

It really must be a most depressing mental strain
For a man to have an "able" reputation to sustain;
And know he dare not dally with an anecdote or two
To keep us all from wishing he would hurry and get through.

And just when I am dozing,
And in comfort am proposing
To yield my own opinions to this wondrous able chap,

His monotone he changes
Through wild crescendos ranges
In a series of explosions, just to jar my little nap.

—*Washington Star.*

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Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, September 15
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, October 10
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For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., July 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, August 1, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, August 3, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., July 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, August 1, and every fourth day thereafter. For further information see folder.
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SOCIETY.

The Del Monte Week of Sports.

Society is greatly interested in the annual outing of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association, which is to commence at Del Monte on Monday, August 13th. The feature of this year's carnival will be the polo games and the pony races. More events have been arranged than ever before, and one thousand dollars in prizes will be awarded to the successful competitors. The polo games will be played in the afternoons of the first four days, as the golf competitions will take place in the mornings of the first three days. In the polo tournaments there will be at least five teams. The players who are to enter from the different polo clubs of the State will be put into teams of as near equal strength as possible, and the winner of the final event will be awarded a handsome trophy.

A novelty this year will be the running of a public road-coach over the sixteen-mile drive. Mr. Walter S. Hobart's handsome road-coach "Del Monte" has been secured and will be horsed by the hotel stables. It will be driven at different times by Mr. Hobart, Mr. Charles Raoul-Duval, Mr. Beylard, Mr. Francis J. Carolan, and other well-known whips.

The annual base-ball game between the Burlingame team and that of the University Alumni will be played on Saturday morning, August 18th. The Alumni won last year, but the Burlingames are doing a lot of practicing with a strong team, and are confident of winning.

The Morgan Luncheon.

Miss Therèse Morgan gave a luncheon at Fairfax Villa on Wednesday last at which she entertained Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Florence Josselyn, and Miss Genevieve Carolan.

In the evening the same ladies were given a bowling party at the Hotel Rafael, the gentlemen invited to meet them being Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Lawrence I. Scott, Mr. T. Danforth Boardman, and Mr. Harrison Dibblee.

The Hopkins Institute of Art.

During the summer months the interior of the Hopkins Institute has been altered and renovated to its marked advantage. An improvement suggested by Mr. Collis P. Huntington, and through his munificence now being carried into effect, is a concrete walk from the entrance gate on the corner of California and Mason Streets to the front door. This will obviate the necessity of visitors making the tiresome descent of California Street to the main entrance and then mounting the steps.

The California School of Design re-opens on Monday, August 6th, and, judging from the number of applications received, the school will be larger this year than ever. The board has not yet taken action in the matter of appointing a successor to the late Professor R. D. Yelland, whose loss is so generally deplored, but expects to obtain the services of a gentleman of wide experience in the class of work taught by Mr. Yelland, and one who, it is confidently anticipated, will maintain the high order of this department.

Notes and Gossip.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Gordon Egbert, eldest daughter of the late General Harry C. Egbert, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Charles E. Kilbourne, Jr., Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., took place in Manila on June 9th. The ceremony was performed by Chaplain Groves, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A.

Mrs. W. I. Kip gave a card-party at the Hotel Rafael on Wednesday, August 1st. Among others present were Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mrs. W. E. Dean, Mrs. William P. Morgan, Miss Adams, and Mrs. Edie.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baldwin (*née* Kittredge) were entertained at an elaborate reception on their arrival at Honolulu by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cooke.

The engagement of Miss Anna Sheppard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eli T. Sheppard, of 1624 Taylor Street, and Mr. Sheldon G. Kellogg is announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Asher have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Meta Asher, to Mr. A. Davidson, of Sioux City, Ia. They will be at home on Sunday, August 12th, at 1315 Gough Street.

The Misses Helen and Bertha Smith gave a card-party at their residence in San Rafael on Wednesday last. Their guests were Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. Sarah G. Buckbee, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Genevieve Carolan, and Miss Mary Kip.

Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow entertained a number of her friends at dinner at her San Rafael home early in the week.

Mrs. Henry E. Bothin gave a pretty card-party on Wednesday last at her residence in Ross Valley.

A party made up of Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Warner, and Mr.

and Mrs. C. F. Runyon recently enjoyed a pleasant trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mrs. Charles McCreary gave a "hearts" party at her home in Sacramento last Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Elsie Clark, her niece, and Miss Mabel Foster, of this city.

The Burlingame Club has elected the following officers: Mr. George A. Newhall, president; Mr. Henry T. Scott, vice-president; Mr. Arthur B. Ford, secretary and treasurer. Four members of the directory of twelve retire each year and others take their places. Those who retire from office in August, 1903, are Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. J. Kruttschnitt, Mr. J. L. Rathbone, and Mr. George Andrew Pope. Mr. W. B. Tubbs was chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. N. S. Wilson of the retiring four of 1902. The rest of the board, including Mr. Tubbs, are: Retiring August, 1901—Mr. G. A. Newhall, Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mr. Fred T. Moody, and Mr. Peter D. Martin; retiring August, 1902—Captain A. H. Payson, Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. W. B. Tubbs, and Mr. A. B. Ford.

Our Ambassador to Italy.

The appointment of the successor to General William F. Draper, who has forwarded to Washington his resignation as ambassador to Italy, to take effect as soon as possible, will be watched with keen interest by persons who are interested in the social side of diplomacy (says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*). The American embassy at Rome, in its social aspects, has always ranked next to those at London and Paris, and in some seasons has involved more of the obligations of society than the embassy at Paris. The American colony in Paris is larger than that in London, but the Americans in London are usually given fashionable precedence, because, undoubtedly, the standing of many of the titled American women in London is higher in the scale of feudalistic social standards than that of the titled women of France.

There are, however, in Germany and Italy some women of American birth who can claim precedence before even the American duchesses of England. In Italy there are a full dozen of American women who are *persona grata* in the Italian court. They have married Italians with ancient titles and are ladies-in-waiting upon the queen. As much can not be said of the American women of London. The presence of these American favorites in the Italian court, backed by the large and conservative American colony in the Eternal City, has given Rome a unique social importance in the eyes of Americans and has placed great social obligations on the American ambassador as the leader of the colony.

The position of the ambassador's wife in Rome, as the head of the social forces, is a difficult one. Unlike the wife of the British ambassador, she should be familiar with the Italian language, and she should acquit herself in a manner to charm the representatives of the critical patrician families that make up the Italian court and the ruling element in fashionable Rome. Mrs. Wayne MacVeagh, of Philadelphia, and her successor, Mrs. William F. Draper, of Boston, were signally successful as the leaders in the fashionable affairs of the American colony in Rome. Naturally, the femininity of America is asking, curiously: "Who will succeed Mrs. Draper?"

Mrs. Draper entertained at the famous old Italian palace, which was the American embassy in Rome under General Draper's régime, in a lavish but dignified manner. Her jewels were the source of much admiration and wonder, but, it is said, her jewels did not please the queen because they were handsomer than the royal outfit. It was reported a year ago that Queen Margherita took offense because, on the occasion of an important function, Mrs. Draper's jewels were more admired than the royal display, but the report could not have been well founded, because royal minds are not expected to descend to such a depth as vulgar comparisons of intrinsic values. True or not, Mrs. Draper's position was not in the least injured by the report. Her popularity was genuine, and her successor will have to exercise all her American cleverness in living up to the standard set by Mrs. William F. Draper.

Old World privileges and restriction reign supreme in Spain, where there is a law that no subject shall touch the person of the king or queen. A queen of Spain nearly lost her life in a dreadful way owing to this peculiar rule. She had been thrown when out riding, and, her foot catching in the stirrup, she was dragged. Her escort would not risk interference, and she would have been dashed to pieces but for the heroic interposition of a young man, who stopped the horse and released her from her dangerous position. As soon as they saw she was safe, her escort turned to arrest the traitor who had dared to touch the queen's foot, but he was not to be seen. Knowing well the penalty he had incurred, he made off at once, fled for his life, and did not stop until he had crossed the frontier.

The famous lace trade of Brussels is on the decline. From a recent trade report it is shown that there is little or no encouragement. Large or important orders are very rare, and novelties are not in demand. There is considerable alarm among the smaller manufacturers.

OLD FAVORITES.

Fruit ilium.

One by one they died—
Last of all their race;
Nothing left but pride,
Lace, and buckled hose.
Their quietus made,
On their dwelling-place
Ruthless hands are laid:
Down the old house goes!

See the ancient manse
Meet its fate at last!
Time, in his advance,
Age nor honor knows;
Axe and broadaxe fall,
Lopping off the Past:
Hit with bar and maul,
Down the old house goes!

Seven-score years it stood:
Yes, they built it well,
Though they built of wood,
When that house arose.
For its cross-beams square
Oak and walnut fell;
Little worse for wear,
Down the old house goes!

Rending board and plank,
Men with crowbars ply,
Opening fissures dank,
Striking deadly blows.
From the gabled roof
How the shingles fly!
Keep you here aloof—
Down the old house goes!

Holding still its place,
There the chimney stands,
Stanch from top to base,
Frowning on its foes.
Heave apart the stones,
Burst its iron bands,
How it shakes and groans!
Down the old house goes!

Round the mantel-piece
Glisten Scripture tiles;
Henceforth they shall cease
Painting Egypt's woes,
Painting David's fight,
Fair Bathsheba's smiles,
Blinded Samson's might—
Down the old house goes!

On these oaken floors
High-shod ladies trod;
Through those paneled doors
Trailed their furbelows:
Long their day has ceased;
Now, beneath the sod,
With the worms they feast—
Down the old house goes!

Many a bride has stood
In yon spacious room;
Here her hand was wooed
Underneath the rose;
O'er that sill the dead
Reached the family tomb;
All, that were, have fled—
Down the old house goes!

Once, in yonder hall,
Washington, they say,
Led the New Year's ball,
Stateliest of beaux.
O that minut,
Maids and matrons gay!
Are there such sights yet?
Down the old house goes!

British troopers came
Ere another year,
With their coats aflame,
Mincing on their toes;
Daughters of the house
Gave them haughty cheer,
Laughed to scorn their vows—
Down the old house goes!

Doorway high the box
In the grass-plot spreads;
It has borne its locks
Through a thousand snows;
In an evil day,
From those garden-beds
Now 'tis hacked away—
Down the old house goes!

Lo! the sycamores,
Scathed and scrawny mates,
At the mansion doors
Shiver, full of woes;
With its life they grew,
Guarded well its gates;
Now their task is through—
Down the old house goes!

On this honored site
Modern trade will build—
What unseemly fright
Heaven only knows!
Something peaked and high,
Smacking of the guild:
Let us heave a sigh—
Down the old house goes!

—E. C. Stedman.

No one should live in California, let alone leaving, without taking a trip to Mt. Tamalpais to inhale the pure air and view the surrounding country, which surpasses for beauty and greater variety any other outlook on this coast.

—BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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STORES Trunks for One Dollar a Month.
RENTS Safes for \$5 a year, furnishing the most perfect security for valuables of all descriptions. Office Hours, 8 a.m., to 6 p.m.

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First-class quiet Family Hotel.
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Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

SCOTTY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements in and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have returned to Burlingame after a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayne Newhall at their home in Ross Valley. Mr. and Mrs. Scott leave for a fortnight's visit to Del Monte early next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels have been spending the month of July at the Hotel Klinger, Marienbad.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Mollie Thomas returned to the city on Monday from San Rafael, where they have been spending the summer.

Mrs. W. P. Mangan, Miss Mangan, and Miss Thérèse Mangan are at Del Monte for a fortnight's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Dean are at Sissons. Mr. Dean's health has greatly improved.

Mr. Louis Brugiére was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs at Newport last week.

Mr. Peter D. Martin started a few days ago for Del Monte with a number of his friends on his four-hand coach.

Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman, her son, and Miss Lena Blanding are at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Fred H. Green returned from Alaska on Monday.

Miss Jennie Blair and Mr. W. S. Blair, who have been in Paris for some time, have gone to Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin were in Paris a fortnight ago.

Mrs. B. G. Crane and Mrs. J. P. Wallace are at Bartlett Springs.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe has returned from a month's stay at the Hotel Del Monte.

Miss Genevieve Carolan has been the guest of Miss McBean during the past week, at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. H. B. Taylor has returned from a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and family and Mr. William Fries and family were at Frankfurt, Germany, when last heard from.

Mrs. A. M. Easton and her granddaughter, Miss Jennie Crocker, are at the Hotel Del Monte.

Miss Marie Voorhies has returned from a few weeks' stay in Santa Cruz as the guest of Mrs. George Carr.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and the Misses Parrott sailed from New York for Paris a fortnight ago.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Kohl were in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant have returned from San Rafael, and will leave for Del Monte in a few days.

Mr. Charles Raoul Duval was at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Captain and Mrs. Robert H. Fletcher, who have been spending a part of the summer in the Sierras and the Santa Cruz Mountains, have returned to the city and taken up their residence at 2003 Steiner Street.

Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Brigham were in Paris during the Bastille celebration.

Miss Grace Sanborn, of Fruitvale, will visit relatives in Virginia during August, and will spend the coming winter in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Luning expect to remain at their camp on Pluton Creek, between Cloverdale and the Geysers, until the last of August.

Miss Mattie McCormick has returned from a visit to Mrs. C. S. Fackenthal at Princeton, N. J.

Mr. Everett N. Bee was in Paris for the Fête Nationale, on July 14th.

Prince A. Poniatowski spent a few days in Sacramento early in the week.

Mrs. Homer S. King, Mr. Frank B. King, and Miss Genevieve King, who have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe, are expected home in a few days.

Mrs. Jean Bowers and Mrs. Robert Fry have returned from their trip to Alaska.

Miss Caro Crockett returned on Tuesday from a visit to Miss McBean at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger were in Paris, stopping at the Hotel Normandie, during the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Gerstle and Mr. and Mrs. Will Gerstle will go to Del Monte the middle of August for a two weeks' visit.

Miss Ella Bender has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. Lawrence I. Scott has returned from San Rafael, and will leave in a few days for a fortnight's sojourn at Del Monte.

Mr. Hother Wismer has returned from a month's visit to Lake Tahoe and Glen Alpine Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Stone (née Havemeyer) are at present in Iceland. They spent the Fourth of July there on the Gould yacht.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown and Miss Drown were at the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Field, Miss A. Field, and Mr. S. J. Field came up from Monterey on Tuesday, and were at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lewis, of Santa Rosa, made a short stay at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. A. Heynemann has returned from his trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton and Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Clinch were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock returned to San Rafael on Wednesday last from a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Walter have been visiting friends in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Wallack, of Belvedere, were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Borrowe (née Bosqui), after traveling abroad for several months, have reached

their destination, Bulawayo, Rhodesia, South Africa.

Dr. and Mrs. Bromfield, of San Mateo, were guests at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Burne, Mrs. A. P. Hataling and family, Mrs. J. D. Redding, Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, Mrs. Edward Rathschild, Mrs. E. C. Schmiedel and family, Mrs. Sarah W. Pease, Mrs. D. R. Collins, and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Walker and family.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Dr. P. Newmark, of Los Angeles, Mr. T. Schlesinger, of Chicago, Mr. C. Newberger, of Bremen, Germany, Dr. E. Bennett and Mr. John P. Campbell, of San Antonio, Tex., Mr. and Mrs. T. Brown, of Coleman, Tex., Mr. D. L. Pringle, Mr. L. Rosenthal, Mr. P. W. Custer, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, Mr. Samuel L. Jacob, Mr. Milton A. Bremer, and Mr. James C. Dunphy.

Among the week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. John E. Heaton, of New Haven, Conn., Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilkins, of San Rafael, Dr. H. L. Lacost, of New York, Rev. T. J. Mackey, of Omaha, Neb., Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Aldersen, of Placerville, Mr. James Thompson, Jr., of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. J. Spiers, of Los Angeles, Mr. L. A. Hamlin, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Barker, Mrs. S. Hoffman, Mrs. Charles Goodall, Mr. H. C. McClure, Mr. S. W. Backus, Mr. R. H. Warfield, and Mr. H. F. Woods.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. C. Carpy, of St. Helena, Professor T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, Mr. Robert Towne, of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. William H. Day, Jr., of Iowa, Dr. W. G. Bower, of Los Angeles, Mr. C. H. Smith, of Denver, Mr. John Lavery, of Santa Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. H. Guest, of New York, Mr. A. C. Campbell, of Juneau, Alaska, Miss Edith Rosenblatt, of Portland, Or., Mrs. Frank Bartlett, of Port Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. V. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento, Mr. R. G. Barton, of Fresno, Mr. Frank Hazen, of Healdsburg, Mr. F. H. Taylor, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Mr. J. B. Castle, of Honolulu.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General James H. Wilson, U. S. V., who has been ordered to report for service to Major-General A. R. Chaffee, U. S. V., at Tientsin, arrived in this city on Thursday and sailed for the Orient on Friday on the Japanese steamer *America Maru*, accompanied by his aids, Lieutenants J. H. Reeves and G. S. Turner, U. S. A. Brigadier-General Wilson came almost direct from Cuba, where he has been acting as governor of the Department of Matanzas and Santa Clara, and made one of the fastest trips between the two points ever accomplished.

Commander Franklin J. Drake, U. S. N., and Mrs. Drake came over from Mare Island during the week, and were at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain W. H. McKittrick, U. S. A., and Mrs. McKittrick are at the Hotel Del Monte.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Clay Cochrane, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to China. Lieutenant-Colonel William S. Muse, U. S. M. C., upon receiving orders to proceed to China made application to be retired, and placed Captain H. C. Davis in charge of the Mare Island barracks. Lieutenant-Colonel Muse will remain at Mare Island awaiting orders.

Commander F. P. Gilmore, U. S. N., has been ordered to the naval hospital at Mare Island for treatment.

Mrs. Bell, wife of Brigadier-General James M. Bell, U. S. V., who recently returned from Manila, is in Chicago. After a visit with friends at Washington and New York she will return to Manila in September.

Major Hugh R. Belknap, additional paymaster, U. S. V., who arrived from Chicago early in the week accompanied by Mrs. Belknap, has been assigned to duty in the Department of California.

Captain Daniel Anglen, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted sick leave.

Major John D. Hall, medical department, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hall were in San José last week.

Lieutenant-Commander W. S. Hogg, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monocacy* and ordered to the *Monterey*.

The Chilean training-ship *General Baquedano* arrived in port on Tuesday from Esquimalt, B. C., commanded by Captain Arturo Wilson.

Among the officers who registered at the Occidental Hotel during the week were Captain Henry H. Wright, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Constant Williams, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Frank E. Bamford, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Thomas R. Harker, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Ervin L. Phillips, Third Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant O. S. Eskridge, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Surgeon W. E. Brown, U. S. V., Captain George C. Reiter, U. S. N., Ensign Luther M. Overstreet, U. S. N., and Ensign Earl P. Jessop, U. S. N.

The United States transport *Meade* left for Nagasaki on Wednesday, carrying Companies I, K, L, and M of the Fifteenth Infantry, and Companies B, G, H, and I of the Third Cavalry. The officers included Lieutenant-Colonel Constant Williams, Major George A. Cornish, Lieutenant F. E. Bamford (battalion adjutant), Captain G. F. Cooke, Captain D. D. Mitchell, Captain A. R. Paxton, Captain John Cotter, First Lieutenants C. F. Crone, T. R. Harker, J. F. Wilkinson, Second Lieutenants D. T. Moore, Kurtz Eppley, and H. Cooper, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Major H. P. Kingsbury, Captain F. H. Hardie, Captain D. H. Boughton, Captain J. B. McDonald, First Lieutenants F. J. Koester, A. C. Merillat, and E. L. Phillips, Second Lieutenants R. R. Wallach, E. Wood, and J.

E. Benjamin, Third Cavalry, U. S. A.; Captain George A. Zenth, Lieutenants J. B. Cavanaugh and Harry Burgess, Second Lieutenant J. R. Slattery, First Lieutenant Julian R. Lindsey, U. S. A.; Second Lieutenant Willis V. Morris, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Captain Ira L. Fredenhal, assistant-quartermaster, U. S. V.; First Lieutenant A. L. Fuller, U. S. A.; and Captain F. V. Krüg, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.

Paris Exposition Awards.

The fine showing of American manufactures at the Paris Exposition this year is likely to win a number of awards from the international juries selected to pass upon the exhibits. According to section eighty-eight of the general regulations governing the exposition, the French Government will grant the following awards: 1. The Grand Prix, sometimes called the "Diploma of Honor," which is granted for exceptional merit only; 2. Gold Medal; 3. Silver Medal; 4. Bronze Medal; 5. Honorable Mention.

In all the German settlements in the West a curious wedding custom prevails, which is said to have been transplanted from Hanover. When a young couple is to be married, the elder brother of the bride, or, if she has no brother, some other male member of the family takes his place, starts out a few days before the wedding on horseback and distributes the invitations. He is called the "braut-heter"—literally, the "bride inviter." He is a picturesque figure, and in his trip about the country he is the recipient of many perquisites in money or gifts, which, by right of custom, are kept as his own; but, however small, the present is invariably expected to be given. It may be a piece of money, a bill, or a coin, or it may be only a ribbon or a trinket. Upon his return trip he decorates his person and his horse with his gifts.

—WHILE PRICES FOR THE ENGRAVING OF cards and invitations have been advanced generally, Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, adhere to the old rates, and yet maintain their same high standard as heretofore.

—COLLEGE GRADUATE (HARVARD) WISHES TO prepare pupils living in the city or the country for college. Address, "G. C. F.," *Argonaut*.

—DO NOT GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A jar of California Strawberry Cream for the skin. Made from the fruit juice, at Greenbaum's, 220 Post.

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—After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 214 Post St.

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GOLF.

August 13th—Ladies' Handicap for Henry T. Scott Cup.

August 14th—Ladies' Final Competition for Scott Cup.

August 15th—Men's Contest for Del Monte Cup.

August 16th, 17th—Men's Final Competition for Del Monte Cup.

Entries for the Henry T. Scott Cup will close August 12th, and for the Del Monte Cup, August 13th, at Hotel Del Monte.

August 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th—Polo Tournament.

In Charge of Pony Racing—
T. A. DRISCOLL, Parrott Building, San Francisco.

PONY RACING.

August 17th—3-16 mile for Polo Ponies. 1 mile for horses owned and ridden by residents of Monterey and Santa Cruz Counties. 5 furlongs for Ponies. ½ mile for Polo Ponies. 1 mile open maiden race. San Mateo Hunt Steeplechase, 3 miles.

August 18th—4-16 mile for Polo Ponies. ¼ mile for Ponies. 1 mile open handicap. Del Monte Cup 1 mile for Ponies. 1½ mile Hurdle Race for Ponies. 3 mile Steeplechase, open handicap.

August 18th—Base-ball, Burlingame vs. Alumni of Universities.

In Charge of Polo, Golf, Baseball—
R. M. TOBIN, University Club, San Francisco.

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A Handsome Series of New and Useful Publications.

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Resorts and Attractions Along the Coast Line is a handsomely illustrated folder giving a description of the health and pleasure resorts on the coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Shasta Resorts, embellished with beautiful half-tone engravings, describes the scenic and outing attractions of the vast and wonderful Shasta region, the grandest of pleasure grounds.

California South of Tehachapi tells all about the charms of that remarkably favored semi-tropic garden spot, Southern California.

A Handsome Map of California, complete in detail, reliable, skillfully indexed, and full of information about the State's resources. It is the only publication of its kind conveniently folded for pocket use.

Summer Outings is a 32-page folder devoted to the camping retreats in the Shasta Region and Santa Cruz Mountains. It appeals more directly to that large and growing class of recreation seekers who prefer this popular form of outing.

Pacific Grove is the Chautauqua of the West, and this folder not only describes the pretty place itself, but gives a program of the religious and educational meetings, conventions, schools, etc., to be held there this summer.

Other publications are **Lake Tahoe, Geysers and Lake County, Yosemite, Hotel del Monte, Castle Crags**, each brimful of information about the places named, and printed in the highest style of the art. Go and see the nearest Southern Pacific agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM),		
Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.		
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)		
LEAVE	FROM JULY 15, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East....	*11.45 A
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carthers.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*6.45 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2.45 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*5.00 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Knights Landing, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited. Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sausalito for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	Fresno Passenger—Martinez, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Berenda (Raymond for Yosemite), Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Fresno, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*8.45 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*11.45 A
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*10.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A
COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge), (Foot of Market Street.)		
*7.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	*18.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	*8.50 A
CREEK ROUTE FERRY.		
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—		
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 1.00 2.00 3.00	
*4.00	15.00 6.00 P. M.	
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—		
11.00 A. M., 12.00 P. M., 1.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.		
COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge), (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*7.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	*18.35 P
*9.00 A	San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*11.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*18.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
*7.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
* For Morning. * For Afternoon.		
* Daily. * Sunday excepted. * Sunday only.		
* Saturday and Sunday. * Sunday and Monday.		
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THE ALLEGED HUMORIS

"A woman doesn't always have the last word, does she?" "Oh, no. Sometimes she is talking to another woman."—*Life*.

Always there: *Quericus*—"I suppose you had plenty of fresh things at the summer hotel?" "Yes; paint and college-bred waiters."—*Town Topics*.

Great actor—"I propose making a farewell tour of the provinces. What play would you advise?" *Critic*—"Much Adieu About Nothing."—*Detroit Journal*.

Teacher—"Johnny, tell me the name of the tropical belt north of the equator?" *Johnny*—"Can't, sir." *Teacher*—"Correct. That will do."—*Yale Record*.

The *Philadelphian*—"Isn't the mud on this street a trifle deep?" *Chicagoan* (proudly)—"Deep? It is the deepest mud on any paved street in the world!"—*Indianapolis Press*.

His bait: *Nimrod*—"Pat, did you ever catch frogs?" *Pat*—"Faith, an' Oi did, sir." *Nimrod*—"What did you bait with?" *Pat*—"Begorry, Oi bate 'em with a shtick."—*Chicago News*.

A country paper has this personal item: "Those who know old Mr. Wilson, of this place, personally, will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner last week, but was not killed."—*Tit-Bits*.

Homer: Somebody in Massachusetts tried to draw "Homer's Eyelid" from a public library. Perhaps he thought it was a companion work to "Homer's Odd-I-see."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Ethel—"That detestable Mrs. Bloom said that I looked thirty." *Maud*—"How perfectly absurd!" *Ethel* (elated)—"Frankly, now, how old do you really think I look?" *Maud*—"About forty."—*Tit-Bits*.

Jones—"Great Scott! I has that man been in an explosion or a railroad wreck?" *Brown*—"Neither; he's a census enumerator who showed up a smaller population in his town than it had ten years ago."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A danger to be escaped: "The whole civilized world ought to be interested in putting down this Chinese uprising." "I should say so. Why, an historical novel written in Chinese dialect would be simply awful."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

His redeeming quality: *Judge*—"You were begging on the public streets, and yet you had twenty dollars in your pocket." *Prisoner*—"Yes, jedge, I may not be as industrious as some, y'r honor, but I'm no spendthrift."—*New York Weekly*.

Lacking credence: "Can you believe what he says?" asked the journalist of the newspaper man. "I am sorry to be compelled to answer that question in the negative," replied the latter; "he is as untrustworthy as a copyrighted cablegram."—*Bazar*.

The ways of babies: "Pa, I wouldn't have a little sister for anything." "Why, Tommy?" "'Cause, pa, Jimmy Dobbs's little sister cries an' cries until he gits down on th' floor, an' lets her tramp up an' down on his stummick."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

At a disadvantage: "David was a good fighter," said the professional pugilist, "but he had some hard luck." "You mean the David who slew Goliath?" "Yes; he could have made a nint o' money out o' that fight if moving pictures had only been invented then."—*Washington Star*.

A double distinction: *Cassidy*—"Who are yez going to name him after?" *Kelly*—"Well, we're going to name him Patrick! Partly after St. Patrick, who drove all the snakes from Oireland; and partly after Pat Connolly, who drove all the Republicans out av th' Sixth Ward!"—*Puck*.

Ordering by the card: *Diner* (to restaurant waiter)—"What have you got for dinner?" *Waiter*—"Roastbeeffricasseedcbickenstewedlamb-hashbakedandfried potatoes college pudding milktea-andcoffee." *Diner*—"Give me the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, eighteenth, and nineteenth syllables."—*Tit-Bits*.

Welcome: As the missionaries disembarked, the naked savages upon the shore testified to their great joy. "You are welcome!" cried these latter; "thrice welcome! For now, in case that we ever desire to be civilized, all we have to do is to kill you and the Christian powers will come with hospitalships and things and civilize us!" They had no sleeves upon which to wear their hearts, but they seemed sincere for all that.—*Detroit Journal*.

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Speaking of expansion reminds one how very materially this country has expanded beyond the limits of the States which made and ratified the constitution. The census enumerators have discovered that the centre of population is located at about Bloomington, Indiana. Chicago is claiming to be the centre of the country's commercialism, and though that claim may be denied by interested rivals, the fact that both the Republican and the Democratic national committees have fixed upon Chicago for their main campaign head-quarters is something more than a tacit admission that that city has become the political centre of the United States. Not only

are both parties settled in the same city, but both are housed in the Auditorium Building.

It is not without the best of reasons that Chicago has been so unanimously chosen as the centre of national politics this year. The city is the centre of a vast tributary domain, which practically includes all of the great Mississippi Valley, in which is to be found a majority of the population of the country. Chicago is blessed as well with the facilities for reaching and communicating with the dwellers in this great inland empire. By means of her radiating railroads, some twenty lines in number, it is possible to reach any railroad town between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains in the short space of twenty-four hours. It is equally convenient for the purposes of communication by telegraph and the long-distance telephone, and the ease with which information can be distributed either by campaign documents or through the public prints with which Chicago abounds.

The region tributary to Chicago is the one where national campaigns are coming more and more to be fought out. It was the battle-ground in 1896, and promises to be so in as great a degree this year. Then, as now, the attitude of the Atlantic States was well determined before the campaign opened. The great bulk of the educational work on both sides was done in the North Central States. The absorbing questions this year are of a similar character and denote where the work of the Republicans, at least, will be mainly expended. Will Indiana remain squarely in the column? Can Nebraska be wrested from the Bryanites? Can the Dakota be held from wavering? Is the large German-American vote so seriously disaffected as to endanger the electoral votes of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, or Wisconsin? Are the Pacific States safe for McKinley? What can be done to bring Colorado, Idaho, and Montana back into line? These are the questions which will occupy the attention of Republican campaign managers, and it will be noted that every one of them points to Chicago as the natural centre from which to reach them. Here in the region outlined, including the North-West and the Far West, and not including any of the Democratic States of the South, are to be found 184 electoral votes—within 40 votes of being sufficient to elect a President as the electoral college now stands. And it is to be added that scarcely two States in all that immense territory can be positively counted on to cast its electoral ballot this year in any particular direction. These are some of the indications that the great West is now the controlling factor in deciding the national campaigns, and explains why Chicago becomes the natural national head-quarters.

The shifting of political power from the East to the West is a natural one, following the shifting centre of our growing population. Where the greatest number of voters and the majority of the States can be easiest reached must be the natural centre of political activity. In the last campaign the single issue was the financial one. It was almost certain how the Eastern States would vote, and it was fully as sure that the West, with the exception of California and Oregon, would be on the other side. The main battle, therefore, was waged in the Middle West. This year the situation is measurably the same. The East will be easily handled by a branch head-quarters in New York. Other questions besides silver have arisen, which, with the waning of the free-silver sentiment, are tending to attract the far Western States to the Republican standard, but there and in the Middle West the bulk of the work must be done. The work of the national committee will aim to cover the country in greater detail than ever before, and that work will fall naturally to the share of the central head-quarters.

The importance of the growing West is evidenced by the acknowledged fact that the interest in a national campaign centres in that northern portion of the United States bounded by the Alleghany Mountains on the east and the Pacific Ocean on the west. Time was when New York and Philadelphia were the controlling centres, when the predominant political sentiment of the Atlantic seaboard was accepted by the outlying and sparsely settled regions

of the boundless West, whose population was hard to reach and whose influence was little felt. Times have changed with our expansive growth. The masses of the population have overflowed the limits of the States of the constitution, and the politicians must move up to keep in touch with the greatest part of them. Some day it will be found necessary to have a third head-quarters on the Pacific Coast.

Something is wrong with the police department of San Francisco; there is evident a decided need either for a change in methods of discipline or of the personnel. Policemen are well paid, assured of their positions during good conduct, and of a pension on retirement. It would seem that enough good citizens might be secured to perform the duties so as to exclude the dishonest, the incompetent, and the ignoramuses whose idea, when they have donned a uniform, is that they are superior to the people whose hired servants they are, and that they can with impunity become bullies and churls.

Attention has been directed to the matter by several recent events. A sergeant has been removed from Chinatown—ever a hot-bed of bribery and scandal—the implied charge being that gamblers there were paying for protection. Whether or not they really did pay, their games ran unmo-lestled, a circumstance in itself suspicious. A few months ago Lieutenant Price was removed similarly, and degraded to a sergeantcy. If guilty, he should have been dismissed from the force, while if innocent, as he still contends, a grievous wrong was done him.

Within a few days a policeman attached to the Southern Station attacked his superior officer, attempting in a fit of drunken rage to shoot him. A drunken policeman, armed, but retaining in his muddled brain the notion of authority, is a menace to the community. His first offending should be final. About two months ago another drunken policeman ran amuck with his pistol, assaulting various citizens and placing an innocent man under arrest. This man did lose his star, but he deserved criminal prosecution, which Chief Sullivan at first declared he should have. The threats came to nothing, and the incident is all but forgotten.

A policeman took into custody a worthy and well-behaved elderly woman, who was in the street near her own home and on her way thither. There was no shadow of reason for his act, but it caused the woman's detention over night in jail. She was allowed to go the instant a magistrate had heard her story, and from the bench the blundering policeman was rebuked. For his part in this shameful proceeding—a part showing him a dangerous character, unfit for work requiring ordinary intelligence—the policeman suffered nothing. For the trifling offense of failing to report off duty the night of the arrest he was fined one hundred dollars. Policeman Calnan, of the Mission, is now a fugitive, having been stealing all along his beat for years, and zealously following phantom trails so as to conceal the genuine trail that led to his own door. His crowning exploit was as a horse-thief—he not only securing the horses, but inducing two citizens to go on his bond, which, in keeping with his previous conduct, he promptly left them to pay.

But the instances of men who are actually bad are less destructive of public confidence than the more numerous instances wherein they are brutal and stupid. The gross and palpable offenders may be weeded out, but the annoyingly ignorant, the overbearing, elate with a sense of power, pursue their ways, blamed by suffering citizens, but not caring what citizens think. While excavations were being made at Market and Third Streets lately, a horse fell into the trench. Two passing residents ventured to make suggestion to the police bully at the corner as to the rescue of the animal. He placed them both under arrest and sent them to jail, handling them roughly and shocking by-standers by his ruffianism as displayed both in act and language. His reward for this exhibition should have been the quick forfeit of the place he disgraced, and his fate have served as a warning to his sort. He still parades a beat, an officer of

the law, likely at any time to re-assert his malign and distorted conception of what is expected of him.

The board of police commissioners should understand that the public wants an honest and effective protection, not a banded lot of roughs, nor a collection of blundering dullards. It is far more important that a policeman be alert, courageous, and polite than that he wear stripes a-down his trousers. When his shortcomings are directed against the welfare of the people, they are even more reprehensible than when they affect alone the dignity of the board; and this not to disparage a dignity that of necessity must be maintained. Yet, when a policeman is brought to trial, excepting for violation of a department rule, the object appears to be his acquittal rather than his reformation.

Concerning the number of foreigners in China there is more definite knowledge than as to the number of Chinese. Such knowledge, at least, is obtainable, although there is a probability that the usual estimate of foreign population is too high. That all aliens, in case of a general uprising there, would be in danger, there can be no doubt, for of Mongols and Tartars there are such hordes as could sweep out of existence any unarmed mass aggregating no more than a few thousands.

The total foreign population in China is small, and apparently nowhere accurately recorded. Of the few thousands there, a large proportion could find refuge in some of the larger cities where the allied troops and the ships of powerful nations would, at least, give temporary protection. Shanghai is, so far as other lands are concerned, the commercial centre of China. Naturally there drift to it representatives of all countries, twenty-four classes being scheduled, with classification not complete, so there may be several others. Foremost come the British, with a total of 6,774; of these, 1,182 are men, 721 women, and 788 children. Probably if real danger exists, many of these have already started homeward. Next after the British come Portuguese, Japanese, and Germans. Then follow the Americans, with an aggregate of 562, there being 231 men, 183 women, and 148 children. Thus it will be seen that in Shanghai fewer white people are jeopardized by the present situation than had been supposed. Indeed, it is questionable if real danger exists there.

In outlying districts there are many, particularly missionaries and their dependents, who are cut off from any hope of rescue, provided need for rescue arise and they have failed to take warning in time. To receive intelligence concerning these is impossible for the present. They may already have found adequate shelter, or the tide of destruction may sweep by, leaving them unharmed. In the absence of definite report there is surely no wisdom in accepting as true all the horrible rumors emanating from the seat of turmoil. Many of the most blood-curdling of these have proved utterly false. Unhappily, the truth about China is bad enough. There is no occasion for exaggerating it or believing it to be worse than demonstrated facts reveal.

A new aspect is given to the race problem of the South, by an apparent determination to deprive the negro of his franchise. Several States had already accomplished this, to all intent, by virtue of shot-gun rule. North Carolina has attained the end by methods designed to be constitutional, but concerning the constitutionality of which there is serious question. To preserve the franchise to the illiterate white, while taking it from his illiterate black neighbor, is, naturally, a matter requiring tact and finesse. It seems so palpable a fraud that arguments to sustain it must be framed with nicety.

Virginia is about to undertake the North Carolina style of giving Democracy a clear field. Its task will be far more difficult. To place the right of voting on a property basis would bring about embarrassing conditions, and not accomplish the object sought. One-sixth to one-third of the farm land in many counties is owned by negroes, and in addition there are wide areas to which they have such title as rests on partial payment. In fact, the prosperity of the negro, considering the opportunities from which it has sprung, exceeds that of the white.

Illiteracy is also a factor which is not as potent as the politicians might hope in advancing their schemes. It is true that many negroes are illiterate, but to bar them out on this account would destroy the citizenship of a proportionately large number of whites, and hence fail to alter present conditions. It would leave matters to be settled among the more intelligent, the ignorant of both races withdrawing from participation in public affairs. If the weight of the blow can not be directed against the colored voter alone, it will be deemed a failure, while if this can be accomplished, the courts may intervene to make it still a failure. The Virginia Democrats are astray in the woods.

To wholly eliminate the colored voter is beyond even the enthusiastic hope of the Virginian. In case the ignorant

and poor can be banished from the polls, the educated and well-to-do will remain, and be, perhaps, the actual balance of power, thus having more to do with shaping the destiny of the commonwealth than falls to their lot now. Altogether, the plan to bring about by hook or crook this wholesale disfranchisement has other disadvantages than are involved in the contempt of all fair-minded people, in itself worth consideration. A peculiar and stupidly contrived sop to the threatened voters is the provision allowing the colored ex-Confederate soldier to vote, notwithstanding a lack of all qualities otherwise deemed indispensable. This provision, we believe, prevails in North Carolina, a solace to the consciences of those whose wisdom erected it. In the first place, it could have no appreciable effect, because of paucity of numbers. Few negroes fought to have their manacles kept intact, and of these the survivors make only a trifle. In the second place, the ostentatious naming of a reward for having taken up arms in the endeavor to overthrow the government can be characterized, mildly, as in taste excessively bad and in spirit most unfortunate. It will do nothing to strengthen belief in the good faith of the South, of which Virginia is so important a factor. It will not promote the firmness of the bond between two sections of the Union once sorely strained.

Politics of the lowest and most despicable type inspired the course of North Carolina, and now makes assault upon the integrity of Virginia. The trend of events is a manifestation of the ancient prejudice once expressed by violence and intimidation. Of course there will still be occasional reversion to the old form of expression, but when the polling-places run red with blood, the outcome to the community is baleful. A victory won by bullets, when the prescribed procedure is wholly peaceable, carries no moral force. It is regarded, from the standpoint of the unbiased, as the triumph of ruffianism. No wonder Virginia tries now to think of some way to supplant the shotgun, but retain shotgun results.

The *Times-Herald* of Chicago is generally regarded as being so close to the administration as to be almost an official organ. Considerable interest is aroused, therefore, by the announcement by the Washington correspondent of that paper to the effect that the President and his Cabinet have formulated a plan for the Government of Cuba. Briefly stated, the plan as announced is that the Cubans are to have absolute self-government, with the following exceptions:

The foreign relations of Cuba to be managed through the American Government at Washington.

Cuba to have no power to declare war without the consent of the United States.

The United States Government to have a veto power over legislation increasing the Cuban debt beyond certain limits to be set forth in the new constitution.

The United States to have a certain well-defined supervision over the Cuban treasury.

The United States to retain for a period of years, if not indefinitely, control of the fortifications which command the port of Havana and other important cities of the republic.

Whether this is actually the plan that has been agreed upon or not, it must be adopted by Congress before it can go into effect, and, therefore, any detailed discussion at the present time is unnecessary. It may be suggested, however, that if the United States is to continue to exercise a protectorate over Cuba, some such plan must be adopted. There can not be a divided control of the foreign relations; this country can not grant to Cuba the power and accept for itself the responsibility for the exercise of that power. Should Cuba have the power to declare war without the consent of the United States, this country would be very likely to be plunged into continual trouble with foreign nations; should Cuba have the power to enter into treaties, this country might have burdensome obligations placed upon it without its consent. Retaining control of the fortifications of Havana is also an essential condition. If Cuba should be plunged into a foreign war, it would be the troops of the United States, and not the Cuban soldiers, who would be called upon to protect Havana. The relations between the two countries would be very similar to those that existed between Great Britain and the Transvaal, but there would not be the same opportunities for friction.

An interesting piece of information is the fact that the New York *Commercial* is about to establish a daily telegraphic service devoted to Pacific Coast news. It is but one of the many recent indications that the business men of the Eastern States are looking more and more to the Pacific Coast to secure trade. The expanding commerce of the Pacific Ocean has directed the eyes of the commercial world in this direction to a greater extent than many here have realized, and in the resulting growth San Francisco should reap the greatest benefits. A correspondent writing to the *Argonaut* regarding this new departure of the *Commercial*, says he has observed many facts that show great activity and interest in Eastern business circles relating to the affairs and

conditions of trade and the prospects on this coast, and calls attention to the fact that many large business houses in the East that formerly dealt through local jobbers or traveling agents have now established branch houses in this city.

Continuing, our correspondent says: "The writer is a Chicago man, and lived in that city in the time of its most marvelous growth, and can say, as compared with Chicago, the average San Francisco merchant does not make enough revolutions in a minute; in other words, he does not get enough of a move on himself. Neither do we think that our San Francisco merchants attract enough attention to the city and to our great advantages here. Perhaps our papers do not talk enough about it. This letter is suggested by the fact that an important New York commercial daily has considered the Pacific Coast business and interests of large enough importance to make it a feature of their publication."

The criticism here made is, unfortunately, justified by the facts, and finds a confirmation in the returns of the census enumerators this year, which show that San Francisco has been exceeded in growth during the last decade by many of the cities that formerly had a smaller population. The returns of business transactions have not shown the increase here that they have elsewhere, and only the extensive operations of the government in connection with the transport service to the Philippines, and more lately to China, have imparted an appearance of prosperity to the business outlook. In the matter of outfitting the thousands of fortune-hunters who have gone to Alaska, the cities on Puget Sound have secured far more than a proportionate share of the business; many of those who sailed from San Francisco waited until they got north before purchasing their outfits.

The *Argonaut* has called attention to these facts many times in past years. It has presented the facts regarding the commercial growth of the city and compared its growth with that of other cities similarly located. It has pointed out the fact that, as compared with those in other cities, the merchants of San Francisco have not enough of that civic sense that makes them realize the fact that money spent for the benefit or improvement of the city, in reality benefits them individually, as well as collectively. The *Argonaut* has said these things in the past; it has refrained from saying them recently, partly because it is unpleasant to be continually saying disagreeable things, but more because there has been evident of late years a decided improvement. The Merchants' Association has been an important factor in the improvement of conditions in the city. Associations of merchants have been active in advancing business conditions. There is room for much more to be done, but the progress already made is gratifying.

The utterances of certain prominent Germans regarding the issues of the campaign and the probable attitude of the German voters toward the Presidential candidates were discussed in these columns recently. It is interesting in this connection to see the position that is being taken by the leading German publications throughout the country. The New York *Staats-Zeitung* is edited by Oswald Ottendorfer, whose views have already been given as rather favoring Bryan, though heretofore a staunch Republican. The *Pittsburger Volksblatt*, a Republican journal, while not approving of Bryan, is yet somewhat lukewarm in its support of McKinley. It says:

"The Gold Democrats are sensible people. They regard the possible election of Bryan to the Presidency of the United States as the greatest misfortune that could ever happen to the country, and although they do not in the least endorse Mr. McKinley's foreign policy, they will assist him, though indirectly. And such support often counts double."

The *Morgen Journal* of New York looks upon the trusts as the most important issue, and says:

"In the speech which President McKinley made when he was notified of his nomination, he did not say a word about trusts. . . . Now the trusts to-day control a capital of nearly \$5,000,000,000. Can any of our readers fully appreciate the power wielded by such combinations. The trusts fill Hanna's campaign barrel. Is it a wonder that he has given orders to leave them alone, and that his blind tool McKinley obeys? If every workman and every independent business man would ask himself for what purpose the trusts are organized, and whom they support, without exception, then it would be clear to the independent voters how they must vote."

The *Staats-Zeitung*, of Chicago, on the other hand, retains a staunch Republicanism, and thus warns the Bryan supporters:

"Some Democrats can not see prosperity though they are right in it. One of the best proofs that prosperity is right here is the increase of deposits in the national banks. That increase amounts to \$500,000,000 in the three years of the McKinley administration. During the whole of Cleveland's term it was only \$70,000,000. Money is easily secured. When a financial storm threatens, it flies into safes, as the Kansas farmer flies to his cellar at the approach of a tornado. One thing is certain. If, during the next eight or ten weeks, the signs of a Bryan victory increase, the financial sky will be darkened. Those who wish for the continuance of fair weather must spare neither money nor exertions to insure the victory of the Republican party."

In the same city, however, the *Freie Press*, politically independent, bitterly attacks McKinley and seeks to arouse German prejudice against him. He is accused of alliance

with England and deliberate insult of Germany. It says: "McKinley's election spells war with Germany. Every German-American should remember this."

The *Tageblatt* of Philadelphia says:

"The economic development of the country is against the Democratic party. Capitalism is still rising in power, and it is a matter of life and death for capitalism that political power should not be used against it. Capitalism may permit the removal of such rotte practices as are used in the founding and manipulation of stock companies, but even if beaten at the halloo-box, capitalism has enough social and economic influence to protect its most vital interests."

Even the man who is prejudiced against the use of tobacco will admit, unless bias has impaired his reason, that there is less harm in a good cigar of Cuban origin than in one of the mysterious rolls vulgarly denominated "ropes." As to the origin of the latter it is usually shrouded in doubt. The ingredients, while undergoing combustion, may be scented from afar, the odor suggesting many things, but seldom tobacco. Closer contact with the bad cigar demonstrates that it may burn with the unhurried deliberation of punk, no draught exciting it; or it may go with hissing of sparks, as though soaked in an explosive chemical. Again, one side may prove inflammable as a shaving drenched in kerosene, while the other burns no more than a wet cork, the result being both unsatisfactory and unpicturesque.

Therefore, to the smoker and to the mere smeller, the news that the Cuban tobacco crop this year is one of the highest ever yielded, and by far the most extensive since the outbreak of the revolution sent the field-hand from the pursuit of the tobacco-worm to the pursuit of the Spanish soldier, will be gratefully received. There will be no more pretext for the cigar stuffed with miscellany—with cabbage, hay, or scrap leather. The day when a genuine Havana filler may be had for ten cents is approaching, and its advent after its long retirement will be hailed joyously. It is true that some favored brands survived the ordeal of war, but only the brands. The change in the character of the article itself painfully set forth the consciencelessness of commercialism. Alas that meanwhile the Cuban product should have been growing in Connecticut or Kentucky, and have been manufactured in the sweat-shops of a dozen cities! The Spanish had practically driven Cuban tobacco from the market, but they could not drive the sounding names under which it has been sold, nor take a whit of guilt from the encircling hand.

Many consumers have ever remained faithful to the domestic cigar, have even found consolation in the stogie, the black and slender roll that adds volume and character to the smoke output of Pittsburg and Wheeling. The stogie, at least, is honest. It makes no pretense at being that which it is not; it is simply tobacco, without artificial flavoring or style. It comes tied in bundles like sheaves of wheat. It is not symmetrical, pretty to the eye, nor charming to the delicate olfactory sense, but it answers a cultivated taste, and at last lays hold upon the affections. It is much sought after by the frugal millionaire, whose son smokes another sort.

Of course there are those who see nothing good in any form of tobacco; but for the most part they have tried it, and got sick. They will deny that a smoke soothes the nerves, clears the intellect, and harmlessly promotes good fellowship, although it does accomplish all these things. Doctors will rail at it as destructive to health, but most of them use it. They will tell how it shortens life, yet the octogenarian, calmly yielding to old age, will with his last gasp call for a pipe and pass away in the odor of sanctity and nicotine. The aspersions cast upon the habit of smoking good cigars fall harmless. An ample supply of Cuban tobacco is a distinct blessing to the world. It gives the user thereof a satisfaction of which the exigencies of war had deprived him; it fills the air with an aroma at least more pleasing to the sensitive nose than had been the scent of the substitute; it gives dealers a chance to be honest at a fair profit. The little Robbie Reed school of tobacco-haters may epine; but they might as well have this as something else to repine over.

The decision of the national committee of the Gold Democratic party not to place a ticket in the field this year is taken by most of the gold papers as virtually a recommendation that those former Democrats who consider the currency issue paramount shall vote for McKinley, as many Gold Democrats are believed to have done in 1896. There are many other old-standard advocates, however, who think that Mr. McKinley's expansion policy is fraught with as much menace to the republic as Mr. Bryan's silver policy, and they can not ring themselves to support either McKinley or Bryan (says the *Literary Digest*). A committee appointed by a conference at the Plaza Hotel, in New York, therefore, after a fruitless endeavor to persuade the Gold Democratic national committee to put up a ticket, has called a mass convention to meet in Indianapolis August 14th, to nominate candidates and frame a platform that will oppose imperialism and advo-

cate the gold standard. This "third" party movement (it will be the eleventh party to place candidates in the field) is heartily indorsed by several influential papers. The *Philadelphia Record* (Ind. Dem.), for example, says that "though such a ticket might receive few votes, the organization in uniting independent Republicans and sound-money Democrats could substantially aid in the election of a Democratic House of Representatives, which in the next Congress would put a spoke in the wheel of imperialism. It should not be necessary to insist that in this government of the people the elections for Congress are far more important in their results than is the election of a President." The *New York Evening Post* (Ind.) graphically presents the anti-Bryan and anti-McKinley view thus:

"The Republicans proclaim sound principles of finance, but an unsound theory of government. The Democrats assert the historic doctrine of republican government, but would ruin the people who live under it. . . .

"Never before was such an alternative of almost equally repugnant candidates pressed upon the American electorate. On the one side we have Mr. By-Ends reincarnate smugly asserting, like Bunyao's prototype, 'I will never desert my principles, since I find them to be both harmless and profitable.' For leader of the people we have offered us, in him, a man whose pole-star is the party caucus, and whose conscience is party regularity; whose one rule of private action is that a rich man can do no wrong; who swallows his own words with the gusto of a gormand putting away a dairy, and who invents moral sentiments only to trample upon them, when the time comes, without the flicker of an eyelid. Opposed to this compound of gelatine and hypocrisy is a fire-brand. Without personal dignity; cheapening the august office which he seeks by his clamorous pursuit of it; inconstant as the moon; a professional agitator; a Silverite, and heaven knows what else; a President in whose hands the civil service would be looted and the personnel of the public service degraded. Mr. Bryan would drive thousands of voters to the arms of McKinley did not that gentleman's imperialistic policy deter them. Now it is an insult to our intelligence to be told that we are honest to vote for one or the other. One or the other will be elected President undoubtedly; but if some four square mao of the ancient civic virtues were to be put upon a third ticket, the political managers would find how gladly a multitude of Americans would 'throw away their votes' so as best to make them count for manliness and a good cause."

The *Springfield Republican* (Ind.) suggests some possible candidates. It says:

"Thomas B. Reed, who represents all that McKinley is not, could render splendid public service by consenting to accept such a nomination to the Presidency. He would stand in no danger of having his professional duties interfered with by an election, and would represent what thousands want to vote for. It is intimated, and probably with truth, that Mr. Reed can not be had. But there are others. Ex-United States Senator John B. Henderson, who has always resolutely held the courage of his convictions, would make a creditable nominee for the Presidency, or ex-Governor George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, our own strenuous patriot. For the Vice-Presidential nomination such Democrats as Senator Doelson Caffery, of Louisiana, or William Everett, of Massachusetts, offer good material. Other names that suggest themselves in connection with an anti-imperialist third ticket are John J. Valentino, of San Francisco, president of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, or Louis R. Ehrlich, of Colorado Springs, Col.—and the list might be extended."

"Meo can be found to hear the standard which has been set up by the New York conference, and the practical work of ecologist them should be ecogeoed with energy and wisdom. In a word, all possible agencies should be employed to keep the United States true to the Declaration of Independence, to the Constitution, and to the things which they safeguard for the honor, the well-being, and the perpetuity of an undiluted and righteous democracy."

This independent movement does not escape the ridicule that often attends such efforts. The *Brooklyn Standard-Union* (Rep.) calls its promoters "cowards and cranks," and the *Brooklyn Eagle* (Ind.) refers to them as "intellectual curiosities, psychological inverts, and political tyros." "Practical and sensible men," remarks the *Nashville American* (Dem.), "prefer to cast their ballots for some candidate who has a show of election." The *Washington Evening Star* (Ind.) says:

"How utterly illogical the third-ticket proposition is may clearly be seen. If the republic is really in danger as between two evils, why should not these political purists patriotically weigh the evils comparatively, ascertain which evil will probably develop the slower, vote for that one, and give the people a chance to save the republic by awakeing before the ruin is complete? The third-ticket principle is in the interests of chaos, out of order. It can not win, and it only prevents a clear view of the issues by the honest voter. It is a cowardly attempt to dodge the duties of good citizenship by preteending an indepedence which is only eccentricity."

The *New York Sun* (Rep.), to show the insignificance of "third-party" movements, gives the following table showing the poll at the Presidential elections since 1872. The "eccentric" column contains the aggregate vote of the Prohibition, Labor, and Socialist parties. The one year, 1892, when the third party, the Populists, polled a large vote, resulted, observes the *Sun*, in the loss of the party's identity and its absorption by the Democratic party. Here is the table:

	Regular.	3d Tickets.	Eccentric.	Total.
1872.....	6,431,849	23,408	5,608	6,460,665
1876.....	8,318,825	81,740	12,158	8,412,723
1880.....	8,891,088	307,306	11,012	9,209,406
1884.....	9,759,351	133,825	151,809	10,044,985
1888.....	10,978,449	150,213	251,498	11,380,160
1892.....	10,733,026	1,041,029	285,297	12,059,352
1896.....	13,560,002	132,870	181,881	13,874,753

Frequency of accidents whereby the small boy is deprived of life or limb have caused much anxiety and sorrow. Many a tragic death has occurred under the wheels of the trolley car, and hardly a passenger has failed to observe narrow escapes which for the moment made beholders shudder. The problem of keeping the small boy away from the par-

ticular peril of electric transit is serious. Never yet has it been solved. The threat of punishment is not effective, since there could be no punishment so severe as that often meted out to the young transgressor. If the prospect of being killed or maimed is not a deterrent, a promised flogging or a cuff from a policeman will ill serve the purpose. The same restless and untamed spirit that leads youth to blow itself up on the Fourth of July, dominates through all the seasons. Any experience having in it the spice of danger becomes at once an adventure rather to be sought than avoided.

Still, the police might be aroused, perhaps, to a greater sense of responsibility, and the ordinances designed to protect boys be more rigidly enforced. As to the men who run the cars, they are helpless. The one at the crank can not leave his station, and the conductor can not be at both ends of the car at once. If he chase a boy from the front, the possibility of catching on at the rear is seldom neglected, and if driven from the rear, the chance of alighting just before another car, under the hoofs of horses, or the wheels of trucks, is ever present. In the great majority of cases where boys are killed or injured by the trolley-cars, the fault is all in their own carelessness.

Parents should inculcate in their children a sense of the folly and wrong of playing in the streets, and the danger of stealing rides. A boy who would joy in incurring personal risk might be given pause by understanding that the father and mother would be involved in any consequent catastrophe. But while the streets are used as play-grounds, boys will steal rides, not from a desire to go anywhere, but for the delight of being in mischief. And whether they steal rides or not, some are bound to be sacrificed. Youngsters too near babyhood to have judgment ought not to be unattended upon streets where traffic is heavy, and especially where trolley-cars go whizzing by. Frightened by the noise, they are more likely to toddle into peril than out of it.

The boys who steal rides are not bad. They love excitement. They have energy, and courage, and a desire to be amused. If hurled to the ground, as they often are, they take the fall as a joke, so he no bones are broken, and are ready for another essay. That they wish to ride illustrates a queer but common streak of human nature. Duly provided with a nickel they would probably find the ride a bore, and if invited to ride free as often as they pleased, the ambition would vanish. It is the opportunity to misuse their agility, to display their quickness and their disregard for safety that urges them on; and in this they are not unlike their elders who have developed beyond the ride-stealing period.

What the lads need is not punishment, but restraint. The question is only as to method. To jump on and off moving cars is forbidden by law. There are policemen paid to enforce the law, and conductors could be more stern. However, the latter are under a disadvantage, for were any harm to come to a boy in jumping from a car at the conductor's orders, the conductor would be blamed, while if he patiently carried the boy without collecting fare or making an effort to expel the intruder, the company would suggest his finding some other place to work.

The burden of reform rests with those who have the training of children. These are, primarily, the parents, and next the teachers. Boys can be taught to mind, but it is wiser to appeal to their common sense than to their fears. Convince them that there is nothing smart in exhibitions of silly daring, and their superfluous energy will find vent in some other direction. Make them understand that any simpleton can jump from a moving car, and that the effort required is not worth the while, and they will no longer make the effort. The police can be of aid in discouraging gatherings of juveniles on a public thoroughfare, and placing the incorrigible under arrest. The boys are worth all the trouble of protecting them.

More attention has been given in Europe than in this country to the fact that our defeat of Spain, instead of widening the separation between her and the republics of Latin America, has narrowed it appreciably and produced a movement something like that which has manifested itself among the British colonies since the invasion of Natal by the Boers. "Last week," says the *London Globe*, "an organizing committee met in Madrid under the presidency of the prime minister, with whom were all the cabinet. A large number of Spanish notables took part in the meeting, and the aims of the union and its future programme were expounded with much clearness by Señor Sagasta and others. A great congress will be held in Madrid next October, at which the representatives of Latin America will meet those of the country whose yoke they shook off in the early part of the century. Spain's misfortunes have aroused the sympathies, and in some measure, the apprehensions of Latin America, which sees in the pretensions of the United States and the elasticity of the nebulous Monroe doctrine the real danger to its future." The avowed object of the October meeting is to provide for arbitrating future differences between the participating states, instead of fighting them out in the old way, but there is an impression that more than this will be done.

A DAUGHTER OF THE VELDT.

The Experience of a Deluded Briton.

It is a hard thing to travel in a country during war time even when you are familiar with its language, but it is far worse when you only know enough of the native tongue to make yourself misunderstood. I have managed to get myself into some gorgeously picturesque situations on this account, and more than once have vowed to master the Boer dialect or wreck my talking apparatus in the attempt. It is not an easy language to learn. It is very like their kopjes—steep, rough, rocky, and disjointed; and, like the kopjes, you can't take it by storm, but must climb steadily and with patience, and make sure of one step before you venture on the next. It is a superb language to use when one is driving bullocks or blacks; the first sentence seems to roll off the lips like a malediction, and the second chops off short like the bark of a toy terrier. I should ask for no finer form of speech on earth if I wanted to curse mine enemy, but bow on earth they manage to make love with it passes my comprehension. Still, I thought it might come in handy if only to frighten Australian horses with, and kept constantly on the look-out for a chance to learn; and verily my chance came unto me in due season. I didn't learn the dialect, but I learned something else which may prove equally useful in later life.

We had pitched camp for a week, in order to allow the ever-dallying provision convoys to catch up to us; so, obtaining permission from head-quarters, I saddled up and rode out to do a little scouting on my own account. For I have long since learned that it's no use hanging around camp if you want to know anything about the real life of the folk who dwell in the land. About six miles from our lines I ran against a dainty little farm-house cuddled up against the slope of a shrub-covered kopje. On one side of the dwelling a trellis-work of vines broke the wind, and on the other a long, double row of orange-trees beautified the scene. Tall, graceful poplar-trees whispered in the wind at both front and rear, while a pretty flower-garden, fragrant with flowers, spread far away in front of the substantial dwelling. I was admiring these things from my horse's back when it suddenly dawned upon me that I had possibly played the imbecile in straying so far from camp. But it was too late to hang back. If the farmer-folk were friendly, I was in luck; for the inside of such a dwelling could not be ill-supplied with creature comforts. If, however, they were hostile, I was at their mercy, I had no desire to match my pony's pace against the flight of a Mauser bullet; so bumbling a song and thinking of a psalm, I rode forward as if certain of a kindly welcome. An elderly Boer with a kindly face met me at the door, and gave me the time of day with all civility, a nigger lad took hold of my bridle, and I swung myself out of the saddle just in time to receive a civil greeting from the farmer's wife—healthy, wholesome, substantial, well-fed, and well-clothed. They invited me inside, and there their four daughters introduced themselves to me. They all talked English as well as I could, and before I had been there twenty seconds I had arrived at the conclusion that I should never get a better chance to study the language of the people of our foes, and determined to sacrifice myself upon the flinty shrine of duty. Three of the maidens were plain-faced, good, honest-looking girls, but the fourth had a face like a young preacher's first public prayer—a face that many a man would risk his life for.

So much of my whole career has been passed amid the rougher and more rugged scenes of life that a description of dainty womanhood comes awkwardly from me. But I have read so much about the ugliness and clumsiness of the Boer women in British journals that I should like to try and describe this daughter of the veldt, although only a farmer's daughter. I do not know if she should be called short or tall, but her cheek could have nestled comfortably on the shoulder of a fairly tall man. I don't know how much hair she had, but there was enough of it to make a fellow feel as if it didn't matter a rap if half the earth was bald. It was not red, nor yellow; it was like honey, kissed by sunshine. She had the sort of forehead which one never sees on the face of a fool, Nature's sign-board for an emporium for brains. Her eyes were large, brown, and fearless, not bold, nor yet wavering. Her mouth was perfect, not one of those sepulchres which disfigure some feminine faces, not childishly small like a bud bursting into bloom, but a strong, true mouth, large enough for a prayer to slip through, but not big enough to swear with. Her waist would just about fill the crook of a strong man's arm, and make him feel that there was no room for anything else under heaven. The arch of her bust was like the curve on a wave as it breaks on the beach in the bay, not the stiff, lath-and-plaster models one is so apt to see walking round the streets of cities. Her hands were shapely, brown, and strong, cracked a little by wind and weather; not toy hands, but hands that could spank a baby, or help a husband back to paths of rectitude when all the world had damned him past redemption.

So she looked when I saw her, and I said unto my soul: "Verily it is a good thing for a man to know something of his enemies' language," and I made up my mind to learn. It was the fifth evening after that, and I had registered my fifth visit to the farm, when an event befell which put an end to my studies in Dutch for the time being. I had dined with the farmer, the plain sisters had made music for me, they had lifted up their voices in song, also, for I was an honored guest, having been enabled to do some little deed of kindness through the favor of our courteous general to a relative of the ladies who was a prisoner in our lines. They had given me blankets and rugs for the poor hegger, and the general had handed them to the man. The night was a beautiful one, so, lighting a cigar, I rambled down toward the quarter-mile long avenue of orange-trees; it was to be my last visit, for our troops were on the move at dawn. As I hunted forward I heard the rustle of a woman's skirts and the bushes on my right, and looking in that direction I

saw the navy-blue dress and the red-gold hair of the lady who had been teaching me Dutch. I had not many seconds to look at her, but brief as the time was I had long enough to notice that one hand held the blue skirts switched up so that about a foot of white petticoat was displayed. I also noticed that she was heading toward the orange walk, which I had long since learned was known in the family as "the lovers' walk." She did not look in my direction, did not turn toward me at all, but like many another fool I was puffed up in my folly. What harm is there in it, I mused, if I take my last lesson in Dutch in the shade of the orange-trees? Tossing my cigar away, I sauntered after the flying figure, out of the flower-garden, over the field, into the shady walk. I meandered like a be-goat through a gap in a hedge, I walked about fifty yards, and saw no one, heard no one. Then all at once I found myself looking right into the face of a big, hairy savage, who wore a tweed coat and a hand-liner full of cartridges; in his hands he carried a handy little Mauser carbine.

"Well, Mr. Spy," said the hairy individual, "you are my prisoner."

I tried to smile, but somehow the springs in my face had got out of order and would not work.

"What did you want sneaking after me for, you beastly Englishman," snarled the man with the gun. "I could have shot you last night, and the night before, and the night before that, if I had liked; but I did not want to bring trouble on this farm. What did you want to hunt me for?"

I found my tongue for a moment, then. "Hunt you be d—d; didn't know such a chap existed."

He lowered his carbine an inch or two. "Then what the devil are you doing in the lovers' walk?"

"What are you doing here?" I blurted.

We stared at each other like two grass-fed calves in the starlight, and I edged a foot or two away from the gun. Just then I heard the patter of girlish feet on the gravel behind me, and, turning my head, saw one of the plain sisters hurrying toward us, and almost at the same second the reddish-gold head of the "beauty," the head of the girl who had been teaching me Dutch, passed from a patch of shadow into the streak of starlight where the hairy young giant was standing fondling his gun. I saw her clasp his arm, heard her hurriedly whisper something in Dutch, which caused the giant to grin as if half his head ached to part company with the other half. The beauty pointed toward me and the plain sister, who had come to a halt beside me. The plain girl put her hand kindly on my shoulder, and whispered: "Don't you think it's too chilly out here?"

Chilly was no name for it. It was as cold as Klondike. The sight of that carbine in the starlight had taken all the warmth out of the atmosphere as far as I was concerned. I turned to go, when a little hand touched mine. The lady who had been teaching me Dutch was at my side. "Before you gentlemen leave," she said, "I want you both to make a promise. You are enemies now; some day, when the war is over, you may be friends. But promise not to hurt each other by talking of this meeting. Otto had no business to come. Father had forbidden him until the trouble ended with the British."

"I came out of love for you," grunted the man with the gun.

"And you came out of fondness for me," murmured the plain girl, her voice shaking with laughter that was almost choking her. I muttered the biggest lie I had ever parted with.

The hairy individual rested his gun against a tree, stepped forward, and lifting his slouch-hat to the plain girl, said, "For your sake, I promise."

I lifted my helmet to the "beauty," and said something similar. A few minutes later, as I was huckling my girths, I heard him galloping off southward to join Olivier's commando. As I swung up into the saddle, the plain sister slipped away, and the "beauty" lifted her hand in farewell. As our bands met, she said, "Why did you come to the 'lovers' walk'?"

"To get a last lesson in Dutch," I said, with a sheepish grin.

"Well," she answered, "I hope you'll remember your lesson," and I heard the two of them laughing as I galloped out on the veldt.

A. G. HALES.

The treatment of seasickness by inhalation of pure oxygen under pressure is advocated by French physicians. "The first attempts in this direction," says *La Nature*, "were made successfully by Dr. Duhois, professor in the Faculty of Sciences at Lyons, who recognized as the principal cause of seasickness the incomplete ventilation of the lung, with consequent increase of the residual air and imperfect respiratory action. Dutremblay, aided by Dr. Perdiolat, physician to the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, took up and completed these experiments on numerous persons at sea. According to him, the sudden and violent displacements of the visceral mass and the contraction of the diaphragm act as principal causes, and bring about such secondary manifestations as headache, nausea, chills, etc. In these conditions, the use of oxygen is perfectly justifiable. From numerous observations it appears that this gas generally acts favorably and gives rapid relief. Nausea and vomiting cease, a feeling of comfort supervenes, and this is followed by calmness and sleep; the frequent and incomplete breathing becomes regular, the pulse-rate rises, and headache disappears. Patients should make long and deep rhythmic inhalations. Eight or ten gallons of the gas suffice. The inhalation should take place through the mouth, the nostrils being tightly closed so that nothing but the oxygen is taken into the lungs." *La Nature* goes on to say that it would have been a good plan to try whether deep and regular breathing would not have produced a good effect, even without the oxygen.

According to a return of the imperial customs authorities, the total number of foreigners resident in the open ports of China was 13,421 at the end of the year 1898.

HEARST'S INVASION OF CHICAGO.

Issue and Reception of His New Paper—Battles for Protection on the Streets—New York Journal Style and Methods—The American Force.

After three weeks of excitement in Chicago, attending the varied exercises connected with the practical installment of his third newspaper enterprise, W. R. Hearst returned to New York yesterday and received visitors at his desk in the *Journal* offices. His new paper, *Hearst's Chicago American*, was launched July 4th, and the big waves resulting have only begun to subside, if the expressions attributed to the owner in the interviews printed this morning are to be taken seriously. It was an easy victory, according to Mr. Hearst. Only a few changes in his original plans were necessary, and those were adopted reluctantly to checkmate a single rival. And as the changes spoken of were merely matters of detail concerning methods of circulation, they created no serious apprehension, though they were not peaceful in character.

The trouble came through interference with the newsboys who offered the paper for sale on the streets, and with the newsdealers who had been handling big stacks of the other journals, but who readily availed themselves of the opportunity to make a profit on a well-advertised novelty. Mr. Hearst charges his principal competitor, Victor F. Lawson, proprietor of the *News* and the *Record*, with inciting attacks upon those who tried to sell the new paper. A miniature reign of terror was set up, according to his statement, big-fisted fellows threatening the boys, and actually setting upon those who continued the sale and heating them viciously. These methods could be met in only one way, and that was speedily taken. Other muscular individuals were found and bired, with instructions to protect the newsboys assailed and take care of their assailants. The battle waged merrily for a time, but plenty of men with pugilistic powers were to be had at fifteen dollars a week, and soon their presence was found to be sufficient to prevent assaults.

In the meantime another difficulty was found in the attitude of newsdealers. Those who had a large trade complained that pressure had been exerted upon them by the rival publisher, to keep them from handling the Hearst publication. Where promises would not avail, threats had been made, business ruin prophesied freely, and in many instances active competition in every line was set up at their very doors. Appeals to the law were made by the New York invader of the field, and charges of conspiracy laid against the agents who had attempted to coerce the dealers. Success attended this movement, and after two weeks of attacks and repulses the disturbing efforts practically ceased. The papers of the warring publishers were allowed to repose side by side on the counters of the newsdealers, and purchasers made their choice without danger.

So much for the publisher's side of the story; but reports in newspaper circles here carried the idea that the *American* was more terrible in anticipation than realization, and that its appearance has not materially affected the patronage of the established newspapers of the city by the lake. To be sure, the old *Dispatch*, which had been kept alive for speculative purposes under the new name of *Democrat*, ceased to appear, but otherwise there were no particularly noticeable effects among the dailies. The *News* merely added a new department of illustrated humor, which may be set down to the influence of the new-comer. Mr. Hearst states that his first issue was one hundred and fifteen thousand copies, and that this figure has been gradually increased to nearly one hundred and fifty thousand. This, even at full value, is not astonishing. The paper, though nominally an evening sheet, comes out in a first edition at six o'clock in the morning, in time to reach the workers on their way by cable and steam cars to their daily tasks, and then is issued at intervals through the day as news is secured to make headings. At a cent a copy, with all the advertising that has been given it, a sale reaching up into big numbers was not difficult in the beginning, taking into consideration the fact that its sister issues on opposite sides of the continent had aroused some curiosity concerning the new venture all along the connecting lines. But a careful examination of the sheet itself gives no reassuring testimony. The advertising patronage as yet is meagre, and street and newsdealer sales alone will not sustain a penny paper.

It is said that the equipment of the new paper is perfect in a mechanical way, and its home, a five-story building on Madison Street a little west of the busiest centre, is fitted up regardless of cost. The working force is made up of trusted lieutenants from New York and San Francisco, with some notable accessions from the ranks of Chicago newspapermen. Arthur Brisbane is at the editorial head of the enterprise, with E. S. Matthews beside him. Rudolph Bloch is in charge of the Sunday edition. John Eastman, the business manager, is a Chicagoan. From the *Journal* office, Davenport, Opper, and Swinnerton were drawn to make the pictorial features of the sheet as strong as possible, and this change did not weaken the New York paper, as the cartoons are faithfully copied in succeeding issues here. Even the editorial fulminations, which are in approved *Journal* style, are duplicated at this end of the transcontinental route. In fact, the *American* is only a Chicago issue of the *Journal*, with local news features. The same special prominence is given sporting intelligence, with frequent double-page pictures of pugilists in ring costume and poses, and the screaming head-lines that have become a terror to people with nerves are as much in evidence, though red ink is used sparingly as yet.

It is announced that still another of Mr. Hearst's ventures in the publishing line—a new magazine—will appear at the beginning of the year, and that this will also have some syndicate features is certain. Hall Caine's new story is to be the leading serial, and at the same time the romance will be a feature of the new Pearson magazine in London for women, which will begin its career simultaneously.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1900.

FLANEUR.

AT A BOHEMIAN SPÄ.

Marienhad and Its Wealth of Medicinal Springs—Arrangements for the Health and Diversion of Guests—Visitors from England and America.

Few watering-places on the Continent have at their disposal such treasures or rejoice in such a favorable position as Marienhad. Here art has lent a helping hand to nature, and provided every comfort and all those modern arrangements which the pampered visitor may demand nowadays from a watering-place of the world. Unprecedented, too, is the success which Marienhad has attained in the department of medicinal springs. One of the youngest of watering-places—Marienhad was promoted to a public watering-place only in the year 1818—it takes rank in regard to the number of its visitors as the second largest bathing-place in Austria-Hungary. More than twenty-one thousand visitors wander hither every year from far and near, from all countries, and more than a million bottles of the sanative Marienhad waters are exported every year. The Marienhad healing apparatus not only comprises the most powerful Glauber's salt waters, the Kreuzbrunnen and Ferdinandsbrunnen, by far richer in contents than the celebrated Carlsbad springs, but the spring richest in bicarbonate of iron of all the European iron springs—the Amrosius spring—is also here. The Marienhad moor exceeds the famous Franzensbad moor in iron contents.

The Curtown Marienhad lies in the German part of West Bohemia, near the Saxon and Bavarian frontier, two thousand feet above sea level, in a wide, deep valley, open to the south, and ornamented by pleasure-grounds and a large park, surrounded by a pine forest, intersected by well-cared-for promenade roads, which can be easily reached in a short time from all parts of the town—a lovely picture, capable of cheering up by its overpowering impression even a most obscured disposition, and the idyllic beauty of which fascinates every visitor to this watering-place with magic power. The climate is that of central Germany. The configuration of the valley in which Marienhad lies is such that the shining of the midday sun is quite unhindered, while the west, east, and north winds, as well as violent storms, are held off by the surrounding wooded mountains. The richness of ozone in the aromatic forest air is very considerable. There are no manufactories in and around Marienhad, therefore there is no molesting smoke and vapor, so prejudicial to health. The flora bears a pre-alpine character. The state of health of the population is excellent, thanks to the sanitary regulations, the most perfect canalization, the laying out of the water-works, and Marienhad has repeatedly proved to be protected against epidemics.

Marienhad has been in a favorable manner brought in connection with the capitals of the Continent. The time taken by the express trains to Marienhad from Prague is scarcely four hours, from Vienna about nine hours, from Berlin nine hours, from Leipzig six hours, from Dresden about eight hours, from Frankfort scarcely ten hours, from Munich less than eight hours, from Hamburg about eighteen hours, from Paris twenty-eight hours. The Curstaid has more than three hundred houses which are fitted up for the accommodation of the visitors. Some of them are hotels with bath-chairs, electric lights, and good restaurants; others, splendid edifices, with beautiful guest-rooms, corresponding to the requirements of a private house; but even the most modest houses have airy, lofty, well-furnished rooms, and have a prospect over green fields, the magnificent park, and the girdle of splendid forests around. There is no lack of lodgings even at the height of the season. Conformable to the various requirements of the visitors, the prices vary according to the situation and fitting-up of the house, as well as to the height of the season. There are rooms to be had in May and September at very moderate prices. In the first half of June and the second half of August a medium price predominates; during the height of the season—from the end of June to the commencement of August—the prices rise, and yet they are always equal to the prices in other towns in Austria. On the doors of houses in which lodgings are to let are to be seen little tablets with the inscription "Logis." To trust one's self to the guidance of agents for lodgings is not advisable. Before taking a lodging definitely, one can inspect the regulations for letting, vested by the state, a copy of which is fastened to every house.

Marienhad is the seat of an imperial district court, and has custom-office, post, telegraph, and telephone offices. There are Catholic, Evangelic, and English churches, an Israelitish temple and synagogue, and during the summer an orthodox Russian divine service. Some forty physicians are practicing here at the present time, the greatest number of whom attend to their professional duties in the chief towns in the winter. A short time ago an infirmary was built, destined for the reception of sick visitors.

Amusements and diversions are provided by the competent orchestra of the Brunnenband, that gives concerts three times a day—in the morning and evening at the Kreuzbrunnen, at noon near the Waldquelle. Another entertainment is the beautiful Municipal Theatre, in which daily representations take place. A Curclub undertakes the arrangement of concerts, reunions, tomholas. A reading-room is at the disposition of every visitor, and is provided with the most celebrated periodicals of the native country and abroad. In the Cursaloon are also musical and dancing soirées, as also productions by the favorite Austrian military bands. The town has also taken in lease hunting and fishing territories in the neighborhood of Marienhad for the use of the visitors. Besides this, Marienhad has a bicycling and riding club, so that the demands of those visitors who devote themselves to sport may be considered in every respect. Book-sellers, music-sellers, and circulating libraries supply intellectual food. For walks and excursions, the nearer and farther surroundings of Marienhad offer plenty of very inviting opportunities. Smooth paths lead through woods and

plains to resting-places which afford beautiful views. The near-lying bath and Castle Koenigswart, with its famous museum, Bad Sangerberg, Jagdschloss Glatzen, Stift Tepl, the interesting Podhornberg, the park at Plan, the fine Josefhütte, are the goals of favorite excursions by carriage or by railway.

Marienhad is blessed by nature with numerous and various remedies, and is able to answer the most important indications in a large list of the most considerable organic diseases. The diversities of the mineral baths justly give Marienhad the title of a family bathing-place, as several members of the same family, who suffer from various diseases, can all use the cure at the same time, while the climatic superiorities of Marienhad are attractions for those in health. The medicinal springs of Marienhad comprise three groups. Those containing Glauber's salt, of which the stronger ones are the Kreuzbrunnen and Ferdinandsbrunnen, with 4.95 grammes and 5.04 grammes of sulphuric soda in one litre of water, the most celebrated of all cold Glauber's salt waters, and distinguished by their abundance of sulphuric soda, chloride of sodium, and carbonic soda, with a remarkable quantity of sparry iron ore and considerable quantities of free carbonic acid. In comparison with the Carlsbad thermal waters, there is, setting aside the differences of temperature and the abundance of carbonic acid, a great resemblance in quality, but a considerable difference in respect of the quantity of the obtained ingredients, the Ferdinandsbrunnen and the Kreuzbrunnen containing almost twice as large quantities of Glauber's salt and common salt. The weaker ones—the Alexandrin spring and the Waldquelle—are especially in favor with every visitor as refreshing drinks. The chalybeate springs are the Amrosius and Karolinenbrunnen, the former of which contains 0.16 grammes of bicarbonate of iron in the litre, and is the most prominent representative of the chalybeate springs of Austria and Germany. The earthy-alkaline Rudolfs spring, with 1.7 grammes of bicarbonate of calcium and magnesium in a litre, perfectly free from sulphuric calcium, resembles the spring of Wildungen. In conclusion, the Marien spring is still to be named, which is poor in salts, but extraordinary rich in free carbonic acid, and is only used for bathing purposes. The temperature of all the mineral springs, above the surface of which a layer of carbonic acid lies, changing according to the stand of the barometer, is between $+90^{\circ}$ and $+11^{\circ}$ Centigrade.

Baths are prepared here in three bathing-houses fitted up with all the newest inventions, and furnished with every comfort. On the ground floor are the Marienquelle baths, the fresh-water baths, and all kinds of moor baths, as carbonic gas baths. In connection with the central bath is the moor bath. It contains moor-bath apartments, with separate rooms for dressing and undressing, two resting-rooms, and a department for inhalations of medicinal substances. On the ground floor of the new moor bathing-house is the cold-water cure establishment for gentlemen. The arrangements are made from samples of approved institutions, with the best apparatus, answering to the latest neotechnic progress; well-schooled bathing-servants are competent to execute exactly all those hydrotherapeutical measures which are appointed in every case by the ordinating physician. The chalybeate baths and vapor baths for ladies and gentlemen have a saloon with bathing-tub, douche, and rubbing brush. The baths applied in Marienhad are chalybeate baths, ferruginous baths, moor baths, gas baths, vapor baths, hot-air baths, Roman-Irish baths, and cold-water procedures. Additions can be used in the water baths of pine-needle extract, soda, common salt, bran, etc.

From the variety of the remedies here in use results healing indications for obesity, gout, diabetes, anæmia, and chlorosis; disease of the digestive organs, disorders of the organs of respiration and circulation, chronic catarrh, fatty heart, functional disturbances of the heart, diseases of women, diseases of the periphery nerves and system of movement.

From the mineral springs of Marienhad, especially from the Ferdinandsbrunnen, an extract, the natural spring salt of Marienhad, is prepared in the form of a powder, crystallized, and exported. In the salt-making house are taken out of the Ferdinandsbrunnen natural spring salts of Marienhad (in powder-form and crystallized); Marienhad spring pastilles, alleviating, acid eradicating, stirring up the digestive organs; Marienhad spring soap, mother-lye, and alkaline salt. The export of the Marienhad medicinal waters, as also of the Marienhad spring salts and moor is carried on by the administrator of the venerable monastery Tepl, the proprietor of the mineral waters.

The Curseason in Marienhad lasts from the first of May till the thirtieth of September, during which time performances of music take place three times daily at the mineral springs most used. A drink cure may be taken all the year round; the bath establishments are closed from the first of October to the end of April.

Never has this watering-place known a more brilliant season than the present. Its guests are representative of all civilized lands, and the number is now increasing rapidly. Among recent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Annie Bremmer, of San Francisco; Mr. James Greenleaf Sykes, Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Kremer, Mrs. J. Trounstone and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Platt, Mrs. Ender and Mrs. Lepsius, Mr. and Mrs. H. Stemme and daughter, Mrs. Sara B. Parkinson, of New York; Miss Anna Wells, of Vermont; Mr. and Mrs. George M. Donald and Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Leverett, of London.

MARIENBAD, July 18, 1900. AUGUST VON THILO.

Japanese art, according to Alfred East, is "great in small things, but small in great things." Among other things, it has never succeeded in successfully transferring to canvas the "human form divine."

The new railroad from Jerusalem to Jaffa is doing a large business, and the trade of Palestine has been stimulated.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Eleonora Duse's nineteen-year-old daughter, Elisabetta Marchetti, is studying to be a school-teacher at Munich. She is said to be the image of her mother.

In a competition with eighty-one aspirants, Dr. S. Adolph Knopf, of New York, was awarded the prize of four thousand marks offered by the Berlin Tuberculosis Congress for the best essay on "How to Fight Tuberculosis as a Disease of the Masses."

In issuing his proclamation for Labor Day, Governor Atkinson, of West Virginia, supplemented it with a score or more of quotations from the Bible. On last Thanksgiving the governor's proclamation contained about fifty Scriptural reasons for the observance of that day.

Among the British civil-list pensions awarded during the last financial year are \$1,000 a year to Alfred Austin, "as poet laureate"; \$500 to John Sims Reeves, "in consideration of his eminence as a singer, and of his straitened circumstances"; and \$625 to Herman Charles Merivale, "in consideration of his literary work and of his straitened circumstances."

The first Protestant native in the Philippines to be ordained to the ministry of the gospel is Nicholas Zamora, B. A., of Manila. He is a graduate of the Roman Catholic College of Manila, an excellent speaker, and a successful missionary pastor. The father of Zamora, D. Paulino Zamora, was banished from Manila without trial, about sixteen years ago, because he possessed a Spanish Bible, which he had procured from a ship captain. The son had imbibed Protestant principles from correspondence with his father, who returned to Manila after it was taken and occupied by the American forces.

The sum of ten thousand dollars was raised recently in London for the erection of a statue to General Gordon at Khartum. It has now been arranged that the empty pedestal in Khartum shall be occupied by a replica in bronze of the statue, representing Gordon mounted on a camel, which was executed in 1890 by Mr. E. Onslow Ford, R. A. The original model of the statue, after it had left Burlington House, was presented by Mr. Ford to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, with the understanding that it should be placed at his disposal if ever there should be need of a replica. It is from this model that the casting for Khartum will be made.

Colonel Cirujeda, the military instructor of the boy King of Spain, has lost his post and has been transferred to a small garrison in Andalusia, on account of his brusqueness. Not long ago Alfonso the Thirteenth, accompanied by his friends, sons of nobles, went to the royal country-house, situated on the borders of the Manzanares. The king left during the drill-hour, and Cirujeda, harning with anger, sought his pupil everywhere. He met the queen and asked her where the little king was. Her majesty replied that he had gone to the country to play. Then Cirujeda, unable to repress his indignation, exclaimed: "I think they want to make a shepherd of the king instead of a soldier!" On the following day he received a communication from the minister of war ordering him to change his residence.

J. Wadsworth Ritchie, who has recently followed the example of William Waldorf Astor and become a British subject, has spent most of his life in England, although his mother was an American and his grandmother was Anna Cora Mowatt, the authoress, and the first "society actress" that New York ever knew. Mr. Ritchie, who is to be known as Wadsworth in the future, not only his nationality, but his name having disappeared with his voluntary expatriation, has served with the English in South Africa. He was well known in New York society for a while, and after his engagement to one of the daughters of Elbridge T. Gerry, he married Miss Emily Tooker, of Newport. Mrs. Adair, who recently came to this country to solicit contributions for the hospital-ship *Maine*, is Mr. Wadsworth's mother.

An Indian girl, Annie Truehart Dillon, aged fourteen, daughter of the Kiowa chief, Black Wolf, of Claremore, I. T., has inherited a fortune of one million dollars from a rich cattleman, John Dillon, who seven years ago was saved from death at the hands of a half-breed assassin by this little girl. The girl's education is to be begun at once under the supervision of the Bishop of Monterey. Dillon formerly owned a ranch on the Rio Grande in Texas. On one occasion, when an Indian employee sought to murder and rob him, warning was given by little Annie. Dillon placed a dummy in his bed and watched the would-be assassin drive a knife into it. He then shot the Indian dead. He had no relatives and left every cent of his property to the little Indian maiden whose parents allowed her to take Dillon's name.

From Simla a correspondent of the London *World* writes: "Lord Curzon has not been well lately, and has just returned from a little holiday at Naldeera, a few miles in toward the interior. His excellency may be described as a highly nervous administrative machine wound up to get the most out of himself and everybody else for five years. He appears at a certain number of social functions, where I believe he is civil, and even kind, to persons brought under his notice, but it is plain to perceive that his heart is not in these things. He rather resides, exclusive of his domestic relations, in the various dispatch-boxes which arrive for his inspection at all hours of the day. Lady Curzon is as beautiful as ever, and several shades more gracious. Her manners were always charming, but she took a natural refuge last season, when everything was new, in a distance which was perhaps a trifle more accentuated than it need have been. This season, however, her excellency has allowed herself a certain latitude, and has gratified her willing subjects by the impression that she is enjoying herself, the result being an instant increase in popularity."

VIEWING THE QUEEN'S CORTÈGE.

Geraldine Bonner Describes a Brilliant Royal Spectacle in London—A Pen-Picture of England's Sovereign—The Beauty and Strength of Maeterlinck's New Play.

All Americans admire and respect the queen and want to see her. It was therefore with interest and excitement that we heard she was to give a garden-party at Buckingham Palace and was to cross the city, en route from the depot to the palace, in the middle of the afternoon.

It was hot weather. The kind of weather that the English regard as appalling, but that the parboiled American merely finds "rather warm." Singularly enough, the loyal Briton is as anxious to see his queen as the stranger is, and by mid afternoon the streets were full of him, massed thickly about the entrance to Buckingham Palace, strung out through the alleys and scattered on the grass of the Green Park, and clustered in congested crowds all about Hyde Park corner.

Here, from three to half-past, there was great turmoil. Perspiring women, in light gowns, red-faced women in tight foulards, tall girls with cherry cheeks, ladies whose faces were well obscured with a mask of paint, little children in white ducks and smocked frocks, were dashing about in every direction, trying to find the best vantage point from which to obtain a glimpse of their sovereign. About the arch that gives on the Green Park there was a fair-sized crowd standing quiescent under a forest of parasols. Parasols were a feature of the landscape, for the sun was very hot. Their taut silk tops glistened wherever one's roving eye chanced to light, through the greenery of the parks, from passing carriages, on the tops of omnibuses, along the crowded pavements, and in immovable, shining roofing of the fringes of people that edged the main thoroughfare.

The bright dream I had cherished of waiting in a hansom in Hyde Park and thus seeing the royal cortège in comfort was shattered by the news that no hired vehicle is allowed inside that sacred inclosure. Therefore, in bitterness of spirit, I was forced to mingle with the common herd upon the street corner. Here, just inside Hyde Park gates, I found a shady flight of steps, upon which were already roosting a party of pretty American girls. We fell into a vacant place beside a dreary-looking, less female in black lisle-thread gloves, who soon engaged us in conversation. She was only waiting for a friend, with whom she was going to make a sortie through the park to see the princess issue forth from Marlborough House. The Princess of Wales is almost invariably alluded to as "The Princess," by the English of this class.

"I don't see what you want to see the queen for," she said, in a querulous tone.

I explained that I had never seen her and was anxious to. "She's nothing to see," she answered; "just like a little bundle of rags."

This from an Englishwoman, even though she did drop her *h's* and wear lisle-thread gloves, seemed to me astonishing, and I said so.

"Oh, I respect 'er and all that, but she's nothing to look at. Now the princess is. She's pretty and graceful and dresses well. I'd go a long way to see 'er."

At this instant, her friend appearing at the gate, she hid us a hasty farewell, still urging the superior charms of the princess, and hurried away to head off better-looking royalty en route from Marlborough House.

It was now close upon the hour set for the appearance of the sovereign, and two long lines had extended from the middle gates far up into the driveway of the park. The American girls, true to the national instinct to see everything and not get left, led a stampede from our shady steps to the nearest of these lines. We inserted ourselves into the crowd, which, with great amiability and politeness, made room for us. And here, under an expanding range of parasols, we stood for a few minutes. The sun-rays were exceedingly intense, but nobody seemed to notice it. The line, which was formed almost entirely of well-dressed and respectable people, was pervaded with a spirit of gay good humor. Outside it, carriage after carriage, full of brilliantly dressed women, circled about, trying to find a place whence the transit of the ruler could be viewed.

The queen did not keep her loyal subjects waiting, but was almost exactly on time. Her approach was heralded by one or two mounted police, and then in a closed carriage, howling briskly along, came two Indian attendants. Their dark faces, turban-crowned and rising from lurid-colored robes, looked out of the windows with an air of placid complacency. After them, clanking and glistening in the light, came a detachment of Life Guards. Sheathed in steel cuirasses and helmets, which drew the blaze of the afternoon sun, these unfortunates were purple with the heat and steaming with perspiration.

A noise, more like a loud muttering than anything else, now rose and ran along the crowd. A few faint cheers broke it here and there, but they were very faint and died down quickly. It was an exceedingly quiet and undemonstrative welcome, but was a welcome, nevertheless. Two outriders, dressed in the royal liveries, a blaze of scarlet in the sun, came trotting swiftly along, and then the open landau, drawn by four horses, and with two more men in scarlet and gold on the box.

For the passing minute I had an unobstructed view of a little old lady all in black, howing slightly, but continuously. There was a black parasol over her head and a veil of some transparent black tissue hung loose from her bonnet over her face. Through this I saw that unmistakable face which has impressed its image upon so many royal houses and imperial lines. There was the high-arched, narrow nose, the slightly protruding, heavy eyes, the small mouth with the drooping corners, and the receding chin that the portraits have made familiar to us. But there was a weariness and gentle patience in the face that no portrait shows. The eyes had the appearance of being very tired of looking out over

seas of smiling faces. For nearly seventy years they have been looking, and now they seem to be seeing through all that into something beyond. Pictures do not make you realize that the Queen of England is very old.

Beside her sat Princess Henry of Battenberg (Princess Beatrice), a blooming, handsome matron, also in black, and on the opposite seat Princess Ina, her daughter, a pretty child with a sweep of golden hair. On the back of the carriage stood the two especial attendants—a hawny Scotchman in tartans, cairngorms, sporan, honnet, and all the rest of it; and another Indian, turbaned and brilliantly robed. Then followed two carriages in which sat the queen's ladies-in-waiting and one or two princesses, and the cortège had passed.

The crowd broke up almost immediately, and dispersed in every direction, like spilled quicksilver. Outside Hyde Park gates there was a jam of vehicles, traffic having been suspended while royalty passed. Through this, like threads of color, long lines of people wound in and out, to stop in sudden masses of bright tints about the gates into the Green Park. Then they streamed slowly through and broke and scattered over the emerald lawns in hundreds of groups. The traffic on Piccadilly was slow in starting, and when it did, seemed to move like a single cohesive mass, mighty and deliberate as a glacier. Down the narrow street, packed close, omnibuses, open carriages, hansoms, carts, wagonettes, pressed forward, as if with a single onward impulse. Between the straight faces of the houses, aflame with lines of window-gardens, this great procession wound along like a huge, lazy serpent of many blazing colors. It was a brilliant spectacle.

A few days after this I saw by the paper that Mrs. Patrick Campbell was to give a special matinee of Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande." I wanted to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell and I wanted to see Maeterlinck, so I went. Mrs. Campbell is the manager of a theatre called "The Royalty," the approach to which appears to be through what Americans would call "a slum." There were very slummy people about, unkempt women lolling against door-posts, dozens of half-cad children with how-legs straggling about the gutter. Little, furtive streets that brought up suddenly against walls branched out at intervals, and those long, dreamy London cats stood looking down through the area railings in a state of lifeless indifference.

The theatre was small and very simple. I paid nearly three dollars for a seat and went in. Here I found a large audience assembled and the atmosphere stifling. All the women were lightly and expensively dressed, and they all kept their hats on. At intervals girls dressed like housemaids came about with trays offering to sell tea and chocolate candy. The heat was so intense that few people availed themselves of the opportunity to drink what seems to be the national beverage. Iced lemonade was the only drink that fitted the occasion, and there was not any of that.

But as soon as the curtain rose all discomfort was obliterated in a deep and satisfying sense of artistic enjoyment. I had never seen a Maeterlinck piece played, but have often wondered how their melancholy mystery, their dim, dreamful joys, and their icy thrills of terror would "go" on the stage. They seem like stories illustrated by stained-glass windows, rare and naïve, colored in few but perfect tints, and animated by figures that have the shy, angular grace of early Italian frescoes.

The play opens with Goland, the brother of Pelleas, lost in a wood. Here, beside a spring, he comes upon a girl kneeling by the water, weeping. This is Melisande, who, played by Mrs. Campbell, is like the enchanted princesses of old fairy-tales. She is a woman of extraordinary slenderness—thin we would call her—with long, delicate arms, and long, pale hands, and a long, white throat. She wore a cloth-of-gold dress that was without form from the neck to the feet, like an umbrella case, and in this she was sheathed like an umbrella. She has a small face, with a perfect set of features, a mouth of the loveliest rose-leaf curves—the exact antithesis of that described somewhere by Thomas Hardy, in which the lips come together like the upper and under halves of a muffin; a little, proud nose, inclined to tilt up, and a pair of deep-set, dreamy dark eyes. The last touch to this thrilling creature's beauty is a wave of amazing black hair, mysterious as midnight, seeming to be endued with a life of its own, and long and thick enough to wrap round her, as Godiva wrapped hers.

This is the unknown Melisande. She has fled from great peril and misery, but of what nature she never tells. No one knows whence she has come, nor whither she intends going, where her country is, or what her estate. Only in the bottom of the brook, gleaming through the water, shines a golden crown that she says has fallen from her head. Goland is struck to the soul by this weird creature's beauty. She is young, almost a child, and there is about her something strangely simple, as of one whose mind is only concerned in looking forward to and waiting for approaching destiny. She puts her hand in Goland's and lets him lead her away. He marries her and takes her home to the castle by the cold north seas, which is full of old, sad people and the atmosphere of death.

Here the drama begins. It is the same story as Francesca and Paola. Pelleas, the brother, loves the strange princess, who moves through the old palace like a silent, golden shadow, crowned with ehon hair. Goland suspects the love, watches, thinks that his wife is unfaithful, and kills Pelleas and indirectly Melisande. The author treats his story as the Greek dramatists did. The lovers are the playthings of Fate—personal volition has no existence in the working out of the tragedy. What is to be must be.

From end to end the play, viewed from the most purely technical standpoint, fairly reeks with dramatic situations. It is full of that masterly Maeterlinck thrill, that suggestion of creeping horror, which is so apparent in the "Princess Malene" and "L'Intruse." It reaches its climax in the scene where Pelleas and Melisande, alone at night in the garden, confess their love. They stand in the broad moonlight, locked in one another's arms. Presently Melisande,

who makes those childish remarks people do in real life but never on the stage, comments on the length of their shadow. She looks up the long shadow from the feet to the head, smiling, then suddenly her face becomes convulsed, and without moving, but in a whisper of horror she tells Pelleas that Goland is behind a tree just at the end of the shadow. Pelleas looks and sees his brother, and there is a silence, while the lovers stand clasped close, looking to where at the end of the shadow Goland stands, his sword ready, watching. Then, knowing that death is at hand they kiss, a last, long kiss, and Goland comes from behind the tree. Heavens! It makes your hair stand on end.

I wish I had room enough to describe the scene where Mrs. Campbell leans out of the window, combing her hair. Such midnight hair, clouds of it, with ends that curled round Pelleas's fingers like the tendrils of the sweet-pea vine. To keep her there, talking with him, he ties her by the hair to the branches of a tree. The hair is real, for she tries to jerk it away till the little stage tree quivers to its roots. For pure beauty and romance it was an exquisite scene, and a curious murmur, half approbation, half amazement, rose from the audience.

GERALDINE BONNER.

LONDON, July 18, 1900.

THE BALLAD OF ORASMUS NUTE.

There was once a Quaker, Orasmus Nute,
With a physog as stiff as a cowhide hoot,
And he skippered a ship from Georgetown, Maine,
In the 'way-back days of the pirates' reign.
And the story I tell it has to do
With Orasmus Nute and a black flag crew;
The tale of the upright course he went
In the face of a certain predicament.
For Orasmus Nute was a godly man
And he faithfully followed the Quaker plan
Of love for all and a peaceful life
And a horror of warfare and bloody strife.
While above the honors of seas and fleets
He prized his place on "the facing seats."

Ah, Orasmus Nute,
Orasmus Nute,
He never disgraced his plain drab suit.

Now often he sailed for spice and teas
'Way off some place through the Barbary seas;
And once for a venture his good ship bore
Some unbung grindstones, a score or more.
Now, never in all of his trips till then
Had he spoken those godless pirate men.
But it chanced one day near a foreign shore
The sail of a strange craft toward him bore;
And as soon as the rig was clearly seen
The mate allowed 'twas a black lateen.
Now a black lateen, as all men knew,
Was the badge of a bold, bad pirate crew.
So the mate he crammed to its rusty neck
A grim "Long Tom" on the quarter deck,
Then leaned on its muzzle a bit to pray
And waited to hear what the skipper would say.

For Orasmus Nute
Orasmus Nute
Had stepped below for a little rest,
He asked as he came on deck again,
"Does thee really think these are pirate men?"
"Yea, verily," answered the mate;
"An' they come at a most unusual gait."
Orasmus Nute looked over the rail
At the bulging sweep of the huge black sail;
Said he, "We are keeping our own straight path,
And I'm sorry to harm those men of wrath,
Yet, brother, perchance we are justified
In letting Thomas rebuke their pride.
We'll simply give 'em a dash of fright.
So be sure, my friend, thee have aimed just right."
He squinted his eye along the rust,
"Now shoot," said he, "if thee thinks thee must."
Ker-boomo! the old Long Thomas roared,
And the big lateen flopped overhead.
And Orasmus Nute,
Orasmus Nute,
Seemed puzzled to find that he could shoot.

"Now what are those sinful men about?"
He asked, as he heard a hoarse, long shout.
And the Quaker mate he answered, "Lo!
They've out with their oars, and here they row!"
"Now, what in the name of William Penn,
Cried Orasmus Nute, 'can all those men?
Perchance they are after our load of stones,
Will thee roll them up here, Brother Jones?
We'll save them all of the work we can—
As a Quaker should for his fellow man."
So as soon as the fierce, black pirate drew
Up 'longside, that Quaker crew
Rolled those grindstones down pell-mell,
And every stone smashed through the shell
Of the pirate zebec, and down it went,
And all of the rascals to doom were sent.
While Orasmus Nute leaned over the side,
"No thanks, thee 'rt welcome, my friends," he cried.
It chanced one wretch from the sunken craft
Made a clutch at a rope that was trailing aft,
And up he was swarming with frantic hope,
When Orasmus cried, "Does thee want that rope?"
So he cut it away with one swift hack
With a smile for the pirate as he dropped back.
And the Quaker skipper surveyed the sea,
"God loveth the generous man," quoth he.
Then Orasmus Nute,
Orasmus Nute
Went down and resumed his Quaker suit.

—Holman F. Day in August Ainslee's Magazine.

The record-breaking run of the *Deutschland* from New York to Plymouth, which was made in five days, fourteen hours, and six minutes, wrests the laurels from the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, and sets a new pace for the ocean liners. In view of the remarkable performance of the German liner it is never safe to assert that the limit of speed in ocean travel has been reached. It is a safe prediction that the time is not far distant when the voyage from New York to Queenstown, to Southampton, or to Plymouth will be easily made in five days, while many predict that the twentieth century will witness the construction of ocean liners capable of making forty miles per hour, which would enable them to make the trip in three days.

The Mikado of Japan has under his subjection a population of over forty-six million people, and they are about as happy as the average people in any part of the world.

LIFE IN CHINA'S CAPITAL.

Social Life of the Diplomatic Corps in Peking Up to the Conclusion of the Franco-Russian Entente—Fifth and Inconveniences which Foreigners Must Endure.

In his latest hook, "Overland to China," a companion volume to "China in Transformation," which was reviewed at length in the *Argonaut*, Archibald R. Colquhoun limits himself to the recording of the impressions consequent on his recent journeys across Siberia, China, and Tonking, and gives in narrative form a forecast of the probable outcome of the important problems of the Far East. Mr. Colquhoun traveled from Moscow to Irkutsk, on Lake Baikal, the temporary terminus of the newly built Trans-Siberian Railway, which he considers the greatest achievement since the discovery of the cape route to the Indies by Vasco da Gama, or the discovery of America by Columbus. From Irkutsk he followed the caravan route across the Gobi Desert, in Eastern Mongolia, to Peking, whence he proceeded to Shanghai, and up the Yangtse to Chungking. From that innermost point of China he crossed the provinces of Kweichow and Yunnan, to the borders of Tonking, where he ended his travels at the port of Haiphong. The seven thousand miles traversed in this tour afforded vast material for judging the conditions of these countries, more especially of China, with the normal conditions of which he was already familiar, and the conclusions he draws are alike worthy of study and interest.

When the transcontinental railway through Siberia and Manchuria is completed, Russia's relations with the rest of the world will be materially altered, for she will then occupy a commanding position on the Pacific. Mr. Colquhoun says:

It is probable that her advance into China will be gradual and by peaceful means. It may be assumed that her present occupation of Manchuria, although preeminently a military one, is not altogether due to a passion for conquest, but is a part of the outcome of geographical circumstances, and of that moving force which compels a vigorous and dominant people, hemmed in by the ice-locked northern seas, to push a way for themselves toward the open sea. Russia, in the Far East, as in Central Asia, is aiming at the south—always the south. Whatever changes may take place in the system of government, this movement will not in the nature of things cease, unless checked by a resisting force—that is to say, by some power as strong and as determined as Russia herself. In Manchuria, as elsewhere, her progress will be marked by the incorporation of the subject races. Whatever her military and commercial aims, she does not neglect social and religious matters. Her church, indeed, takes a leading part in the molding of the conquered peoples, confession once in two years being the only obligation imposed on a convert, and many adherents being gained. Nearly all the Koreans immigrating into Manchuria become converted, the Chinese alone remaining obdurate in this respect. It would be unjust not to note the fact that the general influence of Russia in the territories she has acquired in the Far East has been good. Not only has she introduced a higher degree of civilization, but she has opened up vast regions to commercial, scientific, and general development, not shunning from the initial expenditure involved in the construction of roads and other means of communication through difficult and often dangerous territories. And these benefits are already apparent in Manchuria, where, from the very commencement of the Russian occupation, a silent transformation has been taking place, and is now proceeding at lightning speed.

The first third of Mr. Colquhoun's volume is devoted to the extraordinary activity of Russia in Siberia, and is full of interest, but as China is at present the cynosure of all eyes, we shall confine our extracts to the chapters dealing with that country. The writer says that the effect produced on the Chinese as a nation by the Manchu conquest has been to alter considerably their former customs and practices:

Before that time they had been liberal and enterprising in dealing with foreigners, and records are extant which prove that the advantages of foreign intercourse and trade were fully appreciated by them. With the advent of the Manchus, however, things were altered. Foreigners were so far as possible, excluded, trade being limited to Canton. Anti-foreign feeling, in fact, began when the conquering race found the foreign trade no longer powerless and suppliant, but strong and self-assertive, and to this day it has been the policy of the Manchus to represent the Europeans as a race seeking only commercial gain, and that at whatever cost to others. The pigtail, which to the average westerner is exclusively Chinese, is in reality worn under protest and regarded as a sign of subjection to the Manchu conquerors. Indeed, it is customary in some of the revolutionary societies with which China is honeycombed, to cut off the queue of a candidate for admission, and, as the non-wearing of it would at once proclaim the rebel, to braid on a false one, which is worn in the outside world.

Of the many memorable sights of China, quaint, charming, or revolting—that which leaves the deepest impression is, in Mr. Colquhoun's opinion, one's first view of Peking. He says:

Once inside the gates we find ourselves in a Tartar camp with a wilderness of mushroom houses for tents. The city occupies a square facing the four cardinal points. Each wall is three miles long and contains two gates, a mile from each corner and consequently from each other. Attached to the south side of the city proper, or "Tartar City," is the "Chinese City," a large, walled-in suburb in which are situated most of the shops, restaurants, and theatres. Communication is absolutely closed between the two cities at sundown, except for a few minutes after midnight, when the "night gate" is opened to admit officials on their way to palace audiences at three o'clock in the morning. On descending into the streets, the trees which appear so marked a feature from the wall are barely noticeable. There are no boulevards, and, except in court-yards and gardens, scarcely a tree is growing. The thoroughfares on nearer examination are found to be earthen tracks, some fifty yards wide, and appearing even wider by contrast with the mushroom houses which border them. Roads they can not be termed, at least in the sense of macadam or any sort of pavement. Down the centre runs a loose earthen embankment, just wide enough for a line of wheeled traffic, while on either side a hollow separates the embankment from the houses—a waste of refuse, stagnant water and filth through which run the remains of an open stone drain. Foot-passengers pick their way along the shop fronts by an uneven track beaten in the mud or dust, as the case may be. During the summer rains these thoroughfares become sloughs of unimaginable despond. Men and mules have been drowned in the cesspools which form between the houses and the embankment, and even in the street in which the foreign legations are situated it is not much better. Outside the Netherlands gate a few years ago a pond of this sort was appropriately named the "Zuyder Zee." Fishing "waters" would form useful adjuncts to evening-dress for any one rash enough to venture out on foot when the rains are at their worst. A Russian *chark* has been known to ride out to dine with his United States colleague "pick-a-back" on a Cossack of the escort. When cesspools, footpath, and boundary stones are thus submerged only an *habitud* who remembers the bearings of every stone and every hole could make the journey to the club without risk.

A sickly odor given out by the slime, as the waters evaporate under a midsummer sun, is not the least objectionable feature:

Then follows dry weather, during which dust, stirred by each cart, hangs in heavy canopy over the streets—transformed to a golden haze in the evening sun. The only watering is done with slops and sewage, resulting in such a stench as to make one welcome the acid dust again. Practically there is no street lighting, as the majority of Chinese stay at home after dark. There are, it is true, quaint wooden stands about four feet high and with tops forming a sort of lantern cage, which rise like beacons at intervals along the edge of the embanked roadway. But the mutton-fat dippers which they are intended to burn are only lighted for a few minutes in each month, while the *corridor* of the General of the Nine Gates (the governor of Peking) is passing on his round of inspection. The consequent blackness of a moonless night in Peking is difficult to describe—an inky, tangible blackness in which the paper lanterns of belated foot-passengers and carts flicker like will-o'-the-wisps. Even when armed with a lantern caution is required to avoid leprous beggars, pariah dogs, and cesspools—all mere smudges in the general darkness. Without a lantern one might as well be blind.

European life in Peking differs greatly from that in "the ports":

There is, to begin with, no "concessions," no municipal council, no "Victoria Gardens," no foreign boulevards, no macadam, no dog-carts, no *jinrikishas*, no electric lighting. The merchant at the treaty port remembers the visit he was once curious enough to make to the "filthy native city" as a sort of horrible nightmare, and is only content to pass his remaining twenty-five years in China within the bounds of the well-ordered "settlement." In Peking, it is in the very heart of this "native city" that gentle lady and fastidious *attaché* have to be content to live. And there are, besides bad roads, odors, dust, and dirt—corresponding disagreeables of a moral nature. In the treaty-port concessions the foreigner is on his own ground. It is, if any one, the native who appears ridiculous and out of place. In Peking the case is reversed. It is, one feels, only the ever-present fear of bodily chastisement that restrains the populace to an attitude of sullen dislike, or, at very best, of polite indifference; their true sentiments, however, being voiced by the rowdies, who from a safe distance shout constant abuse—obscenity of which the mildest specimen, and one incessantly heard, is not repeatable here.

Chinese in foreign employ do, Mr. Colquhoun believes, appreciate our good qualities:

They gradually become accustomed to our indecently short, tight, or *decadent* costumes, our taillessness (as eccentric as the appearance of a bottled sheep, dog, or a Manx cat), our unshaved scalps (as if we were in mourning), our general beardiness (though we can not possibly be all forty years old), our ever-brandished sticks, our curious mania for physical exercise, our cooled drinks and heated apartments, and the thousand incongruities of bearing that make the little Manchu children laugh so heartily. On the foreigners' side there are equal difficulties in the way of sympathy with the people of the street. You may be thoroughly convinced of the sterling qualities of the Chinese, and sincerely well disposed toward them as a nation, and yet a brick hurled from the city wall as you ride below or a reflection on female relatives of whom you happen to be fond bawled in your ear, may make the most forbearing very angry. And how can one prevent disgust and loathing from getting the better of any theoretical admiration when greeted with such sights and smells as meet one in Peking on every morning stroll or morning excursion? The disgusting scavenger duties which pigs, dogs, and fowls dispute with biped professionals give the finishing touch to one's rising gorge. This the polished, the civilized, the exemplary Chinese people. "Why, they are worse than brutes!" one exclaims in one's first hot indignation.

Perhaps the most entertaining chapter in Mr. Colquhoun's volume is his vivid picture of Peking society up to the conclusion of the Franco-Russian *entente*. It fairly teems with striking incidents and contains some amusing reminiscences and anecdotes, which we quote:

The capital being not "open to trade," the community practically consisted of the diplomatic corps and the inspectorate-general of Chinese maritime customs, amounting in all to about a hundred, of whom about fifteen were ladies. The social atmosphere was as genial as it was refined. Old friends met again who had last known each other in Rome or Washington, Vienna or The Hague. Outside his *chancellerie*, no one was Russian or British or Spanish, but only one of a little band of foreigners isolated in a semi-hostile country. Every function bore a cosmopolitan character, and the geniality of good-fellowship was agreeably controlled within tactful diplomatic forms. A minister's assured position, which no one disregarded, did not prevent his being *bon enfant*; nor, on the other hand, did mere rank, as such, monopolize attentions. A talented student might be, for the time, a greater personage in the *salon* than a dull plenipotentiary, and a brilliant cotillon leader eclipse even a *chambell* de l'empereur (but gouty) while the music lasted. Neither was there any incentive to vain display where ranks and incomes were so clearly defined. If any stranger were in doubt as to his exact status, it was only necessary to send for the old Peking barber and see what position he was assigned in that artist's rigid scale of charges: Hair cutting, one dollar for a plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary, eighty cents for a *chargé d'affaires*, thirty for an *attaché*, twenty cents for a student, and ten for a missionary, with all intermediate and subtle gradations—customs commissioner, secretary of legation, and so forth.

In those days the tone was set by the British legation, whether in diplomatic or social matters:

The preponderance of British trade—over eighty per cent. of the whole—was too indisputable to be competed with; the exquisite old-school courtesy and the profuse hospitality of the British minister equally admitted of no successful rivalry. Stiff but friendly German, official Frenchman, genial American, smiling Japanese, and suave Russian followed with good grace where the British legation led. The smaller fry—Italians, Belgians, Spaniards, and the Dutchmen—were even more glad to benefit by the British ice-breaker, although, to be precise, ice-breaking was rarely needed. If we except the pretensions of France to control Roman Catholicism—of whatever nationality—in *partibus infidelium*, there may be said to have been no conflicting interests; negotiations with China in those golden days being practically confined to the audience, transit pass, and missionary questions (including the settlement of perennial claims), questions all so long outstanding as to have become chronic. The legations, when action was necessary, made common cause, the victory of one being hailed as a gain to all, and the initiative being usually intrusted to her British majesty's representative. It is, however, open to doubt whether the honorable and considerate tone that then prevailed was appreciated as fully by the Chinese as it would be now. They have experienced other treatment since with which to compare it.

Relations with the Chinese, however, were very limited:

Visits to the Tsung-li-Yamen were in those days of rare occurrence, being held to mean merely a fruitless half-hour in a chill stone-floored out-house, sitting round a table nibbling melon-seeds and sipping green tea with the quorum of heavily bearded ministers, whose dexterity in passing the ball before being collared would have done credit to a Bugry forward, and successfully prevented a discussion from ever being brought to a definite issue.

The introduction-call of a newly appointed minister would be returned by the members of the Yamen at his legation; and at new year the Chinese ministers came in a body to offer the compliments of the season, to be returned by the diplomatic corps at China new year (which comes later):

Beyond these formalities there was absolutely no personal intercourse whatever, no Chinese minister being able to risk cold shoulder at court for foreign proclivities by visiting a legation of his own account, and no suggestion could make him more uncomfortable than that of receiving at his residence the visit of a foreign plenipotentiary. A member of the Tsung-li-Yamen, a few years ago, as Chinese minister in St. Petersburg, became extremely intimate with Count Cassini—dropping in without ceremony to lunch, driving out with the count, and so forth. But though the Chinaman afterward found himself in his own capital at the same time as his former friend—who meanwhile had become minister to China—much to the count's half-amused dis-

gust, he carefully avoided the Russian legation, except when visiting it with his colleagues as a unit of the Tsung-li-Yamen; nor did he ever show signs remembering the old days on the Neva.

The new-year visits were often attended by amusing incidents, which might, had the occasion occurred more frequently, have developed into closer relations:

On a day fixed beforehand the Chinese ministers, presidents of the various boards and others—forming a formidable column of sedan-chairs and outriders—ran the gauntlet of all the legations in one afternoon. No light undertaking this! At each they were regaled with choice vintages and cakes, of which etiquette compelled them in every case to partake. However soberly they might set out on the Belgian legation, the first one to be visited, they arrived rumpled and flushed at that of the United States at the other end of the line. All ceremonial, all stiffness had by that time dissolved, the habitual masks had been discarded and the real man came forth from underneath. At this stage the Confucians were tickled by a straw. Solemn viceroys would evince a desire to change hats with their foreign hosts, and consequential ex-governors of provinces as large as England would find a source of innocent merriment in the elastic properties of the cords of the military epaulettes, which they would pull out and then release amid peals of laughter. Sweets, comfits, and (one lady maintained) even curios were stuffed into capacious satin boots—for the children.

No satisfactory relations being cultivable with the mandarins and no burning questions demanding settlement, Peking life in the halcyon days was one of much leisure for all parties:

Two exceptions there were, however—the Russians and Japanese. Belonging themselves to the Asiatic world, they alone possessed a working clew to the Chinese mind, and were able and willing to play like against like. If in those days you were to play a surprise visit to the Japanese legation you would find the minister in a *kimono* drinking *sake* and eating raw fish, very unlike the correct official, who, smothered in gold lace, would a few hours later welcome you in his stiff Europeanized drawing-room. A similar visit to your Russian friend would, nine times out of ten, catch him in a frowsy flannel shirt, playing a masterly game of Russian whist with rather greasy cards, the atmosphere generally one of Russian cigarette smoke, vodka, and yellow-backed, decadent French novels. Neither Jap nor Muscovite would thus appear very dangerous. They were treated with contemptuous indifference, and yet their legations have proved intelligence bureaus of the very highest order. The ground was prepared for coming events. Long before the war with China the Japanese legation at Peking had transmitted to Tokio exact surveys of the whole country, with most minute detail—for instance, the width of every water-course at every point at every season of the year. Later developments have shown, among other things, that the intricate network of Russian intrigue for years has been enfolded recruits from among the Chinese officials, who might later on prove useful. And while these two legations were thus mole-like working for empire, the rest of the community were, without knowing it, filling the part of spectators.

In so polyglot a society there could not fail to be a considerable comic element:

When, for instance, a plenipotentiary, speaking in French—which was not his native tongue—proposed the health of a departing colleague, whom, he said, he loved as a friend and admired as an *ecolier*. As to his excellency's wife, he added: "C'est une sage-femme!" Nor were such mistakes always confined to the English-speaking side. A lady belonging to the linguistic Russian nation, describing a picturesque farm-house she had come across that afternoon, waxed enthusiastic over an old sow that had come running up to her, followed by "Oh, such *de-o* little hams!" There was, before the war, a Japanese minister at Peking who was the cause of much innocent enjoyment. He was a tiny fellow, of cheerful countenance, and not speaking much English, and still less French, he filled in the gaps with peals of most infectious laughter, though not always very apropos—"Your fader have die? Ha! ha! ha! ha!" Foreign dinners bored him fearfully. During one long official function at his own table, he took the *punch à la Romaine* as an indication that dinner was ended, and joyfully led the way into the smoking-room. His error was explained to him by a secretary, more versed in the intricacies of foreign menus, and the poor little chap returned to his seat most comically rueful. In the matter, however, of the Chinese language, the Japanese had a great advantage over other nationalities. Even if they could not speak, they could explain themselves fluently in writing, the Chinese characters being the same as their own. They could appreciate such a present as one of them was fond of displaying in his study, converted on dinner nights into a smoking-room, viz., an autograph scroll sent him by the empress dowager.

Such, in brief, was life at Peking up to the conclusion of the Franco-Russian *entente*. From that date commenced a change. The happy family circle was broken up into cliques; mines and countermines were sprung; intrigues of all sorts spread bitterness and jealousy. The old-fashioned, chronic questions of transit and audience gave way to fierce threats and demands for territory and special concessions. The French and Russian ministers alternated their daily visits to the Tsung-li-Yamen, and hulled, stormed, and threatened, until the Chinese were completely cowed. Concession hunters, syndicates, and adventurers flocked to Peking as vultures to a carcass. This was truly a rude awakening from the old days of Sleepy Hollow diplomacy.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00.

The movement of the hench and har of the United States to mark by appropriate ceremonies the one-hundredth anniversary of the accession of John Marshall to the position of Chief-Justice of the United States, deserves the encouragement of all patriotic citizens (says the *Baltimore American*). After serving his country abroad and at home in many distinguished positions, Marshall was appointed Chief-Justice February 4, 1801, and served until 1835, the longest period on record. His great work on the hench is preeminently his title to the commemoration proposed by the hench and har. While his other services were of value, and would have distinguished most men, his work as chief justice was inestimable. It has been said of him that he found the constitution a skeleton, and clothed it with flesh and breathed into it the breath of life.

Half-penny journalism in London is not the good thing it looks. Arthur Pearson, whose *Daily Express* is London's latest half-penny journal, has recently informed the public that he is losing \$1,250 a day on his paper, that the cost of the plant and preliminary work made the first issue worth \$500,000, that to establish the *Express* will cost \$1,250,000 and two years' very hard work, and that the next person who wants to establish a daily paper in London must spend two and a half million dollars.

Letters dropped into a box in Paris are delivered in Berlin within an hour and a half, and sometimes within thirty-five minutes. They are whisked through tubes by pneumatic power.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Romance of Missouri Homes and Fields.

There are no problems in James Newton Baskett's novel, "As the Light Led," except the old problems of pride, self-will, love, and jealousy, and at least one of its scenes, where the touch of tiny hands and a velvet cheek softens the heart of a stubborn old man, has been pictured many times, yet it is a fresh, wholesome story, with the fragrance of the prairie and the woodland all through it. Its characters are true to their surroundings, yet differing in their standards and strength, their attractions, and their worth. It is a record of life in the Mississippi Valley, written by one who knows its seasons well, who understands the currents of its thought, and who proves his regard for the honest purpose, the unstudied kindness, and the unnumbered beauties of its people.

The hero of the story is Benton Hickman, a country boy, stout of arm and heart, uncultured and bashful, who distrusts his ability to keep Nannie Dittmer's love after he has won it, though the two have grown up in the same neighborhood, and known each other from childhood. Nannie is a true woman, though a country girl, and her sympathy for a handsome but effeminate fellow-student at college nearly wrecks her happiness and that of young Hickman. There are many misunderstandings and joyful reconciliations in the first half of the book, but the real stress of feeling comes after the marriage. Their son is a dreamy student, who does not satisfy the vigorous and practical father, and when he decides to become a preacher he passes beyond that parent's regard. The daughter is her father's favorite, and his daily companion till her girlhood is past, and then, against his wishes, she marries the son of that early rival, and then she, too, is cut off from her father's affection. The final and complete humbling of the misguided, self-willed parent, and the happiness that comes to him and the patient wife and mother at the last is a worthy conclusion.

The author won high praise with his earlier book, "At You-All's House," and this story will make his position secure among the writers who have described with winning art some of the distinctive and most pleasing phases of American life.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Uncle Sam's New Waterway."

William E. Simmons has chosen for his book, "The Nicaragua Canal," the sanguine sub-title, "Uncle Sam's New Waterway," and this may be taken as an indication of the style of the subject-matter. However, the value of the work lies in its historical, scientific, and picturesque aspects rather than in any tentative argument advanced, and in these particulars it is worthy of regard. It describes the geographical features of Nicaragua, its industries, products, and climate, gives a brief history of its government, a statement of its present financial, educational, military, and ecclesiastical affairs, and then takes up the subject which gives the book its name.

The antiquity of the idea of connecting the two oceans by a canal is discussed, the various negotiations and government surveys which have been made are noted, and the actual work accomplished and remaining undone is stated. Then the course of the proposed waterway is followed through from Greytown to the lake, with graphic descriptions of the scenery in the Atlantic forest, along the San Juan River, surrounding Lakes Nicaragua and Managua, and on the rise and descent of the Pacific slope. The peculiarities of the natives in dress, manners, and modes of life furnish material for an entertaining chapter, and following this are some discoveries in archaeology that will interest students and lovers of the antique. The final chapter describes the attractions of the region for tourists and sportsmen.

Mr. Simmons writes with knowledge, and has made his book of practical value. The numerous illustrations and folding map giving a bird's-eye view of the complete course are notable features.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

For Anglers and Those Who Would Be.

Twenty chapters of racy description and advice, eighty pictures of the haunts of finny creatures, their pursuit, and the spoil of anglers old and young, are offered by Eugene McCarthy in "Familiar Fish: Their Habits and Capture." A brief introduction has been written by Dr. David Starr Jordan, and his opening sentence is justification for the book and the favor with which it will be received. Professor Jordan says: "Every healthy boy, every right-minded man, and every uncaged woman feels, at one time or another, and maybe at all times, the impulse to go a-fishing."

With this mysterious truth in mind the author has builded well. He writes of the "how, when, and where" of angling in a general way in his opening chapter, and then goes on to particulars. He describes the hatching and propagation of fish, the salmon family, the bass family, pike, pickerel, and muskellunge, and miscellaneous specimens of game fish found in fresh water. Then he takes up the subject of tackle, describes the proper contents of a tackle box, treats of fly-fishing, angling for bass,

camping, special hints for anglers, and closes with a chapter of "don'ts," a table of open fishing seasons in American waters, and a list of scientific names of the fish mentioned in the work.

Mr. McCarthy is not only a practiced angler, but an entertaining writer who knows the value of exact statement and information in detail.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Early in October, Geraldine Bonner's first novel is to be brought out by the Century Company. It is a love story, laid in modern San Francisco, the local color being strongly insisted on, and an attempt having been made to produce a picture of San Francisco as it now is. The story is simple, and contains few characters. The principal one is a ruined Bonanza king, who had once made a fortune in the Comstock boom, and then lost it, having at the time the tale begins sunk down into a condition of desperate poverty. The name of the story is "Hard-Pan," and all its characters, situations, and environment are peculiar to California.

Hamlin Garland has just completed a novel entitled "The Eagle's Heart," which is to be published in the autumn by D. Appleton & Co. It is an epic of the West, wherein the hero with "the eagle's heart" goes westward and enters upon a strange and picturesque life of the plains.

"The House of Egremont," a new novel by Molly Elliot Seawell, is in press. It is an historical romance, in the time of the Stuarts in England.

The motif of Sir Walter Besant's forthcoming book, "The Fourth Generation," is the apparent injustice contained in the visitation of the father's sins upon the children.

The third edition of "A Friend of Caesar," by William Stearns Davis, was issued on July 30th. As a first novel by a very young man such a reception may fairly be called remarkable. The Macmillan Company have a fourth edition in preparation.

According to London *Vanity Fair*, Clement Scott is about to become an editor. He will, it is said, bring out a new weekly society paper in September.

Olive Schreiner has in preparation a history of the peoples of South Africa.

Major-General James H. Wilson, U. S. V., who sailed for China last week, is about to revisit a country with which he is familiar. How familiar, he has admirably indicated in his book, "China Travels and Investigations in the Middle Kingdom," a new edition of which is being brought out by D. Appleton & Co.

It is announced that Professor Charles Eliot Norton and the other literary executors of John Ruskin have determined not to issue a biography of the art critic, considering his "Praeterita" and Collingwood's biography sufficient. But the executors will issue representative selections from Mr. Ruskin's diaries and letters.

Miss Scidmore's "China: The Long-Lived Empire," which was reviewed at length in the *Argonaut* of July 9th, is already in its third edition.

Helen Hay, daughter of the Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, will soon publish a collection of humorous child verse entitled "The Little Boy Book."

According to the *New York Times Saturday Review* "there is a quiet report in circulation that John Swinton, the well-known journalist and critic, is filling the leisure of his old but ever young years with the preparation of a series of papers involving some of his abundant memories of persons and events."

Francis Lynde has written a novel entitled "A Private Chivalry," which is shortly to be published by D. Appleton & Co. The book is described as a modern romance of a Colorado mining-camp and Denver life.

Frank Sanborn is said to be at work on a book dealing with John Brown and his family and followers.

A rumor is once more heard to the effect that Winston Churchill is writing a biography of his brilliant but erratic father, Lord Randolph. The *Athenaeum* says that when this statement was made two years ago, the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough (Winston Churchill's grandmother) remarked, with a certain degree of asperity, that Lord Randolph Churchill's papers were not in Winston Churchill's possession, and that they were not likely to be. It is possible, however, says the *Athenaeum*, that deaths in the family and other changes have modified the opinion of the Marlboroughs.

The poems of the late Daniel O'Connell, the well-known Bohemian, will be published this fall by A. M. Robertson. The book will be about two hundred and fifty pages, beautifully printed, and edited by Miss Ina Coolbrith.

It appears that George Bernard Shaw is a trifle sensitive concerning the success in America of "Cashel Byron's Profession" and "An Unsocial Socialist," novels which were written and published in England, respectively, in 1882 and 1883. He is

glad to find that he has so many admirers of what he calls his "juvenile indiscretions." "But," he explains in a letter, "when an American learns from a book of reference that I am a grown-up person over forty, and proceeds to buy a novel of mine written when I was twenty-five under the impression that it is the ripest fruits of my matured genius, I feel that there is a possibility of that American feeling disappointed, and accusing me of second childhood. However," Mr. Shaw adds, with his characteristic modesty, "I daresay, if I read these old books I should be astonished to find how clever I was so long ago, but I haven't read them, and I don't intend to. I don't advise the public to read books of twenty years ago; they had better help young authors as they might have helped me if they had thought one when I was fresh."

A Criticism of Kipling's Verse.

A critical and, perhaps, over-nice correspondent of the London *Daily News* sends to that newspaper a letter in which he says:

"Who is the writer who has rhymed 'war' with 'afar' four times in twelve months? Is it Mr. Kipling? In the *Morning Post* of August 14, 1899, he wrote (Cruisers):

"What see ye? Their signals or levin afar?
What hear ye? God's thunder—or guns of our war?"

"(N. B.: In these same verses he rhymed 'war' with 'mar.') Then in the newspapers for April 20, 1900, there was telegraphed from Bloemfontein a stanza of his:

"We welcome to our hearts to-night
Our kinsmen from afar,
Brothers in an Empire's fight
And comrades of our war."

"These lines were written in a hurry, so it is not fair to grumble about 'maple from Canadian snows,' for 'maple leaves from Canada after the snows have melted,' or about 'London to the Line,' when double that distance is meant. A third case of rhyming 'war' with 'afar' occurs in some lines about a fragment of a shell at Kimberley that was turned into an inkstand. It went 'across the bink,' the last word a pleasing variety of a 'hus-conductor's 'Benk.' That only makes three cases of rhyming 'war' with 'afar,' but we have not yet come to August 14, 1900. Still on April 21st there appeared in the *Daily Mail*:

"All the world over, nursing their scars,
Sit the poor fighting men, broke in our wars."

"and

"Ye that tread triumphing, crowned toward the stars,
Pity poor fighting men broke in our wars."

"There is a certain cuckoo-like regularity about this rhyming. As a writer says:

"All the world over writers of 'pars'
Can lay odds on what Kipling will next rhyme with 'wars.'"

Writers of paragraphs, surly and grim,
Mocking the littlest all-conquering 'Him,'"

"Is Kipling a jewel whose cracks are not flaws?
Well, nothing apparently sticks in his jaws,
But where critics assemble, they say: 'Holy wars!
This is not good enough for respectable bars.'"

"Retailers of poets, think twice ere you stock
A writer whose jangling fair gives one the knock.
And don't, British Public, exalt to the stars
A poet who can't find a true rhyme for 'wars.'"

"Variety is charming. The war song of the Fighting Fifth Fusiliers was:

"We're going away to fight the Russian Bar, Ladida,
A many hundred miles out beyond Kandeyar,
And we'll show the Russian Beer
That the gallant Fusilier

Can support his old traditions, Ladida, Ladida;
Can support his old traditions, Ladida."

"There one has variety in rhyming. To rhyme 'war' with 'far' in serious poetry should be considered as vulgar as the dropping of the letter *k*, or the 'hunting' man's affectation of not sounding the final *g* in present participles."

D. Appleton & Co.'s Fall Announcements.

Among the early autumn books of an especially popular educational character which are to be published by D. Appleton & Co. are "Elementary Physical Science," by Professors Henderson and Woodhull; "Animal Life," by President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford Jr. University, and Professor Vernon L. Kellogg; "Physical Experiments," by Professors Woodhull and M. B. Van Arsdale; an "Elementary Treatise on Geology," by Professor A. P. Brigham; a new work on chemistry, by Professor A. V. E. Young; a "Commercial Geography," by Cyrus C. Adams; also, a study of "Coleridge's Ancient Mariner," by Dr. Pelham Edgar, of Victoria University. Other works that will be of interest to educators and students that are nearly ready are a "Text-Book of Astronomy," by Professor George C. Comstock, of the University of Wisconsin; a "First Spanish Book," by Professor W. S. Giese, of the University of Wisconsin; a new "German Reader," by Professor H. P. Jones, of Hobart College; "Plant Studies," by Dr. J. M. Coulter, of the University of Chicago, and a "Key to the Flora of the Northern United States," by the same author. Another volume, "Harold's Explorations," in the Nature Study Series, by J. W. Troeger, and the "Story of West Indies," by F. A. Ober, are also about ready for issue. They have also in preparation "A Landmark History of New York City," by Albert Ulmann, who in describing a series of visits to the old landmarks of the city most of which are now marked by tablets, gives a history of the early settlers and their efforts to build up and develop the town, bringing the narrative up to recent times. The work will be illustrated with reprints of old maps and plates. A bibliography will be included.

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LITERARY NOTES.

"The Last Sentence."

The tragedy of a weak-willed, selfish man, whose sins find him out after years of security, is told in Maxwell Gray's story, "The Last Sentence." The peasant girl he marries in vacation days dies at his door and keeps his secret, their daughter is taken away and can not be traced, and in his second marriage and happy relations he forgets the sorrow he brought upon a home in Brittany, and the claims a helpless, innocent child has upon her father. But on the magistrate's bench he is called upon to sentence to death a girl whom he recognizes as his deserted child, now grown to womanhood. This is the climax of the work, though there are other moving situations in the tale, especially one which shows the lonely, forsaken wife gazing through the window of an English country-house at the bright scene within, while a bitter December wind sweeps the snow about and over her. In the glow of the fire-light stands the faithless husband, clasping the hands of a newer love, and hasting in her smiles. And when the morning breaks the snow has made of the watcher a statue whose character is discovered hours later, after the strange figure has been noted and admired by all in the house.

In spite of the weakness of Cecil Marlowe, the central figure of the story, and his tardy and melodramatic punishment, there are some admirable characters. Reoée, the peasant girl, and Cynthia Brande, the loyal and merciful woman, are well-drawn figures, and their associates are more than sketches. The story has deservedly won much favor, and if not equal to her earlier work, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," is sufficiently in demand to warrant this new edition.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

Some Letters and Essays by E. R. Sill.

A little volume that will appeal to all who keep green the memory of a poet and essayist whose personal charm pervaded nearly every line of his writings is "The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill: With an Introduction Comprising Some Familiar Letters." The introduction, containing a brief biographical sketch and the letters, fills some fifty pages, and then follow two scores of the characteristic hits of prose which in many instances are fragments rather than essays, yet never without a message. The selections vary in length from a single page to thirty pages, and they are grouped by topics under the headings, "Nature," "Literature and Criticism," "Music," "Psychology and Ethics," "Education," and "Life."

Among the more striking and best-remembered of these fugitive pieces, which have been collected from many depositories, are "Our Tame Humming-Birds," "Shakespeare's Prose," "Principles of Criticism," "The Invisible Part of this World We Live In," and "Should a College Educate?" Criticism of this genial artist's work is not required at this time. It is enough to say that those who have read even the two best-known of his poems, "The Fool's Prayer" and "Influences," and recognized their melody and tenderness, will find in this collection many thoughts as musical and as touching, and some that show the bright side of his nature still better.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

A Discussion of Social Problems.

David Luhiu has written in the form of a story, entitled "Let There Be Light," a serious discussion of the causes of poverty, social inequality, and plans for the amelioration of existing evils. He describes the meetings of a workmen's club, and reports the views of the speakers, with the conclusions that finally forced themselves on the organization. In spite of its argumentative tone the work is not uninteresting, and there is freshness and force in the statement of many of the problems. The defects of the various religious systems are settled upon as one of the vital causes of present conditions, and a plan for sweeping changes in the fields of economics and theology is set forth.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Unto the Heights of Simplicity," by Johannes Reimers, is a novel which deals with some of the problems of marriage. It is written with no little art and some of its pictures are impressive, but it is not a satisfying story. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Eliza O'Connor has written a volume of essays intended to show that "all pain, disease, and trouble come to us through violation of God's laws," and given it this title: "Nature's Revelations and Jonah's Evolutions." Published by Gilliss Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

A new edition of that striking story of love and danger in the mountains, with its well-drawn figures, "A Cumberland Vendetta," by John Fox, Jr., has been brought out, illustrated with fine drawings by Louis Loeb. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

A somewhat loosely constructed story of mystery, adventure on the high seas, and quiet life in a New

England town, is "The Sea-Farers," by Mary Gray Morrison, yet in spite of its straggling style there are good descriptive bits and scenes of genuine feeling in the book. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Three late issues in Macmillan's Pocket English Classics are De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," Milton's "Paradise Lost—Books I. and II.," and Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Each volume has an editorial introduction, notes, and a complete index. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 25 cents each.

Artistic life on the Continent is the background of Rufus Mann's long story, "The Prelude and the Play," and it is often quite as attractive as the figures and themes that have a more prominent place in the pictures, but the plan of the novel is well worked out, and the character studies are worth while. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Grammar School Arithmetic," by A. R. Hornbrook, is designed for the last four years of the intermediate course, and is suggestive without unnecessary details, yet simple and clear. It carries pupils up to constructive work with simple geometrical forms, and economy of time and effort is kept in view at all times. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 65 cents.

Fifty years in European literary, musical, and social circles should furnish any observer with a host of pleasing memories, and given the art to relate them tersely and yet entertainingly, a volume of interest and value must result. Such, in brief, is the story of "Personal Recollections," by H. Sutherland Edwards, who knew Thackeray, Reade, Adolphe Sax, and many others notable in history, from opera-singers to revolutionary Russians. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Stevenson's Growsome Christmas Story.

It is seldom that a manuscript of Stevenson comes into the market, but there was sold in London recently the "copy" of a short story which Stevenson wrote for a Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1884 or 1885. He was then living at Bournemouth, and was applied to as even then the most famous of romancers for a Christmas story with a thrill in it. He replied by sending up to town "Markheim," which dealt with the murder of an old curio dealer. For some inexplicable reason this was not found awful enough for the *Pall Mall*, though it afterwards appeared in an annual edited by Henry Norman. With the *Pall Mall* people some amusing correspondence followed, which ended in Stevenson promising something that would "freeze the blood of a Grenadier"—a phrase that at once went to the marrow of those who were conducting the negotiations.

Up came the "copy" of "The Bodysnatcher," which, as its name implies, had to do with an episode in the horrible Burke and Hare period, and reeked of the grave and the cerecloth. It was at once accepted as a really cheerful subject for Christmas firesides, when folk, heing out of harm's way themselves, love to have their flesh set creeping over the wine and walnuts. Some readers will remember the startling way in which Stevenson's story was advertised. The *Pall Mall Gazette* of those days was just loosening itself from the bonds of rigid propriety which had held it for many years. It was winning a name, for what is now called "pushfulness." Accordingly, it went to work to secure a good advertisement for the best article in its Christmas number. Six plaster skulls were made by a theatrical property man. Six pair of coffin lids, painted dead black, with white skulls and cross-bones in the centre for relief, were supplied by a carpenter. Six long white surplices were purchased from a funeral establishment. Six sandwichmen were hired at double rates. One quiet morning, when all was ready, they were duly attired. With some difficulty they made their way up to Piccadilly, along Regent Street, down Bond Street, everywhere attracting profound and universal interest. The one subject of conversation in the clubs and the West End was the mysterious and appalling phenomenon which had suddenly appeared in the metropolis. Among those who had been startled in Bond Street was the late Lord Londesborough, who took the usual course of shocked and angry Englishmen—he wrote to the newspapers. The next day every newspaper in the kingdom had a description, vivid, scathing, denunciatory, according to the humor of the writer. But the objects of this wrath had already been paid off. Scotland Yard and the law had stepped in. The *Pall Mall* phantoms were certainly the most remarkable advertisements that ever appeared on the London streets. Many wondered what Stevenson himself thought about it all. "The Bodysnatcher" went like wildfire.

Another remarkable thing about this story, unheard of, we can not help believing, in the history of letters, was that Mr. Stevenson returned a portion of his honorarium on the ground that the sum which had been sent to him was excessive. The manuscript has some fifteen or sixteen large folio pages with ruled lines, many corrections, interpolations, and eliminations, and nearly a page of what is called "backed copy," the passage having been re-written.

RECENT VERSE.

The One Who Stays at Home.

The family grows: and some must go,
Far from the sheltering roof.
Where high suns burn, or cold winds blow,
To hold the foe aloof.
But while the many forward run,
And great ships go and come,
Yet let us sometimes think of one—
The one who stays at home.

Stout hearts have they who cross the seas
And distant perils face,
Who wish to 'escape from deadeoing ease,
Or scale to higher place.
But valiant, too, is he whose heart,
Like theirs, would breast the foam,
Yet at the old hearth keeps his part—
The one who stays at home.

New countries have great fields to reap,
Need young and vigorous brain:
But Motherland some sons must keep,
To sow and bind her grain.
The old folk, too, need some one there—
They can no farther roam—
Of all the flock there's one to spare—
The one who stays at home.

—Joseph S. Dunn in the Independent.

Julia Ward Howe on China.

1.

Art-angel Guido hangs upon my wall
A moving picture of the Tempter's fall.
Michael, bright champion of the heavenly host,
Treads under foot the leader of the lost.

Buskined with light, with faultless weapon armed,
He stands above the prostrate foe, unharmed.
The groveling wretch no counterblow essays,
Pinned down to earth, in impotent amaze.

This vision, oft encountered, seems to say:
The brute on earth shall never more hold sway;
While, glorious as a seraph from the skies,
Freedom makes good her deathless victories.

11.

The legendary fight grows pale
Before me, as I hear the wail
Of men on noble errand sent
And held with murderous intent,
By frantic legions that essay
To stifle Europe in Cathay.

My journey shows each pallid face—
True lovers, locked in dead embrace;
Parents who to their bosoms strain
The babes they guard, but guard in vain.

And as I kneel in prayer I cry:
Father! send rescue from on high!
The ways of human help are barred:
Be Thou, O Lord! their watch and ward!

Alas! alas! their doom is sealed!
No source of succor is revealed.
But still, beyond the bounds of sense,
Prevaileth God's omnipotence.

This seraph messenger may come,
E'en to that fiend-helcaged home;
And unto those who perish give
A crown denied to those that live.

Ruler of all! to each brave heart
The joy of martyrdom impart!
Upon Thy scroll of deathless fame
Write them with those who overcame;

Who, folded in the blessed light
Christian faith and Christian right,
Unto the hither end ahode,
Sealed in the armory of God.

—Julia Ward Howe in the Boston Evening Transcript.

The Late Grant Allen.

Mr. Clodd's memoir of Grant Allen contains the following passage about his personal habits:

"There was one curious thing about him—he never seemed to read. Practically he traveled without books. Certainly he didn't own a dictionary. In his sitting-room at Antibes there was barely a book-shelf, and no sign of 'literature,' except the current magazine and newspaper, and perhaps the last new poet. If he did use a book of reference, it was Frazer's 'Golden Bough,' or the 'Flore Française' of Gillet and Magne. The last-named was annotated in his small, distinct hand, and the notes ought to be invaluable for any new edition. I have heard him say the best reading in the world was the 'Contoiental Bradshaw,' and I have seen him sitting for long spells, on a journey south, entirely captivated by the problems he found in its pages. But if he could do without books, he could not do without pictures; bare walls froze 'the genial current of his soul'; and he would bring with him autotypes of old masters, or send to London for them, to decorate his sitting-room. After the picnic and the walks came the tea, and many a visitor to his many-windowed room will remember the flaming sunsets beyond the Esterels, sunsets so gorgeous that artists declared they were too 'dramatic' for the brush. One of the things that charmed him was the view of Corsica occasionally visible at sunset; he would then rush to his friends' rooms, and beseech them not to lose a sight so rare and glorious. Evening brought the sociable hour in the big hall of the Cap, or the round game of romps for children, in which he enthusiastically joined. Or there would be a gathering in Grant Allen's room, when the talk would turn on every subject, from the wickedness of ground rents to the merits of the last new poet. The commonplace and the conventional seemed to vanish in his company, and we loved to follow him into an ideal land, where he vividly pictured things not as they are, but as he hoped they might become."

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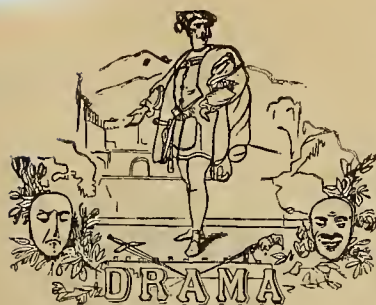
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Given, a very selfish, unscrupulous, rich man drawn in heavy, unrelieved blacks; given, an honest, simple-minded, talented poor man, painted in purest whites; given, the weak son of the former, who calls himself "a blackguard and scoundrel" when he is about to desert the girl he has wronged—the daughter of the poor man. Here are the elements of melodrama, as it was known and loved by the gallery even in the old, old days of the "pit," when the gods sat below the level of the stage instead of high above it. When Henry Arthur Jones wrote "The Middleman," his skeletonized plan of the play could have had nothing in it that melodrama has not familiarized us with since stage villains walked and black-clad heroines bewailed their woes. But, as the plot of it grew under the author's pen, there grew, too, the figure of Cyrus Blenkarn, and the playwright's work, considered as a single, consistent thing, was spoiled. For Cyrus Blenkarn is true—true as human suffering and unselfish love and artistic aspiration are true. And the more vital a creation Cyrus Blenkarn becomes, the more garishly artificial his fellow stage-folk seem in the fierce white light that artistic truth throws about them.

In a play in which villains think aloud, and their incautious asides are happily heard by the poor but honest and violently loyal low comedian; in a play in which reporters pose about the drawing-rooms of the English aristocracy, note-books in hand and pencils flying within six inches of their noses; in a play in which letters are delivered most conveniently for the villain's use, so that upon their interception shall hang the possibility of the acts to follow; in a play in which farce treads upon tragedy's heels; in a play in the last act of which the completeness of the social upheaval places the wronged poor man exactly in the wicked rich man's place, subjecting the old-time, conquered villain to the perfection of humiliation demanded only by the crude in mind and the savage in soul; in a play in which the heroine disappears and is reported dead for years, only to reappear triumphantly, safely married to the one man a heroine in melodrama may marry—in such a play Henry Arthur Jones has set the character of Cyrus Blenkarn. He has lavished upon Blenkarn all the artful care that made Judah and Drusilla Ives real, living people. He has chosen for him an attractive environment. He has given him the simplest, homeliest, most natural words to speak. He has made this workman consistent, respectful, dignified, finely pathetic, and—a remarkable achievement—not in the least ridiculous, when he changes places with his old master, and rules where once he obeyed.

The effect is puzzling. One listens with tolerant good-nature while the other characters are developing the play; with that indulgent lending of credence to improbabilities, which the proper enjoyment of melodrama demands. But when Blenkarn speaks, he sounds another strain, that takes possession of one in the very midst of fictitious, only half-believed incidents and events. Blenkarn is flesh and blood in a company of ghosts; old ghosts they are, reminiscent of other stories and other plays. But this one characterization breathes and moves and lives.

What Wilton Lackaye's rendition of Blenkarn's part amounts to, in the presentation by the new Frawley Company at the Grand Opera House, may be measured by trying to imagine what the production would be without him. It will not do for the rôle of Cyrus Blenkarn to be fairly well played. No actor of average ability may make even small success of it. The slightest betrayal of self-consciousness in the dreaming old workman would shatter one's faith in him. The least departure from the strong, simple dignity of his pose would cheapen him, would make him ridiculous. The mainspring in Blenkarn's character is his genius, his passion for work—this, and his faith in his ultimate success. The actor who makes him servile will show as little discernment as he who presents a superior sort of Blenkarn, lacking in respectful civility for his employer. Lackaye has struck precisely the elusive, bappy medium, a delicately expressed dignity, an absent-minded simplicity of manner that mates with the words of the rôle, and produces a union full of strength and beauty. Of course Lackaye's most successful moment follows his delivery of the curse Blenkarn utters when he discovers that his employer and his employer's son have robbed him; the one of the fruits of his invention, the other of his honor. In this and the scene in which the old workman meets the crisis of his life, and, prying open the kiln, fumbles with nervous, eager hands in the box that holds success or failure for him, Lackaye has the whole house with him. But in the earlier scenes there is more of a better, though less evident, acting; and the at-

mosphere with which he surrounds his rôle is built up not with explosive oratory, but with countless quiet, almost intangible touches.

"The Middleman" is essentially a one-part play. The Frawley Company (judged not by the standard with which one measures the star of the company) give to the rendition of the comparatively unimportant parts remaining very nearly all that they deserve. If the play were to run for another week—a continuation which its success warrants—the slowness of action in the first and last acts might be overcome, and a smoother performance result.

When a company of players includes a comedian who can put his audience into a helpless state of indiscriminating, cumulative amusement, in which the actor's part is merely to be, to be funny, the temptation to impose upon the laughing crowd's good-nature is too strong, evidently, to be withstood.

The audiences at the California Theatre are so firmly convinced that Harry Bulger's every look, word, or gesture is potential laughter—a belief founded upon good grounds—that it must seem a sheer waste of time and exertion to an economical stage manager to insist upon J. Sherrie Matthews learning his lines, say, or putting into the playing of his part any but the most ordinary, time-worn stage "business."

The incongruity of these vaudeville marriages is as incomprehensible to the theatre-goer as are the unions of clever husband and foolish wife, of cultured woman and the hooer she sometimes weds in real life. "Matthews and Bulger" has become a title as unified as bread and butter. But what Bulger saw in Matthews to associate himself in stage wedlock with such a partner is a question that must have occurred more poignantly even to some fitter mate who has been passed over, than it does to the ordinary man before the curtain. Bulger is a caricaturist who sketches in flesh and blood. His methods are not always artistic, but his strokes are sure, his execution is quick, his work interests himself, and his finished product is absolutely laughter-compelling. Matthews is a vaudevillian; he is to comedy what the self-possessed ring-master is to the circus—one of those creatures of two worlds, with the virtues of neither; affecting the naturalness of every-day things in his costume and the unreality of things theatrical in his manner and speech, and producing a mixed impression which is neither one thing nor the other. If theatrical excellence is to be measured by size and blackness of type, Bulger's name should appear on the California Theatre's programmes in print incomparably bigger and blacker than any other. And Matthews's name should sink to deserved extinction among those of the lesser members of the company. When the day comes for a fickle but much-enduring public to drown vaudeville and give "coon" songs a deep and decent burial, one member of this well-known firm will step into legitimate comedy, where he will earn fame more lasting—and less money, perhaps—than is his portion now. But, what, oh what, will become of the other?

And what will become of the "all-star cast" in Dunne and Ryley's company? What will become of Norma Whalley, well-advertised beauty who is not nearly beautiful enough to dispense altogether with brains? There will be room, of course, in the theatrical ark for Walter Jones, whose Hiram Lowe, vaudeville agent, is worth a dozen of the tramps be pictures. And Mary Marble, whose delightful avoidance of the *staccato* in her quick rendition of the child-maid, never seen off the stage, will promptly receive notice to "come up higher." But, for the others? Well, the most patient listener has not heard the first faint rain-drops which shall announce the flood. And vaudeville still stands triumphantly high and dry.

Of course, "The Night of the Fourth," is the sort of vaudeville-comedy peculiarly adapted to "all-star casts." The play is decidedly not the thing, and the well-trained plot keeps decently out of sight till dragged in to satisfy those old-fashioned ones among the audience who seem still unaware that they are living in the time of King Vaudeville, the Inconsequential. The talent of Walter Jones saves the second act from the baldest introduction of specialties; but bare-necked, long-limbed, agile girls dance ballets composed in the lawyer's office, and little, cameo-faced Mary Marble sings about the fear pickaninnies should have of "The Hoo-doo-doo Man" with the barred windows of the insane asylum for a background; and an appreciative audience is indifferent to everything but the grace of the one and the diminutive charm of the other.

If vaudeville were as frank as its unchallenged power entitles it to be, Dunne and Ryley would advertise the exact time at which certain specialties are to be given, so that those who are wiser than to demand three acts and their money's worth might ignore the plot of "The Night of the Fourth" as safely and irreverently as the players themselves do.

That Little Book

"Babies," issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., New York; should be in the hands of all young mothers. The hints it contains are invaluable to the inexperienced. Sent free upon application.

— WHEN TAKEN AT THE PROPER TIME A little Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky will prevent a cold.

Mabelle Gilman's London Success.

Mabelle Gilman, who is just now enjoying in London the same sort of success that went to Edna May when "The Belle of New York" was the rage, is a native of Sacramento. During Ada Rehan's last season in this city, Augustin Daly heard Miss Gilman sing at Mills Seminary, and was so pleased with her voice that he instantly made her a tempting offer to join his company, and promised, as a special inducement, to take her to London with Miss Rehan, who was to appear there during the summer. Accordingly, Miss Gilman, chaperoned by her mother, who always travels with her on tour, went to London, and even in the insignificant rôle of the maid, who has but a few words to say and a little lull to sing, in "The Countess Gucki," she was praised by the *Topical Times* as "a dainty bit of femininity, the most promising of the new Daly recruits."

Soon she was promoted to minor rôles in Daly's musical productions in New York, and then became the understudy of Virginia Earle, whose poor health afforded Miss Gilman many opportunities to appear in the leading parts of "The Geisha," "La Poupee," and "The Circus Girl." In "The Runaway Girl" she was given an excellent rôle, and shared the honors with Virginia Earle. However, owing to Mr. Daly's objection to certain stage business which had been assigned to her, and which she refused to eliminate because it took well with the audience, she withdrew from the company, and later joined the Casino forces, with which she has since been identified.

During the past two seasons Manager Lederer has given her the leading rôles in his Casino productions, and she is now one of the most popular comic-opera prima donnas in New York. When his second London production, "An American Beauty," with Edna May in the cast, failed to please the British metropolis, he took over his "The Casino Girl" company, believing that Miss Gilman would easily duplicate Edna May's success. His confidence was not misplaced, for all the London papers are enthusiastic in her praise.

Anne Morton Lane, in a letter to the Chicago *Times-Herald*, thus describes the opening night:

"An immense hit has been made in London by 'The Casino Girl.' I should not wonder a bit if she became quite as popular as 'The Belle of New York.' Mahelle Gilman has more or less succeeded in putting Edna May's nose out of joint, and everybody joins in a chorus of praise regarding her cleverness, her pretty voice, and her charming manner. On the first day of Mr. Lederer's production at the Shaftesbury Theatre I should think that the audience was nearly half composed of Americans, but I doubt if even they exceeded their English brethren in the enthusiasm of their greeting of the various people on the stage who happened to win their approbation.

"One of the events of the evening, however, occurred before the rising of the curtain on the first act. In the stage box on the grand tier a feminine figure clad in a white lace gown, with turquoise-blue shoulder-straps, and with fair hair arranged à la Vierge, came forward and took her seat. No sooner had she been caught sight of by the gallery and pit than at once a storm of applause and delighted recognition burst out from every part of the house. 'Edna May! Edna May!' resounded from floor to ceiling, and the ex-Belle of New York, in no way put out by the prominence into which she had been drawn, rose from her seat, and bowed right and left with a calm dignity and a certain amount of condescension that made one feel as if some way or other royal blood ran in her veins, and that somewhere, possibly in another existence, she herself had been 'a regular, royal, right-down queen,' for she certainly had all the regal air about her.

"After this excitement had subsided the audience returned to the consideration of the stage, for the curtain was up and 'The Casino Girl' had commenced. Another unusual outburst occurred at the close of the evening, when, after innumerable curtain-calls, James E. Sullivan (the Pilsener Pasha) and Mabelle Gilman (the Casino Girl) were insistently and individually called for. They appeared at last, and everybody yelled their approval of their performances. Finally, overcome evidently by the enthusiasm of the audience, Mr. Sullivan, clasping Miss Gilman in his arms, implanted a hearty kiss upon her cheek, and then pushed her forward toward the footlights, as if disclaiming any portion of the public approval on his own score. This little incident highly diverted everybody, and they might have kept on yelling till morning if the lights had not been turned out. Even then the excitement did not cool down, and outside the theatre an immense concourse of gallery boys and pities waited to watch their idol, Edna May, depart from the theatre.

"Edna, by the way, although she is not decorating any stage with her charming presence just now, is not allowing her individual efforts toward brightening the lives of the public to cease. She has been the means of beginning a really admirable and charming scheme, for which all dwellers in this great city should be extremely grateful. She is going the round of the various hospitals on certain days of the week, when she sings and takes flowers to the poor patients. She is positively aided by the medical students at all the hospitals, while the sick and the weary inhabitants themselves appear to regard her rather in the light of an angelic visitant. This little 'league of pity' of Miss May's, although it has its advantages to her from a practical point of view, certainly likewise is full of real good to her suffering fellow-creatures."

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"Othello" and "Rigoletto" will be Continued All Next Week.
Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday Nights, "Othello." Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday Nights, and Saturday Matinée, "Rigoletto." Week of August 20th, "Tannhauser" and "Mignon."
Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone, Bush 9.

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Commencing Next Monday. Eighth Week of the Henry Miller Season Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Nights, and Wednesday Matinée, "Heartsease." Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Nights, and Saturday Matinée, "The Adventure of the Lady Ursula."

August 20th "The Only Way."

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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, and 11:00 a. m., 1:30 and 2:30 p. m.

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VANITY FAIR.

Although the President of the United States, unlike the chief executives of other nations, has no private yacht to bear his official parties on occasions of state, there is one executive officer of the republic provided at the expense of the government with a private yacht that is the equal in magnificence of that of any European monarch. This lucky person (says the *New York Times*) is Governor Allen, of Puerto Rico, and the yacht is the *Mayflower*, built originally for the late Ogden Goellet and sold to the United States Government at the outbreak of the Spanish war to be converted into a torpedo-boat destroyer. Designed by the famous Watson and built on the Clyde to the order of Mr. Goellet by the Thompsons, builders of the transatlantic steamers *Paris* and *New York*, the *Mayflower* was a marvel of speed and elegance. Her original cost was about eight hundred thousand dollars, and to this Mr. Goellet added many thousands more in decorations by French and Italian artists that made her famous. The yacht was built of steel, plated up to the hurricane deck, with rolling chocks eighteen inches deep running almost her entire length from the turn of the bilge. In size she had no equal then or since on this side of the water. Over all she measured 321 feet, and on the water-line 275 feet. Her beam is 36 feet 6 inches and her depth of hold 30 feet. This gives an immense amount of interior room, which her designer used to the best advantage. Upon the death of Mr. Goellet his executors decided to dispose of the yacht, and she was turned over to the United States Government for conversion as a member of the auxiliary fleet. Her purchase price was said to have been five hundred thousand dollars. At the Brooklyn Navy Yard the *Mayflower* was then depolled of many of her beautiful furnishings and decorations, which Mrs. Goellet was permitted to retain. The armament given her was unusually elaborate for an auxiliary, and made her one of the most powerful converted vessels in the navy. In addition to torpedoes, she carried two 6-inch, two 5-inch, and twelve smaller rapid-fire guns. Assigned to Rear-Admiral Sampson's squadron in April, 1898, she then did loyal work as a scout, and on several occasions drew the fire of the Havana defenses. Two prizes fell to her lot. She held up the Spanish vessel *Pedro*, and sent her to Key West with a prize crew early in the blockade, and on June 19th stopped the British steamer *Newfoundland* on suspicion of her carrying contraband of war and sent her to Charleston, also in charge of a prize crew.

It was not until late last month that the *Mayflower* resumed her garb of peace. Then, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, much of her old-time elegance as a pleasure craft was restored. Of her original furnishings there remains much of the beautiful paneling, the bath-tubs and wash-basins carved out of single pieces of marble, and the Louis Sixteenth furniture. Three immense state-rooms have been fitted up for Governor Allen, his wife, and daughter. These are all finished in white enamel, while the ladies' rooms are paneled with silk brocades. All have beautifully designed beds, chiffoniers, writing-tables, and other convenient articles of furniture, and comfortable divans piled high with cushions. The other apartments include a library, furnished in mahogany, with a broad flat-topped desk, pearl marqueterie tabourets, leather couches, and cases containing a well-assorted collection of reference books and all current publications. The dining-room runs the full width of the ship, and is beautifully finished in mahogany. It has a mantel and fire-place of richly colored Mexican onyx. Like the dining-room, the reception-room extends across the ship. Its walls are decorated with Grecian pilasters of white enamel, while mahogany panels fill in the intervening spaces. A mahogany piano and music-case are features of its furnishing. On the promenade-deck is the smoking-room, also done in mahogany, with a tiled fire-place, corner writing-tables, movable smoking-sets, and wicker easy-chairs. Electric fans, liberally scattered throughout the yacht, will mitigate the heat of the tropical waters surrounding Governor Allen's colony. It is in such state as may be given by the *Mayflower*, with its elegance and ship's company of about forty men, that the colonial governor of Puerto Rico will travel from one island port to the other, and to and from the United States, when he returns to consult his superior officers—who have no yachts.

The *Paris Revue des Revues* has been asking various well-known persons, from the Queen of Roumania to Dr. Max Nordau, their opinions of athletics and outdoor pastimes generally for women. The questions submitted were: 1. "Are women ceasing to be women through their devotion to the physical exercises known under the general head of 'sport'?" 2. "Are the outdoor recreations a healthy diversion, or are they to be considered as a kind of infatuation prejudicial to her future?" The balance of opinion in the replies received was undoubtedly in favor of women enjoying themselves in outdoor sports. "Carmen Sylva," thinks that the modern woman is quite at liberty to go in for all sports of the day "as long as she remains gracious and touching like Sakuntala, succors the distressed like St. Genevieve, sings and plays like St. Cecilia, brings up her children like Blanche of Castile, spins

like Queen Bertha, weaves like Penelope, embroiders like the Roumanian princesses of old, paints missals like Ann of Brittany, tends the wounded like Florence Nightingale, and writes poetry like Margaret of Navarre and the Empress Elizabeth of Austria." The Duchess d'Uzes approves of all outdoor games and field-sports for women. "I believe," she says, "that, as the woman is the guardian of home, to raise women is to raise the moral standard of their homes. That is why I am not alarmed to see mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters sharing, to a certain extent, their sons', husbands', brothers' and fathers' outdoor sports. The son of a woman accustomed to face every danger is not likely to know what it means to be afraid." Emile Zola, who is an ardent partisan "of all physical exercise which can assist in the development of woman," says he can see nothing disgraceful in the costume of the sportswoman. He confesses, however, that Englishwomen reconciled him to the skirt. "The provision centres of London are sufficiently far removed from the smiling cottages of the outskirts to cause young ladies to go a-wheel for provisions in the morning; and however uninteresting they may be on foot, I always watched them pedaling to market with the greatest pleasure. Turn over the leaves in some drawing-room of an old album containing the portraits of the ancestors of the family, or, better still, before the time when photography was discovered, pass round the fashion-plates of the time of the Restoration, or of Louis Philippe, and you will hear the young ladies of to-day ask how people dared go out dressed in that way." M. Sully Prudhomme, the poet, "considers *le sport* womanly; or, at all events, is rather fearful of woman 'harrowing from men purely virile qualities which would disfigure and ruin her charm.'" Strange to say, most of the objections come from medical men, like Drs. Pozzi, Charcot, and Héricourt, who one and all deprecate, to a lesser or greater extent, athletic sports for women. The last-named authority "is even of opinion that there is no kind of outdoor exercise which may be set down as absolutely harmless to the feminine system."

The irrepressible and ubiquitous snap-shot camera fiend, who is invading the home privacies of well-known persons for the embellishment of the pages of the yellow journals, is bringing a harmless and elevating pastime into bad repute. He will have to be suppressed. If the law can not suppress him it will have to "regulate" him—just as it has been compelled to regulate the automobile—for public safety and decency. It was only a little while ago that Governor Roosevelt was called upon to severely reprimand a "yellow journal camera fiend" for taking snap-shots of his children while they were in bathing at Oyster Bay. The offense against decency was especially unpardonable in this instance, because the governor had just complied with the request of the camera fiend for a photograph of himself on horseback. The latest impertinence on the part of the yellow journal kodaker which has come to public notice was an attempt to take snap-shot photographs of the wives of William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Hermann Oelrichs in front of the Casino at Newport. The ladies protested against being snapped, but the camera fiend did not heed their wishes. An hour later Mr. Oelrichs and Mr. Vanderbilt appeared upon the scene, and, much to their surprise, found the man still at the Casino entrance, shooting his camera most audaciously at society women. The two men accosted the camera fiend and expressed their indignation. One lively word led to another, till Mr. Oelrichs raised his foot and sent the camera out of the man's hand and sailing skyward. When it came down on the hard brick walk it broke into a dozen pieces, and the films, with the pictures of Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Oelrichs, and others, were exposed to the light and destroyed. The man wept at the loss of his thirty-five dollar camera, and left, saying that he would sue Mr. Oelrichs, but no complaint was even made to the police. The Newport cottagers applaud Mr. Oelrichs' action, for they are indignant at having to run the gauntlet of a dozen kodaks every time they step off their back porches or climb into a carriage.

The wife of Li Hung Chang is said to be the most liberal of all the Chinese women of her position, and through her husband's sympathy with some of the ways of the foreign devils, succeeded in acquiring more education than any woman in a similar place. She is now fifty-five years old. After her marriage to the viceroy she continued her studies under his direction, and has been always the most accessible of the titled women. She has been especially cordial to Americans, chiefly as the result of her experience with the missionary doctors, although she also took the trouble to show her gratitude in a much more material form. Before the French war she was ill with a complicated sickness that her own skill—she has made a study of medicine—and the treatment of the native physicians were unable to alleviate. Two American doctors—a man and woman attached to the missions at Tien-tsin—were called in, and through their efforts she was restored to health. She presented a dispensary to the missionaries at Tien-tsin, and her husband did the same. But they did not feel that their obligations had ended with these gifts, as they have both from that time shown great hospitality and friendliness to Americans. In her way of life (says the *New York Sun*) she has

clung, however, with strictness to the customs of her own country. She is said to look after the details of her household administration personally. As more than one thousand servants are employed there, her duties are serious and are combined with her labors as to what would be called treasurer of her husband's property, as she follows the custom of her country and looks after his expenditures. She has made her reputation as a leader in fashions by inventing fifty different ways in which her glossy black hair could be dressed, although it is probable that to the average American they would all look alike. Her feet are as disfigured as are those of all Chinese women of rank, and only by being carried three hours in the fresh air every day is she able to make a pretense at the exercise of European women. Oil of orange and acacia blooms are the component parts of the bath which she takes twice daily, and out of her fifty coiffures her favorite is a style called "The Faithful Dragoness," a beast supposed to be the guardian of all good women. The hair is twisted into the shape of what might to the ardent Eastern imagination appear to be a dragon, and in what is intended to be its mouth a white lotus flower is placed.

This is the form in which a young Japanese woman recently advertised in a paper for a husband: "I, the undersigned, am a pretty girl, with abundant hair, flower-like face, perfect eyebrows, and a good figure. I have money enough to take life easy, and to enable me to spend my years with some beloved man who will ever be my companion, and who can admire the flowers with me by day and the moon by night. If any clever, accomplished, handsome, and fastidious gentleman is disposed to accept this offer, I can assure him that I will be true to him for life, and that after life is over I will be ready to be buried with him in one grave."

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, August 8th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,500 @ 109 1/2		
Contra Water 5%.....	8,000 @ 106 1/2	106 1/2	107
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	51,000 @ 105-105 1/2	105 1/2	106
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	7,000 @ 119	118 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	6,000 @ 118 1/2	118 1/2	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	4,000 @ 106 1/2	106	107
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	7,000 @ 105 1/2	105 1/2	106
Oakland Transit 6%.....	2,000 @ 116 1/2-116 1/2	116 1/2	117 1/2
Omnibus C. R. 6%.....	1,000 @ 128		
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	13,000 @ 119 1/2-119 1/2		
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	9,000 @ 111 1/2		
S. P. Branch 6%.....	5,000 @ 133		
S. V. Water 4%.....	9,000 @ 102 1/2-102 1/2	102 1/2	103
	STOCKS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	230 @ 66 1/2-67 1/2	67	67 1/2
Spring Valley Water.....	224 @ 94 1/2-95		94 1/2
Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight.....	15 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 3/4
Oakland Gas.....	60 @ 49 1/2-49 1/2	49	50
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	190 @ 50 1/2-51 1/2	50 1/2	
Pacific Lighting Co.....	140 @ 42 1/2-43		
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,675 @ 52 1/2-54 1/2	52 1/2	52 1/2
S. F. Gas.....	430 @ 5	5	5 1/2
Banks.			
Bank of Cal.....	2 @ 410 1/2		
Street R. R.			
Market St.....	25 @ 64 1/2	64	65
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	140 @ 86 1/2-87 1/2	87	87 1/2
Vigorit.....	400 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 3/4
Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.....	200 @ 8	7 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,080 @ 30-31	30	31 1/2
Hutchinson.....	570 @ 25-25 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2
Makawell S. Co.....	680 @ 43-45	44 1/2	44 1/2
Onomea S. Co.....	160 @ 26 1/2-26 1/2	27 1/2	
Pauhaun S. P. Co.....	380 @ 30 1/2-30 1/2	30 1/2	31
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	25 @ 117 1/2-120	118	
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	50 @ 92	97 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.....	15 @ 92-92 1/2	92 1/2	

Very little to interest the inquiring investor or speculator can be found in the transactions of last week. Outside of the activity in San Francisco Gas and Electric stock there is nothing to note, save the gradual softening of the sugar stocks and a hardening of Alaska Packers. Although business was light, there is a feeling upon the street that more activity and consequent increase of business is near at hand.

Dividends will be paid upon the 20th on Spring Valley Water, 42 cents; California Powder, \$1; Central Light and Power, 5 cents; and Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, 25 cents.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dawn in Southern Georgia two widows were condoling with each other over their troubles. In telling of the last sickness and death of their husbands, one said: "My man, poor feller, jes' suffered and suffered and suffered, and then jes' died for the want of breath!" The other replied: "Wall, mine didn't; he drawed his breath in the very last."

After a rehearsal of "Tristan and Isolde" at Bayreuth once, Hans Richter was asked if he had been satisfied, in which he replied: "The love motif, which the 'cells have in give out, was played with too little fire. Evidently they must all be married men when executed it so phlegmatically." And Richter was right, for there was not a single bachelor among them.

The Rev. Mr. Alcott, of Elgin, Ill., one of Abraham Lincoln's Springfield acquaintances, tells of seeing him coming away from church unusually early one Sunday morning. "The sermon could not have been more than half way through," says Mr. Alcott. "His son 'Tad' was slung across his left arm like a pair of saddle-bags, and Lincoln was striding along with long and deliberate steps toward his home. On one of the street corners he encountered a group of his fellow-townsmen. Lincoln anticipated the question which was about to be put by the group, and, taking his figure of speech from practices with which they were only too familiar, said: 'Gentlemen, I entered this colt, but he kicked around so I had to withdraw him.'"

The only person given to extravagance at the present Italian court is Queen Margherita, who shares the feeling of her country-women in having an inordinate love for dress. It is said that Humbert once asked one of the queen's secretaries what would be an acceptable Christmas present for her majesty. This gentleman, a truer friend than courtier, had the courage to suggest to the king that the queen had a large number of unpaid milliners' and dress-makers' bills. The king took the hint, and begged that they should all be given to him. On Christmas morning Humbert placed all these bills, receipted, under the queen's table-napkin. There was no other present besides. It is said that she took the hint, and has been less extravagant since.

James Russell Lowell was dreamily strolling along toward his home in Cambridge, one unusually beautiful night. Slowly, with serene queenly majesty, a full moon was ascending her "azure throne," pouring her lavish light over all things and softening into semblances of beauty even the ugly outlines of the conventional domestic architecture round about. Duly illuminated by the loveliness of the spectacle, the poet, as he passed by the house of the estimable brother-man who supplied meat to him regularly for a slight consideration of profit, noticed that valuable citizen leaning on his fence and gazing up in a kind of rapt way. It pleased Lowell to think that the hutch's immortal soul was bathing itself in the flood of semi-spiritual moonlight, and, pausing, he remarked: "What a beautiful night it is, neighbor!" "Yes, Mr. Lowell, I was just a-thinkin' what a hully night for a slaughterin' this would be!" "Of course, of course," gasped the poet, beating a hasty retreat.

One of the favorite stories of Father Dennis Tighe, of Holy Angels' Church, who died recently, was about a certain Bridget O'Sullivan, who only came to confession occasionally, and when she did she couldn't for the life of her remember any bad things that she had been doing. "When were you at confession last, Bridget?" queried the father. "Sure, faether, an' it moight 'ave been last wake!" "Wasn't it a year ago?" "Sure, faether, an' it's loike to 'ave been a year ago. But pwat do yez care, faether, to scowl an' old craytur loike me? It's Moike, me husband, that's the bad one. It's three weeks that Moike niver confesses his sins, an' hiven knows his sins is scarlet. He drinks loike a baste, shrikes loike a flue. He swears that bad St. Patrick wad trimble. An' sure, ye should see Moike smash the dishes an' break the furniture an' fling the stove lids an'—" "Six 'Hail Marys' every day for a week, and three fast days, Bridget," said the father. "Och, an' pwat do you mane, faether? Sure, Oi never confessed a sin." "Yes, but you confessed Mike's," said the father, quietly, "and as long as you make his confessions for him I think you ought to do the penance, Bridget."

A few days before Ruskin's death a New York editor dispatched his London representative to interview the sage of Brantwood on the beauties and benefits of bicycling. Ruskin, following his usual custom, gave the newspaper man so cold a reception that the latter lost no time in making his return trip to London. A few days later the correspondent received a letter from Ruskin, in which he said: "Some time since I put myself on record as an antagonist of the devil's own toy, the bicycle. I want to reiterate, with all the emphasis of strong language, that I condemn all manner of hi-, tri-, and 4-, 5-, 6-, or 7- cycles. Any contrivance or invention

intended to supersede the use of human feet on God's own ground is damnable. Walking, running, leaping, and dancing are the legitimate and natural joys of the body, and every attempt to stride on stilts, dangle on ropes, or wriggle on wheels is an affront to the Almighty. You can't improve on God's appointed way of walking by substituting an improved cart-wheel." It is hardly necessary to add that the letter was not used in the symposium on the beauties and benefits of bicycling.

TOWSER II.

Fate of a Hen that Worked Overtime.

When the golf epidemic captured Wheatley the victims scoured the country far and wide to find ground suitable for links. Hi Hacock's pasture was selected as being the best site, and negotiations were entered into with Mr. Hacock with a view to leasing, and eventually purchasing, the land.

Hi was wary. For some time he held off. He could not understand why a crowd of town people wanted to acquire so much ground "jes' to play shinnay on." To the most casual reader it must be evident that Hi never had indulged in golf.

Finally, after he had been talked to by the mayor, both hankers, and the school superintendent, and other leading citizens, all golfiacs, he consented and gave the lease desired.

Immediately the old pasture became a famous resort. The Wheatley Golf Club, its friends, and friends' friends flocked there. Business in the town of Wheatley was paralyzed. No one had any time for business. Out of this fervor arose a unique incident, which I believe is unprecedented in the annals of golf. Especially is it unique because it is true; I can prove it. In fact, I will prove it at the conclusion of this narrative. But now I will let Hi take up the thread. He says:

"Couldn't see as they'd hurt the land any, that they played it an' cut it consider'ble hittin' it with their sticks, an' as they paid my price I rented it to 'em. Then they come nnt, mornin', noon, an' night, men an' women, with red shirts an' knecpats tucked into their socks an' short dresses, an' every durned one had about a dozen of them there golf-sticks. My boys an' Peters's boys, they made as high as a dollar a day tntin' sticks for parties playin', an' I tol' 'em to go ahead, an' I hired han's to do their chores."

"When the players weren't playin', they an' their help—caddies, that's what they call 'em, isn't it?—were lookin' for lost balls. The way balls were lost was a caution—part of the game, I reckon. I dunno who brat. Anyway, these women—ye never could tell where their balls was goin' to land—they'd swat at the ball, an' a b'gosh, 'twas as loike to go behind 'em as in front. Some of the men, specially them little dudes with stuffed calves, was as had. Quite often the big fellers would knock a ball clean out of sight—that is, out of sight where anybody was expectin' 'twould light."

"I begun to think I'd better go over that pasture with a boss-rake an' gather in a few hundred balls jes' for luck, when Towser II. come to the front. You mus' have heard of Towser II. Pshaw now! Why, Towser II. was the famous settin' hen in the hull county. Set? She was a setter from Settersville. Named her Towser after a setter dog we used to own. Both setters—but she was the setterest."

"That hen—why, when we had the hail-storm year ago, with hail big as your fist, she got out in the yard an' tried to set on the hailstones. Set first on one lot, an' then she'd think she saw a better place, an' she'd hustle over an' set there. Never saw a hen so frustrated. Juh too hig for her, I reckon. Leastwise, she like to caught her death. A cold. But this ain't the p'int."

"About them golf-balls. One day we missed old Towser, an' I says to ma, says I: 'Towser's a settin' ag'in. Johnny'll have to go out in the mornin' an' hunt her up.' So in the mornin' Johnny struck out, an' he fillered the gully down through the pasture, while I s'arched the barn. But where do you reckon we foun' Towser? In the dried-up swamp, h'gosh, a settin' to beat creatin', with fourteen golf-balls under her! Fourteen, hy gum!"

"'Wa-al, old lady,' I thought, 'we don't want no ingy-rubber chickens, so I'll jes' relieve you of these here eggs.' With her a-cluckin' an' a-sputterin' at me I put the balls in my hat an' started off. When Towser saw that, she jes' giv' a little flirt of her tail, sassy like, much as to say: 'I'll show you you can't get ahead of me,' and 'stead of takin' after me, as usual, swearin' an' askin' for her eggs, she made way through the swamp-grass as tight as she could go."

"Nex' time we foun' her she was in a corner under the rail fence, settin' on twelve golf-balls. She c'lected 'em in less than an hour, I swum, an' was pleased as a peacock. I begun to see I'd struck a real bonanzie. I dumped this second lot 'long with the first in a barrel. In about an hour more we rounned up Towser in the swamp ag'in on top of fifteen balls. All day we jes' let her have full swing, an' at night durned if I didn't have a barrel plum heaped with golf-balls. Dunno how many dozen, but, anyway, old Towser had done herself proud."

"With golf-balls with forty cents apiece, new, as somebody tol' me, I reckoned this was a purty fair day's work. I counted an turnin' Towser inose

every day, 's long as she liked it, an' she'd more'n earn her keep, easy. Of course she couldn't do as well as this every stretch, for balls wouldn't get setch head-start ag'in, but I figgered on two dozen a day. "'Twould have panned out all right if the blamed fool hadn't hid herself so we couldn't fin' her for three days. Somehow she carried a lot of them balls off a mile—nne at a time. I calc'late—into the timber 'long the creek, an' made a nest in a haller stump. Snt there till we came across her by accident, an' she sot so stiddy, fearin' we'd interrupt ag'in, that she'd melted the halls, h'gosh, an' the ingy-rubber was all run' her legs an' on her stumick, an' she was about all rubber, so we couldn't get her apart. She died from it."

"And you sold her to Mrs. Robinson's boarding-house," I added.

"Durned if I didn't! How do you know?" exclaimed Hi, astounded.

"We had her for dinner," I replied; "and Hi, they hadn't been able to get the rubber off yet!"

Hi laughed.—Edwin L. Sabin in Lippincott's Magazine.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Not a Candidate.

I'm glad I ain't a candidate

To worry day by day,

A-watching voters, small an' great,

Fur fear they'll git away;

An' shaki' hands with every one

Yn're happenin' to meet,

An' never havin' any fun

Except to talk an' eat!

When 'Mandy scolds me now and then,

I murmur, 'What's the use?

'Taint much compared to what those men

Receive in round abuse."

If they should print such things of me,

Before the public eye,

I'd git so mad I couldn't see,

An' go somewhere an' die!

I love my country strong an' true,

But I am blest if I

Could ever see a campaign through,

No matter how I'd try.

An' when their eager work I scan,

I say, an' mean it straight,

It takes a mighty nerry man

To be a candidate.—Washington Star.

Easily Settled.

The century was closing fast

When through this great, broad land there

passed

A man who bore along the line

A great big lettered canvas sign—

"Men Wanted."

He passed a vacant soup-house door

And still the sign he prudently bore,

And as he marched he did stampeede

Must every hobo who could read:

"Men Wanted."

The farmers stacking up their shocks,

The shipping men out on the docks,

The railroads all the factories,

All echoed it upon the breeze:

"Men Wanted."

An orator from out the Platte

Was bawling through his tattered hat

When swift the big sign passed him by

And loud rang out that same old cry:

"Men Wanted."

"Who sends this messenger about,

Reechoing that horrid shout?"

The orator indignant cried,

The messenger but this replied:

"Men Wanted."

"Who's made a place for all these men?"

The speaker asked and looked again.

"McKinley, sir," the man replied,

"All n'er the nation I have cried:

"Men Wanted."

Then said the speaker from the Platte:

"I'll tell you how to settle that.

Elect me President, and then

I'll guarantee more idle men

Than wanted."—Bismarck Tribune.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

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ROUND THE WORLD, - Sept. 6, Oct. 17, Nov. 3

JAPAN, - Sept. 6

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Other Tours in Europe and elsewhere. Programmes mailed free on application.

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OVER A MILLION
Bright Women

say it's
easily
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THIS AUTOGRAPH IS NEVER ON A POOR SHADE-ROLLER AND NEVER ABSENT FROM A GOOD ONE.

GET THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN.

"Why," asked the girl of a newly accepted suitor, "am I like the American troops at Nagasaki?" "Give it up," he replied. "Because I'm going, in Taku."—Ex.

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STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, August 21
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, September 15
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, October 10
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, November 3
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, August 29

Nippon Maru.....Saturday, September 22

America Maru.....Wednesday, October 17

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC
Steamship Company
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Aug. 22, 2 P. M.
S. S. Mariposa sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Sept. 5, at 8 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 114 Montgomery St., Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:

For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., August 4,

9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, change to

company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11

A. M., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept.

3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,

August 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Sept. 5,

and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,

August 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, September 4, and every

fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San

Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and

Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., August 1, 5, 9, 13, 17,

21, 25, 29, September 2, and every fourth day there-

after. For further information obtain company's folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., Seventh of each month.

The company reserves the right to change steamers,

sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

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International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris),

from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

St. Louis.....August 22 | St. Paul.....September 12

New York.....August 29 | St. Louis.....September 12

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every

Wednesday, 12 noon.

Noordland.....August 22 | Southwark.....September 5

Friesland.....August 29 | Westerland.....September 12

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent

Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

SOCIETY.

The Hall-Macrae Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Cornelia Lee Macrae, only daughter of Mrs. Colin L. Macrae, of Vallejo, to Lieutenant Dickinson P. Hall, U. S. M. C., took place at the chapel at Mare Island on Wednesday afternoon, August 8th. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Chaplain Adam A. McAllister, U. S. N. Miss Eleanor Phelps, daughter of Lieutenant-Commander Thomas S. Phelps, Jr., U. S. N., was the maid of honor, Lieutenant J. D. McDonald, U. S. N., was the best man, and Assistant Naval Constructor J. D. Beuret, U. S. N., Captain Henry C. Davis, U. S. M. C., Lieutenant H. Jensen, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Jay M. Salladay, U. S. M. C., acted as ushers.

After the ceremony the bridal party was driven to the home of Naval Constructor Frank W. Hibbs, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hibbs, where a reception was held. At five o'clock the naval tug *Unadilla* conveyed Lieutenant Hall and his bride to the South Vallejo depot, where they departed for Napa Soda Springs.

Lieutenant Hall is the son of an army officer and was born at Dayton, O. He studied at West Point for two years, but ill-health forced him to abandon the hope of entering the army. When the Spanish war broke out he volunteered and was appointed a second lieutenant. At the close of the war he was given an appointment in the regular corps. He has secured promotion since, and is now attached to the battle-ship *Iowa*, which arrived in port early in the week from Puget Sound. Captain Harrison Hall, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is his brother.

The Clark-Houghton Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Bertha Helen Houghton, daughter of Mr. Roscoe Houghton, to Lieutenant Elmer Wright Clark, U. S. A., took place at the residence of the bride's father, 3330 Washington Street, on Friday evening, August 3d. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. Bradford Leavett, of the First Unitarian Church. Miss Meda Houghton, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, Miss Florence Davis and Miss Ethel Olney were the bridesmaids, Captain Perry L. Miles, U. S. A., was the best man, and Lieutenant W. H. Jordan, Jr., U. S. A., and Lieutenant Le Roy Ettinge, U. S. A., acted as ushers.

After receiving congratulations and the serving of a wedding supper, Lieutenant and Mrs. Clark left for a short wedding tour. Upon their return, they will reside at the Presidio, where Lieutenant Clark is stationed with his regiment, the Eighteenth Infantry.

The Del Monte Week of Sports.

The week's outing of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association at Del Monte, which is to begin on Monday, August 13th, has been looked forward to for some weeks, and is evidently to be a memorable occasion. In addition to the usual summer guests of the hotel, many residents of Burlingame, San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Rafael, and other suburban places will congregate there, and what with sports by day and dancing to Bennett's Concert Band at night, a jolly time should be had.

On the mornings of August 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th the golf competitions for the Henry T. Scott Cup and the Del Monte Cup will be the leading events, while the afternoons of the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th will be devoted to the polo tournament. The pony racing will take place on August 17th and 18th, the base-ball game between the Burlingame team and that of the Alumni of Universities will also be a special feature for August 18th, and on Sunday, August 19th, the week's carnival of sports will come to an end with yacht-racing on the bay.

The Bohemian Club's Midsummer High Jinks.

Unless all signs fail, the midsummer high jinks of the Bohemian Club this year will be the most successful in the history of the club, for more members have signified their intention of being present than in any previous year, and Mr. Albert Gerberding and Mr. John C. Wilson, sires of the high and the

low jinks, respectively, have prepared admirable programmes for the entertainments over which they will preside. Several members, with a large corps of workers, have been at the club's grove, near Guerneville, for a fortnight, getting things in readiness.

The excursion of the club members will leave the Tiburon Ferry this (Saturday) morning at 11 A. M., and their special train will land them at the grove about 2 P. M. Others will follow on the 3:30 P. M. train, arriving at 8 P. M. The return will be made at 2 P. M. on Sunday, and a special dinner will be served at the club-house shortly after the arrival of the members in town at about 6 P. M.

A Mother Goose Fete for Charity.

A Mother Goose Fete will be held at "Uplands," the residence of Mrs. Easton at San Mateo, on the afternoon of Saturday, August 25th, for the benefit of the San Mateo Armitage Orphanage, which has recently been re-organized with a new board of managers composed of the following ladies:

Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs, president; Mrs. Henry T. Scott, vice-president; Mrs. William B. Hooper, treasurer; Mrs. E. D. Beyland, secretary; Mrs. D. Drysdale, corresponding secretary; Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. A. Moore, Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

The Orphanage is a most deserving charity, and much in need of funds, and the ladies interested hope to realize a goodly sum from the *fete*, in which the children of Burlingame and San Mateo will take part, representing the various characters of Mother Goose. The admission will be twenty-five cents, and there will be many novel and pretty articles for sale.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jane Greenwood, daughter of Mrs. Myra A. Greenwood and sister of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, of San Francisco, to Dr. Ernest Dwight Chipman, of Waterbury, Conn. The wedding will probably take place in the early autumn. Dr. Chipman is a graduate of Yale.

The engagement is announced of Miss Roberta Nuttall, youngest daughter of Mrs. Nuttall and the late Dr. Robert Kennedy Nuttall, and sister of Mr. J. R. K. Nuttall, to Baron von Riga, of Godesberg, Rhenish Prussia.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Robinson, sister of Mrs. William B. Hamilton, to Mr. John Cushing Dornin, son of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Dornin, took place at Trinity Chapel on Thursday, August 2d. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. F. W. Clappett. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Dornin left for a honeymoon trip to Alaska, and on their return will make their home in Tacoma.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner at the Del Monte Club House on Saturday, August 4th, at which she entertained Mrs. Avery McCarthy, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Maenie McNutt, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Peter D. Martin, and others.

The engagement is announced of Miss Braunsreuther, only daughter of Lieutenant-Commander William Braunsreuther, U. S. N., at present captain of the port of Manila, and Lieutenant Edwin D. Bricker, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A.

Mr. James W. Byrne gave a very pretty dinner-party at Monterey on Saturday, August 4th, followed by an enjoyable drive. The party left the Hotel Del Monte in the large bus, at seven o'clock, and returned about eleven. Mr. Byrne's guests were Mrs. Irvine, General William R. Shafter, Captain and Mrs. W. H. McKittick, Miss Eleanor Wood, Major Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Hall.

The marriage of Miss Mary Edna Linnell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Linnell, to Lieutenant E. Holland Rubottom, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., took place at the First Presbyterian Church on Wednesday, August 8th. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Kirk Guthrie. Miss Ethel Hall, of Sacramento, was the bridesmaid, and Lieutenant George B. Pritchard, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., acted as best man. The honeymoon will be short, for Lieutenant Rubottom has been ordered to China on the transport *Warren*, which is scheduled to sail for the Orient on Thursday, August 16th.

Miss Pauline Fore gave a pretty "hearts" party at her home on Franklin Street, Oakland, on Monday afternoon, August 6th, complimentary to Miss Chrissie Taft and Miss Marietta Havens. Among her other guests were Miss Annie Clay, Miss Marie Butz, Miss Edith McCabe, Miss Bessie Rowell, Miss Florence Hayden, Miss Susan de Fremery, Miss Beatrice Vrooman, the Misses Hush, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Gertrude Allen, Miss Hester Pringle, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Gertrude Gould, Miss Ruth Metcalf, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Florence Starr, the Misses Gage, Miss Jane Rawlings, Miss Olive Middleton, Miss Blanche Sharon, the Misses Knowles, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Katherine Anderson, the Misses Crellin, the Misses Moore, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. Irving Lundborg, Mrs. William Cooke, Mrs. Beach Soule, Mrs. Henry Nichols, and Mrs. George Hammer.

At Singapore the Chinese caddies carry the golf-balls in a bag of ice, otherwise they would be knocked into egg shape every time they were hit.

The Ladies' Annual Tennis Tournament.

The annual tournament of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association for the ladies' singles championship of the Pacific States, will be held under the auspices of the United States Lawn Tennis Association on August 24th and 25th, commencing at 10 A. M. at the Hotel Rafael, San Rafael. The rules adopted by the United States Lawn Tennis Association for 1900 will govern all matches, and the regulation Wright & Ditson 1900-championship ball will be used. All matches, including the championship match, will consist of the best two in three sets.

A large entry list is expected, and among the contestants will be Miss Emma Hunter, Miss Edith Waterman, Mrs. Kincaid, Miss Pearl McCartney, Miss May Brainhall, the Misses Isabelle and Rose Sherwood, of the Alameda Club; Miss Hoffman, Miss Elsie Clarke, Miss Laura Denson, Miss Bessie Bowman, Miss Mason, Miss Chesebrough, and Miss Drown, of the California Club; Miss Miriam Hall, of San Rafael, Mrs. C. A. Elston, of Honolulu, and Miss Sallie Beaumont, of Sacramento. Miss Violet Sutton will not defend her title to the championship, which will go to the winner of the all-comers by default. A mixed doubles is also talked of and it will probably be arranged.

Owing to the great success of the special moonlight trips that have been run in the past, the Mill Valley and Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway takes pleasure in announcing one for this (Saturday) evening, August 11th, connecting with the 5:15 P. M. boat (via Sausalito Ferry), arriving at the Tavern of Tamalpais in ample time to view the sunset and for dinner. Also a trip connecting with the 6:40 P. M. boat from San Francisco (via Sausalito Ferry), and returning so as to arrive in San Francisco by 11:20 P. M. the same evening. The new and commodious tavern is not excelled by any mountain hotel in California.

Mrs. Helen M. Barker declares that America is fast falling into the clutches of absinthe, a monster which has already swallowed France and threatens to devour England. At one time the French soldiers in Algiers became so demoralized by the use of this stimulant that a law was passed forbidding its use throughout the French army. Mrs. Barker recommends the enactment of a law against the introduction of the *liqueur* into this country.

Practical Art Education.

Few people are aware that we now have in San Francisco the only College of Applied Art in America—where full courses of instruction are given in the applied arts and their history, embracing all the phases of art in its varied application to industrial purposes. This college and its connected School of Art was recently established by Professor Ardley, of the University of California, at 246 Sutter Street, and reveals a field of practical art work of the greatest interest to every intelligent person, as it is so closely associated with our everyday life and environment, and appeals to our sense of practical comfort and refinement as well as our higher æsthetic culture and love of the beautiful in art.

Three pleasure tours are advertised by Thos. Cook & Son for the fall of 1900, one—the round-the-world-trip—having three leaving dates, one each in September, October, and November, the Japan tour starting September 6th, and the Holy Land excursion leaving New York September 22d.

—BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

—Experienced English governess desires daily pupils in San Francisco or suburban towns; thorough English, music, drawing, elementary French. Excellent testimonials. Apply "Oxford," *Argonaut* office.

—DO NOT GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A jar of California Strawberry Cream for the skin. Made from the fruit juice, at Greenbaum's, 200 Post.

—After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 214 Post St.

—YOU NEVER HAVE A HEAD IN THE MORNING from drinking Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky. Try it.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

First National Bank

N. W. COR. BUSH and SANSOME STS.

STORES Trunks for One Dollar a Month. RENTS Safes for \$5 a year, furnishing the most perfect security for valuables of all descriptions. Office Hours, 8 a. m., to 6 p. m.

The Khedive has opera-houses at Alexandria and Cairo, and, for the sake of economy, both places of amusement are now about to be put under one management. A recent inspection of the operatic wardrobe at the Cairo establishment brought to light a number of valuable dresses and a lot of genuine antique armor.

SAN YSIDRO RANCH

AND COTTAGES,

Montecito, near Santa Barbara. On the foothills, amidst pleasant surroundings, overlooking the sea. Illustrated Booklet. HARLEIGH JOHNSTON.

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NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

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Baking
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**Makes the Biscuit,
Griddle Cakes
and Doughnuts**

**Sweet, Delicious and
Wholesome**

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett and Miss Carn Crockett left for Del Monte on Thursday.
Mr. and Mrs. James Pollis are now living with Mr. Clarence Pollis and Miss Lillie Pollis.
Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum, when last heard from, were at Carlsbad.

Judge and Mrs. Edward A. Belcher have returned from their summer outing in the Mt. Shasta region, and have gone to the Bella Vista for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott are at the Hotel Del Monte, and have Miss Cadwalader as their guest.
Mrs. John Boggs has left her country-house in Colusa and is now sojourning at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins were at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Dr. Clinton Cushing has returned from his summer outing on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King left on Thursday for a visit to Portland and Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker were in New York last week.

Miss Adelaide Murphy will leave for Del Monte on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Wilder (*né* Burr), who were recently married in New York, arrived from the East on Wednesday. They intend to spend part of their honeymoon in Honolulu.

Colonel and Mrs. Oscar F. Long and their children have returned to their Piedmont home from Santa Monica, where they have been spending a three weeks' vacation.

Mr. Clinton E. Worden and Mr. Harry E. Hall returned from Del Monte on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill are making a few weeks' stay in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and the Misses Hush, who have been camping at Guerneville, have returned to Fruitvale. Mrs. Valentine Hush and Mr. and Mrs. William Magee are at Simms, in the Sierras, and will not return until September.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston, Miss Preston, and Miss Edith Preston leave for Del Monte next week.
Mr. R. P. Schwerin was in New York early in the week.

Ex-Senator and Mrs. Charles J. Faulkner, of West Virginia, have returned from a trip to Monterey, and are occupying apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel William Forsyth came up from Fresno during the week, and was at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs was a guest at the Hotel Rafael last week.

A party including Mr. J. C. Coleman, Mr. Jacob Neff, Mr. E. Coleman, Miss P. Coleman, and Miss Janet Coleman, enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs spent a few days at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Richardson came up from Stanford early in the week, and were at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Batchelder registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Kane and Mr. Frank Kane, of New York, Dr. J. L. Seward and Miss Seward, of Orange, N. J., Mr. N. L. Roberts, of Riverside, Mr. S. G. Davis, of Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Solberstein, Mr. Newton J. Sharp, Mr. S. V. Smith, Miss Stocker, Mrs. E. P. Vinig, Dr. V. Levin, Mr. S. L. Jacob, Mr. A. Bremer, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. J. Shea, Mr. and Mrs. R. Bruce and the Misses Bruce, Mr. F. Alpenwood, Mr. W. J. Morrow, and Mrs. W. C. Bush.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. H. Guest, of New York, Mr. H. Rosenblatt, of Los Angeles, Mrs. J. T. Harnes, of Sausalito, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Crawley, of San Rafael, Mr. J. H. McCarthy, of San Diego, Mr. F. W. Griffin, of Oroville, Mr. C. Walters and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Elston, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Davidson, of Vancouver, Mrs. M. E. Page, of San José, Mr. Ben Rosenstein, of Portland, Mr. W. A. Mackinder, of St. Helena, Mr. W. D. Haslam, of Santa Cruz, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hass, of Stockton, Mr. Sydney Davis and Miss Davis, of Stanford, and Mr. J. W. S. Black and Miss Black, of Canada.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. W. H. Redington and Miss Ruth Redington, of Chicago, Ill., Mr. John S. Dunlap, of Sydney, Australia, Miss Gertrude Gray and Miss Charlotte Fortna, of Marysville, Mr. B. W. Stevenson and Mr. F. F. Richardson, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Sloan, of Pendleton, Or., Miss Anna H. Hardy, of Boston, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ruggles, of Stockton, Mr. B. L. W. Hanfield, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. Spaulding, of Oakland, Mr. L. V. Miller, of Chicago, Mrs. W. S. Mercer, of Salt Lake City, Mr. W. D. Sawyer, of Galveston, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Gilbert, of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Burns, Mrs. O. Shackelford, Mrs. G. H. Ripley, Mrs. A. M. Richards, Dr. C. W. Richards, Mrs. William Haas, and Mrs. L. Feigenbaum.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major Robert J. Gihson, U. S. A., has been appointed attending surgeon and medical superintendent of the army transport service here and sanitary inspector of the department. He succeeds Major William H. Arthur, U. S. A., who has been ordered to China.

Mrs. Merriam, wife of General H. C. Merriam, U. S. A., expects to join her son, Lieutenant H. M.

Merriam, Third Artillery, U. S. A., in this city before his departure for China. Lieutenant Merriam was among the younger army officers to see service in the Philippines.

Colonel E. B. Williston, who for over a year was provost marshal of Manila, is at the Occidental Hotel en route to his home in Baltimore, on sick leave.

Mrs. W. L. Kneeder, wife of Captain Kneeder, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., and her two little daughters, who recently returned from Manila on the transport *Hancock*, will make their home at Coronado during Dr. Kneeder's absence in the Philippines. Captain Kneeder, who went to Manila with the Philippine commission, has been permanently assigned to the commission as its sanitary officer and surgeon.

Lieutenant Julian R. Lindsey, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been relieved from his duties as instructor of infantry tactics at West Point and assigned to the staff of Major-General Chaffee, U. S. V.

Mr. John D. Crimmins, Jr., of New York, is here on a visit to his brother, Lieutenant Martin L. Crimmins, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., who was recently invalided home from the Philippines. He is registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant J. H. L. Holcombe, U. S. N., who was detached from the *Ranger*, sails for the Asiatic Station to-day (Saturday).

Lieutenant-Commander J. M. Roper, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Newark* and ordered to the naval hospital at Yokohama for treatment. Lieutenant-Commander W. F. Halsey has been ordered to the *Newark* as temporary executive officer.

Mrs. W. A. Kent, who sailed for the Orient on July 29th on the United States transport *Hancock*, will join her husband, Lieutenant Kent, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., at Jolo, P. I.

Mrs. Le Roy Eittinger and Miss Trotter returned to Vancouver Barracks last Saturday, after spending the summer in the Sequoia National Park.

Assistant-Surgeon E. V. Armstrong, U. S. N., who was attached to the cruiser *Charleston* when she was wrecked off the coast of Luzon, returned from the Philippines on Tuesday, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Eldridge, widow of the late Captain Bogardus Eldridge, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., with her three children, has gone to Columbus Barracks, O., to live.

Among the officers who returned from Manila on the transport *Sherman*, which arrived in port on Wednesday, were Colonel E. B. Williston, U. S. A., Captain W. H. Gordon, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. D. Connor, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. W. Fiscus, Jr., U. S. A., Lieutenant H. A. Sievert, U. S. A., Lieutenant H. E. Ely, U. S. A., Lieutenant A. B. Smith, U. S. A., and Lieutenant E. W. Perkins, U. S. A.

Lady Randolph Churchill Becomes a Bride.

No matrimonial affair of the year has created more wide-spread interest in English society than the wedding at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, July 28th, of Lady Randolph Churchill to Lieutenant George Cornwallis-West, in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The church was thronged with well-dressed women. There was no restriction upon the number admitted to the church to witness the ceremony, except the capacity of the church, but only relatives and intimate friends were hidden to the subsequent wedding breakfast, and no reception was held. Early in the morning a crowd began to gather outside the church, and before the hour for the ceremony it had swelled to immense proportions. When the doors were opened the police officers on duty were scarcely able to control the rush of people.

The church was sparsely decorated with palms and white blossoms. The two front pews, which had been reserved for the family of the bride, were almost empty, while the Cornwallis-West family was not represented. The arrival of Lady Randolph Churchill with the Duke of Marlborough was the signal for a general rush of enthusiasts outside the church, all eager to catch a glimpse of the bride as she walked slowly up the path.

The register was signed by Mrs. Moretown Frewen, the Duke of Marlborough, Winston Churchill, and the best man, Mr. H. C. Elwes, a brother officer of Mr. West in the Scots Guards. As soon as they entered the vestry, Winston Churchill gave his mother a tremendous hug, and then spoke to Mr. West. Afterward, as they came down the aisle, Lady Randolph looked radiant, as did the young bridegroom, who was smiling and nodding to friends. After the wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Moretown Frewen, the bride and bridegroom started for Broughton Castle, which Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox has loaned to them for the honeymoon.

Lady Randolph Churchill has been more prominent in the public eye than any American woman who has married an Englishman, and although nearing fifty, is still a remarkably handsome woman. She is the daughter of the late Leonard Jerome, who, thirty years ago, was one of the figures of Wall Street and New York society. He had six daughters, only three of whom grew up to womanhood. These three were married to Englishmen, the eldest to Randolph Churchill, the second to Moretown Frewen, who has large interests in the West, and is a staunch silver man, and the youngest to "Jack" Leslie of the Guards, who in due course of time will inherit a baronetcy.

Jennie Jerome was generally considered the handsomest and most brilliant of the three sisters, who, when their father lived in Madison Square, in the house now occupied by the Manhattan Club, were

among the most popular women in New York society. They belonged to a set which included "Baby" Beckwith, now the Hon. Mrs. Leigh; Consuelo Yznaga, now Duchess of Manchester; and the Livingston twins (Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck).

Lord Randolph and Miss Jennie were married in January, 1874, in the British embassy in Paris. It was not long before Churchill made his mark in the House of Commons and became the *bête noire* of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Salisbury did not love him, but he was compelled to accept him, and Churchill became secretary for India in 1880. Lady Randolph now changed her tactics, and, to help along her husband's political career, made herself popular with all classes. In 1885 Churchill became chancellor of the exchequer, and England hailed him as the future prime minister. In a fatal moment he announced his resignation, not to his chief first but to the public, through the *London Times*, thinking he could not be spared. But Lord Salisbury took it calmly and Lord Randolph's *coup* failed. His political career was at an end.

Chagrin helped to break down Churchill's health, and until his death, in 1895, he was more or less of an invalid. Lady Randolph for some time was in retirement, but last year she appeared before the public as the editor of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. Rumor then had it that she was engaged to William Waldorf Astor, and then she startled society by announcing, last summer at Cowes, her engagement to George Cornwallis-West, a lieutenant in the Guards, who is about the same age as her elder son. His family was strongly opposed to the marriage, it was announced that the engagement was broken off, and the youthful lover joined his regiment in Africa.

At this time Lady Randolph became much interested in the hospital-ship *Maine*, which the American women in London equipped for service in the war, and she sailed in charge of it on its first trip to Cape Town. Cornwallis-West, who had been invalided home, crossed her on the way. More rumors of reengagement and breakings off followed, but in the end Lady Randolph and young West got their way.

Mrs. Cornwallis-West, the mother of the bridegroom, is a daughter of Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick, and is Irish on both her father's and mother's side. Her elder daughter married Prince Henry of Pless and is a noted beauty. The second is engaged to the young Duke of Westminster. The Cornwallis-Wests are comfortably off, but not what in these days is considered rich.

"HAWAIIAN BLUE" continues to remain the most popular paper for fashionable correspondence. Messrs. Cooper & Co., Art Stationers, are the agents.

Moët & Chandon

By strictly adhering to the conservative traditions of the old, honored custom of the ancient house of Moët & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn out immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs, by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world.—*Wine Review*.

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CARNIVAL OF AMATEUR SPORTS
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PACIFIC COAST POLO and PONY RACING ASSOCIATION
AUGUST 13th TO 20th

MUSIC—BENNETT'S CONCERT BAND, under the directorship of George W. Bennett, will render an elaborate programme of music every evening during tournament. Vocal music will be rendered by the Knickerbocker Male Quartet.

GOLF.

August 13th—Ladies' Handicap for Henry T. Scott Cup.
August 14th—Ladies' Final Competition for Scott Cup.
August 15th—Men's Contest for Del Monte Cup.
August 16th, 17th—Men's Final Competition for Del Monte Cup.

Entries for the Henry T. Scott Cup will close August 12th, and for the Del Monte Cup, August 13th, at Hotel Del Monte.

August 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th—Polo Tournament.

In Charge of Pony Racing—

T. A. DRISCOLL, Parrott Building, San Francisco.

PONY RACING.

August 17th—3-16 mile for Polo Ponies. 1 mile for horses owned and ridden by residents of Monterey and Santa Cruz Counties. 5 furlongs for Ponies. ½ mile for Polo Ponies. 1 mile open maiden race. San Mateo Hunt Steeplechase, 3 miles.

August 18th—4-16 mile for Polo Ponies. ½ mile for Ponies. 1 mile open handicap. Del Monte Cup 1 mile for Ponies. 1½ mile Hurdle Race for Ponies. 3 mile Steeplechase, open handicap.

August 18th—Base-ball, Burlingame vs. Alumni of Universities.

In Charge of Polo, Golf, Baseball—

R. M. TOBIN, University Club, San Francisco.

Palace Hotel

To these hotels belong the distinction of having entertained the notable travelers who have journeyed from every portion of the world to San Francisco.

It is universally acknowledged that they possess the attributes that appeal to particular people—unobtrusive luxury and comfort, unsurpassed cuisine and service, and superior appointments and location.

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California Books

A Handsome Series of New and Useful Publications.

The Southern Pacific Company has published for free distribution the following books and folders which may be obtained from any Southern Pacific Agent, or T. H. Goodman, General Passenger Agent at San Francisco. If you apply by mail inclose a stamp for each publication.

Resorts and Attractions Along the Coast Line is a handsomely illustrated folder giving a description of the health and pleasure resorts on the coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Shasta Resorts, embellished with beautiful half-tone engravings, describes the scenic and outing attractions of the vast and wonderful Shasta region, the grandest of pleasure grounds.

California South of Tehachapi tells all about the charms of that remarkably favored semi-tropic garden spot, Southern California.

A Handsome Map of California, complete in detail, reliable, skillfully indexed, and full of information about the State's resources. It is the only publication of its kind conveniently folded for pocket use.

Summer Outings is a 32-page folder devoted to the camping retreats in the Shasta Region and Santa Cruz Mountains. It appeals more directly to that large and growing class of recreation seekers who prefer this popular form of outing.

Pacific Grove is the Chautauqua of the West, and this folder not only describes the pretty place itself, but gives a program of the religious and educational meetings, conventions, schools, etc., to be held there this summer.

Other publications are **Lake Tahoe, Geysers and Lake County**, **Yosemite, Hotel del Monte, Castle Crags**, each brimful of information about the places named, and printed in the highest style of the art. Go and see the nearest Southern Pacific agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)		
Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)		
LEAVE	From July 15, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmhurst, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*11.45 A
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marys- ville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chico, (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carters.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*6.45 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.45 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacra- mento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*4.45 P
*12.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	15.00 A
*12.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Bar- bara, and Los Angeles.....	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	Fresno Passenger—Martinez, Lath- rop, Stockton, Merced, Berenda (Raymond for Yosemite), Fresno.....	*12.15 P
5.30 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Dem- ing, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*8.45 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oregonian Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*11.45 A
*6.00 P	Oregonian Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	10.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacra- mento, Marysville, Redding, Port- land, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A
COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge), (Foot of Market Street.)		
17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Fel- ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	18.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	18.50 A
CREEK ROUTE FERRY.		
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—		
*7.15 A	9.00 11.00 A. M., 1.00 2.00 3.00 5.00 P. M.	
*4.00 P	1.00 3.00 5.00 P. M.	
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—		
10.00 A. M., 12.00 P. M., 2.00 4.00 6.00 8.00 10.00 12.00 2.00 4.00 6.00 8.00 10.00 P. M.		
COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge), (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	16.30 P
17.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
17.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José, San- ta Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Prin- cipal Way Stations.....	18.35 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, San Rafael, San Jo- se, Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	10.36 A
13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	10.00 A
15.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	18.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	18.00 A
11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
a For Morning. b For Afternoon. c Daily. d Sunday excepted. e Saturday only. f Saturday and Sunday. g Sunday and Monday.		
The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences, and issue of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other in- formation.		

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Explained: "The British nation seems to be taking the Pekin horror in rather stoical fashion." "Yes; they are afraid of stirring up Alfred Austin."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Fair painter—"I hope you don't mind my sketching in your field?" Farmer—"Lord, no missie! You keep the birds off the peas better'n a ordinary scarecrow."—*Tit-Bits*.

Impressed: He—"I have just returned from a little railroad trip, and the scenery did me good." She—"Nature was grand, was she?" He—"Yes; and I have never seen the advertisements in more gorgeous colors."—*Bazar*.

A question of conscience: "A man's conscience is a queer thing." "What makes you think so?" "Well, I was thinking of Smith. He votes for the man he thinks right to quiet his conscience, and then lies about it to keep his job."—*Life*.

Probably so: Mrs. Lonehurst—"The Ruralhursts are highly elated because their baby weighs ten pounds and ours only eight." Lonehurst—"Wait till they have to walk the floor all night with it, and they will want to swap with us."—*Bazar*.

McJigger—"What's the book you're reading?" Thingumbob—"It's the story of the only man the author ever loved." McJigger—"Ah! it's by a woman, eh?" Thingumbob—"No; by a man. It's his autobiography."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Aren't you ashamed to be an object of charity?" exclaimed the pedestrian. "I ain't no object of charity," replied Meandering Mike, indignantly; "I'm a great moral an' civilizin' influence. I am a promoter of philanthropy."—*Washington Star*.

A rude shock: He—"I know your family does not like me, but—will you be my wife?" She—"Well, I should say not!" He—"Whew! That's rather a—" She—"I repeat I should say not, but as a girl in love doesn't generally do as she should, I'll say 'Yes!'"—*Ex*.

Coffers and coughers: "Our coffers," exclaimed the treasurer of the campaign, "are exhausted!" The boss was seemingly undismayed. "How about our coughers?" he asked, wittily, turning to the chief fat fryer. Of course, while yet the coughers coughed, all were well.—*Detroit Journal*.

Rival thrills: The seaman—"Have you ever been on a battle-ship when she clears for action?" The landsman—"No." The seaman—"Well, it is the most thrilling and impressive moment you can conceive." The landsman—"Oh, I don't know. Have you ever seen a golf club champion get ready to drive?"—*Life*.

Now, at last, the Briton found time to voice a scientific truth or two. "In the clear atmosphere of South Africa," he observed, "things are further away than they look to be!" "My finish, for instance!" snickered the Boer, who had fled to the rocks. This levity, of course, was exceedingly ill-timed.—*Detroit Journal*.

There was a vacant seat in the car. Little Willie allowed the strange lady to take it, although he looked tired. "Thank you, my little gentleman," said she; "why did you not take the seat yourself? You look quite weary." "So'd you be weary, lady, if yer father found out yer went fishin', like mine did."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Mr. Flyhigh—"Of course you're well acquainted with the country round about here. Do you know Glen Acron?" Native—"Aye, weel." Mr. Flyhigh (who has just bought the estate)—"What sort of a place is it, in your opinion?" Native—"Well, if ye saw the de'il tethered on't, ye'd just say, 'Puir brute.'"—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

"Say," said the man with the hobo appearance, "could you put something in the paper for me?" "What is it?" asked the editor of the country journal. "Well, let's see; you might make it a cheese sandwich, half a cold chicken, an' a quart of beer. If you don't feel like the trouble of wrappin' all them things in the paper, jist' gimme the price an' I'll tend to it meself."—*Indianapolis Press*.

A smart young lady recently entered a railway carriage occupied by three or four members of the opposite sex. One of them, in the familiar style we know so well, produced a cigar and his match-box, and said: "I trust, madam, that smoking is not disagreeable to you?" "Really, sir" (with the sweetest of smiles), "I can't tell, for as yet no gentleman has smoked in my presence."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

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A cable dispatch from Belgrade, dated August 5th, announces that "King Alexander to-day wedded Mme. Draga Maschin, the ceremony being performed with great pomp."

The streets of Belgrade were decorated with flags and flowers, and carpets were hung from the windows of the houses—a style of street decoration peculiar to Orientals. In an open carriage together the king and Mme. Draga Maschin drove to the Cathedral, where the marriage service was performed at the door by the Metropolitan, in accordance with the ritual of the Greek Church. And then the king and his bride, after receiving the congratulations of the diplomatic corps, reentered the royal carriage and drove to the palace for the wedding breakfast.

Thus closes another scene in the great farce-comedy that is being enacted in the little kingdom of Servia, to the amusement of the whole world. A number of years ago it began with the struggles of the two rival pretenders for supremacy—the Obrenovich family and the family of Karadjordje, or Black George. After the Turco-Russian War, Russia sided with the former, and made Servia a kingdom with Milan for her king. This was not by reason of Milan's superior ability or any personal qualities which would be likely to make him a wiser or a better ruler than the rival claimant. It was entirely owing to his clever wife Nathalie, who is the daughter of a Russian general, that he was made ruler of the newly formed kingdom of Servia.

In reality Milan is as contemptible a rascal as is to be found on the face of the earth.

Notwithstanding the fact that he owed his kingdom to her, he treated Nathalie shamefully. He intrigued with all the women who came within his reach. And he heaped indignities and insults upon his wife until she could no longer endure it, and finally in deep disgust she left the kingdom. With her infant son, Alexander, she lived for a number of years in exile.

In a short time the Servian people, too, became disgusted with Milan, and there were serious symptoms of a revolution breaking out, when Nathalie came to the rescue. Fearing lest a revolution might imperil the chances of Alexander—then still an infant—she hastened back to Servia and diplomatically proposed that Milan should be persuaded to abdicate in favor of his son. To this Milan consented for a money consideration. Since he cared more for drinking and gambling and carousing than he did for his kingdom, why should not he sell it? So he abdicated in favor of Alexander, took his money, and went away.

A regency was established, Nathalie was made queen regent until such time as Alexander should be twenty-one years of age, when he was to be crowned king. And so revolution was averted and peace was maintained, and Nathalie ruled the kingdom wisely and well. She spent her time in looking after the interests of her people, in building up the kingdom for her son, and in seeing that his education and training should be the best possible to fit him for ruling. Periodically her worthless husband, ex-King Milan, would "go broke" in Paris with gambling and riotous living, and would threaten to come back to Servia if they did not send him so many thousand francs. But every time this happened Queen Nathalie was equal to the emergency. With great tact and the practice of rigid economy in her household she would succeed in raising the required sum and so keep him away. This state of affairs continued for a number of years, until Alexander reached the age of eighteen. Then he determined to get up a revolution against his mother. He proclaimed her regency at an end, and had himself crowned king. It was what is called a "palace revolution"—one in which the people take no part.

Alexander, ungrateful little cur that he was, secretly secured the support of the army, and then calling together the ministers, the heads of departments, and the officers of the army, he declared himself king. This was equivalent to telling his royal mother, the queen regent, that she might go. Which she did. She withdrew from the kingdom at once, and is now again living in exile.

Completely overlooking the fact that it was to Nathalie that he was indebted for his kingdom, as was his father before him, Alexander now called ex-King Milan back to Servia, and made him commander-in-chief of the army, restoring him fully to the royal favor as against his mother. This happened not many months ago.

The next act in the play is highly comic. Milan had to go to Carlshad. His liver was out of order from high living and heavy drinking, so he went to Carlshad to take the cure. He had no sooner gone than Alexander began making love to one of the ladies-in-waiting at the court, Mme. Draga Maschin, a woman almost as old as his mother. He telegraphed to his father that he was going to marry his mature lady-love. Ex-King Milan wired his disapproval. But

Alexander replied that he would do as he pleased and marry her any way.

And so he did.

King Milan has proffered his resignation as commander-in-chief of the army, and it has been accepted.

This is the history in brief of the present royal family of Servia. It is also, generally speaking, the history of many families who have no royal blood. It shows how a noble and unselfish woman may cherish her offspring with all the tenderness and care and lavish pains that it is possible for a mother to bestow upon a child, but if the seed is from a degenerate stock her labor of love and her ambition for her child will have been in vain.

Like father like son. In the case of the King and ex-King of Servia they are a bad lot, both of them. And Nathalie, who is both good and wise, is in exile. So much the worse for the people of Servia.

To say that the future of Italy is dark would, perhaps, be too strong a statement; but that it is invested with an uncertainty, and that its outlook is dubious, will hardly be denied.

The new king, coming to a throne made vacant by murder, speaks manfully as he assumes the high office. Perhaps he has the character to lead Italy to a unification more than theoretical, to still the voice of discord, and to overawe the malcontent; but the task he essays is difficult, the path he must tread is beset with thorns.

Something is wrong with Italy. The four assassins who within a few years have killed European rulers, selecting their victims not because of wrongs the victims have done, have sprung from Italy. There the anarchists had imbibed the crazy notion that in the butchery of king or president there was virtue; thence they have gone on their missions, leaving many behind who sympathized with their inspired them to act, applauded their foul deeds. A parent climax was reached when anarchy cruelly took the life of the King of Italy himself, giving no excuse, seeing no pretext. He was a king, generous, liberal, humane, and beloved, but still a king. This was enough for anarchy.

Perhaps the troubled history of Italy has had to do with molding the sentiment that finds expression in violence, but the fact that that fair land is the home of ignorance can not be overlooked. Illiteracy can not make for good citizenship. The man who can not read nor write can not be expected to have an adequate conception of economic good and evil. If he suffers, he is conscious of it, but when he seeks a remedy he turns to the pistol or the knife, and if he die as a felon, dies rejoicing, unrepentant, and unashamed.

In Italy the percentage of illiteracy is 54.30. This embraces the native element, the total of ignorance not being swelled by contributions from the scum of other nations. In the United States, by figures collated the same year, the percentage of illiteracy was 22.15, which included not alone the negro hordes of the South, but immigrants from every part of Europe, a share from Italy. Each table includes children, but that many adults figure in the Italian total is shown by the fact that 42.36 per cent. of the persons married there are unable to sign the marriage register. In this respect, of all the world, only Hungary and Portugal are worse than Italy. Can a future builded on such conditions promise well for peace and prosperity?

Among the possibilities, the eventuation depending upon circumstances perhaps beyond the control of the young king, or not to be restrained by the constitutional limits hedging him about, are a Lombard democracy, a papal kingdom, or a Neapolitan dictatorship. Emmanuel the Third, should he prove a strong man, may prevent serious or sudden change; may perhaps keep his throne secure and his authority unquestioned; but to accomplish this he must be just and firm. Unification of Italy, the dream of early patriots, never emerged wholly from the visionary stage. True, this kingdom is regarded as unified, and its transition from old conditions was remarkable, yet between the Piedmontese and the Neapolitan there is a great gulf never yet perfectly bridged; and the Tuscan is unlike either of them.

system has never created a loyal and pervasive patriotism. Progress is marked by petty bickerings in council, by conflict of church and state. There has been evident corruption in public affairs, oppressive taxation being one of the signs. The poor have had to pay unjust rates; the rich have, in large measure, escaped. The humble toiler must yield tribute for every bundle of carrots he can raise on his poor farm. To see him sold out for inability to meet the demand for a tax not amounting to more than twenty dollars is no uncommon spectacle. The division of taxation is not equitable, North Italy, which holds 48 per cent. of the property, paying only 40 per cent. against the 32 per cent. of Southern Italy, paid on a valuation of 27 per cent. of the whole.

In the present emergency, all depends on the king. Devotion to the royal head has been the bond uniting the diverse interests of the country. Local differences there have been, and these may continue, but with the throne as the acknowledged throne of every faction, hostilities have been averted, and discontent over the failure of attempts at colonization has led to nothing more serious than grumbling. The differences with the Vatican have not incited to disorder. But now the spirit of anarchy is taking form, and the new king must crush it lest it crush him and the work of years be undone.

This season of political activity naturally draws attention to the popular agencies through which the affairs of political parties engaged in a national campaign are brought to the close attention of voters. One of the most natural, and probably most effective, of those agencies is the custom of organizing political clubs, which has been growing more and more in vogue since the great national parties first began to crystallize into complete organizations. There is no phase of civilized life in which a movement of any magnitude, be its object religious, commercial, educational, or political, in which the benefit of careful organization is not recognized. Experience shows that the more detailed and comprehensive the organization, the greater is the probability of success in the objects aimed at, and this truism applies not less to politics than to other phases of human endeavor. The value of a political club varies with its character, scope, and purposes, location, earnestness, and enthusiasm of its members, these latter elements depending on the issues and conditions prevalent in public thought at any given time.

The earlier political clubs were apt to be of only local significance, although such clubs may have sprung up in almost every town and village covering a large area. Their inception was due to the deep interest of the people in issues of transcendent importance, which stirred communities into political activity and made organization necessary as the medium through which public sentiment might be most effectively expressed. Such were Log Cabin clubs of 1840, which emphasized the popular enthusiasm for the Whig candidate, and which exercised an undoubted influence in the election of William Henry Harrison. Similarly the Wide-Awake clubs of 1860 were instrumental in bringing to the surface the overwhelming love for the union in the North which landed Lincoln in the Presidential chair.

In later times national elections have become less exciting to the individual voter. This is due to several causes—to habit, to the absorption of business, to the relegation of politics to politicians, and to indifference which the individual feels when he contemplates his single vote as an atom among about fifteen million ballots. At the present time the value of organization is greater than ever before. The local organization, whether it is permanent and affiliates with the National League of political clubs of its own party, or whether it is of temporary character and is organized for the purposes of an especial campaign, has a definite and valuable work to perform. It is through it solely that the ordinary citizen who does not make politics his business, but who properly desires to assist his party, and use his franchise effectively, can best make his personal influence felt. Every campaign which involves the selection of a President has more or less of an educational character. Before a ballot is taken it is well for the general public—the mass of laborers, clerks, farmers, and business men—to become instructed as to the prevailing issues, and form an opinion as to their bearing on the welfare of the country.

In some of our campaigns the whole voting public has been required to devote its attention to a study of the tariff. Four years ago the same public made an exhaustive research into the intricacies of national finance. This year it will brush up its monetary knowledge, and in addition will study the policies which spring from our enlarged international relations, and which, when decided upon, will materially affect the future history of the republic. They will want to know whether the expansion which has already taken place is wise, unavoidable, and consistent with our national destiny. They will inquire whether the republic is in danger from it, and whether the constitution which stretched over the mountains

and plains of our great West without a rent can stand the strain of absorbing distant islands of the sea. To bring before the people the requisites for this important study in the form of pamphlets, discussion, and public addresses, is peculiarly the work of political clubs.

Political activity and minute research by the individual never harms any honest and patriotic party. The interest aroused by excitement and enthusiasm promotes the individual investigation on which the public bases its final opinion, which opinion, once formed in that way, is seldom wrong. The adjuncts to interest are the public meetings, the parades, the debates, and the addresses of prominent public men. All these are best secured through the medium of the club. To accomplish these ends is the club's business. It takes the place of an individual, as a corporation carries on by organization affairs which are beyond the limits of individual enterprise and gives to all the benefits which come from the combined efforts of the many.

If every voter was horn into a political party and stayed with it through life, as the artisans of ancient Rome were bound like slaves to their industrial guilds, conditions would be different. In our elections there are vast numbers of voters whose ballots shift from party to party as issues arise and fall, and whose party affiliation in one campaign is no warrant that they will be found in the same company in the next. These we call the "independent voters." For them the political schools offered by the scope of club-work are open, valuable, and even essential. Their numbers are large enough to decide an election, and that party which secures their adhesion in the greatest degree will have the largest prospect of success.

If there is any class the members of which should be particularly interested in upholding the law, it embraces those constituting what the proponent of social change terms "the idle rich." To this class belongs W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., but that he does not realize the responsibility thrust upon him was made plain when he was arrested recently, and fined for violation of an ordinance against reckless speed on the highway. Without any reason, save that of circumstance which he had no part in framing, Vanderbilt is a prominent character. His conduct, a record of which, were he not Vanderbilt, would not be worth the making, is hauled abroad by every agency for the spread of news. It is certain to serve either as an example or as a means of making apparent the gap between the toiler and those who need have no thought for the morrow.

To observe Vanderbilt holding in contempt the law that the ordinary citizen must obey, can not fail to have bad effect. In the instance under consideration, the disobedience was wanton and deliberate, occurring after one offense had been condoned, and a warning given." Despite this warning Vanderbilt transgressed a second time, with full knowledge of the provisions of the statute and of the legal consequence. What was a fine to him? He was willing to pay it, and in displaying his willingness drove his automobile at a terrific speed, at times said to have been sixty-five miles an hour. That such speed involved serious physical risk to anybody traveling on the same road, can not be denied. The ambition to break a record between Newport and Boston is no excuse.

For Vanderbilt, or his kind, to ignore the law, is not only wrong but foolish. It is the law which protects them in the possession of millions; their selfish interests should suggest that at every point it be respected.

In the July number of the *Annals of the American Academy* is presented something the author is pleased to term a "Study in Social Psychology," but which, in fact, is not what it purports to be. To regard as a psychological study the assault upon any problem the solution of which is beyond the assailant is a common error. The author of the article in question has achieved results, but is not clear as to what should be done with them. Nevertheless, his tabulations are not without interest, and if any lesson is to be drawn from them, the reader is at liberty to do his own drawing. He must do so with a sort of pity for the mind that would undertake by laborious compilation of figures to arrive at conclusions that present themselves at once, complete and convincing, to the ordinary mind.

This conscientious student as a preliminary to his investigations procured sample sheets of two hundred and forty dailies and classified their contents under the heads of "news," "illustrations," "literature," "opinion," and "advertisement," with divisions of each department. Then he set forth the percentage of space devoted to the several main divisions. In doing this he went to the trouble of considering the papers in relation to the country as a whole, and to the news centres. He made separate judgments as to papers of large and small circulation, and considered such as he pronounced conservative as opposed to those which struck him as being

"yellow." In the grand total he found that space was apportioned as follows: News, 55.3 per cent.; advertisements, 32.1 per cent.; opinion, 7.1 per cent.; illustration, 3.1 per cent.; literature, 2.4 per cent.

This, on the face of it, is not a bad showing. Provided the news be authentic, it is entitled to a large share of space. If opinion be without bias, well expressed, and calculated to instruct, the fault to be found with the room allotted to it is rather that it is too small. If illustrations be faithful, artistic, and apropos to the situation, a trifle of 3.1 per cent. is little enough. So far as literature is concerned, considering the variety that usually appears in the daily press, the less of it the better.

The exponent of psychology found that of one hundred and forty-seven papers examined for the quality of yellowness, forty-seven were guilty, forty-five entitled to a clean bill of moral health, and fifty-five poised so delicately on the border line that he could not determine on which side they belonged. He found, also, that two of the yellowest had immense circulation and a considerable influence. Philadelphia came to the front as a leader in society news. Milwaukee was highest in literature and lowest in vice and crime. Wicked Chicago, however, was a close second in both these respects, but a new paper, just established there, may change the next figures. St. Louis and Cincinnati he pronounces at the fore in yellow journalism, having passed the point at which there is necessity, as one editor has expressed it, of knowing where hell would break loose next, and now deeming it essential to have a man there to cause the outbreak.

He proposes the remedy that some of the better papers be endowed and others run by the government, a cure so absurdly impractical and absurd as not to be worthy of notice.

In the *Merchants' Association Review* for this month is an article on the subject of assessing the franchises of corporations doing business in this city and county. The writer defends the action of Assessor Dodge in assessing these franchises, over which action there has been considerable controversy, and quotes in support of his contention the opinion of the United States Supreme Court as follows: "It is obvious that while a fair assessment of a corporation may include all the tangible property, it may not include all its wealth. There may be other property of another class not visible or tangible, which ought to respond to taxation and which the State has a right to subject to taxation, and which ought to pay its share of the taxes." The decision of the supreme court of this State is also quoted to the effect that the value of a franchise is to be determined by deducting the cost value of all real and personal property of a corporation from the market value of its stock. Upon this basis it is argued that the assessor is right in assessing these franchises under the provision of the State constitution declaring that franchises are subject to assessment.

The contention is both right and wrong. Under the law the franchise of a corporation must be assessed at its true value, as all other property must be assessed. Existence as a corporation is a privilege granted by the laws of the State, and such privilege carries with it certain advantages. Those advantages are property, and are therefore subject to taxation. It is true that all property is assessed for purposes of taxation below the actual market value, the amount that might be obtained under forced sale being taken as the true valuation for this purpose, and a franchise, for assessment purposes, should be subject to the same rule. But, under this rule, what is the value of a franchise? It is apparent that there are two classes of franchises, and each should be judged by itself. Certain corporations are organized to perform public functions. Companies formed to furnish gas, electric light, or water perform a function that should properly be attended to by the city, but for convenience or economy is turned over to a private company. Street-railway companies likewise perform a public function, besides securing the use of the public streets to an extent interfering with their use by their proper owners, the people. Such franchises create, to a greater or less degree, a monopoly. They include not only the right to exist as a corporation, but also the right to exercise public functions, and to exercise them to the practical exclusion of others. For this reason they have a distinct monetary value, and should be subjected to taxation.

The second class of corporations, however, maintains entirely different relations to the public. These corporations are, in reality, only partnerships that have taken advantage of the incorporation laws to benefit by certain privileges, such as the right of succession without going through liquidation or change of ownership without the necessity of organizing a new company. They carry on a private business in which any person may engage either by forming a partnership, or by paying nominal fees for incorporating. The franchise of such a company represents in value nothing

THE VALUE OF ORGANIZATION IN POLITICS.

A BAD EXAMPLE SET BY VANDERBILT.

A STUDY OF NEWSPAPERS.

more than the cost of the fees for incorporation. There may be a certain value attached to the good-will of such corporations, resulting from the personal character of the managers or the business connections that they have made, but this forms no part of the value of the franchise. The good-will of a company may constitute property, and as such be subject to taxation, but, if it is, the legal knowledge of a lawyer or the technical knowledge of an artist should be equally a subject for the attention of the assessor. The question is still in dispute, and will probably receive legal adjudication before long, but until a decision is rendered to the contrary it would seem that the assessor has placed an excessive valuation upon this class of franchises.

The days of insurrection are so fresh in the Cuban mind that the leaders of those perilous times are likely to remain leaders in the era of peaceful government. That such an era is at hand the good faith of the United States stands pledged, and all things seem to be working harmoniously to bring it about. The startling turn of events in China has for the moment diverted public interest, but preparations are going on for placing the island under control of the islanders. In all probability they will follow the lead of Gomez, believing in him as a patriot as they had believed in him as a warrior. An election of delegates to the constitutional convention has been set for the third Saturday in September, and the convention will occur the first Monday in November.

The basis of franchise for the convention will be the same prevailing at the municipal elections which passed off in June. The qualified elector must be able to read and write or own property to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars. An exception is made as to those who served in the revolution against Spain. They have the privilege of voting, even though both illiterate and wholly without property. The convention body, as already evident, will not be made up altogether of lawyers. Many Cuban doctors have a taste for politics, and not a few of them are graduated lawyers, having secured the double title in the schools of Paris and Madrid. Civil engineers are also plentiful and ready to engage in public concerns. Besides these are professional revolutionists—men who have spent so many years in plotting against the mother country, or in war, that they are not identified with any other calling.

Party divisions are only two in number, classified as national and republican. Some smaller divisions, indeed, may exist, but they have no bearing on results. The former is by far the stronger, and doubtless will so continue during the life of Maximo Gomez. He is its central figure, its director, and the party is made up of his personal following. The model of government is likely to be dictated by Gomez, who favors the plan in vogue in the United States. Rafael Montoro, considered the most intellectual of Cubans who have appeared in public life, would rather adopt the British scheme of parliament, and a changeable ministry, than have every few years the turmoil of a presidential contest, but he is not on the popular side, and his judgment will be overruled.

It may be because the Cubans expect, in a sense, to remain under the protection of the United States, that they choose to look doubtfully upon the Montoro view. They have been patient under an association now many months in force, and realize that the administration proposes to keep every promise. They are free to do as they please, and yet must conceive the existence of an implied obligation. There has been impressed upon them that in the formal assumption of independence they must neither pay the old Spanish debt nor take up any mythical Cuban bonds. With this understanding, the conduct of their foreign relations will not be embarrassed.

They know that until they have demonstrated the capacity to care for themselves, the troops and officials of this country will be kept among them. They do not repine at this, but still are eager for the change, and confident that they can, unaided, sail their little ship of state, and that it will not find the waters turbulent.

The death of Collis P. Huntington removes one of the greatest creators and manipulators of wealth that this country has ever known. It is probable that he would have considered this the highest of praise, since such success was the one object of his life, yet there is a reverse side that has always been most prominent in the public view. He was a self-made man, beginning life as a poor boy who had not the advantages that education gives. Like most men in that position, lacking the mental discipline that comes from systematic training, he felt a contempt for "book learning," and did not hesitate to express himself to that effect. He himself had native ability sufficient to overcome the disadvantage,

but had not the sympathy necessary to enable him to appreciate how it might help another.

There is probably no man who has been more widely abused during the last quarter of a century than Mr. Huntington has been. There are few men who have done more to advance the prosperity of California than he has done, and few men who have received less credit than he has received. The building of the transcontinental railroad brought this State into touch with the Eastern States; it has made California a part of the commercial world; it has added millions of wealth to the State. It is true that Mr. Huntington did not originate the idea, but he had the mental power to appreciate it, and the force to carry it through. At the time when the Central Pacific Railroad was conceived, the world looked upon the idea as visionary, the project as impossible of accomplishment. It was due to the genius of Collis P. Huntington rather than to that of any of his three associates that the world was proved to be wrong, and the possibility of engineering feats greater than had ever been attempted before was established.

This is only one side of the picture, however. It is nothing to his discredit that he was actuated by a desire to accumulate wealth. The progress of the world is largely dependent upon that ambition. It is to his discredit, however, that he was unhesitating in the adoption of any means to achieve this purpose. The history of the Central Pacific Railroad, in the details that were beneath the surface, is a blot upon the history of the great financial operations of this country. It has added millions of dollars' worth of wealth to the State of California, its policy has deprived this State of millions of dollars that might otherwise have come to it. The people of this country, through their government, furnished the money to build the road, and they have not been repaid. It is no defense to say that when the money was furnished the government had no expectation of being repaid. At the same time, the people received the benefit of probably the only organizing ability to be had that could have carried the project to a successful conclusion at that time.

The council of the Associated Alumni of the University of California has taken up the problem of improving the financial condition of the university. President Wheeler states the present condition of the finances as follows: "The estimated deficit of the university for the year 1899 and 1900 as forecasted in the report of the finance committee of October 9, 1899, was \$31,000. By careful, if not penurious management, and chiefly by preventing infringement upon the contingency fund, this threatened deficit has been reduced to a real one of about \$10,000.

"The income for the next year may be estimated conservatively at \$410,000. This does not include the \$27,000 income from the Wilmerding Fund, which is being used for the support of the Wilmerding School in the city of San Francisco.

"Of the \$410,000 estimated income, about \$225,000 will come from the two-cent tax, of which, under the provision of the law, one-quarter, or about \$56,000, will be set aside for permanent improvements. The remainder of the income will be derived from the Experiment Station Fund, \$15,000; the Morrill College Aid Fund, \$24,000; the Scholarship Fund, about \$5,000; and from investment, etc., about \$135,000. Of this income about \$56,000, as already stated, must be set aside for permanent improvements; \$27,000 to \$28,000 must be appropriated to the Lick Observatory, whose special fund brings in only about \$5,400; \$10,000 must be used for scholarships; the income, therefore, which will be available for the immediate educational uses of the university at Berkeley will be a little over \$300,000, a sum, however, less than that which the collegiate department of Harvard University collects for tuition alone. The total income of Harvard University for the year 1899-1900 was between four and five times as great as the income estimated above for our university."

The cause of the present unfavorable financial showing has been the extremely rapid growth of the university during the last few years. This year it is reported that eight hundred freshmen have entered. Within the last ten years the attendance of students has increased three hundred and fifty per cent. This increase has naturally far outstripped the increase of property values in the State, and, as the income of the university is largely based upon those values, the increase of income during the decade has been only seventy per cent.

It is apparent that this state of affairs can not continue. Either the activities of the university must be curtailed or the income must be increased. The associated alumni decided that the latter was the only plan that could be considered, and appointed a committee to formulate a plan for carrying it out. The report of the committee has just been printed. The university now receives two cents on the gen-

eral tax levy, and the committee feel that nothing further should be asked for in that line, as the burden of this tax falls most heavily upon the poorer classes. Indirect taxation was, therefore, resorted to, and the plan of the committee involves two propositions—an increase in the charge for granting articles of incorporation and the extension of the collateral inheritance law to cover direct inheritance of real estate.

For filing articles of incorporation at the present time, the State charges \$5, this fee going to the State Library. The committee does not propose to interfere with this arrangement, but to increase the fee, the excess going to the university. In some States the law makes the fee to be paid for filing proportional to the capital stock of the corporation. In Pennsylvania it is one-third of one per cent. In New Jersey, the home of the trust, it is one-fiftieth of one per cent., and even this low rate forms an important source of revenue. The committee does not propose any such radical increase as this, however, but suggests that a charge ranging from \$15 to \$50 be imposed. This would give an average increase of \$25, and as some two thousand corporations were organized in this State last year, this would give the university an annual income in the neighborhood of \$50,000.

The inheritance tax proposed is one-fourth of one per cent. on direct inheritance of real estate. The collateral inheritance tax now goes to the schools, and it is claimed that the direct tax should go to the university. The revenue from this source is estimated at \$39,707 at the present time, with a probability of an increase to \$52,942 within a few years. There is no tax that is more thoroughly justified than one upon inheritances. The power to inherit money is not a natural right but a privilege granted by the State. The person who receives property in this manner gains wealth in the production of which he had no part and in return for which he gives nothing. The university is sadly in need of funds, and the plan of the committee is a good one.

At a teachers' conference held recently in San Juan, Puerto Rico, Dr. Saldana, a member of the insular board of education, during the course of an address, remarked that the Catholic religion should again be introduced into the public schools of Puerto Rico. Dr. Campos Valladares, a Portuguese Presbyterian, superintendent of public instruction in Brazil, took up Dr. Saldana's remark, and said that with all due respect to Catholicism, the Roman Catholic Church had been negative in results in all the South American countries, asserting that the illiteracy prevailing there was due entirely to the church's influence. This remark caused great excitement. No sooner were the words uttered than Bishop Blenk jumped to his feet, and, striking the table with his closed fist, shouted in ringing tones: "It is a lie! I will not sit quietly and hear the church of which I am the representative in Puerto Rico traduced in such language." There was a painful silence, and then, by a common impulse, the adherents of the bishop shouted with one voice: "Long live Catholicism!" The consensus of opinion is that the incident was precipitated by Dr. Saldana's intersection of the question of religion into educational remarks, and he was censured by many persons present. There was also considerable criticism indulged in toward Bishop Blenk, it being asserted that his hasty manner was unbecoming the dignity of his high office.

The London papers are nothing if not outspoken nowadays. The usually restrained *Spectator* speaks of the typical British diplomat as a correct but "thin-minded man," and advocates overhauling the foreign service, which has become a close corporation managed by the incumbents for their own profit and advancement. Mr. Arnold White speaks with equal positiveness, saying: "There is not a single person in the British foreign office service, for which we pay £437,318 a year, who understands Chinese, or who has been in China. The Pekin embassy, with the exception of Mr. Cockburn, the Chinese secretary, is composed entirely of inexperienced men. The attitude of British diplomacy has been obstinately optimistic, while the infamous seizure of Wei-Hai-Wei, which was in itself as indefensible as the Jameson raid, has put it out of the power of Great Britain to act as the honest broker and capable trustee for either China or Christendom."

Charles Godfrey Leland in his new book gives a hint that brain workers generally may profit by. Taking the familiar fact that if one lies down to sleep determined to get up, say, at six o'clock, he will probably awake at that hour, Mr. Leland has carried the idea further, and made a practical application of it in will suggestion. In other words, Mr. Leland affirms, backed by his own experience, that if one on lying down to sleep at night will resolutely fix in his mind what he will do the next day, he will be greatly aided in the doing of it. The will is hypnotized, so to speak, and proceeds to act upon the suggestion. Mr. Leland even asserts a man can cure himself of the habit of profanity, of intemperance, and can, to a remarkable degree, even control fatigue, hunger, and thirst. If all that Mr. Leland claims for his new method be true, he has lighted upon a wonderful aid in directing the will and energies of man.

Boston has a floating hospital, which makes a daily trip down the harbor with a number of sick women and children. Some of the patients are taken by the day only, but the more seriously afflicted are permitted to remain on the vessel constantly until cured.

THE CITY OF LIGHT.

The Fourteenth of July in Paris—Illuminations and Decorations—
Political Outbreaks Anticipated—Waltzings on the Street
Corsoers—Review of Troops at Longchamp.

The Parisians call their city "La Ville Lumière."—The City of Light. They might well call it "The Light City." Or better still, "La Ville Légère"—The City of Levity, for aside from the illuminations in honor of the national fête there is "lightness" everywhere in Paris.

The tone of its venal press is light, irresponsible, reckless. For days sensational predictions of riot have been printed, and on the eve of the great fête day of France in glaring type appear such inciting head-lines as "A Nationalist Coup d'Etat Nipped in the Bud," "The Dreyfusards Downed," "Louhet Spat Upon," "The Army Takes Its Revenge."

The people themselves are light-hearted, frivolous, and gay. During these days of festival they waltz and polka on the street corners; they lunch in the parks and in the Bois; and young and old alike on every square go whirling time and time again around and around on the fantastic merry-go-rounds with their galloping pigs and cantering giraffes. From the students in Montmartre who will drag their unclothed models in lofty floats through the streets—from the peddlers on the corners of the boulevards who peddle obscene toys—to the statesmen in the Chamber who make a jest of bloodshed, who play with such edged tools as riot and sedition, and who juggle with the passions of men—all is levity in this "Light" City.

The coming of the fourteenth of July was anticipated with not a little apprehension by the government this year, and every precaution was taken to guard against disorder and riot. On the night of the thirteenth the gates around the fortifications were closed to prevent large numbers of people from the country coming into Paris. The surveillance of the police was strict. On the fourteenth, every cah or carriage that passed through the Bois on the way to Longchamp, with the exception of the carriages containing officials and statesmen, was thoroughly searched. The police force on duty throughout the city day and night numbered over thirty-five hundred men; for the volatile French are never to be counted on, and despite the nearly thirty years of uninterrupted republicanism the government well knows that there are smoldering fires of revolution still.

To the Place de la Concorde came the usual delegations of Nationalists to hang wreaths over the statue of their lost city—Strasbourg. Never before was the statue so heavily hung with tributes. It was completely covered with flowers and wreaths and garlands several layers thick. The members of the League of Patriots came in a hody very early in the morning to place their wreaths at the foot of the statue. And the Alsations who live in Paris came on their annual pilgrimage to the monument in as large numbers as thirty years ago, when the loss of their fair city was new and the wound still bleeding. But there was no mad extravagance in the demonstration about the statue. It was ardent but orderly.

The absence of Paul Déroulède was remarked. He has usually been a prominent figure in these fourteenth of July pilgrimages to the Strasbourg monument. But this year he was not here. He is out of town. He is taking a rest-cure at San Sebastian in Spain.

Everywhere good humor prevailed. Even the Nationalists, the Socialists, and the Anarchists seemed comparatively content with the existing state of affairs, and the day was marked by the absence of political demonstrations of anything approaching a revolutionary character. The few affrays that took place were individual rather than by concerted action, and the "screams of the injured," made so much of by the sensational press, were mostly hysterical. The usual *mêlée* occurred about the Cascade, where knuckledusters and loaded sticks were in evidence, but little real injury was inflicted. The people who were "carried to a neighboring chemist's" were mostly overcome by the heat and the crush and excitement, and not really hurt.

Of course the Socialists gave vent to their feelings in revolutionary songs. Strains of the "Marseillaise" and "La Carmagnole" broke out at times, and you would now and again see squads of men wearing red roses in their button-holes. The Nationalists shouted "Vive Déroulède!" "Vive l'Armée!" and the Anarchists muttered threats at times, but only once was there a scrimmage of any real seriousness. It was near the Pavillon d'Armenonville, on the edge of the Bois. Luckily the greater part of the police force very wisely had been concentrated there and at the Cascade, where riots have taken place before, so the hurrying hack and forth of iron chairs and fierce epithets in lieu of missiles was soon quelled and peace restored.

The numerous "houscades" that took place in different parts of the city—the worst were in the Avenue des Acacias, the Rue Royale, and Rue Boissy-d'Anglas—were really more like college "rushes" than political riots. The opposing factions would line up facing each other and hurl missiles hack and forth for a time. Then the "hagarre" would cease as suddenly as it began and good humor would reign again supreme.

On the street corners there is dancing. And on the Place de la Bastille there is dancing.

On the fourteenth of July, 1789, after the people stormed the Bastille and took the grim old prison and razed it to the ground, the next thing they did was to post a notice, "DANCING HERE." And now on every fourteenth of July, "ici l'on danse." It is a part of the programme of the celebration that is never omitted. The couples whirl and spin and the dust rises from the wooden pavement. But what matters it! The giddy waltzes, and the polkas, and mazurkas, and the gay quadrilles go on at a wild, mad pace. And the first rays of the morning sun see the revelers still dancing on the open street. "Passée la fête, la fête continue," is a saying of the French.

And when the dancing stops the hand plays on. They hire a cah, and drive up and down and hack and forth, serenading the peaceful dreamers in the hotels along the boulevards. The man who plays the horn is not exactly what you would call sober; the cah-driver is unmistakably tipsy; and the only sober member of the party is the unfortunate horse. Poor, jaded brute, what has he not had to endure? The day has been no *fête* for him.

When the sun was quite an hour high six handsmen in a cah pulled up in front of the Grand Hotel. And there they puffed and hlew and hlew and puffed, but they could not make a tune. Only weird strains issued from their horns. They tried their hardest, but one after another they fell asleep. The cah-driver fell asleep. How long they stayed there I do not know, for I, too, fell asleep waiting for their serenade.

This good-humored celebration, so devoid of any really serious riots, must indeed have been a happy surprise to the government. So many things have pointed toward a possible outbreak of popular discontent on this day. The municipality went to an enormous expense for decorations and illuminations and fire-works. The illuminations alone cost one hundred and fifty thousand francs more than usual, and the effect was certainly very fine. Many of the churches were decorated. Notre Dame—that venerable pile—was coquettishly decked out in red, white, and blue. Between the gargoyles on the roof were fastened clusters of flags, and a broad band of red was stretched across the whole front of the façade, showing in the spaces between the columns and the arches, just below the two square towers. It gave a very gay and festive appearance to the ancient church.

Also from the slender tower of the Sainte Chapelle the tricolor hanner waved. And I saw some clusters of our own fair flag in different parts of the city. I think the French must look upon us as almost their best friends now, and would go far to keep our friendship.

The decorations were all more graceful and beautiful than any I have ever seen before. The beautiful flag of France was everywhere used with great effectiveness. San Francisco could well take a lesson from Paris in the art of municipal decorations. The way our beautiful hanner is degraded—the hideous printed strips of red and white and blue cotton rags, like the weekly wash hung out to dry, that are used so much in our city, are never seen here, even in the cheapest quarters.

One of the most effective decorations I have ever seen in any city was at the time of Victor Hugo's funeral here in Paris. The Arc de Triomphe was hung with a long and graceful drapery of some soft, black fabric. It was attached to the top of the arch near one corner and dropped in loose folds till near the ground, and then was looped to the side with a rich, black cord. It was a very simple yet striking decoration. And far more effective, I may add, than the conventional black-and-white rosettes you see so often plastered over every place as a token of mourning.

But then the French seem to have an inborn artistic taste that not every nation possesses. And never has it been more apparent than in the decoration and illumination of the city for last Saturday's celebration. Everything was most carefully planned to make the day a grand success politically and artistically, as well as from the standpoint of a hostess entertaining her guests.

The abrupt closing of the Chamber of Deputies last week was an act of diplomacy on the part of the government. The session had become a very stormy one, and had not the government taken time by the forelock and brought it to a close, some such state of affairs would surely have come to pass as has often existed in France when ministry after ministry resigns and it seems impossible for any leading statesman to remain president of the Chamber for more than a few days at a time. The complications in China and foreign affairs generally would inevitably have brought about trouble in the ministry.

But the bitter and wrangling session was brought to a timely close. M. Paul Deschanel, the president of the Chamber, made a closing speech that was a marvel of tact and diplomacy. The session has been a particularly animated one, but this brilliant man has presided over the opposing factions with a skill born of true statesmanship.

Time and again his call to order—"Je vous rappelle à l'ordre"—has brought the jarring elements to silence and bridged over the impending breach. He has occupied a position of unnumbered difficulties throughout the session, but in every instance his tactfulness and ability have dominated, and by his happy speech at the last sitting he has achieved the feat of hringing the stormy session to a close pleasantly and without a clash.

"France is entertaining the world," he said; "let not the guests see wrangling and disorder in the house of their host."

He is a handsome man, with a voice and manner that inspire confidence and mark him as a natural leader of men. Not many years ago he was in San Francisco with his friend George de Puyster, of New York, the guests of Major Rathbone. He occupies a palace in Paris that ranks second only to the Elysée, and, in addition to his salary, he is allowed one hundred and fifty thousand francs this year for entertaining.

There are knowing ones in France who say that Deschanel is in the direct line for the presidency. As president of the Chamber of Deputies he certainly has won the admiration and confidence of his colleagues, and has shown himself to be a statesman of no little tact and ability. And who knows where the lightning may fall in France?

The event of the day was the customary review of troops at Longchamp. Despite the heat, it passed off magnificently. There were something over twenty thousand men on the field, though the number was really appreciably diminished by those who fainted by the wayside. It is no exaggeration to say that we could see men drop out of the ranks three or four or half a dozen at a time from sunstroke. What an unnecessary hardship for the troops to have

had to carry the whole of their heavy uniforms, overcoats, and all through all the scorching heat of that long day!

I hope red as a color for any part of a soldier's uniform will soon be discontinued by the French Republic as it has been done by England. It is hot even to look at. What must it be to wear! How much more sensible the khaki uniforms—both in color and fabric. And how much more humane. Why organize S. P. C. A.'s when such inhumanity to human beings exists in the very heart of the civilized world as forcing troops to review under Saturday's blazing sun, packing their overcoats!

But to return to the review. The president drove out to Longchamp in state, with an escort of cavalry. His carriage was drawn by four big, brown horses, with postillions. The new *piqueur* of the presidency and the successor of the famous Monjarrat, Georges Troude, led the procession mounted on a spirited black charger. In the landau with the president were General André, minister of war, and General Bailloud, chief of the military household. All around the magnificent race-course were stationed the Garde Municipale, in "full dress" uniform—white breeches, top-hats, brass helmets, and swallow-tailed tunics. They were very grand.

In the reserved tribunes was a full showing of the diplomatic corps and foreign ministers and ambassadors, all *en grande tenue*. Among them was General Horace Porter, "very simply uniformed"—"une honne figure d'officier Yankee," as says the Parisian press. The minister from Japan, accompanied by his young son and daughter; Munir Bey, the representative of the Sultan; Count Tornelli, minister from Italy—they were all there except the ambassadors from the Celestial Empire, who were conspicuous by their absence.

General Brugère, military governor of Paris, was in command of all the troops. They acquitted themselves splendidly, and the review passed off without a hitch. The infantry filed past the presidential tribune by battalions in order of battle at a quick step. The exhibition of the new French guns, carried for the first time on this occasion, elicited enthusiastic cheers. Their appearance is quite different from that of the old muskets. Then came the artillery, by batteries, at a trot, raising clouds of dust. And last the cavalry, by squadrons, dashed past at a gallop. It was a fine sight. It seemed, indeed, as if the discipline and spirit of the army were above criticism.

As the president returned from Longchamp through the Bois, still greater crowds were waiting all along the route to the very gates of the Elysée to cheer him as he passed. "Vive Louhet!" "Vive la République!" were heard incessantly. The one malcontent who cried "A bas Louhet!" or "A mort Louhet!"—there seems to be some difference of opinion as to what he really did say—was heated down and cuffed by those around him, and dragged away hieeding by the police before the words were scarcely out of his mouth. Such was the almost universal good-will of the people for the president and the government. Professional agitators had promised us all sorts of riots, but there were none worthy of the name. Louhet was not insulted. He was greeted enthusiastically wherever he passed.

At the old rustic mill the crowds were so dense waiting for the return of the presidential party that the police had difficulty in maintaining order. It seemed to be a favorite rendezvous, and there were no less than forty cases of sunstroke while the throng was waiting. It is from the windows of this picturesque, shady old "Moulin de Longchamp," it is whispered, that the Prince of Wales witnesses the Grand Prix, because his mamma—dear, good old queen!—will not let him go to the races on Sundays. He goes all the same, but not openly. That is, he used to go before the days of that obscene cartoon of President Krüger spanking his revered mamma.

But to strangers in Paris a far more interesting sight than the review was the magnificent and lavish illumination of the city. The Avenue de la Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysées, the Place de la Concorde, the Place de l'Arc de Triomphe, were converted into a veritable fairy-land. Long lines of gas-pipe had been run along the walks, about ten feet from the ground, and from them myriads of gas-jets covered with globes gave the effect of rows of large, white, luminous halls hanging in mid-air. Thousands of Chinese lanterns were suspended in the trees, and miles of electric wires carrying incandescent burners were stretched across the avenues and interwoven in the shrubbery.

The Place de la Concorde was a blaze of light. The dignified façade and dome of the Opéra were outlined against the blackness of the night with rows of minute lights sparkling along its skyline. The Arc de Triomphe was illuminated as it had never been before. The trees of the boulevards were festooned with bunches of incandescent burners in fantastic shapes resembling marguerites and other flowers.

As for the view up and down the Seine, it resembled nothing I have ever seen before so much as a great skyrocket the moment after it bursts. Long lines of lights in graceful curves and swerves, and luminous stars both large and small were projected against the dark night sky. On the river the *bateaux mouches*, with their myriads of swinging paper lanterns, danced back and forth between the stately bridges, broad, stationary hands of light. Adding to the witchery of the magic scene, great search-lights threw broad streams of light now this way, now that. In the background the majestic Eiffel Tower, blazing from base to summit, stood out against the blackness of infinite space, the grace and beauty of its lines accentuated by the invisibility of the clumsy supporting framework. Never before has Paris been so lavishly illuminated.

It seems a pity to record the panic that occurred at the very close of this successful day. It was on the Place de la Concorde, where curiously enough two similar catastrophes have occurred before under very similar circumstances. At one of the fêtes celebrating the marriage of Louis the Sixteenth and the unhappy Marie Antoinette there was a panic in which more than two hundred people were crushed and

trampled to death. The stampede on Saturday evening luckily had no such disastrous results, though several died from injuries received, and many of the gay sight-seers were badly hurt. When the people began to move after the grand exhibition of the Tuileries fire-works was over, the stampede began. In almost motionless admiration the vast throngs packed in the great square of the Place de la Concorde had watched the grand display of the "feu d'artifice." The long sheaves of light shooting up into the air and hursting, one after another, in rapid succession, the deafening din of the hursting homhs, the witchery of the vari-colored lights blazing out and dying down again, and the great revolving wheels spitting fire and whirling in hundreds of fantastical designs, held them spell-bound, as it were. But when the display was over they wanted to breathe, and they wanted to move, but they could not. And then there was a mad stampede to get away. There seemed to be an entire absence of the police force on the Place, and the result was pandemonium. Like so many other catastrophes that have taken place in Paris, it could have been all avoided by proper police regulations.

Barring the unfortunate calamity at the very close of an otherwise happy day, this has been a fourteenth of July to be long remembered by the French as one of the most successful *fetes* they have ever celebrated. And the magic spectacle of the beautiful City of Light illuminated and decorated more lavishly than she has ever been before, will linger long in the minds of the many strangers within her gates, whose good luck brought them to Paris in time to "assist" at the celebration of the great national *fete* of 1900.

PARIS, July 18, 1900.

NOMAD.

BLUE—FOR CONSTANCY.

The Story Told by the Locket.

Once in a way constancy, long enough persisted in, meets with its due reward. That the reward is apt to be like a pear which does not fall till it is over-ripe, and is, in falling, bruised to hitherness, is neither here nor there. The principle remains the same; and it is an entirely admirable one.

The case of Miss Barrett is one in point. Miss Barrett was the daughter of Captain Barrett, and she loved Patmore almost at sight—that is to say, from the first week that he came, fresh from the Point, into her father's troop. It was natural enough that it should have been so.

Patmore was a good-looking fellow, whose worst faults were that he used too much perfectly unintelligible academy French, and that he took himself over-seriously. The former, time would probably remedy; but the latter meant that at the close of his career he would be one of two things, according as the Fates—in the guise of his superiors, from his captain to the adjutant-general and the President of the United States—should deal with him. He would either become an efficient officer of considerable rank and renown, or a disgruntled martinet of the service-going-to-the-dogs-and-politicians type. Always provided, of course, that he lived long enough to become anything, which is not to be calculated upon with as much certainty now as it was before a country brought up to mind its own business turned Mrs. Pardiggle on its executive's hands.

The love at first sight was entirely upon Miss Barrett's side. Patmore himself was not thinking about anything of that kind. Not that he was a prig or a cynic; only that his interest in housekeeping was directed to running the troop mess, and his affections centred in a pointer puppy which he was training to hunt and to eat sardines. But he was at a three-company post, remote from everywhere, Miss Barrett was the only girl, and he was the only bachelor—except a surgeon who hated women and was getting on in years. So, after a time, he reached the conclusion that he ought to be getting married and settling down. He was not living riotously, for the facilities were few, but very young men may be relied upon to pass through that stage, as a puppy does through distemper. And Patmore was only five-and-twenty years old, and the crahedness of the surgeon was a fearful warning to him.

That was the first step. The next was to persuade himself that he loved Miss Barrett. The order ought properly to have been reversed, but he did not think of that. Besides, he was as susceptible to abject adoration as the next man. And it might, therefore, have resulted in his taking the irrevocable step, had not a purely impersonal war department come to the rescue by removing him and his regiment from the station where they had been too long, to a much more desirable one, the Pacific Coast.

Captain Barrett's troopers went to the Presidio. It was the first time in his experience—which, except for West Point, had been confined to a little Middle-West town—that Patmore had been near a big city for any length of time. Life took on a new meaning in his eyes—and so did Love. For he met Miss Tyndall. Miss Tyndall was only beautiful and clever; whereas Miss Barrett was a nice little thing, and good to her mother and the younger children, and would have made a man a good wife. But Patmore was young and foolish, and did not think of all that. He had not seen Miss Tyndall a dozen times before he was very badly in love with her, and did not care in the least who knew it.

Miss Barrett was the last to do so, but once knowing it, beyond any reasonable doubt, she set him free. There was quite a little scene. She had wept for days and nights, and the fountain of her tears might well have been dry. But she wept again now. "You used to love me," she told him, "I know you did." Patmore knew otherwise in the light of the present. "You used to love me, but you don't any more."

Patmore had an uncomfortable feeling that he had not behaved just right, and he protested.

Miss Barrett caught the false ring of it, and smiled through her tears—a smile of pity for herself and him. "It's no use," she said; "do you suppose I can't see that you love

her? And she probably loves you. How could she help it?" She held out an unostentatious little ring to him, and her hand shook painfully. "You are free," she told him. "But if you ever come back to me, I shall be waiting for you, always."

Patmore rather approved of a woman's loving that way. It is just as well for a man to have an anchor-huoy in some port. But, though he had her keep the ring in token that what he had given he did not recall, and though he went forth from her presence with an air of injured dignity which was calculated to cut her to the heart, his relief was so great that it was not to be mistaken. By way of punishing himself for it, he attended strictly to official duties, and did not pass out of the post, even once, for an entire week. At the end of the week he went in to see Miss Tyndall.

She was curled up in a heap of cushions, reading a love-story in a picture-magazine, and she was gotten up very effectively in a tea-gown of pale sky-blue. Miss Tyndall always wore sky-blue. The weekly society sheets, which said things about her in every other issue, called her the "Blue Belle." Sometimes the things they said were not altogether kind, but she was a very nice girl, for all that; and it was nobody's business, except his and hers, if it took most of her father's moderate salary to keep her in fine linen and pale-blue. For his part, Patmore, as he sat and watched her while she made the tea, thought that the greatest happiness life could hold for any man would be to have the right to do just that very thing. She was all but an angel descended straight from the heavenly vault and clothed in its own hue.

That, at least, was his idea of her; but she was an entirely human young woman, quite human enough to put a spoke in Miss Barrett's wheel if she were to get the chance.

"Who was that sweet little girl you were with on the Tihuron Ferry, the other day?" she wanted to know. She cuddled down among the cushions again and raised a daintier hand than Miss Barrett's to smooth her soft brown hair.

You can call another girl sweet and little in a way that makes the praise very faint and damning.

Patmore looked uncomfortable as he told her.

But Miss Tyndall was all interest. "Miss Barrett," she exclaimed—"was it really? And you are engaged to her, are you not?"

"I was," said Patmore, "but I am not—unfortunately." The "unfortunately" was nothing short of heroic under the circumstances. He felt that himself, and also that it wiped out several little conscience debts.

Miss Tyndall said, "Oh! indeed," and asked if his tea were all right. Patmore thought she had a great deal of tact. She supposed that he did, and she supposed, moreover, that she had scored a triumph. But she was not content with that—not until all his world and hers should know that it was so.

Patmore was not a student of the sex. So he thought it was all his own doing and idea when he asked her to go with him to the post the next afternoon and listen to the hand play. For the same reason he did not think how trying it naturally must be for Miss Barrett, who was wheeling the youngest brother in his perambulator, to meet them face to face, and to have to smile when he presented Miss Tyndall. Miss Tyndall was wearing a hunch of forget-me-nots at her belt—Patmore had sent them to her—and she gave a spray to the baby-brother. Presently the baby-brother, to whom a beautiful girl in a pale-blue shirt-waist did not matter nearly so much as his own sister in any sort of clothes, threw it into the road. Miss Barrett glanced at it and let it lie, though there must have been a temptation to step on it. But Patmore, coming that way again several hours later, saw it upon the gravel, and took it up.

It was just a month after this that somebody in power, who did not know what to be at, saw fit to send him away, somewhere into the wilderness around Shasta, to do sketches and make plans that nobody had any special use for, any way. He was gone for the entire summer, and he only managed to live through it by reading over and over, until he could have repeated them backward or any other way, the two letters Miss Tyndall wrote to him during that time.

When, one foggy evening just after retreat, he returned to the post, he was met with the news that his troop was ordered on foreign service, and was going to leave within six days. It seemed to him that he was the foot-hall of the gods, their jest and sport. But Captain Barrett did not concern himself about that. He had things to do and to talk about, and he did not even remember that there was such a being on earth as Miss Tyndall, so he kept Patmore occupied until tattoo.

What Patmore should have done after that was to go to his quarters and straight to bed, because he would be very busy the next day. What he did do, however, was to shave and dress and go just as fast as his feet and the car would take him to a dance that was happening in the city. Miss Tyndall was to be there. She had told him so in her last letter, sent three weeks before.

The first person he saw when he went into the hall-room was Miss Barrett. When he stopped to speak to her she gave him a look he did not understand. There was something in it besides the usual devotion. He was not sure what. But he did not wait to find out. He was far too intent upon finding Miss Tyndall for that.

When he did find her, he refused to lose time on preliminaries and exchange of civilities. He pushed his way through the group around her and said that he believed this was his, and forthwith took her away. She put her hand on his arm and looked up at him. He could not understand that look either. It seemed to be almost fear. They were walking in full sight of the whole hall-room. But Patmore did not mind that. He would not have minded even if the music had not begun just then. As has been said, he took himself seriously. He felt that he had waited too long already. There was no longer time.

"Do you know that I am ordered to the Philippines?" he said.

She nodded her head.

"I have got to go inside of six days. Will you marry me before that?"

There were two chairs in a corner, half hidden in a nook of date-palms. She turned aside and sat herself in one. Patmore took the other.

"Well?" he said.

"Nobody has told you then——"

He was white enough already. But he turned whiter still. Those who danced by looked at him, then at her. She was pale, too. "Told me—what?" he said.

"That I was married two weeks ago?"

He sat very quiet for a while. Miss Barrett whirled by and he caught the look in her eyes again—and understood. When he spoke at last it was quite steady. "Whom have you married?" he said.

She told him.

"He is rich," said Patmore, "and I am poor. I suppose that was it?"

She nodded again. "I must have luxury, and pretty things, and good times. I am selfish and vain."

"And yet you loved me. I believe you did. You certainly didn't lose any time. I have not been away all of three months."

"If I had waited until you came back I might not have had the courage," she said.

Patmore pulled off a little thread of palm fibre and twisted it around his finger. "Then you did love me," he said.

She stood up slowly and looked down at him. "That doesn't matter—now," she told him, lifelessly. "My husband is coming for me. Please don't let him see."

One of her turquoise-loaded hands was picking at a fold of her gown. It was a beautiful gown, Patmore saw that even then, and knew that it would have cost him two months' pay. It was still of sky-blue, but there were tiny pink rosebuds scattered here and there. He began, stupidly, to count them.

As she took her husband's arm and started away, one of the whirling ruffles caught on a branch of the palm. It gave the screech of tearing silk, and a little tatter clung to the thorn. Patmore stooped to loose it.

She looked down at him over her shoulder. "It doesn't matter," she told him; "nothing matters much." Then she smiled at him and went on.

Patmore never forgot that smile. It was so hard, and forced, and brilliant that it changed her whole face. He walked home from the gates with Miss Barrett that night. "I have come back, if you will have me, Lelia," he said.

* * * * *

And not long thereafter the papers devoted a full score of lines to the details of his gallant death. One of which was that the Tagal hullet which had passed through his heart had struck first, and chipped, a locket which hung about his neck.

His wife had never known of the locket until then. But it came to her in a little package of other things that his colonel sent her later on. It was of sky-blue enamel, set round with tiny pearls, and she knew, even before she opened it, that it was neither the wisp of hair nor the little photograph she had given him the day he left that would be within it. So she was quite prepared and quiet when she brought herself to open it at last, and to look down at what lay in the palm of her shaking hand—a dried spray of forget-me-nots and a little scrap of sky-blue silk, with one pink rosebud on the torn edge. GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1900.

The Chinese have brought the system of public examination to a perfection unknown in any other nation of the world. Mr. Charles Johnston gives a vivid picture of these functions in a recent contribution to the *North American Review*:

"The vast halls, with their cloister-like divisions for ten thousand candidates; the seals set on the doors before the papers are given out; the counted sheets of stamp paper, with name and number for the essays and poems of each candidate; the army of clerks copying the themes in red ink, lest any personal sign or mark should lead the examiner to recognize a favored pupil; the enthusiastic crowds gathering at the doors; the caissons and music which greet the candidates first to come forth; the literary chancellor ceremoniously presiding; the lists of the successful eagerly bought up in the streets; the chosen essays and poems sent to court for the delectation of the emperor; the gold-buttoned caps and blue-silk gowns of the graduates; and, lastly, the almost pathetic provision that whoever continues without success to try for any degrees until his eightieth year shall receive it free, from the emperor himself, as a reward for faithful love of learning. By the way, we should keep some of our admiration for the more than human ingenuity with which the Chinese students sometimes evade even the strictest precautions; the tunnels dug beneath the examination halls, through which surreptitious knowledge is passed up to the candidates, written minutely on the finest paper; the offices where oeddy and brilliant essayists are hired to persooate dull, wealthy scholars; the refinement of knavery that decrees that, while the rack of the examination to be compounded for rises in arithmetical progression, the bribe increases in geometrical ratio. All this but shows, by crooked ways, how highly learning is esteemed."

Germany is given great credit for its universities and schools, but it is questioned, in view of recent investigations, whether she is not paying too high for her preeminence in this respect. The strain upon children in the elementary schools, in particular, is excessive. A writer in a German paper recently made the remarkable statement that during the ten years ending in 1896 not less than four hundred and seven school children, of whom three hundred and thirty-one were boys, committed suicide. This in Prussia alone, where the German forcing system in education is fully developed. Without a single exception, it is stated, these children were pupils of elementary schools and schools where professional training is given. As the ordinary workman in Prussia is unable to provide meat or nourishing food in abundance, it is possible that insufficient nourishment combined with a severe demand upon the brain was the chief cause why these children took their lives.

THE WHITE WINGS PARADE.

Annual Cruise of the New York Yacht Club—Nearly Two Hundred Vessels in the Fleet—Races Along the Shores of the Sound.

Only twice in fifty-seven years has the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club been omitted—in 1861 and in 1898—and yet in all that time, which has been the original membership of nine grow to fourteen hundred, there has never been a more successful and enthusiastic meeting than the one that began Monday morning. The club station at Glen Cove in Hempstead Harbor, L. I., had been chosen as the rendezvous, and more than a score of yachts were anchored there Sunday evening, the first-comers of a fleet that was expected to number a little more than one hundred the next day. The programme for the week provided for races Monday to Huntington Bay for the Commodore's Cups, then port-to-port racing, beginning with a cruise to Morris Cove near New Haven for Tuesday, onward to New London Wednesday, to Newport Thursday, and to Vineyard Haven Friday, returning to Newport Harbor for the Sabbath. On Monday next the Astor Cups will be raced for off Newport, and the next day the fleet captains will hold a meeting on the flagship and the squadron will be formally disbanded.

All expectations were easily surpassed the first day of the cruise. The fleet that was expected to number a hundred pleasure-craft, at an early hour grew to nearly double the estimated size, and became not only the largest assemblage of yachts gathered in American waters, but as well one of the most perfect marine pictures ever seen in that historic harbor. Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard's schooner *Corona* was the flag-ship of the fleet, the first sailing vessel to fly a commodore's pennant for many years, but worthy in every way to succeed ex-Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan's steam yacht *Corsair*, which was the flag-ship last year. It is said that sentimental reasons prevailed for the change, many of the older members of the club deeming a racing vessel better fitted than any of the "steam kettles" to be a representative flag-ship.

The special feature of the week's run, however, is the rivalry of the new "seventy-footers," whose performances have been watched with great interest. It is more than probable that the next international yacht-race will be contested, by mutual consent, by representatives of this latest development in racing craft. The "ninety-footers," that is, the *America's* Cup competitors, are very expensive boats to maintain, the sail area being so large that a crew of fifty or sixty men is required, and the peculiar modeling of the vessels, with their abnormal overhang forward and aft and very little room below deck, making them useless except as racing-machines. The new yachts are seventy feet long on the water-line, and so modeled that a smaller crew can handle them, there is more room below, and all this, thanks to the skill of builder Herreshoff, without sacrificing speed. The four boats in commission, so far, are the *Yankee*, owned by Herman B. Duryea and Harry Payne Whitney; the *Mineola*, owned by August Belmont; the *Rainbow*, owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt; and the *Virginia*, the property of W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.

There was, as usual, a grand showing of steam yachts at the gathering of the fleet, some of which have carried the famous burgee with "the red cross on the blue" into all the well-known harbors of the world. Ex-Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry's *Electra*, ex-Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair*, A. Van Santvoord's *Clermont*, Adrian Iselin's *Radha*, Colonel John Jacob Astor's *Nourmahal*, Perry Belmont's *Satanella*, J. Rogers Maxwell's *Kismet*, Leonard J. Busby's *Duchess*, George F. Dominick's *Varuna*, Commodore W. B. Banigan's *Llewellyn*, E. C. Benedict's *Oneida*, Howard C. Smith's *Saghaya*, Commodore Alexander Van Rensselaer's *May*, J. B. Herreshoff's *Augusta*, and Cornelius Vanderbilt's *Mirage*, were among those that came into Glen Cove early.

The first event of the cruise was the run to Huntington Bay Monday afternoon, during which the sailing craft raced for the Commodore's Cups. There were three of these trophies, one for schooners, one for single-masted vessels and yawls, and one for the new Class H sloops—the "seventies," which form an aristocratic division by themselves. The seventy-foot prize-winner was the *Rainbow*, which had nearly four minutes' lead at the end, the *Mineola* being a close second, and the *Yankee* only a little more than two minutes behind. The *Virginia* did not compete, her new suit of sails not being finished in time. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Newbury D. Lawton were on board the *Rainbow*, Vice-Commodore August Belmont, his sons August Belmont, Jr., and Raymond Belmont, and O. H. Bird were on the *Mineola*, and Herman B. Duryea himself was at the wheel on the *Yankee*. Of the schooners, the *Quissetta*, owned by H. F. Lippitt, outsailed her nearest competitor, the *Constellation*, owned by Francis S. Skinner, Jr., only fifty seconds. Mr. Skinner had his bride with him on his yacht. The *Syca*, owned by H. S. Redmond, won the trophy in the sloop, cutter, and yawl class, and had only about four minutes' lead over the *Wasp*, owned by Cleveland H. Dodge.

The second day's start from Huntington Bay was threatened by a dead calm in the morning, with the heat quite as oppressive as the day before, but at eleven o'clock a breeze from the east sprang up, and Commodore Ledyard at once gave the signal to get under way. There was much difference of opinion among the sailing captains concerning the quickest route to Morris Cove, and the fleet was soon divided and scattered along the Long Island and Connecticut shores, but in spite of the wide sea-room there was much jockeying for place. The *Mineola*, Vice-Commodore Belmont's yacht, led the fleet in, beating the *Rainbow* by sixteen and the *Yankee* by twenty-one minutes. Commodore Ledyard's *Corona* came in ahead of the *Constellation* with a lead of twenty-eight minutes.

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., joined the squadron Wednesday morning with his seventy-footer, *Virginia*, and sailed into New London in advance of the entire fleet, winning the first race in which he had participated by twenty-two minutes, a result owing in no small degree to his seamanship. Other winners were *Corona*, *Quissetta*, and *Wayward*, the latter owned by Charles Smithers.

The sun had gone down Thursday when Newport cannon announced the arrival of the yacht club fleet, and of the many white-winged racers only one, the *Rainbow*, came up out of the mist before dusk. This was the second triumph for Cornelius Vanderbilt's seventy-footer, and her skipper, Captain George Parker, is given much praise for his management of the vessel. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt were on board, and had with them as their guest Miss Josephine Johnson.

The run to day is to Vineyard Haven and on Saturday the fleet returns to Newport, where society has once more taken on a lively aspect. One serious disappointment for the summer colony became public to-day—the fact that Admiral Sir F. Bedford, K. C. B., of the British North Atlantic squadron, will not make his expected visit, as his vessels will come no nearer than Boston at this time.

NEW YORK, August 10, 1900.

FLANEUR.

THE HEADACHE OF THE MOORS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SPANISH-MOORISH WAR.

The famous walls of Xeres King Pedro had surrounded, And Don Diego Perez, though gallant men abounded, Was known thro' all the camp to be The flower of Pedro's chivalry.

It chanced that Don Diego was left upon one day, With nither spear nor falchion, in a furious affray. No squire was near to aid him in this hour of need; He'd but his splintered spear shaft. But he spurred his fiery steed, And in among the Moormen, like a thunderbolt, he came, And, rising in his stirrups—calling on St. Jago's name— He met the giant Gazul—one punch between his eyes, Down to the dust went Gazul—prone on the ground he lies, And Xaras and Marlores and many a princely name Went down before his charger; all 'countered him in vain. The Moormen fell like ten-pins—he mowed himself a path To the place where rode Calanos, their commander. In his wrath He rode at him so fiercely that a "ten-strike" here he made. Down went Calanos, horse and man, nor here the downfall stayed—

Down went his standard-bearer, went standard, steed, and knight. Then fled the true believers. Then ended was the fight, And thus to one another they said, as fast they ran: "Was ever seen such fighting? Sure the Devil's in the man!" But the good Lord Diego, he hid him to the camp, And, being hot and weary, and the evening being damp, No Maine law being in force there, drank a quart cup of Tokay. Strummed his guitar—then went to bed and quiet slept till day.

Next evening a deserter to the Spanish King was brought, As he was holding council with the nobles of his Court. "What news from haughty Xeres?" the good old King doth say, "What numbers are the dead men from yesterday's affray?" My liege, the dead are very few, but the wounded number more Among the nobles of the place than o'er were known before. For they say that in the battle's midst upon their turbans thick Came blows which stunned but killed them not, dealt by a ponderous stick.

Held by the Fiend in Spanish form, who on a gray steed rode, And called upon St. Jago as o'er their ranks it strode. Of broken heads are plenty in Xeres' marble halls; Of toothless jaws are twenty within our palace walls; Of eyes put out the number only Mabomet knows, And the great Lord Calanos, he mourns a broken nose, And from the proud old city goes up this mournful wail: "Oh, how my head is aching! Allah curse that Spanish fail!" Then up rose Count Gonsalus—a merry lord was he, A witty wight, a stalwart knight, a boon companion free: "It is but just to Perez to call him by some name— Which to the Cid may join him in the annals of our fame; The name the Moors have given him, that surely is his right, And the 'Headache of the Moormen' let us christen him to-night."

And with wine and song and wassail they christened him that night, And the good Lord Gonsalus, he was "most awful tight."

That name retained the good knight; still living is his fame, And his among the Spaniards is a well-remembered name, And still the place is pointed out to cockneys on their tours, Where fought Diego Perez, the Headache of the Moors.

—Richard Varick de Witt in the New York Times.

Lord Roberts's declination to allow troops to be withdrawn from South Africa for service in China is said by the London correspondent of the New York Times to have come about in this way: Lord Lansdowne, the secretary of state for war, cabled to Lord Roberts asking if he could spare a division from his command for use in China, and then selected some of his favorite officers, who have been sporting themselves in London drawing-rooms during the Boer war, for the best billets with the forces to go out. In the meanwhile, Lord Roberts had cabled the war office suggesting the names of several of his tried commanders whom he thought should accompany the division, and added if an army corps was needed he would like to go himself. These suggestions put Lansdowne in an awkward fix, and before he had replied to Lord Roberts the latter heard from private sources that none of his seasoned lieutenants would be allowed to go, whereupon the little man promptly wired that it would be impossible to send any troops out of South Africa at present, his previous offer having been made on imperfect information. This latter telegram caused great rejoicing in Lord Roberts's army, and the war office was reluctantly obliged to abandon the scheme whereby it hoped to mollify many distinguished peace soldiers and their relations.

The late Duke of Argyll is to be replaced as an elected trustee of the British Museum by his son-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, "who is," says London Truth, "a most estimable man in every relation of life, but he is not so intellectually eminent as to be well qualified for a post which has repeatedly been termed 'The Blue Ribbon of Literature.' The elected trustees are supposed to be men distinguished in literature, science, or art, but as a matter of fact, scarcely any of them have any such pretension."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Charles E. Macrum, formerly the American consul at Pretoria, is now a traveling salesman for a glass company.

Captain Viaud, of the French navy, better known by his pen-name of "Pierre Loti," sailed from France for China a fortnight ago. He is flag-captain to Admiral Pottier.

A notice in the *Uracher Amisblatt* reads: "Eloped on June 17th, my wife, and on June 21st, my daughter. The lucky finder is requested to be kind enough to keep them. M. Weber, Sanden bei Neu-Ulm."

Signor Tamagno has met with a serious accident. Workmen who were moving a heavy picture in his Villa Margherita, at Varese, let it slip, and the frame struck the famous tenor on the head, injuring him severely.

Work has been begun in Baltimore on the silver service for Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, to be made from the silver coin captured on the Spanish cruiser *Cristobal Colon*. The service will consist of eighteen dinner plates, one gravy boat and ladle, four vegetable dishes, one game platter, one fish platter, one *entrée* platter, and one soup tureen. The total weight of the silver is two thousand ounces, and the cost when completed will be between seven thousand and nine thousand dollars.

Private Ward, of the First V. B. Devonshire, was the winner of the queen's prize at the national rifle meeting at Bisley, England, last month. In 1897, his first year in the Queen's Hundred, who shoot in the final stage for the gold medal, he was then the prizeman, as he is now. Only one other volunteer has taken the gold medal twice, and he won it at a time when the conditions were easier than they now are. Ward's last winning score of three hundred and forty-one marks out of a possible three hundred and eighty must be considered a record feat of marksmanship. Private Ward is a coach-builder, and is thirty-three years of age.

Giacomo Puccini, whose opera, "La Tosca," was the feature of the opera season at Covent Garden, London, is the fifth representative in a direct line of a family that in its contributions to musical art dates back nearly two hundred years. His great-great-grandfather, also called Giacomo (born 1712), was *maestro di cappella* at Lucca, and was the tutor of the once famous Gugiemi. Giacomo's son Antonio (born 1747) wrote for the church, and left a son Domenico (born 1771), who composed both operas and sacred pieces. His descendant was Michele (born 1813), whose music was esteemed for its scientific attributes, and one of his sons is the present Giacomo (born 1858).

According to a Manila correspondent of the *Bazar*, Aguinardo's wife, "la Señora Presidenta," has the appearance to-day of a woman who has suffered, nor is the term of her unhappiness yet past. Her husband is a fugitive, hiding in the mountains, and every day lessens his chance of ultimate pardon at our hands if we capture him. She lost her infant daughter last November, and later her three-year-old son died in Bacoor. The death of her little son is an established fact, but for the present those who surround Mrs. Aguinardo have deemed it wise to withhold from her the confirmation of this news. She has heard that Miguel died in Bacoor; but the assertions of her friends to the contrary are half-convincing, so she broods on the matter, wondering why the child is not brought from the country to see her. In a couple of months the reason for this present secrecy will have passed; there will then have arrived a new member of the Aguinardo family, and the mother's attention will be diverted from the children who have died.

"There are many points of difference between American and English yachting, and only when one has spent seven weeks at Sandy Hook can be really appreciate them," said Sir Thomas Lipton, the other day. "England's insular position has done much to make the sea home to many of our people, and therefore much more attention is paid to yachting here than in the United States, but individually Americans are the best yachtmen I know. They are thorough in that as in all else, and it is due to appreciation of this that my sole ambition in life now is take the America's Cup. One thing seems strange, in view of American cleverness. That they are sending bere for captains for seventy-footers does not seem right, and I am unable to explain why, holding the blue ribbon of the sea so long, they are sending to England for Wringe and other captains. What has become of all the New England blood that made 'Hank' Haffs by the score? I should think New York yachtmen would promote American sailors to the best positions by way of encouragement."

The death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the second son of Queen Victoria, on July 30th, brings very forcibly home to Englishmen the constant diminution of the number of princes of the royal blood of Great Britain. It seems curious that, although the queen has been blessed with a fairly large family, the number of royal princes is very limited outside the direct line of succession. Besides the Prince of Wales, his son, the Duke of York, and three grandsons, there are only three royal princes now left in England, namely, the Duke of Connaught, his son, and the aged Duke of Cambridge. That, of course, is not counting the young Duke of Albany, who is now to become a foreign potentate, or the Duke of Cumberland, who is also to all intents and purposes a foreigner. The descendants of Queen Victoria represent all that is left of four generations of Hanoverian dynasty. Thirteen branches of the royal house have entirely died out. In the direct male line the same process of diminution continues. The queen has lost two sons out of four and the Princess of Wales two out of three. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg's son died before his father. The Duke of Connaught has only one son. The Duke of Albany is the only son of the late Prince Leopold. Only five princes are left out of two generations.

THE RISE AND FALL OF MONASTICISM.

The Hermits of Egypt—Story of St. Simeon Stylites—The Cenobites of the East—St. Benedict of Nursia.

A narrative of absorbing interest is Alfred Wesley Wishart's volume on "Monks and Monasteries." It sketches the history of the monastic institution from its origin to its overthrow in the Reformation period, for although these orders are by no means now extinct, their power was practically broken in the sixteenth century. Mr. Wishart is deserving of great praise for the unprejudiced manner in which he has treated his subject, and for the immense difficulties which he overcame in attempting to paint so vast a scene on so small a canvas. He does not profess to have consulted original sources, although intermediate authorities have been studied as widely as possible and the greatest caution has been exercised to avoid those errors which naturally arise from the use of such avenues of information. In order to form a proper conception of the orderly development of the ascetic ideal, Mr. Wishart presents the salient features of its whole history, for, he says, in order to understand the monastic institution one must not only study the isolated anchorite, seeking a victory over a sinful self in the Egyptian desert, or the monk in the secluded cloister, but he must also trace the fortunes of ascetic organizations, involving multitudes of men, vast aggregations of wealth, and surviving the rise and fall of empires. Almost every phase of human life is encountered in such an undertaking. Attention is divided between hermits, beggars, diplomats, statesmen, professors, missionaries, and pontiffs.

Egypt was the mother of Christian monasticism, as she has been of many other wonders. Her vast solitudes, her lonely mountains honey-combed with dens and caves, her dreary deserts, her arid valleys and barren hills were a fit home for the hermit, a paradise to the lover of solitude and peace. Mr. Wishart thus describes the details of the physical life of the early hermits:

There was a holy rivalry among them to excel in self-torture. Their imaginations were constantly employed in devising unique tests of holiness and courage. They lived in holes in the ground or in dried-up wells; they slept in thorn-bushes or passed days and weeks without sleep; they courted the company of the wildest beasts, and exposed their naked bodies to the howling sun. Macarius became angry because an insect bit him, and in penitence flung himself into a marsh where he lived for weeks. He was so badly stung by gnats and flies that his friends hardly knew him. Hilarion, at twenty years of age, was more like a spectre than a living man. His cell was only five feet high, a little lower than his stature. Some carried weights equal to eighty or one hundred and fifty pounds suspended from their bodies. Others slept standing against the rocks. For three years, as it is recorded, one of them never reclined.

In their zeal to obey the Scriptures, they overlooked the fact that cleanliness is akin to godliness:

It was their boast that they never washed. One saint would not even use water to drink, but quenched his thirst with the dew that fell on the grass. St. Abraham never washed his face for fifty years. His biographer, not in the least disturbed by the disagreeable suggestions of this circumstance, proudly says: "His face reflected the purity of his soul." If so, one is moved to think that the inward light must indeed have been powerfully piercing, if it could brighten a countenance unwashed for half a century. There is a story about Abbot Theodosius who prayed for water that his monks might drink. In response to his petition a stream burst from the rocks, but the foolish monks, overcome by a pitiful weakness for cleanliness, persuaded the abbot to erect a bath, when lo! the stream dried. Supplications and repentance availed nothing. After a year had passed, the monks, promising never again to insult heaven by wishing for a bath, were granted a second Mosaic miracle. Thus, unwashed, clothed in rags, their hair uncut, their faces unshaven, they lived for years. No wonder that to their disordered fancy the desert was filled with devils, the animals spake, and heaven sent angels to minister unto them.

But the strangest of all strange narratives is that of St. Simeon Stylites, the idol of monarchs and the pride of the East, whom Tennyson has immortalized:

He lived between the years 390 and 459 A. D. He was a shepherd's son, but at an early age entered a monastery. Here he soon distinguished himself by his excessive austerities. One day he went to the well, removed the rope from the bucket and bound it tightly around his body underneath his clothes. A few weeks later, the abbot, being angry with him because of his extreme self-torture, bade his companions strip him. What was his astonishment to find the rope from the well sunk deeply into his flesh. "Whence," he cried, "has this man come to us, wanting to destroy the rule of this monastery? I pray thee depart hence." With great trouble they unwound the rope and the flesh with it, and taking care of him until he was well, they sent him forth to commence a life of austerities that was to render him famous. He adopted various styles of existence, but his miracles and piety attracted such crowds that he determined to invent a mode of life which would deliver him from the pressing multitudes. It is curious that he did not hide himself altogether if he really wished to escape notoriety; but, no, he would still be within the gaze of admiring throngs. His holy and fanciful genius hit upon a scheme that gave him his peculiar name. He took up his abode on

the top of a column which was at first about twelve feet high, but was gradually elevated until it measured sixty-four feet. Hence, he is called Simeon Stylites, or Simeon, the Pillar Saint.

On this lofty column, betwixt earth and heaven, the hermit braved the heat and cold of thirty years:

At its base, from morning to night, prayed the admiring worshippers. Kings knelt in crowds of peasants to do him homage and ask his blessing. Theodoret says: "The Ishmaelites, coming by tribes of two hundred and three hundred at a time, and sometimes even a thousand, deny, with shouts, the error of their fathers, and breaking in pieces before the great illuminator the images which they had worshiped, and renouncing the orgies of Venus, they received the divine sacrament." Rude barbarians confessed their sins in tears. Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Saracens, forgetting their mutual hatred, united in praise and prayer at the feet of this strange character. Once a week the hero partook of food. Many times a day he bowed his head to his feet; one man counted twelve hundred and forty-four times, and then stopped in sheer weariness from gazing at the miracle of endurance aloft. Again, from the setting of the sun to its appearance in the east, he would stand unsoothed by sleep, with his arms outstretched like a cross.

But time plays havoc with saints as well as sinners, and death slays the strongest:

Bowed in prayer, his weary head ceased to beat and the eyes that gazed aloft were closed forever. Anthony, his beloved disciple, ascending the column, found that his master was no more. His body was carried down the mountain to Antioch. Heading the solemn procession were the patriarch, six bishops, twenty-one counts, and six thousand soldiers, "and Antioch," says Gibbon, "revered his bones as her glorious ornament and impregnable defense."

Man is a social animal, and the social instinct is so strong that even hermits were swayed by its power and got tired of living apart from one another:

When Anthony died, the deserts were studded with hermitages, and those of exceptional fame were surrounded by little clusters of huts and dens. Into these cells crowded the hermits who wished to be near their master. Thus, step by step, organized or cenobitic monasticism easily and naturally came into existence. The anchorites crawled from their dens every day to hear the words of their chief saint, a practice giving rise to stated meetings, with rules for worship. Regulations as to meals, occupations, dress, penances, and prayers naturally follow.

The author of the first monastic rules is said to have been Pachomius, who was born in Egypt about the year 292 A. D.:

He was brought up in paganism, but was converted in early life while in the army. On his discharge he retired with a hermit to Tabenna, an island in the Nile. It is said he never ate a full meal after his conversion, and for fifteen years slept sitting on a stone. Natural gifts fitted him to become a leader, and it was not long before he was surrounded by a congregation of monks for whom he made his rules. The monks of Pachomius were divided into bands of tens and hundreds, each tenth man being an under officer in turn subject to the hundredth, and all subject to the superior or abbot of the mother house. They lived three in a cell, and a congregation of cells constituted a laura or monastery. There was a common room for meals and worship. Each monk wore a close-fitting tunic and a white goat-skin upper garment which was never laid aside at meals or in bed, but only at the Eucharist. Their food usually consisted of bread and water, but occasionally they enjoyed such luxuries as oil, salt, fruits, and vegetables. They ate in silence, which was sometimes broken by the solemn voice of a reader.

The three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience were adopted and became the foundation stones of the monastic institution, to be found in every monastic order. The Pachomian monks despised possessions of every kind. The following pathetic incident shows the frightful extent to which they carried this principle, and also illustrates the character of that submission to which the novitiate voluntarily assented:

Cassian described how Mutus sold his possessions and with his little child of eight asked admission to a monastery. The monks received but disciplined him. "He had already forgotten that he was rich, he must forget that he was a father." His child was taken, clothed in rags, beaten and spurned. Obedience compelled the father to look upon his child wasting with pain and grief, but such was his love for Christ, says the narrator, that his heart was rigid and immovable. He was then told to throw the boy into the river, but was stopped in the act of obeying.

Yet men, women, and even children, coveted this life of unnatural deprivations:

Pachomius had fourteen hundred monks in his own monastery and seven thousand under his rule. Jerome says fifty thousand monks were sometimes assembled at Easter in the deserts of Nitria. It was not uncommon for an abbot to command five thousand monks. St. Serapion boasted ten thousand. Altogether, so we are told, there were in the fifth century more than one hundred thousand persons in the monasteries, three-fourths of whom were men. The rule of Pachomius spread over Egypt into Syria and Palestine. It was carried by Athanasius into Italy and Gaul. It existed in various modified forms until it was supplanted by the Benedictine rule.

We have visited the hermit in the desert and in the monastery governed by its abbot and its rules. Let us take a glimpse at the monk in one other aspect, that of theological champion. Here the hermit and the monk of the monastery met on common ground. Theological discord was made a thousand

times more bitter by their participation in the controversies of the time:

Furious monks became the armed champions of Cyril, the Bishop of Alexandria. They insulted the prefect, drove out the Jews and, to the everlasting disgrace of the monks, Cyril, and the church; they dragged the lovely Hypatia from her lecture-hall and slew her with all the cruelty satanic ingenuity could devise. Against a background of black and angry sky she stands forth as a soul through whose reason God made himself manifest. The fighting monks crowded councils and forced decisions. They deposed hostile bishops or kept their favorites in power by murder and violence. Two black-cowled armies met in Constantinople and amid curses fought with sticks and stones a battle of creeds. Cries of "Holy! Holy! Holy!" mingled with, "It's the day of martyrdom! Down with the tyrant!" The whole East was kept in a feverish state. The imperial soldiers confessed their justifiable fears when they said, "We would rather fight with barbarians than with these monks."

We shall not attempt to follow the fortunes of the monastic system from its introduction in Rome until the eclipse from which it suffered for over half a century after 450 A. D. It remained for St. Benedict of Nursia, the founder of the first great order, to infuse new life into the tottering monastic body:

His parents, who were wealthy, intended to give him a liberal education; but their plans were defeated, for at fifteen years of age Benedict renounced his family and fortune, and fled from his school life in Rome. The vice of the city shocked and disgusted him. He would rather be ignorant and holy, than educated and wicked. On his way into the mountains he met a monk named Romanus—the spot is marked by the chapel of Santa Croce— who gave him a hair-cloth shirt and a monastic dress of skins. Continuing his journey with Romanus, the youthful ascetic discovered a sunless cave in the desert of Subiaco, about forty miles from Rome. Into this cell he climbed, and in it he lived three years. It was so inaccessible that Romanus had to lower his food to him by a rope, to which was attached a bell to call him from his devotions. The fame of the young ascetic attracted throngs of hermits, who took up their abodes near his cell. After a time monasteries were established, and Benedict was persuaded to become an abbot in one of them. His strictness provoked much opposition among the monks, resulting in carefully laid plots to compass the moral ruin of their spiritual guide. An attempt to poison him was defeated by a miraculous interposition, and Benedict escaped to a solitary retreat. Again the moral hero became an abbot, and again the severity of his discipline was resented. This time a wicked and jealous priest sought to entrap the saint by turning into a garden in which he was accustomed to walk seven young girls of exquisite physical charms. When Benedict encountered this temptation, he fled from the scene and retired to a picturesque mountain—the renowned Monte Cassino, where soon after arose the cloister of Monte Cassino, which was to shine resplendent for a thousand years.

There is scarcely a pope or emperor of importance who has not been personally connected with its history:

From its mountain crag it has seen Goths, Lombards, Saracens, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, scour and devastate the land which, through all modern history, has attracted every invader. It was enriched by popes, emperors, and princes. In its palmy days the abbot was the first baron in the realm, and commanded over four hundred towns and villages. In 1866, it shared the fate of all the monasteries of Italy. It still stands upon the summit of the mountain, and can be seen by the traveler from the railway in the valley. At present it serves as a Catholic seminary, with about two hundred students. The library contains about twenty thousand volumes, and about thirty-five thousand popes' bulls, diplomas, and charters. There are also about a thousand manuscripts, some of which are of priceless value, as they date from the sixth century downward, and consist of ancient Bibles and important mediæval literature.

The greatest service of the Benedictine monks to civilization was their literary and educational contributions:

The rules of Benedict provided for two hours a day of reading, and it was doubtless this wise regulation that stimulated literary tastes, and resulted in the collecting of books and the reproduction of manuscripts. Wherever a Benedictine house arose, or a monastery of any one of the orders, which were but offshoots from the Benedictine tree, books were multiplied and a library came into existence, small, indeed, at first, but increasing year by year, till the wealthier houses had gathered together collections of books that would do credit to a modern university. There was great danger that the remains of classic literature might be destroyed in the general devastation of Italy. The monasteries rescued the literary fragments that escaped, and preserved them. For a period of more than six centuries the safety of the literary heritage of Europe—one may say of the world—depended upon the scribes of a few dozen scattered monasteries.

It is generally held that Benedict had no presentment of the vast historical importance of his system; and that he aspired to nothing beyond the salvation of his own soul and those of his brethren:

But the rule spread with wonderful rapidity. In every rich valley arose a Benedictine abbey. Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, France, and Spain adopted his rule. Princes, moved by various motives, hastened to bestow grants of land on the indefatigable missionary who, undeterred by the wildness of the forest and the fierceness of the barbarian, settled in the remotest regions. In the various societies of the Benedictines there have been thirty-seven thousand monasteries and one hundred and fifty thousand

abbots. For the space of two hundred and thirty-nine years the Benedictines governed the church by forty-eight popes chosen from their order. They boast of two hundred cardinals, seven thousand archbishops, fifteen thousand bishops, and four thousand saints. The astonishing assertion is also made that no less than twenty emperors and forty-seven kings resigned their crowns to become Benedictine monks. Their convents claim ten empresses and fifty queens.

During the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries there was a wide-spread decline in the spirit of devotion and a relaxation of monastic discipline. One of the most celebrated reform monasteries during this period was the convent of Cluny, or Clugny, in Burgundy, about fifteen miles from Lyons, which was founded by Duke William of Aquitaine in 910:

It was governed by a code based on the rule of St. Benedict. The monastery began with twelve monks under Bruno, but became so illustrious that under Hugo there were ten thousand monks in the various convents under its rule. It was made immediately subject to the Pope—this is, exempt from the jurisdiction of the bishop. Some idea of its splendid equipment may be formed from the fact that it is said that in 1245, after the council of Lyons, it entertained Innocent the Fourth, two patriarchs, twelve cardinals, three archbishops, fifteen bishops, many abbots, St. Louis, King of France, several princes and princesses, each with a considerable retinue, yet the monks were not incommode. It gave to the church three popes—Gregory the Seventh, Urban the Second, and Paschal the Second. Connected with the monastery was the largest church in the world, surpassed only a little, in later years, by St. Peter's at Rome. Its construction was begun in 1089 by the Abbot Hugo, and it was consecrated in 1131, under the administration of Peter the Venerable. It boasted of twenty-five altars and many costly works of art. After the administration of Peter the Venerable (1122-1156), this illustrious house began to succumb to the intoxication of success, and it steadily declined in character and influence until its property was confiscated by the Constituent Assembly, in 1799, and the church sold for one hundred thousand francs. It is now in ruins.

There were many other attempts at reform which may not even be mentioned, but one character deserves brief consideration, Bernard of Clairvaux, the fairest flower of those corrupt days:

The order to which he belonged was the Cistercians—so named because their mother-house was at Cîteaux, in France. Its members are sometimes called the "White Monks," because of their white tunics. Their buildings, with their bare walls and low rafters, were a rebuke to the splendid edifices of the richer orders. Austere simplicity characterized their churches, liturgy, and habits. Gorgeousness in decoration and ostentation in public service was carefully avoided. They used no pictures, stained glass, or images. Only four hours' sleep was allowed. Seeking out the wildest spots and most rugged peaks, they built their retreats, beautiful in their simplicity and furnishings, some of the finest examples of monastic architecture. The order spread into England, where the first Cistercians were characterized by devoutness and poverty. After a while the hand of fate wrote of them, as it had of so many: "None were more greedy in adding farm to farm; none less scrupulous in obtaining grants of land from wealthy persons, patrons." In general, the order was no better and no worse than the rest, but its chief glory is derived from the lustre that was shed upon it by the devout Bernard.

Here we must end our quotations, leaving the reader to peruse for himself Mr. Wishart's equally interesting chapters on "The Mendicant Friars," "The Society of Jesus," "The Fall of the Monasteries," "Causes and Ideals," and the "Effects of Monasticism." The volume is neatly bound in red, is hand-sewed, gilt top, deckle edges, and is supplemented with four photographic plates and an elaborate index and bibliography.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Zola and Unfruitful France.

When Emile Zola's latest work, "Fécondité," was first brought out it was thought by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, the friend of the great French realist and the translator of his novels, that the subject and its treatment, in spite of the moral purpose of the work, made an English version impossible. The absolute freedom of speech existing in France cleared the way for Zola to attack mercilessly one of the evils threatening the life of the nation, but that freedom is denied to the translator. With all the cutting down and recasting which Mr. Vizetelly found necessary, "Fruitfulness" makes a volume of five hundred pages, and it is still a story with a wealth of incident and a burden of philosophy that task the patience of the reader.

The central figure of the chronicle is Mathieu, one of the sons of Pierre Froment, the priest whose spiritual evolution is traced in "Lourdes," "Rome," and "Paris." Mathieu is a young designer in the great manufacturing works of Alexandre Beauchêne, and at twenty-four is the father of four bright, healthy, and happy children. His wife, Marianne, is his loving, willing helpmeet, and the two labor patiently in poverty to bring up their sons and daughters, welcoming each addition to the family circle. They are proud in their contentment, in spite of the endless discussions going on about them among their neighbors, rich and poor, concerning the trouble, cost, and danger of offspring. When the needs of the growing family drive the Froments to the country, and the husband and father begins to till the barren soil about the dilapidated house which they make a home, the second part of Zola's lesson is outlined. Acre after acre is reclaimed, and at the end the diamond wedding of the pair is celebrated on the lawn before a roomy mansion, from which have gone children and grandchildren, many to return again on this happy anniversary, when the grand total of four generations sprung from that roof-tree is one hundred and fifty-eight.

But the record of Mathieu and Marianne, their children, and their children's children, is only a part of the story, and their joy and prosperity is but a single bright and warming element in a panorama of life that is painful and deterring in all other views. The downfall of the manufacturer's house, the ruin of his hopes, the rank growth of disgrace and death that comes from the seeds sown by the employer, fellow-workmen, and friends of Mathieu, make striking contrasts, and they are massed with overpowering strength at the end.

It is not a novel, it is a tract. There is little of art in its realism. It may be a true presentation of conditions in France—the figures given in some of the many arguments advanced are appalling—and if it is, its earnestness and reiteration are suited to the gravity of the cause.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

An Old Friend with New Charms.

There is no mystery in the success of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," that anonymous book which came out first in September, 1898, ran through three editions before the year closed, and was reprinted no less than seven times during the following twelvemonth. It is the confidante of a thoughtful, witty, child-loving, free-air seeking woman; in its pages are records and fancies of a spring, a summer, an autumn, and a winter, and they are as tender as the caresses she gives the little ones about her knees, as full of freshness and fragrance as a May morning, and yet as sparkling and profound as a December night. There is enough of nature study to prove that the author knows the huddling branches of the great woods as well as the blossoms of her garden; enough of human philosophy to show that the problems of the sorrowful and the poor are not beyond her thought; enough of the conversation of men and women and children to lighten the most serious chapters and urge a smile with their quaintness or their satire.

The new edition has many additions, perhaps a quarter of the volume, but none of the favorite passages has been taken away. Here are three paragraphs:

"I started off at a canter across the short, springy turf. The Hirschwald is an enchanted place on such an evening, when the mists lie low on the turf, and overhead the delicate, bare branches of the silver hitches stand out clear against the soft sky, while the little moon looks down kindly on the damp November world. Where the trees thicken into a wood, the fragrance of the wet earth and rotting leaves kicked up by the horses' hoofs fills my soul with delight. I particularly love that smell—it brings before me the entire benevolence of nature, forever working death and decay, so piteous in themselves, into the means of fresh life and glory, and sending up sweet odors as she works.

"December 7th.—I have been to England. I went for at least a month and stayed a week in a fog and was blown home again in a gale. Twice I fled before the fogs into the country to see friends with gardens, but it was raining, and except the beautiful lawns (not to be had in the Fatherland) and the infinite possibilities, there was nothing to interest the intelligent and garden-loving foreigner, for the good reason that you can not be interested in gardens under an umbrella. So I went back to the fogs, and after groping about for a few days more, began to long mordantly for Germany. A terrific gale

sprang up after I started, and the journey both by sea and land was full of horrors, the trains in Germany being heated to such an extent that it is next to impossible to sit still, great gusts of hot air coming up under the cushions, the cushions themselves being very hot, and the wretched traveler still hotter.

"But when I reached my home and got out of the train into the purest, brightest snow-atmosphere, the air so still that the whole world seemed to be listening, the sky cloudless, the crisp snow sparkling under foot and on the trees, and a happy row of three beaming babies awaiting me, I was consoled for all my torments, only remembering them enough to wonder why I had gone away at all."

Among those who were delighted with the work on its first appearance there can not be one who will be willing to miss the new portions of this last and final edition.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Winston Churchill will give a further development of the "Cavalier" idea in his new novel, "The Crisis," which, illustrated by Maxfield Parrish, will come from the press of the Macmillan Company in the course of the next few months. In "Richard Carvel" the author treated of the origin and character of the Cavalier in Maryland, and in "The Crisis" he takes up the Cavalier's history nearly a century later. The scene of the crisis is laid mostly in St. Louis. Such historical characters as Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman are introduced. The love-story is said to be intricate, and at the same time sympathetically told.

The new novel by Henry James promised for the autumn bears the characteristic title of "The Soft Side."

Lilian Bell has written a novel with scenes laid in Paris. Its title, "The Expatriates," suggests that it may be a skit on the American colony. Miss Bell is said to give a picture of Paris life far different from the usual account found in novels.

A sequel to the late Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" is announced in London. Its title will be "My After Dream."

F. Marion Crawford's "Ave Roma Immortalis" is soon to have a companion volume dealing with the South of Italy and the adjacent islands of the Mediterranean. It will be entitled "Rulers of the South, Sicily, Calabria, and Malta," and will have twenty-eight photogravures and one hundred illustrations in the text by Henry Brokman, and, like "Ave Roma," it will be in two volumes.

It is interesting to note that "The Girl at the Halfway House," E. Hough's new story of life on the plains, which is just ready from the press of D. Appleton & Co., is dedicated to Edward Kemeys, "soldier, hunter, and sculptor, who knew and loved the West, and who has preserved its spirit imperishably."

"On the Wing of Occasion," by Joel Chandler Harris, which is to be brought out soon, includes a novelette of about thirty thousand words, entitled "The Kidnapping of President Lincoln," and three stories, entitled "Why the Confederacy Failed," "In the Order of Providence," and "The Troubles of Martin Coy," dealing with the unwritten history of the Civil War and with the elaborate secret service then maintained.

Egerton Castle's next work is to be called "The Secret Orchard." It is a novel of contemporary life.

"The Life of John Paul Jones," by Augustus C. Buell, which is now in press, will represent the result of fourteen years' researches in England, France, and St. Petersburg, as well as in this country.

Jeannette L. Gilder, editor of the *Critic*, has just completed a capital juvenile story entitled "The Autobiography of a Tom-Boy."

"The Flower of the Flock," a new novel by W. E. Norris, has recently been published by D. Appleton & Co.

Frances Skinner has made a translation of a novel by Peter Rosegger, the popular German novelist, entitled "The Forest School-Master."

In commenting on the fact that James Lane Allen's "The Choir Invisible" is reported to have sold two hundred thousand copies, the *London Academy* makes the surprising statement that no book of equal merit ever received half so warm a welcome in England in the same time.

More than two hundred thousand copies of "To Have and To Hold" have now been sold, and the demand for the book still continues. If the dramatization of the work proves successful, the story will doubtless have a fresh boom. The writing of the stage version has been intrusted to Ernest Boddington, dramatic critic of the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

The English novelists seem to be showing unflagging industry this season. It is stated that Anthony Hope has still another novel written besides "Quisante," Stanley Weyman has also recently put the finishing touch to a new story, and Henry Seton Merriman is at present busy over the closing chapters of his latest book. Among the novels which the English publishers announce for early publication, and which are likely to be re-

issued on this side of the water at an early date, are: "The Belle of Toorak," a new Australian story by E. W. Hornung; "The Goddess," by Richard Marsh, best known as author of "The Beetle"; and "Richard Yea and Nay," by Maurice Hewlett, a story of the time of Richard Cœur de Lion.

The Dreamer.

Ah! let me leave the dust and glare
Of urban streets for hidden rills;
Let me catch Summer's robe, and share
The lonely comfort of the hills.

Or in some dim and distant vale
Where late Spring flowers linger yet,
And some impassioned nightingale
Sings above hanks of violet,

At the rapt hour when evening loves
To kiss the forehead of the world,
When hushed are all the drowsy doves,
And every roving wing is furled,

Grant me to lie and muse away
The memory of our modern life;
Let me forget the age of clay
In all its weariness and strife.

Or on the bank where sighing reeds
Are sung to slumber by the stream
Leave me, remote from jostling crowds,
Conflicting cultures, in a dream

Of bright Arcadia yet unbanned,
And the dead epoch of old Greece
When mighty heroes Argo manned,
All amorous of the Golden Fleece.

So shall I climb the stair of Jove
And drink of the Olympian wine,
Or hear Demeter sigh for love
Of her enervated Proserpine.

Within the sunburnt walls of Troy
The maids are fair, the men are strong;
I see the glittering troops deploy—
The bands of mighty warriors throng

Toward the city gate; I see
The lovely, languid Spartan Queen,
And, near her, pale Andromache,
One white hand lifted up to screen

Her anxious eyes from noontide glare,
Searching for Hector's haughty crest
And Cressid, with her rippling hair,
Of all frail things the loveliest.

The Gates of Hell unclosed to me,
And Cerberus hangs his triple head,
Before me pass in panoply
The splendid legions of the dead.

I am the Lord of all the past,
The tyrant of the land of dreams;
Yea—in this world the least and last—
I am the God of that which seems.

So let me flee this noisy age;
Blot out my name from memory's scroll;
Leave me my dreamer's heritage,
The secret kingdom of the soul.

—St. John Lucas in the *Spectator*.

Mrs. G. H. Davidson has assumed the business management of the *Criterion*. Francis Bellamy, the former business manager, takes editorial control, with Albert White Vorse.

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Edition of Stephen Crane's First Book.

The new and revised edition of "The Red Badge of Courage," the first work of Stephen Crane that attracted general attention, has a preface which gives many facts of particular interest, as well as some notes of critical appreciation which will be accepted without question. The preface quotes from a letter written by Stephen Crane some years ago, in which he says:

"When I was about sixteen I began to write for the New York papers, doing correspondence from Asbury Park and other places. Then I began to write special articles and short stories for the Sunday papers and one of the literary syndicates, reading a great deal in the meantime and gradually acquiring a style. I decided that the nearer a writer gets to life the greater he becomes as an artist, and most of my prose writings have been toward the goal partially described by that misunderstood and abused word, realism. Tolstoy is the writer I admire most of all. I've been a free lance during most of the time I have been doing literary work, writing stories and articles about anything under heaven that seemed to possess interest, and selling them wherever I could. It was hopeless work. Of all human lots for a person of sensibility that of an obscure free lance in literature or journalism is, I think, the most discouraging. It was during this period that I wrote 'The Red Badge of Courage.' It was an effort born of pain—despair, almost; and I believe that this made it a better piece of literature than it otherwise would have been. It seems a pity that it should be a child of pain, and yet I think it is. Of course we have fine writers who are prosperous and contented, but in my opinion their work would be greater if this were not so. It lacks the sting it would have if written under the spur of a great need."

Concerning the writing of the book, and its strength, the introduction says:

"The story of a famous book is perhaps worth telling because of the multiplication of mythical narratives. It is not important to know how many newspaper syndicates declined the story, or how much it was cut down before it appeared in newspaper form, or how little serialization brought the author; nor is it possible to verify the tale that its origin was the challenge of an artist-friend, uttered in response to Mr. Crane's criticism of a battle-story which he had just read. Mr. Crane studied some books on the Civil War, and the battle which he had in mind more than any other was that of Chancellorsville. He talked with veterans, but he found it impossible to gain the insight which he desired in this way. He wished to 'see war from within,' and this he did. As a psychological study, 'The Red Badge' has a profound interest. It is the imagining of a young man who has never seen war. It is the analysis of a young recruit's soul which is as vivid and clear as the finest anatomical dissection, and yet instinct with life and palpitating with emotion. No one can read the book without marveling at the power of the author's imagination, at his success in placing himself in the situation of another."

The preface gives some new biographical details in addition to its extended appreciation of the book from which quotation has been made. A fine portrait of Stephen Crane serves as frontispiece in the new volume.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Essays by Charles M. Skinner.

From the pages of the magazines Charles M. Skinner has rescued three of his essays, and set them with eight others in a dainty volume entitled "Flowers in the Pave." The character of these papers, now made into a sheaf, is hardly shadowed in the title chosen, but "An Idle Watcher of the Skies," and "News from a Back Yard," two later essays, express more nearly the spirit of the author, who knows the clouds, the rainbow, the glowing colors of dawns and sunsets, as well as the buds, the birds and the butterflies of his summer lounging-places. His pen is not busied with fancies, but in every paragraph some fact of nature that a close observer has pinned against the wall is taken down and examined curiously.

The illustrations are by Elizabeth Shippen Green and Edward Stratton Holloway, for the most part reproductions of wash drawings, and they are bits of views that tell of beauty and rest in the fields.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

A Romance of the St. Lawrence Valley.

Irving Bacheller's story, "Eben Holden," might be an autobiography. It follows the fortunes of an orphan boy from his childhood to his arrival at man's estate, and the lighter incidents of the earlier years are given more care and space than the stirring and important events of later times. To one who writes of his own experiences such treatment is natural. Memory throws a softened light on the happenings of boyhood days and the joys of youth, and in the distance their proportions are not so readily perceived. It is the present, close at hand, that is less alluring, less in keeping with the play of fancy and tender, lingering descriptions.

The boy, now a man, tells the story. It begins with the loss of parents and brother by a sudden stroke of ill-fortune in a home among the hills of Vermont, and the quick-following flight of the old man who has worked for the family, with the orphan boy carried on his back to save him from the grasp of interested neighbors who propose a charitable

future for the child. This old man, whose name is given to the book, is a delightful creation. His tireless industry, his never-failing kindness and patience, his quaint philosophy and humor, and his unshaken courage and faith, are proved in every chapter, and with all the gifts placed at his disposal and distributed with a lavish hand, only once or twice are his manners or his means obviously artificial. He finds a home in Northern New York for himself and his charge, and there the boy grows up, secures an education, and falls in love. Then comes a journey to the metropolis, an engagement on the *Tribune*, under Greeley, to be deserted for a place in the ranks of the Union army, an eventful career in uniform, and a home-coming to happiness and honor among old friends.

Not a wonderful career, but the hero has no intention of occupying the centre of the stage, and gives his best endeavors to bringing forward those with whom he becomes intimately acquainted. There are homely graces in all the portraits, and more than one will be remembered.

Published by the Lathrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

A lecture delivered by Dr. George W. Carey in Los Angeles has been printed in pamphlet-form under the title "The New Heaven and New Earth, or the Universal Supply in Air." Published in paper covers by Thomas G. Newman, San Francisco; price, 10 cents.

In "The West End," a novel of English society, Percy White offers a story that is bright with humor and fancy, and engaging from the start. It is told in the record of Rupert Atherton, secretary to John Treadaway, a manufacturer who had grown immensely rich, and it holds a love-story, developed with art, and many character-studies skillfully done. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The love-story of a patient and a physician at a health-resort is told in "The Valley of the Great Shadow," a novel by Annie E. Holdsworth, and it is not to be passed idly by those who find most pleasure in pictures of sombre hues. It is not a depressing story after all, and there is more of thought and feeling in the book than most novelists have at their command. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

One of Dr. Maurus Jókai's Hungarian novels which has an historical value and yet is as full of his inimitable character-drawing and freshness of incident as any, is "The Baron's Sons," which has been translated and cut down to ordinary length by Percy Favor Bicknell. The excisions, it is explained in the preface, were matters of minor detail, and it is certain that a story full of moving episodes is left. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

William H. Muldoon, a newspaper reporter who made a personal investigation of the socialistic ideas of Major Jones, of Toledo, and his followers, and then pursued the subject through related associations in neighboring cities favoring municipal ownership of public utilities, has written a book containing sketches of his work, and with bad taste has named the volume "Mark Hanna's Moral Cranks, and Others." Published by the George F. Spinney Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.; price, 50 cents.

Dr. George R. Parkin made an interesting and valuable study of the most original and striking figure in the school-master world of that time in his volume, "Life and Letters of Edward Thring," and it was received with thorough appreciation by Americans devoted to education, as well as by those in England who had known for years the force of the great teacher's name. The second edition of the work has been revised and made more compact, and it will find many new readers. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

In Lippincott's Series of Select Novels the latest issue is "A Millionaire of Yesterday," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. It is a well-told story of adventure, mining in Africa, struggles in the stock market in London, and the love of a young adventurer who fixes his fancy on the daughter of his partner through a glimpse of her photograph, and follows it up. There are many dramatic scenes in the novel, the character-drawing is above the average, and as a whole the book deserves well of readers. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

The *Critic* says that it is credibly informed that the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," and "A Solitary Summer," is Mary Theresa Olivia, daughter of Cornwallis West, of Ruthin Castle, Denbighshire, and sister of Lieutenant George Cornwallis West, who was recently married to Lady Randolph Churchill. In 1891 Miss Cornwallis West married Prince Henry of Pless, and now lives at Furenstein, Schlesien, Germany. Among Prince Henry's estates is a fine old place in Pomerania, on the shores of the Baltic Sea. The "Garden" is on this estate. Princess Henry of Pless is only twenty-seven years of age now, so she was not more than twenty-four or five when she wrote "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" and "A Solitary Summer."

How to Write a Successful Historical Novel.

In the August number of the *Criterion*, Albert White Vorse discusses, interestingly, "The Success of Successful Novels," and, after overhauling the salient points of Charles Major's "When Knighthood Was in Flower," gives the following deductions as lessons learned from the success of this particular story by the person who would write a successful historical novel:

"First—Make your characters allude to the heroine as ravishingly beautiful and witty; in fact, altogether transcendent. The question whether her conversation shows wit is subordinate. So is the honesty of the lady—but:

"Second—The heroine must love the hero through all misfortunes.

"Third—The hero must be domineering, of powerful build, and handsome.

"Fourth—This above all: make one of your chief characters high born; the other rather lowly. A high-born heroine is preferable to a high-born hero. The public dearly loves to see a princess stoop to love a commoner. Look, for example, at the success of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' In real life recall the 'popularity' of the match between the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

"Fifth—You may or may not concern yourself with historical atmosphere. Many well-received books have had it. 'Henry Esmond' is supposed to have it. Not 250,000 copies of 'Henry Esmond' were sold, however, within three years of its publication. 'Atmosphere' is of minor value.

"Sixth—A corollary to fifth. Write in a lingo comprehensible to every one.

"Seventh—Intrust your work to an able and enterprising publisher.

"Thus you may disregard the opinions of the critics, and perchance be enabled to look upon the 250,000th copy of your work.

"But if you care for the good opinion of men who know and choose what is best in literature, you will have to pay attention to 'atmosphere.' Mr. Major could have had that good opinion. He has told an attractive story; he has indicated his characters, on the whole, clearly. If he had not caused his characters to express their thoughts in phraseology so incongruously modern, his romance might have won the approval of the critics, as well as of the public."

Dr. John Clark Ridpath, the historian, who died in New York City on July 31st, was born in Indiana in 1840. He was educated in the common schools, taught district school, and finally became a clerk in a village store. He entered the De Pauw University in 1859 and graduated in four years, paying his own way. Years later he was made professor at his alma mater. In 1881 he was associated with "The People's Cyclopedia," and in 1882 he began his "History of the World." Among his books are "Academic History of the United States," a "Grammar School History," "Monograph of Alexander Hamilton," "The Life and Work of James G. Blaine," and "The Life of Gladstone."

As soon as Hamlin Garland's new novel, "The Eagle's Heart," completes its serial course, D. Appleton & Co. will bring it out in book-form. It is said to be the most ambitious work of fiction that the author has undertaken in several years—in fact, since he began his "Life of Grant," which kept him from story-writing for two years.

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The Flower of
the Flock

A Novel. By W. E. NORRIS, author of "Matrimony," "Mademoiselle de Mersac," "Marietta's Marriage," etc. No. 290, Appleton's Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Mr. Norris's new novel is charmingly written, diversified by incident, clever in characterization, and unforgettably interesting. The appearance of a new novel by Norris at this season will be peculiarly welcome.

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"Othello" at the Tivoli is Salassa's opportunity, almost in the same degree as "The Middleman" at the Grand Opera House was Lackaye's. Of course, there is not so great a gap between the great baritone and the rest of the company at the Tivoli Opera House as there is between Lackaye and those who support him. But both of these artists are dramatic gems in an inferior setting. Salassa is too much of a musician, too capable an actor, for the very good company that is adding another to the successful seasons of grand opera. His talent, like Lackaye's, dwarfs the capacities of those about him. He is artist enough to gain, instead of losing, if he were placed among his peers. Yet, if that desirable consummation were to be attained, San Francisco would be selfishly regretful; for the productions at the Tivoli Opera House, while still very creditable, would lack the one spark of the higher art which shines through and transfigures the merely creditable performance.

It may be that because music is the older art, its votaries have a higher standard than that of the drama's audience. There are all sorts of voices at the Tivoli during the grand-opera season, but in not the least of them is there that departure from the standard which mars so many dramatic performances. A Tivoli audience, though deliberately ignoring the unwritten social law which says, "Thou shalt take thy opera seriously—and uncomfortably; thou shalt observe full dress with all its rigorous exactions," would not tolerate singing as had, relatively, as is the acting of minor parts upon the unvoiced stages honored by better-dressed and more pretentious auditors.

"Othello" is almost Wagnerian in its finest passages; but it is still Verdi-like enough to retain its hold upon the masses of musical people. It is a mine of beautiful melody, but elevated by a finer, stronger grasp into something greater than any other opera Verdi has written. It is not surprising that this particular production should be more successful than anything the grand-opera season has offered, for in the music and the rôle of Iago, Salassa has the opportunity to display most pleasingly the union of gifts which makes him the exception among the Tivoli's singers.

Salassa's acting has been the theme for many an admiring pen, both this year and last. But Salassa is not a great actor. If he were, he could not be the success he is as a singer. The reason for the disproportionate praise which has been given him is to be found in the fact that music-lovers make up for their insistence upon good tone-production by an absolute indifference to acting. As a rule, the man or woman most susceptible to the power of music is least critical of, and least capable of appreciating, the niceties of histrionic genius. So it is not the greatness of Salassa, from a dramatic point of view, but the accepted littleness of his stage contemporaries, that has given the great baritone his reputation as an actor.

As a matter of fact, grand opera is cast in too rigid a mold—however heroic it may be—to lend itself to the delineation of character. Music is a jealous and a noisy goddess. Her sister art, whose development lies in a finer, softer, more delicately subtle sphere, is overpowered and crowded out by the exactions and the traditions of the older operas, particularly. An artist of intelligence, like Salassa, can not be satisfied with the perfunctory gestures, the unreasoning action, and the inconsequent renditions of the more limited singers. Yet his conception of his rôle is always and justly subordinated to its claims as music. There can be no even partnership between music and drama. Calvé, herself, whose Carmen most nearly approached the plane where acting and singing are equally good, has declared that she will divorce drama from music, and become an actress instead of a singer, because she can not be both.

But the music-lover has compensations. However imposing a spectacle may be made of Othello's entrance in the first scene in Cyprus, however barbaric may be the pomp which accompanies the princely blackamoors, however hearty may be the cheer which greets him—the effect in the drama can not equal the musical shout which rises from full-throated, trained voices in the operatic production. The stage shout is always miserably inadequate. Men's voices become shrilly effeminate when raised in a cheer. It takes a multitude to send forth the mighty volume of sound which, one feels, should we come a great leader. If the action of the mob upon the stage is uniformly disappointing, its inability to cheer falls even further from the ideal. At take twenty fairly good baritones and basses, the ordinary material of the chorus, and give them a

good, open note in the middle register to sound, and they will produce such a harmonious roar of greeting as will convince the listener that he must indeed be great who is welcomed so royally.

Of course, a chorus, a quartet, a trio, and a duet are all absurd, judged from the unmusical standpoint. If men and women thought aloud and spoke by twos and threes and dozens, the world would be a babel of unintelligible sounds. But this musical license which opera takes—and to which it is fully as much entitled as is poetry—is an exquisite tool to the composer. Apart from the harmonies it puts at his command, it provides him with the subtlest sort of atmosphere. No one, on sea or land, ever knew a viceroy's palace in which the master and Iago, his standard-bearer, conversed undisturbed, while Desdemona and all her court gossiped at the top of their lungs. Yet never was a composer's intention clearer to his audience than Verdi's is in the third act of "Othello," when the light, treble chorus of the women forms a sort of ethereal background to the sombre business Iago is plotting and Othello is listening to. It is this same operatic license which surrounds Anna Lichter—a rather shallow, phlegmatic actress, indifferent to histrionic effect, who sings like a canary, and seemingly with as little thought of emotions and passions—with so charming an atmosphere in the last act. To those who know only the bird-like quality of Miss Lichter's voice and the sameness of her impersonations, her Desdemona, singing the soft, weird "Willow Song," is a revelation. Nothing but music could express the intangible foreboding that possesses the doomed wife of the jealous Moor, on the last night of her life. Nothing but music could run through the broken thread of her last chat with her attendant, binding it all into a perceptible mood. Miss Lichter's light soprano is admirably adapted to the singing of the quaint "Willow" melody, filled with old-English, minor strains, and her rendition of it is the best thing San Franciscans have heard from her.

If artistic entertainment could be measured by pennies' worth, the huyer of a seat at the Tivoli should feel himself in the company's debt if he has heard only the great duet between Salassa and Avadano at the end of the second act. The music is so full of character, it expresses the situation so completely, that one forgets and forgives its inability to render the subtleties of speech, the intricacy of Shakespearean conceptions. Salassa is delightful here. The fullness, the richness of his voice, the exquisite ease of his singing, the grace of his strong, manly body, and the intelligence in his animated face make the part of Iago the pivot of the whole opera. And yet it is not convincing—Iago rarely is, because of the disproportion between his grievance against Othello and the malicious cruelty of his revenge. For when your Iago has the better voice, the manlier physique, the more tasteful costume, the clearer appreciation, and by far the cleverer rendition, your sympathy is apt to follow your eyes and your ears; and as spoken words, he they Italian or English, are incomprehensible in grand opera, your attention is likely to be diverted from the treachery of Iago to a mild wonderment that Desdemona could have loved the Moor and overlooked the gallant figure his "ancient" makes. Surely, Shakespeare never intended nor anticipated so attractive an Iago.

At the Orpheum a young woman named Sallie Stembler is the bright, particular star of a rather foggy programme. But even if the attractions in vaudeville this week were all the occasional visitor demands (and the houseful of regular attendants never misses), this young comedienne would shine out brilliantly. Miss Stembler and Miss Bennett present one of those typically "smart" sketches which vaudeville has created. The up-to-date vaudeville sketch, like Sallie Stembler herself, is pert, extremely sophisticated, thoroughly self-possessed, in the front rank with the very latest slang, but dazlingly witty, and with a juggling wealth of repartee born of expert knowledge of Orpheum audiences, and the fact that vaudeville farces are ephemeral things. Miss Stembler, though, is lasting; at least her cleverness, her sauciness is. She leaves an after-impression of lightness, of high spirits, of quickness of appreciation, despite the "toughness" of the rôle she assumes. Her impertinent, bright little face has a way of cheating the author of credit due, for the snappy spiciness of her delivery adopts the telling words, which fall from her laughing lips as though they were her own.

As to George Cohan, the author of the successful bit of nonsense which these two women play, he has contributed to that irregular body of unattached expressions which is forever skirmishing just beyond the pale of dictionaries. "Quit acting and go on the stage," is destined to find its way into that effective, though grammatically unrecognized territory of speech where people say what they please, bow they please. It is surprising to note how aptly the phrase fits situations of pretense and self-deception out of, as well as within the theatrical domain.

Mrs. Bessie Blitz Paxton, "society operatic vocalist," is good to look at and good to listen to. Still hers can be but a temporary and local success, unless she attains that distinctness of enunciation and indefinable charm of manner, by means of which

the professional singer of ballads establishes a mysterious but fascinating sort of freemasonry between herself and her audience.

The rest of the Orpheum programme is the usual one where four-footed mimics walk on two legs and bipeds imitate quadrupeds; where singers dance, and dancers sing, and monologists do both—all to the complete satisfaction of a house full of smoke and the biggest and best satisfied audience in town.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Same Old Story.

You bet. Same old ticket,
Same old boss;
Same old platform
(Minus cross);
Same old powder,
Same old gun;
Same old waddin'
(Steen to one);
Same old kickers,
Same old growl;
Same old anti-
Hanna howl;
Same old issues—
Nothing new;
Same old lies to
Help 'em through;
Same old talkers,
Same old josh;
Same old brand of
Campaign slosh;
Same old voters
(Bless their souls),
Same old trouncing
At the polls!

—J. Mortimer Brown in the White Lake Wave.

The Japs.

When the drummer gently taps
Close together swing the Japs;
The natty little,
Ratty little

Japs, Japs, Japs!

All their faces are a-shine
As they move in rhythmic line;
The happy little,
Snappy little

Japs, Japs, Japs!

They are little, but I know
Where they're led they'll surely go:
The ready little,
Steady little

Japs, Japs, Japs!

They will battle with their might—
For they're Yankees in a fight!
These wily little,
Fiery little

Japs, Japs, Japs!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Drop of Ink Again.

He poised a drop of ink upon his pen:
"What thoughts this drop may give the world," he said.

The drop fell on his shirt front—ah, well! Then
His thoughts rolled out like hail-stones off a shed.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Private Member.

[The rumor that a number of privates are to be run as candidates at the next general election in England leads Punch to summarize the situation in the following manner. —Eps.]

Come hither, Tommy Atkins; console me, if you can!

I've been a private; now, alas! I am a public man. I've fought a fresh opponent, and I've given him a beating;
But now, instead of meeting Boers, I only bore a meeting.

Of course, it sounds delightful; yet life still hath got its rubs;
I once was clubbed with rifles, now I'm rifled with these clubs;
Instead of raising funds for me, as used to be their way,
Constituents all look to me to do the "pay, pay, pay."

They think, as I'm a soldier, when they stretch their greedy palms,
It is simplicity itself to me—presenting alms;
They harass me by night and day; it seems to be their view,
As I've been taught to stand at ease, I'll stand a teasing too.

They write to me for cheques and add anticipating thanks;
The only checks I ever had were on Tugela banks, And these must have been broken by the run on them, I fear;
Those checks were never honored by the people over here.

Then, too, my colleagues look askance. I held my head up high,
When I was in the ranks, but now a rank outsider I. Ah, me! I mourn those happy days that long have taken flight,
For though we then were drill'd all day, we were not bored all night.—Punch.

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—SAPHO—

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Next Play..... "The Silver King."

Orpheum

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Only Way."

The last and by far the most ambitious production of the Henry Miller season at the Columbia Theatre will be "The Only Way," Free-mao Wills' much-discussed dramatization of Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities," which is to be given for the first time in this city on Monday night. Avoiding the common error of most adapters, who try to reproduce far too much, Mr. Wills has omitted many of the prominent figures of the novel—Miss Pross, Jerry Cruncher, and others—and consolidated Defarge and his terrible wife into one male personage, who becomes a sinister and powerful melodramatic figure. He strengthens the love interest, moreover, by expanding the character of the little seamstress, who plays so pathetic a part in the closing scenes of the book, and makes her prominent throughout the story as an orphan, secretly and hopelessly attached to Sydney Carton, the rôle in which Henry Miller has scored the greatest success of his career.

The play has a prongue and four acts, the strongest being the third, in which Darnay, denounced as the aristocrat St. Evrémonde, is on trial before the revolutionary tribunal, and so eloquent is Carton's plea in his defense that an acquittal is secured. The speech is a splendid one, and its effect is heightened by the splendid trainging of the mob, which is visibly carried from sullen hate to tolerance by Carton's address. But at the moment of acquittal Defarge bursts in and shrieks to the mob that they have acquitted the seducer of his sister. To do instant they are turned in furies, and the man is condemned to the guillotine. The remaining act is in three brief scenes and a tableau. At first we see Carton planning to substitute himself for Darnay, and Mimi, suspecting his intention, determining to die with him. Theo the substitution is effected, Darnay being carried off unconscious while Carton remains to die in his place. Finally the scene changes to the hall of the Conciergerie, where Mimi goes out hand in hand with her hero to execution, and, just before the final curtain falls, an effective tableau reveals Carton on the steps of the guillotine.

Margaret Anglin will play Mimi, and besides all the other favorites of the company who will be in the long cast, J. H. Stoddard, Daniel Harkins, and Joseph Brennan, who have recently arrived from the East, will be seen in the important rôles which they created.

Keith Wakeman as Sapho.

Crowded houses have been the rule at the Grand Opera House this week and deservedly, for "Trilby" has been elaborately revived with a cast equal in every respect to that which first produced Paul Potter's dramatization of Du Maurier's masterpiece at the Baldwin Theatre several years ago. Lackaye's Svengali remains the same powerful impersonation as before; Igoacin Martinetti repeats his delightful characterization of Zou-Zou, the volatile French Zouave; and Mary Vao Buren does not suffer in the least by comparison with Edith Crane. There is one weak spot in the cast, the Taffy of Harrington Reynolds, the Laird of H. S. Duffield, and the Rev. Thomas Bagot of George Gastno being especially worthy of mention. The three stage settings, the studio in the Latio quarter, the foyer of the Cercue des Bashi-Bazouks, and the private apartment of the Hotel Bristol, Paris, are in admirable taste.

Next week the Réjane version of Alphonse Daudet's "Sapho" is to be the bill, with Keith Wakeman in the rôle of Harrington Reynolds as Jean. The ball-room scene in the first act, it is said, will surpass anything that has been seen here, and the spiral staircase scene, which will be thirty feet high, will be given with great effect.

Heory Arthur Jones's "The Silver King" will follow "Sapho."

Silvain A. Lee, the Hypnotist.

"The Brownies in Fairyland" will be presented for the last time at the California Theatre on Sunday afternoon, August 19th, and on the same evening Silvain A. Lee, one of the most remarkable hypnotists before the public, will begin a series of interesting and novel entertainments. Although this will be Mr. Lee's first appearance in this city, his fame has preceded him. His performances are decidedly amusing, one of the droll features being an imaginary ballet, in which boys and men taken from the audience are hypnotized, dressed in skirts, and made to execute the most grotesque steps. Another mirth-provoking experiment is what is called "the baby act," in which the hypnotized subjects are made to believe that all the gentlemen in the audience are babies and that they are crying. They are sent from the stage to quiet the "babies," and their efforts to do so are said to be most ludicrous.

Matinées will be given on Saturday and Sunday.

The Tivoli's Double Bill.

The fourth week of the grand-opera season at the Tivoli Opera House will be devoted to Wagner's "Tannhäuser" and Thomas's "Migoo." "Tannhäuser" will be sung on Monday, Friday, and Saturday nights, with a cast including Avedano in the title-rôle, Salassa as Wolfram, Schuster as Landgrave, Anna Lichter as Veous, and Effie

Stewart, who makes her first appearance this season, as Elizabeth.

In "Mignon," which will be given on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights, Polletini will be seen as Mignon, Frances Graham as Frederick, Russo as Wilhelm Meister, Repetto as Filina, and Niclini as Lutharin.

"Othello" will be sung for the last time this (Saturday) evening, and on Sunday the bill will be "Rigoletto."

At the Orpheum.

The principal new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be the Newsky Troupe of Russian singers and dancers, whose act is said to be something out of the ordinary. The other new entertainers will be Lew Hawkins, the monologist, who is a great favorite in this city, and always returns to us with a budget of up-to-date jokes, stories, and songs; Caroline Hull, a dainty vocalist, and Brunn Armin and Bertha Wagner, who will present an operatic travesty entitled "Opera in the Kitchen."

Those retained from this week's bill are Mrs. Bessie Blitz Paxton, the Four Juggling Johnsons, Sam Morris and company in their lively comedietta, Macart's dngs and mnkeys, and new views on the biography.

THE STAGING OF SHAKESPEARE.

Beerbohm Tree's Defense of the Public Taste.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I have not even mentioned 'Little Davy' in the preface to my Shakespeare."

"Why?" ventured Boswell. "Do you not admire that great actor?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "as a pnnr player who frets and struts his hour upon the stage—as a shadow."

"But," persisted Boswell, "has he not brought Shakespeare into notice?"

At this the immortal lexicographer fired up. "Sir, to allow that would be to lampoon the age. Many of Shakespeare's plays are the worse for being acted."

Theo Boswell, Scotchman that he was, once more replied with a question: "What! Is nothing gained by acting and decoration?"

"Sir!" replied Dr. Johnson, breathing hard; "sir!" he thundered, as he brought down his fist with all the energy of his rotund and volcanic personality; "sir!"—and for once there was silence—the only silence that is recorded in the life of that masterful personality.

"In this brief conversatioin is raised the chief question which has divided lovers of Shakespeare for three centuries past," says Beerbohm Tree, the emioct English actor, in the July number of the *Fortnightly Review*. "Ought his works to be presented upon the stage at all? Strange as it may seem to an actor, I am bound to say that I can understand this attitude of mind, which was shared by many thinkers of past ages. I am not astonished even that such acute and genial critics as Charles Lamb and Wordsworth—that such serious lovers of Shakespeare as Hazlitt and Emerson—held the opinion that the works of our greatest dramatist should not be seen upon the stage. . . .

"We are told that under the present system it is no longer possible for Shakespeare's plays to be acted constantly and in their variety, owing to the large sums of money which have to be expended, thus necessitating long runs. Of course, if a large number of Shakespeare's plays could follow each other without intermission, a very desirable state of things would be attained; but my contention is that on company of ordinary dimensions could possibly achieve this, either worthily or even satisfactorily. Leaving out of consideration for the moment all such questions as rehearsals of scenery and effects, it is impossible for one set of actors properly to prepare one play in the space of a few days, while they are playing another at night. Those who have had any experience of rehearsing Shakespearean drama in a serious way will bear me out that a week or a fortnight, or even a month, is insufficient to do the text anything like full justice. And even when attempts of this kind have been made, can it honestly be said that they have left any lasting impression upon the mind or the fancy?"

"I contend that greater service for the true knowledge of Shakespeare's works is rendered by the careful production of one of these plays than by the indifferet—or, as I believe it is now fashionably called, the 'adequate'—representation of half a dozen of them. By deeply impressing an audience and making their hearts throb to the beat of the poet's word, by enthraling an audience by the magic of the actor who has the compelling power, we are enabled to give Shakespeare a wider appeal and a larger franchise—surely no mean achievement. Thousands witness him instead of hundreds; for his works are not only, or primarily, for the literary student—they are for the world at large. Indeed, there should be more joy over sixty-two Philistines that are gaoied than over one elect that is preserved. I contend that not only is no service rendered to Shakespeare by an 'adequate' representation, but that such performances are a disservice, in so far that a large proportion of the audience will receive from them an impressio of dullness. And in all modesty it may be claimed that it is better to draw multitudes by doing Shakespeare in the way the

public prefers than to keep the theatre empty by only presenting him 'adequately,' as these counsels of imperfection would have us do.

"I take it that the proper object of putting Shakespeare upon the stage is not only to provide an evening's amusement at the theatre, but also to give a stimulus in the further study of our great poet's works. If performances, therefore, make but a fleeting impressio during the moments that they are in action, and are forgotten as soon as the playhouse is quitted, the stimulus for diving deeper into other plays than those that we have witnessed must inevitably be wanting. For my own part, I admit that the long run has its disadvantages—that it tends (unless fought against) to automatic acting and to a lessening of enthusiasm, passion, and imagination on the part of the actor; but what system is perfect? It is a regrettable fact that in all the affairs of life, whenever we strive for an abstract condition of things, we are apt to come into collision with the concrete wall which is built of human limitations—as many an idealist's battered head will testify. In making a choice one can only elect that system which has the smallest number of drawbacks to its account. The argument that the liabilities involved nowadays in producing a Shakespearean play no modern system are so heavy that few managers care to face them, and that therefore, unless a change in such system takes place, Shakespeare will be banished from the London stage altogether—is in my opinion a fallacious one. Again I apologize for intruding the results of my own experience, but I feel bound to state—if only for the purpose of encouraging others to put Shakespeare on the stage as magnificently as they can afford—that no single one of my Shakespearean productions has been unattended by a substantial pecuniary reward."

A Denial from Julia Marlowe.

Julia Marlowe is indignant at the publication of the following paragraph, which has gone the rounds of the papers, in which she is quoted as saying in one of her friends:

"I am going to make a change. I am under contract to present 'Wheo Knighthood Was in Flower,' and I shall give this play next season. After that I am going to play your 'Saphos,' your 'Zazas,' and your 'Becky Sharps.' Why? Simply because I am tired of the goody-goody dramas, and I want to make a change. I want a different public. My public has been very generous, and I hope that I have not been ungrateful, but I long to attract those who are not governed merely by beautiful sentiment, but who know life, and do not hesitate to see it represented truthfully rather than ideally on the stage. That is the way I feel now, and unless I change my mind, I shall be governed by this feeling in making my future plans."

In deoying the truth of this alleged conversation, Miss Marlowe says:

"I am utterly at a loss to imagine the source from which this emanated, as I would be the last person to give expression to such ideas as those which are here attributed to me. I have no intention to change the policy of my productions, the pursuace of which has won me the support, and I hope the respect, of the theatre-gners of America. My intention is rather to present the higher forms of the classic and poetic drama as far as the public will support me in such presentations, than to enter a field in which I have never sought recognition."

"I am not tempted in such a change of policy by financial considerations, as I believe that I can safely say that my earnings have been greater, on the whole, than they would have been had I pursued a different policy. I believe that I may find ample opportunity for the presentation of those things that are truest in life, as well as all that is most beautiful in art, in the plays with which my name has been associated, and I wish to assure those who are interested in my work that my future productions will be made with the best hope and highest purpose of the stage in view."

With the exception of Sunday night, September 2d, Henry J. Paio's great military spectacle, "The Battle of San Juan," will be given every evening for two weeks, commencing Saturday night, September 1st, at the Sixteenth and Folsom Street grounds. The entertainment, in which nearly five hundred people take part, will be concluded each evening with a magnificent display of the Paio fire-works.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Rev. Braddon Hamilton created another sensation in Newport a fortnight ago, when, before a fashionable congregation at All Saints' Church, he severely criticised society for its extravagance in dress, manner of living, desecration of the Sabbath, and introduction of petty gambling into its homes. Last year, it will be remembered, when the Belmont-Sloane marriage was the topic of conversation, he startled his congregation by a frank sermon on "Home Life," in which he remarked: "We ask you, as a favor toward the church, to refuse to recognize divorce in your good society. If you have a friend or a relative who has so erred, simply say to him or her, 'I am very sorry, but for the sake of my home, for the sake of the general effect on the community, for the sake of morality and the church, I can not treat you as I did before.'" This time he took his text from Romans xiii., 2—"It is high time to awake out of sleep"—and spoke in part as follows: "On account of the important position to several ways which Newport holds in the eyes of the people of this country, your life here is of most vital importance, not only for your own sakes, but because of your influence on the seventy-five millions of people who are looking to you for example, for precedent. If the people here introduce a certain idea this year, before two years fifty out of the seventy-five millions of our people in this country will try and work out that idea in their own way and in their own different spheres. It always has been the case in the history of the world that those possessed of most earthly privileges were followed by the remainder of the populace in matters right or matters wrong. If you establish the ideal that a lavish, unnecessary, thoughtless expenditure of money is the great object of the American citizen's ambition, many a good man will go to prison through trying to furnish his wife with funds while she is trying to imitate your example. Show the people of this country that the boastful, vulgar, brainless spendthrift is not the ideal citizen of this country, but that the cultivated Christian gentleman, living comfortably on what he has come by honestly and surrounded by every comfort or luxury he can afford, is the ideal citizen."

Another ideal which Dr. Hamilton admooished society to uphold is the observance of Sunday. He remarked: "There are many good people in our land who might be excused in a sense if they spent Sunday in recreation and amusements on account of their forced employment through the week, but the people of Newport have no such excuse. And the young men and young women who desert church on Sunday morning and go and play golf have very little respect for themselves, and far less for the community. They are casting a slur on that noble game and are exhibiting the basest kind of ingratitude to the good Lord and Saviour, who has surrounded them with so many privileges. If Sunday golf playing is maintained here, it will be played on every links in this country before three years, and instead of that game being regarded as the noble, royal pleasure that it is, it will become a public nuisance, a menace to the pride of our land—our American Sunday. Now Newport has the power to say whether or not these things shall be. See to it how you deal with this responsibility. Another important characteristic bearing upon the observance of Sunday in Newport is that of giving private dinners and parties to public places, exposing the privacy of the household to the gaze of public curiosity, to show people who are less fortunate in circumstances than you in the world, and who are, perhaps, jealous of your privileges, how you can make the calm solemnity of Sunday evening ring with hoisterous hilarity. If this custom becomes popular here, it is safe to say that before five years the public places of this country which are now closed and quiet will be wide open on Sunday and filled with the kind of people who, when started in the wrong direction, know no restraint, only ruin and death."

Of the last and probably most important example which he accused Newport society of introducing—petty gambling—Dr. Hamilton said: "We have reason to believe that such a custom has been practiced, and is being practiced in many of the cottages at Newport this season. Now no language that I could ever use would more than half express the enormity of such an example, the far-reaching evil of such a precedent. The effect on your own immediate household is probably trivial. You do it for amusement, but are you awake to the fact that you are playing with a contagious evil, which has killed and buried even whole nations out of sight? It has broken up families and wasted estates far greater than any of yours. It has wrecked some of the most noble families in England and France; it has driven young men who were educated to be gentlemen to be black sheep, profligates, and criminals. Gambling is an almost incurable disease. No man who makes a few successful winnings ever forgets it, and even if he does not follow it up for the time being, if ever he gets into reduced circumstances it is the first thing he will fly to. Therefore, the person who teaches a young man to gamble is stamping him with a black mark which he will carry all the way through life, across the river of death, and very probably down into eternal doom. It is safe to say

that if gambling is established here as an amusement in respectable homes, inside of a year this country will have millions more gamblers than it has to-day. And the majority of them will start in their humble flats surrounded by bare walls, just as innocently as you started here on your piazzas surrounded by plants and flowers."

While not saying it in so many words, Dr. Hamilton's allusion to the introduction of petty gambling refers to the remarkable vogue of bridge whist, recently transplanted from England, which is thus briefly described by the New York Tribune: "In bridge whist the cards are first dealt to the four who are playing partners, as in whist. The person who has the deal, however, does not turn up the last card as the trump, but has the option of making it anything he chooses. Of course, in doing this the counting must be considered. If hearts are chosen, every extra trick over the book counts 8—diamonds 6, clubs 4, spades 2, and the highest count of all is made if the dealer wins the tricks after having decided to make it 'no trumps,' that is, each suit winning or losing on its own merits. This counts 12. The game is won by the first couple scoring 30 points—and the rubber, as in whist, consists of the best two out of three games—the winner of the rubber being credited with 100 points above his score, the counting being according to the score at the end, when the 'extras' held by each player during the game are also counted. These consist of 'honors,' 'chicane,' and 'grand' and 'little salm.' The honors are the face-cards of trumps and the ten-spot, and count by the side having the majority being credited with twice the value of a trick. For instance, if hearts are trumps, the credit is 16—four honors count four times the value of a trick. 'Chicane' is where no trumps are held by one of the players. This at the final reckoning costs the opponent pair the value of half the honors held by them for that hand. 'Grand salm' is when all tricks are taken by one side; this counts 40. And 'little salm' is when all tricks are taken except one, 20 being the advantage in count. If the dealer has not sufficiently good cards to make trumps of any suit, he turns the privilege over to his partner, it being generally understood that if the dealer can not make it red he gives his partner the choice, who, unless he has an exceptionally good hand of red, makes it black, as in that case the loss will not be so great if the other side wins. It is obligatory for the dealer or his partner to declare the trumps. After the question of trumps (or no trumps) has been decided, the person on the left of the dealer has the right of doubling. This, of course, he will only do if he thinks he can score on his adversary. If his hand is not sufficiently good to take the risk, he says to his partner, 'May I play?' an expression which gives the latter the opportunity of doubling it in case his cards warrant it. This point being settled, the game begins. After the player on the left of the dealer has laid down his card, the partner of the latter, who is called 'dummy,' places his cards face upward on the table and retires from the game until the hand is played out, the dealer playing his partner's turn and having the entire responsibility. The game then proceeds as in ordinary whist, the counting, however, being as has already been stated. This making a dummy is a feature of bridge whist, and constitutes the radical difference between it and regular whist, and it will be easily seen by experienced whist players that the cards being laid face upward for all to see would call for a new adjustment of the unwritten laws that govern good whist playing."

Another "To Have and To Hold" situation is about to be developed. In England's latest plan for more closely uniting herself and her colonies, and, incidentally, to populate her colonies, some future novelist may find material quite as promising as did Miss Johnston in our own colonial times. The plan is pretty much the same as that whereby Jocelyn Leigh and Ralph Percy were brought together, but it improves upon it. It is said that there are upward of five hundred marriageable girls in London, who ought to go out and colonize, but that they would rather remain old maids at home than emigrate for the express purpose of matrimony. The conventionalities of society have weight, nowadays, and no British girl worthy the name is willing to travel ten thousand miles to marry a man to whom she has not been properly introduced. It took the government—being English—some little time to get all this through its head, but, once realized, the reformers have set about remedying matters and with equally characteristic zeal. Instead of offering inducements for the girls to emigrate, the reformers propose that the government offer something like a bounty for young men in the colonies to go to London and meet the girls there. "The scheme is unquestionably correct from a social point of view," says a London paper; "Mrs. Grundy can surely be counted on to give it her warmest approval. It is certainly much more proper for the man to seek the girl than for the girl to seek the man, and an introduction should, of course, precede a marriage. Should the bounty offered by the government for young colonial wife-seekers to visit London be large enough to pay first-class fare both ways the travel will be considerable. The experiment will be watched in this country with no little interest, for should it prove successful perhaps Uncle

Sam will offer a bounty for young men of the West to go East and get introduced to the surplus women of Massachusetts."

The transition of the famous McAllister farm in Middletown into a Catholic cemetery is a curious instance of the changes that come in the history of noted places and people (writes a Newport correspondent). Years ago, when the late Ward McAllister made this farm almost world-wide in its fame by the picnics he gave there for the most exclusive set of the Four Hundred he chose as the representatives of the highest society of this land, no one would have imagined that this scene of the festivities of the gay, fashionable world would one day, and not so very distant a day, either, become the consecrated resting-place of the dead. Even before Mr. McAllister's death adjoining land was purchased by the Catholics of Newport for a cemetery, and was actually put to that use. Since then that plot of ground has become so filled that an addition had to be sought and the natural selection was the bordering farm of the late Mr. McAllister. Since the latter's death the farm has had no part in the social history of Newport, and there were only memories of by-gone days of gayety and pleasure making, which count for but little in the practical affairs of every-day life, and so, when the overtures were made for the sale of the land for cemetery purposes, the bargain was effected, and soon the farm will become a part of the adjoining St. Columba Cemetery.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, August 15th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	520	@ 108 1/4	109 1/4	110 1/4
Contra Water 3%.....	18,000	@ 106- 106 1/2	105 3/4	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	38,000	@ 106- 106 1/2	107 1/4	
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	19,000	@ 128	128	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	9,000	@ 118 1/2	118 1/2	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	10,000	@ 117 1/2	117	118
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	18,000	@ 106- 106 1/2	106 1/2	106 3/4
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 99 1/2	99	101
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	7,000	@ 111 1/2		111 3/4
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....	1,000	@ 112		112 3/4
1906.....	5,000	@ 133	132 3/4	
S. V. Water 4%.....	18,000	@ 102 1/4		103
	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	620	@ 67 1/2- 68 1/2	68 1/2	68 3/4
Spring Valley Water.....	195	@ 94 1/2- 95	94 1/2	95
	Gas and Electric.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Equitable Electric.....	260	@ 3 1/2- 3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4
Mutual Gaslight.....	50	@ 10 1/2	10	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	340	@ 51- 51 1/2	51	52
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,350	@ 53 1/2- 53 3/4	53 1/2	53 3/4
	Insurance.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Fireman's Fund.....	15	@ 227	227	
	Street R. R.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Market St.....	115	@ 64- 64 1/2	64	
	Flourishers.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.....	165	@ 85- 86	85 1/2	86 1/2
Vigorit.....	200	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2	
	Sugars.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.....	60	@ 7 1/2	7 1/2	8
Honokaa S. Co.....	2,020	@ 28 1/2- 30 1/2	29 1/2	
Hutchinson.....	95	@ 24 1/2- 25	24 1/2	24 3/4
Kilauea S. Co.....	10	@ 20 1/2	20 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co.....	630	@ 44 1/2- 44 3/4	44 1/2	45
Onomea S. Co.....	50	@ 26	26 1/2	26 3/4
Panaha S. P. Co.....	785	@ 30- 30 1/2	30	
	Miscellaneous.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers.....	75	@ 119	118	119
Oceanic S. Co.....	5	@ 92 1/2		

Nothing worthy of note transpired during the last week. Contra Costa Water advanced one point on sales of a little over six hundred shares. Gas and Electric closes about where it did a week ago. There is no little interest shown in this stock, on the contrary, it has been the feature of the sessions. Spring Valley Water closes as it did on the date of our last report; but little doing it. Sugars have apparently come to a halt in the downward path. Kilauea shows, in improvement, an advance of one point. Giant inactive. Bond transactions aggregate 148,000. Dividends will be paid on the 20th on Spring Valley Water, 40 cents; California Powder, 51; Central Light and Power Company, 5 cents; Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, 25 cents; and on the 25th, Makaweli, 50 cents.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-California Banks.

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526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,338,372.45
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1900..... 28,838,395.12

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532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1900..... \$26,952,875
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 218,593
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00
PROFIT & LOSS ACCOUNT, 2,453,489.59
July 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President
CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President
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OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policyholders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

WILLIAM M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Matthew Arnold was accustomed to bestow the presentation volumes of verse sent to him by many unknown bards on the *Athenaeum's* hall porter; and it is remembered that when a new waiter was asked "whether 'Justin Martyr' was in the library," he replied: "I don't think he is a member, my lord, but I'll go and ask the porter."

Embassador Choate recently had an amusing experience in a London book-shop, where he went to buy a copy of Dante's "Hell." The clerk departed to seek the book, but soon returned to remark: "I am very sorry, but we haven't got 'Hell,' by Mr. Dante. We've got 'Twenty Years in South Africa,' by Cecil Rhodes, if that would do." "And feeling," concludes Mr. Choate, "that that was practically the same thing, I took the book."

One of the parishioners of a stately and dignified clergyman was much addicted to drink, and one night the vicar met him coming home in such a condition that he remonstrated with him on the spot. He endeavored to point out the degradation of such a state, and, by way of clinching his argument, asked: "What would you say if you were to see me reeling down the road in a state of hopeless intoxication?" The offender appeared to be deeply impressed, and answered, fervently: "I wouldn't tell a soul, sir."

A Scottish prison chaplain, recently appointed, entered one of the cells on his first round of inspection, and with much pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it. "Well, my man, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Then I have heard o' ye before!" "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Well, I heard that the last two kirkys ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but ye willna find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one."

A certain colonel on the staff of one of Grant's generals was much given to novel-reading, and went about with his saddle-bags stuffed full of thrilling romances. For weeks he had been devouring an English translation of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." One day while passing through a Confederate town, he saw a young lady seated on a porch, and, stopping his horse, bowed to her with all the grace of a Chesterfield, and endeavored to engage her in conversation. Before he had gone far he took occasion to remark: "Have you seen 'Les Misérables'?" anglicizing the pronunciation. Her black eyes snapped with indignation as she tartly replied: "Don't you talk to me that way; they're a good deal better than Grant's misérables, anyhow!"

When Senator James Stephen Green, of Missouri, boarded at the National Hotel at Washington, D. C., he was very popular with the guests of the hotel. Chairman R. R. Hitt, of the Committee of Foreign Relations, found out that Green was not much of a church-goer, and insisted that the senator should mend his ways in that regard. One Sunday he was late for dinner. The women asked him why. "I have been attending divine worship," replied the senator, gravely. "To what church do you go, senator?" asked a woman. "I don't know," answered the courtly Missourian. "Who preached?" they asked. "I don't know," he said; "I walked up the avenue, turned up Fourth Street, and entered a church on the left-hand side." This was an Episcopal church. "How did you like the service?" asked another woman. "It appeared to me," answered the senator, "that there was too much reading of the journal and too little debate."

Not long before his death, Henry W. Paine, of Cambridge, one of the most brilliant lawyers of his generation, became interested in a case, as a matter of charity, in which a lad of some fifteen years was charged with arson. Paine defended the boy and offered conclusive evidence that he was, to all practical purposes, an idiot and totally irresponsible. Nevertheless, the jury in the case, after a charge from the court which was virtually an order for acquittal, brought in a verdict of guilty. The presiding judge then addressed Paine: "You will move for a new trial, I presume, Mr. Paine." Paine rose with a demeanor that was painful in its solemnity. "I thank your honor for your suggestion," he said, "but I am oppressed with the gravest doubts whether I have the right to move for a new trial in this case. Your honor, I have already asked for and have received for my idiot client the most precious heritage of our English and American common law—a trial by a jury of his peers." The judge then ordered the verdict set aside.

At one of their joint discussions, which took place in Kentucky some years ago, Tom Stuart, then editor of the *Winchester Democrat*, gave his opponent, I. N. Boone, a descendant of the great Daniel, a blow that fairly knocked him out of the race for the legislature. Boone was making his regular speech, and at the proper place in it he referred to

the matter of his relation to the toiling masses. "My friends," said he, holding up a pair of hands that looked as if they had not been washed in a week, "to let you see for yourself that I am a horny-handed son of toil, I ask you to look at these hands, and," turning to Stuart, "I would ask my pale-faced young friend from the city what he thinks of them?" Stuart was on his feet in a minute. "I do not desire to embarrass my distinguished opponent, ladies and gentlemen," he said with a bow, "but I would say that I think that they need soap and water." It was such an apparent case that the crowd took hold at once with a shout, and Boone was completely floored, and later Stuart was elected.

THE BORDER BLOODHOUND.

A Wild, Woolly-West Wheeling Tale.

It was evening on the plains, and a gay party of Eastern tourists, on an overland run from Maine to San Francisco, were making merry around their camp-fire. Not so the leader of the party, "Toe-Clip Tom, the Scorching Scout," who was pacing the party across the continent. He alone of the crowd wore a worried look, as some distance from camp he lay with his ear to the ground, listening attentively. "Great Handlebars!" he muttered; "it can not be that the redskins are as near as that!"

It was not for himself that Toe-Clip Tom dreaded the approach of the hostiles; for he was a Class-B rider, and laughed to scorn all thought of personal danger.

But even a professional amateur is not safe from Cupid's punctures, and Toe-Clip Tom had fallen victim to the bright glances of one of the party, pretty Polly Pedals, the most graceful little rider that had ever worn bloomers! It was for her he feared. Once more the Scorching Scout places his ear to the ground and listens. Yes! Yes! he can tell by the sound it is a large body of riders approaching on old-fashioned high wheels.

"I can thank my sprockets!" he ejaculates, "that, as yet, the Indians have no high-gear'd safeties, not even in the shape of cheap bargain-counter bikes, and led though they are by Black Bart, the Renegade, who, though he has been disqualified, can do an unpaced mile in 1:57, I do not fear them. Let them do their worst!"

He feels a light touch on his arm; it is Polly Pedals, the bicycle belle.

"There is danger?" she asks.

He nods affirmatively.

"And you fear for my safety?"

"Yes, miss," he says; "the enamel is likely to get knocked off of it."

At these words the fair bloomer girl turns pale and falls fainting in his arms.

THE ABDUCTION OF THE MAIDEN.

"Crack!"

"Crack!"

"Crack!"

These were not funny cracks, but the short, quick snap of rifle-shots, and to the terrified tourists the fusillade was anything but humorous.

"Are we to die here?" cried one; "to die here before our cyclometers have registered much over seven hundred miles? Curses upon you, Toe-Clip Tom; you could have got us out of this!" he cries, angrily, menacing our hero.

"This is not the time to talk about century runs," answers our hero, calmly; then turning toward Polly Pedals he whispers: "Stay here and I will take my trusty monkey-wrench and creep around and disable their wheels. Had they other than old-fashioned solid tires, we could have strewn tacks behind us and escaped, but now—" and he vanished in the direction of the firing. He has hardly gone before a dark form glides out from the darkness and seizes the fair bicyclist.

The new-comer is a short, thick-set man, very tall and thin. His golf stockings are frayed and torn, and his huckskin sweater is stained with the dust of many century runs.

"Ha! Ha! me per-round beauty!" he gasps. "When I was but a poor hicycle instructor, I swore you should be mine!" She shrinks back as she recognizes him.

"Yes! Yes! Boulevard Bill, *alias* Black Bart, the Renegade, outlawed from every cycle-track in the country. I know you now!" she answers, regaining her courage; "you guaranteed to teach me to ride for two dollars' worth of tickets and one road lesson! and then you basely enticed me into buying a Dinky-Dinky wheel, claiming it was as good as the best one-hundred-dollar wheel ever made."

"Discovered!" he muttered, and hit himself hoarsely.

Again and again the sound of shot and shout was heard, and the loud, triumphant voice of Toe-Clip Tom rang out above the din and noise of whirling wheels. Black Bart turned pale. "This is no time for airy persiflage," he cried, and, seizing the swooning girl again, he threw her across the saddle of Toe-Clip Tom's high-grade roadster, and spun off through the darkness.

TO THE RESCUE.

"Whirr!"

"Whirr!"

"Whirr!"

The sound was of wheels, as at a two-minute gait,

Toe-Clip Tom spun on. Hot after him came the dusky devils as fast as he. For now that Black Bart, the Renegade, had swiped his wheel, the Scorching Scout had to avail himself of the old-style ordinary of a fallen foe.

Once in a while Toe-Clip Tom looked back. His keen eye glanced along the barrel of his trusty Winchester, there would be a quick, sharp report, and a yell of agony, and the crash of a high wheel in the dusty road told but too well that another redskin had hit the dust.

Black Bart was a good rider. Toe-Clip Tom's, like all other makes, was the best wheel on earth, but burdened as Black Bart was he could make but little speed, and although the old high wheel Toe-Clip Tom was riding was only geared to fifty-four, he was soon close behind the renegade.

"Halt—or I fire!" he cried.

"If you do you'll croak yer goil an' I'll throw her off and scoot wid yer hike!" came back Black Bart's mocking answer.

"I care nothing for the hike, as I belong to the Wheelmen's Protective League, and I am insured against theft," cried Toe-Clip Tom. [N. B.—This advertisement for the Wheelmen's Protective League is given gratis with the story.]

But at this instant the coupling-bolt on our hero's old wheel gave way, and he was pitched upon the road-side. "Thrown down!" he cried, in desperation, and the hoarse laugh of Black Bart answered back as he spun with the unconscious maiden. In another instant they would be gone! To think with Toe-Clip Tom was to act. Again he leveled his trusty rifle. Not to shoot at Black Bart, for that meant endangering the outlaw's precious burden. No; our hero had a better plan.

The shot rang out, there followed the dull thud of the bullet as it plunked through the racing tire of the wheel ahead, and the next instant it broke down beneath its double load, hopelessly punctured.

"He laughs best who has the final ha! ha!" exclaimed our hero, grimly, while Black Bart upon his knees begged for mercy.

"I will spare your life," said our hero; "but disqualified you are and disqualified you shall remain, Black Bart! For this escapade I shall see that your crimes shall be upon your head. You shall never be reinstated!"

"Better death than the ban of the L. A. W.!" cried Black Bart, and grasping a can of rubber cement from Toe-Clip Tom's tool-bag he swallowed it and expired in dreadful agony, stuck on himself to the last!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

The rest of the story is soon told. By the aid of his Handy Repair Kit, Toe-Clip Tom soon repaired the puncture, and reviving the unconscious girl, who was a fainter from wayback when she set her mind to it, they were soon back to camp.

Here they found that the redskins, dismayed at the damage done their wheels by Toe-Clip Tom, and by the flight of their leader, Black Bart, with the maiden, had withdrawn and were heading for a repair shop some miles further on.

The tour of the party was resumed, and the merry riders, with Polly Pedals and Toe-Clip Tom now known as accepted lovers, reached the end of their three-thousand-miles run without further mishap.

This was a year ago. Toe-Clip Tom is now a millionaire bicycle manufacturer, and his Scorching Scout Special is known as the best wheel made.

And often as he and Polly, now his bride, scorch down the boulevard, the people shout "Hot stuff!" and wonder who makes her bloomers.

But in the days of their high-grade prosperity Tom and Polly never forget their terrible experience in the Wild West, where Tom had not altered even when it was a question of puncturing his own tire to save the bloomer girl he loved, and they often shudder when they speak of the tragic end of Black Bart, the Border Bloodhound, who died disqualified.—*Puck*.

Yeast—"Who was it who said: 'Men may come and men may go, but I run on forever?'" *Crimsonbeak*—"I think it was a party called Aguinaldo."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900. Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, August 21. Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, September 15. Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Wednesday, October 10. Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, November 3.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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Hongkong Maru. Wednesday, August 29. Nippon Maru. Saturday, September 22. America Maru. Wednesday, October 17. Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC Steamship Company
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Aug. 22, 2 p.m.
S. S. Mariposa sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Sept. 5, at 8 p.m.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 127 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.: For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3. Change to company's steamers at Seattle. For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., August 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Sept. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., August 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, September 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., August 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, September 2, and every fourth day thereafter. For further information obtain company's folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice. Ticket Office - 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel) GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
New York. August 29 | St. Louis. September 12
St. Paul. September 5 | New York. September 19

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New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Friedland. August 29 | Westernland. September 12
Southward. September 5 | Kensington. September 19

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent, Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

SOCIETY.

Sports at Del Monte.

The Hotel Del Monte has been the fashionable Mecca of all Californians during the week. The occasion was the annual outing of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association, which has surpassed in brilliance all previous meets of the association. The hotel has been crowded with a gay throng who watched the various sports by day and enjoyed themselves dancing and in other ways at night.

The ladies' handicap golf tournament, 18 holes, for the Henry T. Scott Cup, began on Monday forenoon, August 13th, and was completed the next day. The record of the contest is as follows:

Preliminary—Miss Maude Mullins, 105; Miss Caro Crockett, 106; Miss Gilman Brown, 106; Miss Alice Hager, 109; Miss Helen Wagner, 112; Miss Bertha Dolbeer, 112; Mrs. H. T. Scott, 114; Miss Ella Morgan, 115; Miss Edith McBean, 121; Miss Hitchings, 123; Mrs. McKittrick, 126; Miss E. Hager, 126; Miss T. Morgan, 126; Mrs. Schmiedell, 136; and Miss Carolan, 135.

Final match play—Mrs. Gilman Brown (handicap 0), 99; Miss Mullins (0), 100; Miss Edith McBean (6), 100; Miss Helen Wagner (5), 107; Miss Alice Hager (2), 108; Miss Bertha Dolbeer (3), 109; Miss Caro Crockett (0), 100; Miss Ella Morgan (8), 116.

On Monday afternoon, August 13th, the first of the series of polo games was played. The match was between Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. H. Praed, and Mr. Charles N. Dunphy on the Blue Team, and Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. Robert Bettner, and Mr. E. J. Tobin on the Red Team. The first-named team won by a score of 5 to 1 in four fiercely contested periods.

The second polo match was played on Tuesday afternoon, August 14th, between Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mr. Ollie Tobin, Mr. J. Tobin, Jr., and Mr. George Parsons on the Red Team, and Mr. James Lawson, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Charles Raoul-Duval, and Mr. M. J. Flower on the Blue Team, the former winning by a score of 2 to 1.

The finals of the polo tournament were played on Thursday afternoon between the two victorious teams, including Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. H. Praed, and Mr. Charles N. Dunphy on the Blue Team, and Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mr. Ollie Tobin, Mr. J. Tobin, Jr., and Mr. George Parsons on the Red Team. The former won by the close score of 4 to 3, and received four handsome silver wine-bottles as prizes.

The men's golf contest for the Del Monte Cup began on Wednesday with twenty-five contestants, who were reduced to sixteen by the qualifying round, 18 holes, in the forenoon. The results follow:

Qualified—Mr. E. J. McCutcheon, 83; Mr. S. L. Abbott, Jr., 84; Mr. J. Lawson, 84; Mr. E. R. Bourne, 87; Mr. F. S. Stratton, 87; Mr. E. J. Folger, 88; Mr. C. Hubbard, 89; Dr. B. Morton, 89; Mr. C. B. Knapp, 90; Mr. H. May, 91; Mr. H. H. Smith, 92; Mr. Lansing Kellogg, 93; Mr. J. W. Byrne, 94; Mr. Prescott Scott, 95; Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, 98; and Mr. R. G. Brown, 99. **Failed to qualify**—Mr. F. D. McNear, Mr. N. E. Flowers, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. Ollie Tobin, Mr. Charles Raoul-Duval, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. H. G. Wilshire, Mr. A. B. Watson, and Captain W. H. McKittrick.

The first day of the men's golf contest was marred by an incident much regretted by true sportsmen. Mr. John Lawson in the qualifying round being the odd entry and having no partner, announced his intention of going over the course with Mr. Melville, the professional. No objection was offered until the drawing for the final competition, when Mr. C. B. Knapp, of Southern California, protested Mr. Lawson after having drawn him. The latter immediately withdrew from the contest, forfeiting the prize and honor which by right of merit is generally conceded him.

Two interesting tennis games were played on Monday afternoon, August 13th. In the first, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., coast champion from 1888 to 1893, and Mr. George Parsons, a former English crack, were paired against Mr. George Whitney, Pacific Coast champion in 1897, 1899, and 1900, and Mr. Robert Whitney, resulting in a victory for the latter by a score of 6-7, 6-1, 6-3. Mr. George Whitney and Mr. James Lawson, the golf champion,

then played Mr. W. H. Taylor and Mr. George Parsons, and were defeated, 4-6.

On Tuesday an exhibition match was played between Mr. George Whitney and Professor J. Daily, the well-known professional, in which the former took three straight sets, winning by a score of 6-1, 6-3, 7-5.

The round-robin singles were played on Wednesday, in which Mr. Robert Whitney beat Mr. H. W. Crowell, 6-2, 6-1; Mr. George Whitney beat Dr. C. B. Root, 6-4, 6-2; Mr. H. W. Crowell beat Mr. W. B. Godfrey, 6-2, 6-2; Mr. George Whitney beat Mr. Robert Whitney, 6-2, 6-2, 7-5; and Mr. Robert Whitney beat Dr. C. B. Root, 6-4, 6-4. On Thursday, Mr. George Whitney beat Mr. Crowell, 6-4, 8-6; Mr. Robert Whitney beat Mr. W. B. Godfrey, 0-6, 6-2, 8-6; Mr. George Whitney beat Mr. W. B. Godfrey, 6-4, 6-3. Dr. C. B. Root defaulted to both Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Crowell. The entire score was as follows: Mr. George Whitney won 4, lost 0; Mr. Robert Whitney won 3, lost 1; Mr. H. W. Crowell won 2, lost 2; Mr. W. B. Godfrey won 1, lost 3; Dr. C. B. Root won 0, lost 4.

Great interest centres in the pony races which are scheduled for Friday and Saturday, August 17th and 18th, and the base-ball game to-day (Saturday) between the Burlingame team and that of the Alumni of Universities. A putting contest for the ladies has been arranged for Sunday morning at ten o'clock, for which a silver cup will be awarded to the one who makes the best total score. Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, Mrs. R. Spreckels, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Helen Wagner, the Misses Hager, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Carolan, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Taylor, and the Misses Morgan have entered for this contest.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. William Graham Richardson have sent out invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Madeline Richardson, to Mr. Robert Arthur Macondray, at Trinity Episcopal Church, on Tuesday evening, August 28th, at half-past eight o'clock.

The date of the house-warming to be given by Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs at Newport has been fixed for August 25th. There will be a dinner with a dance afterward.

The engagement is announced of Miss Claribel Munsell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Munsell, of 1665 Webster Street, Oakland, to Mr. F. M. Colby, of Claremont, a brother of Professor George Colby, of the State University. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Caroline Williamson Tilley, daughter of Commander B. F. Tilley, U. S. N., to Mr. Alfred Randolph Hyatt, of Baltimore, Md. The marriage will occur early in November in Washington.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Kilsyth Livingston, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Van Brugh Livingston, of New York, and Mr. Charles James Welch, son of Mrs. Andrew Welch. The wedding will take place in October and the honeymoon trip will in all probability include California. Mr. Welch has resided in New York for the last three years, being in charge of the Eastern branch of the firm of Welch & Co.

The engagement is announced of Miss May Reis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Reis, to Mr. Benjamin Temple Harrison.

The engagement is announced of Miss Harriet Cuthbertson, of Manchester, to Professor R. E. Swain, of Stanford University. The marriage is set for Wednesday, August 22d. After spending two years in study abroad, they intend returning to Palo Alto, where they will reside permanently.

Mr. Robert Seson, of San Francisco, who went to Paris about ten years ago to study art and music, returned to this city last week. Mr. Seson has a fine tenor voice, and when he left San Francisco it was with the intention of cultivating his voice for the operatic stage. But this idea he shortly abandoned. For a number of years he has been studying for the priesthood, and has recently taken holy orders. Father Seson has been assigned to the diocese of San Francisco under Archbishop Riordan.

Among the San Franciscans who were present at the Paris Opéra, on July 31st, when Gounod's "Roméo and Juliet" was produced, were Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Rutherford, Mrs. Emily Boyesen, Miss Hilda Van Sicken, and Mr. Everett N. Bee.

Miss Cora Smedberg gave a picnic to a number of her friends at San Rafael on Tuesday. Among others present were Mrs. Dibblee, Miss Helen Dean, the Misses Smith, and Miss Pearl Landers.

Mr. Walter Scott Hobart drove his handsome road-coach "Del Monte" from the Hotel Del Monte over the sixteen-mile drive on Wednesday. Among those who enjoyed the trip were Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Josselyn, Miss Murphy, the Misses Harvey, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Charles Dunphy, and Mr. Robert Bettner.

The marriage of Miss Dutilly Louise Trotter, daughter of the late Colonel F. E. Trotter, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Jere Black Clayton, U. S. A., was solemnized at the bride's home at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, at noon, on Wednesday, August 1st.

Mrs. Emily Boyesen gave a charming tea in Paris,

on July 30th, at the "Ceylon Court" of the exposition, where she entertained Mrs. M. H. de Young and the Misses de Young, Miss Hilda Van Sicken, Miss Rose Adler, Miss Ely, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Hartwell, of New York, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. R. Valentine Webster, Mr. Roy Leventritt and the Marquis de Montfort.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Duke of Cambridge.

421 STRAND, LONDON, W. C., July 1, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: There is just one thing that I don't like in Mr. Hart's interesting notes from Naples in a recent issue of your always interesting paper. It is his reference to the Duke of Cambridge and his sons. The duke was married to Miss Fairbrother, the famous actress, and she lived with him up to her death, a few years ago. Of course, she could not become "Duchess of Cambridge," because of George the Third's stupid old law; she was "Mrs. Fitzgeorge," and a most estimable lady, much liked by all who knew her. The gentlemen mentioned are her sons—both fine men, one in the army, the other in the navy. The duke's Christian name is George; the "Fitz," of course, is the French *fils*. His marriage was a runaway one, contracted under romantic circumstances, but by no means "repented at leisure." Forgive me for troubling you with so small a matter.

Your obedient servant, A BRITISHER.

MAAS HOTEL, ROTTERDAM, July 11, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In a recent number of your paper, in speaking of the Duke of Cambridge, you make an awkward error for a journal of your standing. It is true the mistake will only affect your American readers—we know better, but should you repeat in Great Britain, that the family of George, Duke of Cambridge, is hasty, you would probably be called ignorant. For your reputation's sake—that of being generally the best-written and best-informed paper one sees from America—just read up a bit, and correct as soon as you get this. The duke's marriage was "morganatic," and there's the whole story. Yours truly, JOHN JOHNSON.

[In the letter in question the Duke of Cambridge's sons were not called "hastards"—the writer's exact words were: "Both are illegitimate." As both of the foregoing correspondents state that the duke's union was "morganatic"—which is a euphuism in Europe for the cohabitation of a man and a woman who are not united in lawful wedlock—it is evident that they admit that the offspring of such a union must be illegitimate. One correspondent even mentions the particular law which made it impossible for the duke to marry the mother of his sons.

The Naples letter did not use the word "hastards" at all—the writer merely said that "the old Norman 'Fitz' was the symbol of bastardy." But even if he had used it, what then? There have been many royal bastards—some English ones—and there have been royal hastards who were great captains. We never heard before that any of them were ashamed of their royal father sinister. Would it not be well for Mr. "John Johnson" to "read up a bit"?—EDS.]

Death of Collis P. Huntington.

Collis P. Huntington died suddenly on the night of August 13th, at his summer home at Camp Pine Knot, near Raquette Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains, of heart disease. Mrs. Huntington was with him at the time.

Mr. Huntington was seventy-nine years old. He was born in Harwinton, Litchfield County, Conn., of parents whose circumstances were little above those of poverty. As a boy he secured only a limited education, but was early in business for himself, and when he came to California in 1848 he had already accumulated the beginning of a fortune. He was a hardware merchant in Sacramento with Mark Hopkins as his partner, when the idea of building a transcontinental railroad was taken up, and Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker joined with Huntington and Hopkins in developing what looked upon which the four worked is one of the notable chapters of American history, and no one man contributed to that success so much as Mr. Huntington. He had long been the president of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and the head of or a director in numberless other great enterprises.

The funeral services took place Friday, August 17th, at the Huntington home in New York City, and the remains were placed in the family mausoleum in Woodlawn Cemetery. The pall-bearers were Mr. D. O. Mills, Mr. Edward King, Mr. Frederick P. Olcott, Mr. Edwin Hawley, Mr. Charles H. Tweed, Mr. Martin Erdmann, Mr. R. P. Schwerin, and Mr. C. Adolphe Low. Memorial services were also held in this city, at the First Presbyterian Church, on the same day. The general offices and shops of the entire Southern Pacific Railroad system were closed on that day.

A widow, an adopted daughter, the Princess Hatzfeldt-Wildenberg, and an adopted son, Mr. Archer Milton Huntington, are the surviving members of the family.

—BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

—THERE IS NOT AN OUNCE OF HEADACHE in a barrel of it—Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

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Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day. Write for circular and terms.

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"We recommend the Royal Baking Powder as superior to all others. It is indispensable for finest food."—United Cooks and Pastry Cooks Association of the United States.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Miss Katharine Dillon, and Miss Cnsgrave returned to this city early in the week from San Rafael, where they have been passing the summer.

Mr. Charles H. Cracker, who left San Francisco about a year ago to make a tour of the world, arrived in New York August 1st, on his way back to this city.

Mayor James D. Phelan sailed from Liverpool for New York on Tuesday. He is expected to return to San Francisco in about a fortnight.

Miss Marie Wells has been visiting her cousin, Miss Marie Oge, in San Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Fister have returned from a two months' trip to Europe, and are at their home in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Cracker sailed from New York for Europe a fortnight ago.

Mrs. Remi Chabot and the Misses Chabot expect to return to Oakland from "Villaremi," their summer home at St. Helena, about September 1st.

Mr. Timothy Hopkins was in New York early in the week.

Miss Ruse Hooper, daughter of Major W. B. Hooper, of the Occidental Hotel, returned from Europe on Sunday, after an absence of several years.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin were in Paris last week.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and Mrs. Hyde Smith, of San Mateo, left on Tuesday last for a two weeks' visit to Lake Tahoe. Mr. R. P. Schwerin is in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter C. Allen (née Sharon) will return to Oakland from Seattle about September 1st. After spending several weeks with the Sharon family at Piedmont they will return to Seattle, where they will take up their permanent residence.

Mrs. C. A. Hooper, Miss Idlene Hnaper, and Mr. Sumner Cmsby are spending a few weeks at Wehler Lake.

Mrs. R. H. Warfield and Mr. R. E. Warfield returned on Monday from a six weeks' trip in the North-West, including a visit to Yellowstone Park and British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Paynt, after having spent some time in Munich and the Tyrol, are now in Paris.

Miss Mahel Hogg, Miss Florence Callaghan, Mr. William J. Hngg, and Mr. Frank C. Dutton were the guests of Mrs. N. G. Arques in San José last week.

Miss Isabel Hooper is visiting her cousin, Miss Jeannette Hooper, at Wandside.

Mr. Horace Hellman, who has been abroad for several months, returned last week.

Miss Mary Perkins will accompany Mrs. Smith McPherson, of Red Rock, Ia., who was recently her guest at Vernon Heights, on a European trip during the coming winter.

Mr. Owen Wister, the writer whose stories of Western life have won him fame, is at the Palace Hotel from Philadelphia. This is his second visit to San Francisco.

Mr. Henry Heyman has returned after a six weeks' sojourn in Southern California and a short stay at Redwood Grove, near Guerneville, where he attended the midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club.

Judge and Mrs. E. H. Gerry, of New York, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. W. Frank and Miss Elsa Frank have returned from a trip to Alaska.

Mr. Allan St. John Bowie is visiting relatives in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa are passing the remainder of the season at Santa Monica.

Mr. W. de L. Benedict, of New York, is at the Palace Hotel.

A party including Mrs. A. G. Towne, Mr. James W. Towne, Mr. Arthur W. Towne, Mrs. T. W. Park, of San Rafael, and Mr. S. Page enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. E. W. Newhall was in New York early in the week.

Rev. W. A. Brewer, of San Mateo, was a guest at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Mr. W. H. Kinna, of Chicago, and Dr. W. S. Norris, of San Mateo, formed a party who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. E. C. Butler and Miss Emma Butler, Miss J. Lawrence Poole, Mr. C. C. Hardon, Mr. E. C. Ford, Mr. J. Brett, Mr. T. A. Coakley, Mrs. A. M. Bragg, Mr. Prescott Ely, Mr. R. Esberg, and Mr. Arthur W. Moore.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. L. H. Curtis, of Portland, Or., Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lynch, of Berkeley, Mr. H. B. Gaston, of Oakland, Mr. G. P. Castle and Mr. W. A. Brown, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Baker, of New York, Mrs. C. F. Smith, of Columbus, O., Mrs. George D. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. William Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Thors, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Smythe, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. D. Grubb, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Ballard, Mr. H. Gundlach, Mr. F. W. Dhrmann, Jr., and Mr. A. B. C. Dhrmann.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. W. A. Farnesque and Mr. H. F. Anderson, of Ben Lomond, Mr. J. W. S. Black and Miss Black, of Canada, Mrs. K. C. Kirk and Miss Kirk, of Sacramento, Mr. S. H. Dougherty, of Santa Rosa, Mr. G. C. Briggs, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hockheimer, of Willows, Mr. R. G. Morrison, of Bakersfield, Miss K. G. Osgood, of Los Angeles, Miss N. A. Lovering, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Keeler, of Mt. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hskins, Mrs. L. M. Hood, and Mr.

G. L. Wndwrtb, of Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Fernandes, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Edwards, of Portland, Mrs. J. Warner and Miss Warner, of Philadelphia, and Mr. F. M. Gray, of San José.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Charles F. Humphrey, deputy quartermaster-general, U. S. A., arrived from Cuba via Washington on Wednesday en route in China, where he will have charge of the quartermaster department under General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A. General Humphrey is no stranger to San Francisco. He was stationed at the Presidio from 1874 to 1884, being attached to the Fourth Artillery at first, and for the last four years of that period he was a member of the general staff. Under General McDowell's régime General Humphrey built the roads in the Presidio, planted trees, and otherwise laid the foundation of the great military post.

Mrs. Funstun, wife of Brigadier-General Frederick Funstun, U. S. V., is camping with a party in Sonoma County.

Major A. E. Wondson, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has been on duty at Fort Grant, Ariz., has been ordered to this city.

Miss Eskridge, of Bnstin, has been paying a visit to her father, Lieutenant-Colonel Richard I. Eskridge, U. S. A., at the Presidio.

Colonel James G. C. Lee, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lee have left Chicago, Ill., for this city, where they will remain for some time.

Captain David R. Burnham, U. S. A., retired, came up from Pasadena early in the week, and was at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Warden, wife of the late Captain Charles Anthony Warden, U. S. V., and her daughter, Mrs. William Decatur Bethell, Jr., of Memphis, are visiting Mrs. Oliver Perry Evans, at 2416 Washington Street.

Lieutenant S. Arnold, U. S. N., has been detached from inspection duty at Portland, Or., and ordered to the Puget Sound naval station.

Major Henry H. Adams, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., was at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Passed-Assistant Paymaster J. H. Merriam, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed home from San Francisco and to wait orders.

Colonel H. C. Cnebrane, U. S. M. C., recently detached from the command of the marine barracks at Boston Navy Yard, and ordered to China, sailed from this city for the Orient on Thursday, August 16th.

Mrs. Wallace, wife of Lieutenant Charles S. Wallace, signal corps, U. S. A., is at Pasadena, where she will remain during her husband's absence in the Philippines.

Lieutenant Martin L. Crimmins, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., who recently returned from the Philippines, and his brother, Mr. John D. Crimmins, Jr., of New York, were at Del Monte during the week.

Ensign T. K. Craven, U. S. N., has been detached from the Philadelphia, and ordered to the Asiatic station, sailing from this city on Tuesday, August 21st.

Mrs. George W. Kirkman, wife of Captain Kirkman, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., came down from Benicia a few days ago, and was a guest at the California Hotel.

Death of Colonel Duboce.

Colonel Victor D. Duboce died at his home in this city Wednesday, August 16th, of consumption, a malady which had made an inroad upon his health before his return from service in the Philippines. He was born in Springfield, Ill., in 1856, and came to California in 1877. After several years in commercial work he entered the post-office service, and as superintendent opened the branch office at the foot of Market Street. After four years he resigned to identify himself with the shipping firm of Wright, Bnwe & Co., and later organized the Pacific Equipment Company, of which he was manager up to the time of his fatal illness. He was also a member of the firm of F. Person & Co. Since his return from Manila he was elected a member of the board of supervisors, under the new city charter. He was also elected colonel of the First California Regiment, but was never able to meet and drill with his comrades.

Colonel Duboce was a member of the National Guard for fifteen years. Since his return from the war he was made inspector of the Second Brigade, National Guard of California. He was a member of the Veterans of the National Guard of California and an honorary member of the Veteran Guard, Grand Army of the Republic, being the first outside the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic to receive this distinction. He was a member of California Lodge of Masons; of Golden Gate Commandery, Knights Templar; and of the Mystic Shrine. The interment will be at the national cemetery at the Presidio.

Colonel Duboce's official discharge enumerates the engagements in which he took part in the Philippines. He was in the Malate trenches from July 31st to August 1st, 1898; took part in the assault on and capture of Manila August 13, 1898, commanding a battalion that won distinction; was defending Manila against the Filipinos until February 5, 1899; campaigned against the Filipino insurgents from February 5 to March 22, 1899; went to Negros Island March 23, and remained there until July 4, 1899. One of his notable services was in making the first war map of the country surrounding Manila at the request of General Anderson. Soon after the regiment reached Cavite, he rec-

onnitred the entire stretch of the peninsula, located general outlines of the Spanish position and trenches of the opposing natives, with roads, and swamps, and native villages, in all giving the topography of the country as far back as the Pasig River. This map was drawn in the musty barracks in Cavite. When the order came for the initial move forward for the California Regiment, Colonel Duboce was given command of the first battalion, and ordered to establish Camp Dewey, so his was the first flag raised on the mainland of Luzon. It was the one which had been made by the Native Daughters of California and presented to the Californians men.

Ye Caddie!

Who, at the golfer's soft behest,
Came running with a short-lived zest?

Ye caddie!

When starteth not with good intents
And seizeth bag and implements

Because he scentheth fifteen cents?

Ye caddie!

Who, at the start, keeps watchful eye,
And knoweth where the ball dnt lie?

Ye caddie!

Who goeth soon into a trance,
Nnr at the flying sphere dnt glance,

But with n'r putter slayeth ants?

Ye caddie!

Who, not content with being blind,
Drags leisurely along behind?

Ye caddie!

And while the golfer at the tee
Waits for his driver angrily,

Who sleepeth on ynn hill, care-free?

Ye caddie!

When ne'er with flag in hand is seen
Till all are waiting on the green?

Ye caddie!

When telleth us the mnde of play,
And grinneth if we go astray,

Until we long his bide to flay?

Ye caddie!

Who, when we wildly, vainly try
To leave a bunker's sand, doth guy?

Ye caddie!

When dnt the rival balls confuse,
And with n'r clubs himself amuse,

And n'r new balls for marbles use?

Ye caddie!

Who with suggestions bold dnt deem
And maketh life a hideous dream?

Ye caddie!

Who lases three balls every day,
Yet waits, persistent, for his pay?

Whom do we often long to slay?

Ye caddie!

—Colorado Springs Gazette.

The Len Canper Schnal of Acting is about to consolidate with the Tivoli Opera House in the formation of a school to be devoted to the study of acting and opera. This is a step in the right direction. There has been a long-felt need on the coast for such a school. As heretofore, this school is open to those desirous of going into the dramatic stage, in addition to which, those desirous of studying singing, opera, and repertoire will have the opportunity of receiving therewith a thorough training in stage technique and acting. Henri Fairweather, formerly of the D'Oyly Carte, Sullivan and Grand Opera Company and a teacher of great experience, will have charge of the opera and singing department. In addition to these advantages, the students of opera will be guaranteed positions at the Tivoli Opera House in ensemble or solo work, and recommended to operatic managers. The school will open about September 1st.

"Ynu see it all from Mt. Tamalpais," is one of the striking remarks repeated often by visitors. It is a luxurious, inexpensive, and enchanting ride to the summit of the mountain, over the crinkled railroad in the world, and the new Tavern of Tamalpais at the end is an excellent place for rest and refreshment. The time-table of trains may be found in another column.

According to the comments of the Paris press, American women are the best dressed of any who visit the exposition. *Figaro* says that American women have even set the fashion for their French sisters. The latter have begun to copy styles which they find worn by women from Chicago and New York.

Miss Clara Kalisher, the well-known contralto who is spending her vacation with her family in this city, will give one song-recital before her return to New York, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, Tuesday evening, September 4th.

"HAWAIIAN BLUE" continues to remain the most popular paper for fashionable correspondence. Messrs. Cooper & Co., Art Stationers, are the agents.

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LEAVE	From Aug. 12, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsen, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P.
*7.00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P.
*7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P.
*8.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P.
*8.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East... ..	*11.45 A.
*8.00 A.	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*9.45 A.
*8.30 A.	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P.
*8.30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton.....	*4.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P.
*9.30 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.45 P.
*10.00 A.	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P.
*11.00 A.	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*2.45 P.
*12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations Sacramento River Steamers.....	*15.00 A.
*4.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations. Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A.
*4.00 P.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P.
*5.00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanger for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A.
*5.00 P.	Stockton.....	*9.45 A.
*5.00 P.	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P.
*6.00 P.	Ogden, Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Ogden, Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P.
*7.00 P.	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*12.15 P.
*7.00 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	19.55 P.
*8.05 P.	Oregon Coast Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A.

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge), (Foot of Market Street.)

17.45 A.	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18.05 P.
*8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P.
12.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	10.50 A.
*4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	18.50 A.
*4.15 P.	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	18.50 A.

CREAK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 1.00 2.00 13.00
*4.00	15.00 6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00
10.00 A. M., 12.00 1.00 12.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.	

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge), (Third and Townsend Streets.)

16.10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	16.30 P.
17.00 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P.
17.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	18.35 P.
*9.00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P.
*10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A.
*11.30 A.	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P.
12.45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	12.36 A.
13.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.
14.15 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A.
15.00 P.	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	19.00 A.
*5.30 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	18.35 A.
*6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	18.00 A.
11.45 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The ideal: *The vegetarian*—"What kind of a dinner did my wife put up?" "Fine! We had greens and salad, and, in fact, a dinner fit for a cow—I mean for a king."—*Life*.

Evidently the head of the house: "No," said the man at the door, "I have no views on politics." "Well," returned the political canvasser, "in that case I'd like to interview your wife."—*Chicago Post*.

Tramp—"Madam, have you an axe?" *Lady of the house*—"No." *Tramp*—"Have you a saw?" *Lady of the house*—"No, I have no saw." *Tramp*—"Then give me a little something to eat, please."—*Harlem Life*.

How it happened: *First citizen*—"I have attended der political meetings of bot' parties for der past ten years." *Second citizen*—"Ah! You like to hear both sides?" *First citizen*—"Nein! I belong to a prass pand!"—*Puck*.

In the South: *First negro*—"Dis hyah game ob disfranchising us by constitootional amen'tments ain't no square deal." *Second negro*—"Wal, I'd rudder be disfranchised wif a constitootional amen'tment dan wif a shotgun."—*Puck*.

"If there is to be a war with China you can bet that good old Chicago is amply prepared for it." "In what way?" "We have just advanced the price of canned meat twenty-five cents a dozen cans."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Mrs. Mulcahy—"An' pbwy is y'r husband workin' wid all thim foreigners, breakin' stone on th' road beyant?" *Mrs. Mulcahy* (with proper pride)—"Sure, he's only trainin' fur a position on th' police force."—*New York Weekly*.

Not afraid: "She talked to him just to let him know she wasn't afraid of old bachelors." "Yes?" "And he talked to her just to let her know that he wasn't afraid of widows." "Well?" "Oh, they're married now."—*Chicago Record*.

A double blow: "Yes, we had quite a blowout at our house early this morning." "Peculiar time for it." "Yes; the new hired girl blew out the gas in the gas-stove, and the gas blew out the side of the kitchen."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Impressed on her memory: "It's been four years now," said the deserted lady, "since be left me and his bappy home. I remember it just as well as yesterday—bow he stood at the door, holding it open till six flies got in the house."—*Indianapolis Press*.

Physical resources: "Didn't it require a lot of nerve to stand up and face the enemy in battle?" asked the interested listener. "Yes'm," said the old soldier, "and it took a whole lot of muscle to get away when the beggars charged on us."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mrs. Spinks—"I can't pay you. I haven't a cent. But perhaps my husband will have some money when he gets home. I believe he's gone to a horse-race." *Grocer* (weeping)—"Alas! madam, you are mistaken. It wasn't a horse-race he went to. It was a church fair."—*New York Weekly*.

A long-felt want: *Boss*—"I don't know whether to discharge that new boy or raise his salary." *Manager*—"What has he been doing?" *Boss*—"He rushed into my private office this morning and told me there was a man down-stairs who would like to see me." *Manager*—"Who was it?" *Boss*—"A blind man."—*Tut-Bits*.

A contradiction: *Politician*—"My boy, the door to every successful business is labeled 'Push.'" *Thoughtful youth*—"Isn't your business a successful one, sir?" *Politician*—"Well, yes, I flatter myself that it is very successful. Why do you ask that?" *Thoughtful youth*—"Because, sir, I see your door is labeled 'Pull.'"—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Ob, I've practically given up hope," said the Populist, disgustedly; "I did think of running for office in our county myself, but those dastardly Republicans have put up a game that would just about make it a waste of time." "What have they done?" "Well, I can't be just sure, but it looks to me as if they had been out watering the crops at night just to spoil our chances."—*Chicago Post*.

"I think," remarked Miss Cayenne, slowly, "that Mrs. Chinlisy is one of the comparatively few people who are worth cultivating." "Her manner is not effusively cordial." "No; she refrained from saying that she was overwhelmed with joy at seeing me, and she did not express any great anxiety that we should meet again. Such candor and sincerity are only too rare in this life."—*Washington Star*.

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He reflects: "Destiny," said the pensive boarder, "is like a chicken—it isn't everybody who can carve it to his entire satisfaction."—*Puck*.

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Argonaut and Oting.....	5.75
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Argonaut and Orlite.....	6.30
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
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Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 27, 1900.

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The charter which is now the governing law of this city and county, in the chapter on the acquisition of the water supply, that within one year from the eighth of January last the supervisors must procure estimates of the original cost of constructing water-works, that they must secure and place on file estimates of the cost of obtaining from all of the several available sources a sufficient and permanent supply of good, pure water for the city and county, and that they must solicit and consider offers for the sale of existing systems. These facts must be submitted to the people at a special election, to decide whether a municipal

water system shall be acquired by construction or purchase. Should all of the propositions be rejected, the same proceeding must be gone through with every two years thereafter until municipal ownership is accomplished.

Acting under these requirements of the charter, the committee on public utilities has shown considerable energy in gathering the facts required. The first point that has been established is that the charter demands an impossibility. An army of engineers might possibly gather the facts as to all available sources of supply within the time limit, but the cost of such an army would be prohibitive. All that remained for the committee was to select the system that seemed to them most promising, and to collect the necessary facts as to that. This they have done, and Lake Tahoe has been selected. The committee, accompanied by the city engineer, visited the lake and investigated the question of its availability as a water supply. They have reported, and the board of supervisors has voted this week to send engineers there to survey the route. Objection was made that it was unwise to expend money on a survey until the legal question of invading the rights of riparian owners on the Truckee River in Nevada was determined; but this objection was overruled on the ground that the snows would drive the engineers out of the Sierras by October, and, if they had not finished their field work by that time, the whole matter would be postponed one year.

There is no question that, looking to the consideration of the permanency of the system, the supervisors are wise in selecting a source of supply in the Sierras. The greatest annual rainfall in this State is found upon these slopes at an altitude of from 3,000 to 9,000 feet, the maximum precipitation being found at 5,000 feet, and preserving this maximum to a point 2,000 feet higher. Along the upper levels, also, no mining operations are conducted and there are no inhabitants. The sufficiency and the purity of the water are therefore assured. Lake Tahoe is on the eastern slope of the mountains, at an elevation of 6,200 feet. Its greatest length is 22 miles, its greatest width 12 miles, and its area about 192 miles. Its stated depth is 1,500 feet, and it is never frozen. The area that it drains is 500 square miles. The outlet is the Truckee River, which carries the surplus water out upon the arid plains of Nevada. Were one hundred millions of gallons of water drawn from the lake daily the level of the lake would be lowered less than one foot, and five inches of rain would restore this. The lowest recorded precipitation in that region is 16 inches.

The plan that has been proposed heretofore is to take the water from the Truckee River at a point about four miles below the lake, where a dam has already been constructed. Here it can be turned into a canal to convey it fifteen miles to the mouth of a tunnel a little more than four miles in length. This tunnel is necessary, because the lake is on the opposite slope of the Sierras. The western end of the tunnel would be near the Summit Soda Springs, at an altitude of 6,143 feet. From the tunnel the water would be discharged into the south branch of the North Fork of the American River. A canal about sixty miles in length would receive the water from the river at a point about twelve miles below where it entered, and carry it to a storage reservoir near Auburn, in Placer County. The river itself would furnish sufficient water at most times, the lake being drawn upon only for the surplus demand. From Auburn the water would be conveyed by a pipe-line crossing the bay from Oakland, or around the southern part of the bay. The direct pipe-line would be one hundred and thirty-three miles in length; the route around the foot of the bay would add about one hundred miles to its length.

The necessity for a tunnel through the Sierras is a weak point in the proposed scheme. The North Fork of the American, from which it is proposed to draw the water supply during the greater part of the time, might be made available for the entire supply by the construction of storage reservoirs. This would save the construction and maintenance of the tunnel and fifteen miles of canal. Whether the building of storage reservoirs on the American would offset this is a point for the committee to consider. There

are some half-dozen alternative projects in the Sierras that involve carrying the water a less distance, thereby saving in the cost of both construction and maintenance. These should all be looked into thoroughly before a decision is arrived at. The building of a municipal water system is an important project, and one not for a day but for generations.

There is the further question of the possible conflict with citizens of Nevada. They now depend upon the water of the lake for irrigating their lands. Without such irrigation the land would be useless. This use of water is certain to increase immensely in the future, as will the demand of San Francisco for water for domestic purposes. There may be a sufficiency for both at the present time, but how long will it last? And will there not be unending friction when the stringency begins to be felt? The controversy, being between the citizens of different States, would be decided by the federal laws of riparian rights, and the Nevadans are prior appropriators. In view of all these questions it seems unwise for the supervisors to go ahead spending money before the exact rights have been determined.

Among newspaper expressions relating to the death of C. P. Huntington have been some thinly veiling a sense of satisfaction that at last the great obstacle to the construction of the Nicaragua Canal had been removed. That the code of journalistic ethics which would admit of such an expression is reprehensible, will be acknowledged. To attack the dead, while violation of generally respected canons, may be necessary on occasion, but if so, it should be done openly and manfully. However, the issue involved here is not one of propriety, but economics.

Even if the elimination of Huntington from the activities in which he had been so dominant a figure be an encouragement to the canal project, is that reason for being glad? The belief that the canal would be an unmixed blessing is far from general, and has not been established by proof; indeed, can hardly be so established. There is a prejudice in its favor largely sentimental, and due solely to thoughtlessness. When the *Oregon* started on her stupendous spurt around the Horn, there was general regret that a short cut was not available. It would have saved many days, much anxiety, and no trifle of expense. Yet that emergency is one that might never arise again, and, with the growth of the navy, less and less likely to arise. Moreover, the *Oregon* reached her destination in time to be of service and in trim for giving the best quality.

The proponent of the canal may have in mind not naval possibilities but the needs of commerce; in which case he would best take the opportunity to reflect. Selfishness is not only a general but an approved rule of action. To the Pacific Coast the natural desire is to build up, not the commerce of the Atlantic but its own; to develop not distant resources but those at its doors. It is not easy to see how, in a commercial sense, the Pacific Coast would benefit by the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, while it is easy, almost painfully so, to see how such a canal would injure it. New York does not insist upon improvements for the betterment of the Golden Gate. Buffalo cares nothing about promoting a boom for Portland. Yet here is a section of the Far West clamoring to have its own development checked that the development of the East may be stimulated. The situation requires elucidation; thereafter it will present an aspect wondrously changed.

The Pacific Coast holds high hope of a trade with the Orient. The effect of the beginnings of this trade are felt already. Great ships are being constructed to ply the western seas. San Francisco is to be their home port. Here might grow up strong and far-reaching concerns, open to competition at home, but incapable of flourishing if subject to competition by sections where labor and material are cheaper. In aiding the canal, the Pacific Coast would be inviting the overthrow of the economic structure it is endeavoring to rear.

The Nicaragua Canal would mean so direct a line

New York and Boston that San Francisco would be a side-station, and Puget Sound not even this much. Ships would go from Eastern ports to the Orient and return, and San Francisco be out of their course. They would pass between England and China, and not call here either way. Thus they would deprive San Francisco of freight and passenger traffic hers by every right of location. The islands, annexed because of their commercial value, would send their shipments elsewhere. All the trade remaining with them would be purely local. Central and South American trade would be cut off with the opening of the canal from entering a port on this coast.

True, the time consumed in water travel between San Francisco and New York would be lessened, but so would the volume of the travel. Tourists, regardless of the leisure they have at disposal, are invariably in a hurry. Instead of coming by way of San Francisco at all, they would seek the canal route. As to freight, Eastern lines, already organized and equipped, would be ready to crush any Western rival—competent, in all likelihood, to do it.

If, in asking for the building of the Nicaragua Canal, California is not asking to be put at a disadvantage never to be overcome, as plain a proposition as that two and two make four must fall; and such a fall is not to be expected.

That Mr. Huntington fought the canal was not surprising. The railroad man does not fear another railroad, but he fears water. The future of the railroads may be at stake, too, but it is the future of the Pacific Coast that concerns the people anxious not for the prosperity of any one corporation but of the important section in which they live.

Recently there was a race riot in New Orleans, and the negroes, as always, suffered severely. This occurrence excited the horror of the Northern newspapers. For several weeks they have been lecturing the South upon its inhumanity. In fact, most of the Northern newspapers seem to take a very gloomy view of Southern civilization. They do not hesitate to say that they consider the South as being in a mediæval condition, so far as its brutal treatment of the negroes is concerned. There have not been wanting in the Northern press references to other errors on the part of our Southern brethren—such as intimidating negroes at the ballot-box and lynching negroes suspected of foul crime.

All of these sermons of our Northern contemporaries are based upon irrefutable texts. No one can deny that ugly race riots and lynchings take place in the South. But are the skirts of the North free from blood stains? Have no negroes been lynched there? Did not negroes hang from scores of lamp-posts during the New York draft riots? Are we, in the North, prone to treat the negro as an equal? Do we like to sit at the theatre with him? Do we like to sit beside him in a car? Are we fond of dining at the same table with him? If the number of negroes in the North was as large in proportion as in the South, would the two races get along together any better than they do south of Mason and Dixon's line?

And now in New York City, the metropolis of the nation, there have been race riots in which negroes have been hunted down like wild beasts. Because a negro, one Arthur Harris, murdered Robert J. Thorpe, a police officer, a bloody riot broke out on the West Side last week. The whites dragged negroes off of street-cars and beat the unfortunate wretches within an inch of their lives. One "dude nigger," who particularly excited the wrath of the crowd because he was riding a bicycle in a white duck suit, was so clubbed, kicked, and beaten that when he was carried insensible to the hospital the surgeon in attendance said that his white duck suit "looked like a red plaid." Another negro who was brought in on an ambulance was so badly beaten that a reporter graphically described his head as "looking like a large sponge with blood oozing out." Some thirty negroes were carried to the hospitals for surgical treatment, many of them being seriously injured. While much of this rioting took place along Eighth Avenue, in a somewhat turbulent part of the city, there were times when the rioters appeared on Broadway. There were several instances where negroes were dragged by the mob from the Broadway cars and brutally beaten and clubbed. And this took place on the principal street of the greatest city in the United States.

The *Argonaut* has no particular remedy to offer for these troublesome race questions. It has always believed that the negroes ought to have been left in Africa where God planted them. Man's improvements upon God in transplanting negroes, English rabbits, and Scotch thistles have not been remarkably successful, up to date.

A weak attempt has been made by the New York press to save over this ugly race riot. The papers say that the police force too timidly, if not openly, encouraged the rioters through feelings of sympathy for their dead comrade. This makes the matter worse. The New York police force certainly rank higher in the moral and intellectual scale than the deni-

zens of "Hell's Kitchen" and the toughs of the "Tenderloin." Therefore, if the police assisted or encouraged the rioters, it only makes New York's shame all the greater. And that reminds us that there are some four thousand police officers in the borough of Manhattan. Here is a trained and disciplined force equaling in numbers several regiments of troops. They are required to patrol a narrow strip of land averaging twelve miles in length from the Harlem River to the Battery. In many of the sparsely settled Southern States the scattering rural constables are as many miles apart. Yet New York, with her seven thousand police officers—four thousand of them in Manhattan—was unable at once to suppress a race riot—a riot which occurring in a Southern State would have brought forth columns of solemn denunciation from the New York papers.

As we said, the New York press is now trying to lift the responsibility for the riot from the people, and lay it on the shoulders of the police. The police force is being roundly rated and the papers say that in their charges on the mob they "clubbed respectable men, women, and children." That may be. But what were the respectable men, women, and children doing at the scene of the riot? Enjoying the spectacle of negroes being brutally beaten? They had no business there. If some of them got a little clubbing it may give them a needed lesson. A farmer's son once incautiously handled the business end of a kicking mule, although warned not to do so by the "old man." The result was disastrous. Going to the "old man," with his nose spread out like a mushroom, he anxiously inquired: "Say, father, do you think my nose will be all right again?" To which the "old man" replied: "Well, my son, you will never be so pretty as you was, but you'll know a heap more."

So with the respectable members of the New York mob. They will know more. And perhaps New York and the North generally will know more of the difficulty of repressing race riots in the South.

A recent phase of the Presidential campaign is the convention held last week at Indianapolis by the anti-imperialists under the auspices of the American Anti-Expansionist League and its allied associations. The movement adds one more element to the fusion which is bent on placing William J. Bryan in the Presidential chair. It adds to the conventions of Democrats, Populists, and Silver Republicans another composed largely of Democrats who would oppose Bryan on financial issues, but who follow his new notions as to the paramount issue in this campaign, and of Republicans who go to his support, as they claim, to rebuke the "imperialistic" policies with which they charge the administration of President McKinley.

The meeting at Indianapolis does not appear to have been a very large, nor a very harmonious convention. The delegates are said to have been about three hundred in number, and although in preliminary debates the difference of opinion between indorsing the fusion ticket and nominating a candidate of their own was heated almost to the point of bitterness, the final outcome was a decision to indorse Mr. Bryan by a very substantial majority. In this result the meeting resembles that at Kansas City, where a palpable majority sentiment against a free-silver plank was overruled by the persistent influence of the leaders of a minority. Among the most notable personages attending, Boston seems to have contributed more than its share. From that city came Moorfield Storey, Gamaliel Bradford, and ex-Governor George S. Boutwell, who was also Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Grant. The latter was made permanent chairman of the convention, and altogether was the moving spirit of the occasion. In his address he said: "In my youth I left the Democratic party when it surrendered to slavery. In my age I leave the Republican party now that it has surrendered itself to despotic and tyrannical motives. I helped create the Republican party, a party at that time of justice and principle and honesty. I now believe it is a party of injustice and despotism, and I will help to destroy it. I am for Bryan in spite of what he may believe concerning the currency or finances of the country."

A letter was read from W. Bourke Cockran, of New York, giving his views. He opposed an independent nomination, on the ground that the issues of the last campaign had no connection with the present contest, and because the Democrats "having made anti-imperialism the dominant issue in their platform, the other issues, including free silver, had been practically dropped." He praised Bryan for his advocacy of silver, because it had led to the adoption of the gold standard, and urged the convention "not to be swerved from supporting him by prejudices springing from past antagonisms or by groundless apprehensions of the future." General John Beatty, of Ohio, touched a sympathetic chord for his audience by saying: "I have been a Republican for fifty years, and I propose to continue a Republican until I die. I pray that God will forgive me for voting for McKinley in

1896. I did not think that he would turn his back upon the eternal peace of the republic. If Cleveland or Reed or Bryan had been President there would have been no war in the Philippines; no butchery of inoffensive Christian people; no deaths of brave American soldiers there, but our flag would now have been hailed with acclaim by a new republic."

The quoted expressions of these three men serve excellently to give a clear idea of the temper of the Indianapolis gathering, and its final action will be seen to follow as a matter of course. That sole and final action of the convention took the form of a series of resolutions, serving as a platform, but which were really an address to the public generally. The causes of the movement are therein set forth as being the "great national crisis which menaces the republic." The crisis is laid at the door of the President, whom the address charges with having "undertaken to subjugate a foreign people," with an intention "to rule them by despotic power"; with having "thrown the protection of the flag over slavery and polygamy in the Sulu Islands"; with having "arrogated to himself the power to impose government upon the Philippines without their consent"; with having claimed "for himself and Congress authority to govern territories without constitutional restraint." "The policy of the President," continues the address, "offers the inhabitants of Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines no hope of independence, no prospect of American citizenship, no constitutional protection, no representation in the Congress which taxes them. This is the government of men by arbitrary power without their consent; this is imperialism." This statement of principles is followed by three recommendations to the voting public, which are, briefly: "That they withhold their votes from McKinley in order to stamp with their disapproval what he has done"; that they vote directly for Bryan "as the most effective means of crushing imperialism"; and that they "vote for those candidates for Congress who will oppose the policy of imperialism." To this was added a resolution deprecating "all efforts, whether in the South or in the North, to deprive the negro of his rights as a citizen under the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States." So closed the latest, and let us hope the last of the numerous conventions of this campaign.

To the sordid commercial instinct, the big trees of California appeal, not from their majesty, not from the impressive fact that they are sole survivors of a past age and cast afar their gracious shadows when Christ was on earth. They are, to the men who buy and sell, nothing but so much lumber. They are measured for the boards they contain, for the money they can be made to yield. They are being sacrificed to greed, and in a short time all the noblest among them will be put to the saw unless decided steps be taken to protect them. Some effort in this direction has been made, but so far it has been inadequate. The Mariposa group alone is safe, but it is not the most interesting. The other groves are being logged or are in danger. With every season the encroaching mill draws nearer.

During the recent session of Congress a committee was appointed at the suggestion of the agricultural department to prepare a report to be presented to Congress, and to set forth the peril of the big trees, as well as the measures to be taken to overcome it. Investigation was prolonged until after Congress had adjourned. Otherwise the report would almost surely have resulted in definite legislation. Meanwhile, the Calaveras grove, the finest of all, is threatened with extinction. It has passed into private ownership, and the owner has every legal right, as he seems to have full intention, of leveling it to the ground. That such a course would excite indignation and regret hardly needs saying. These trees constitute a feature of California, but they are one of the wonders of the world.

Sequoia and General Grant Parks are supposed to give protection to the trees within them, but each is being eaten into by a saw-mill, such a mill as has turned the verdant, watered slopes of the lower Sierras into arid and barren wastes. Both parks are fringed by private lumber claims aggregating many hundreds of acres; and when these are being denuded, the line of demarkation is not apt to be sharply drawn. The groups in Tuolumne, Fresno, and Tulare also are disappearing. The loss to scenic beauty, unless the vandalism be estopped, will be beyond estimate, and the loss to science something that if human ingenuity could replace would require five thousand years. It is a peculiarity of these mammoths of the vegetable kingdom that they do not reproduce themselves. In one grove there are young trees, but of no great promise.

As to the extent of big tree forests in the ages of which these hoary sentinels are sole survivors, nothing is known. However many miles they once may have covered, the glaciers exterminated all but the groups of the Sequoia, and left of the redwoods only a strip from the Oregon line to Monterey Bay. Outside of California there is none of

either variety. Attempts have been made to guard these trees against fire and the ravage of flocks and herds, but scant efforts have been made to check destruction for purposes of trade. Vast areas have been turned remorselessly back to desert, blackened stumps and abandoned camps alone telling the story. Surely the time has come for this destruction to be kept within bounds.

Unique among marvels, most ancient and most majestic of living growths, there are now left of the trees of notable size not more than 500, and the saw is ready for these. Save for accident or human design, they seem immortal. The tallest that has been felled, showing by rings its record of century after century, has been sound to the very heart. Those that lie prostrate have succumbed not to weakness but to fire. Those that still stand erect, but lifeless, have been stripped of bark, an act as brutally iconoclastic as the tearing of golden images from the temple. Some have revealed the age of 3,600 years, and others still more gigantic are probably 5,000 years old. Trees that rise more than 300 feet, that nearly half that distance from the ground put out branches six feet in diameter, are not to be regarded as lumber without causing resentment in all who feel the appeal of beauty and grandeur. The famed "Father of the Forest" was 400 feet high, and had a circumference of 110 feet. There are others closely approaching this monster in magnitude, but so few that not a single one, in any of the groups, should be sacrificed. Commerce has taken its toll, vandalism had its day. Both should now be put on a common plane, and bidden to keep hands off.

There is in parts of the East just now an anti-cigarette craze of type almost virulent. It is inspired by hatred for all tobacco, concern for the bodies and souls of all users of the weed; but particularly, hatred of the cigarette, and fear that the consumer thereof is working out his own undoing. A league has been organized to spread the information that the cigarette is deadly; that while it yellows the finger, it blights the intellectual parts, stunts the moral, warps the spiritual, and leaves the physical a wreck.

Much nonsense has been written about the cigarette. It is often offensive, to be sure, and that it may be indulged in to an extent markedly injurious can not be denied. So may any other habit that has an effect upon the nerves. To tan the stomach by continual floods of tea, or mar the equanimity of the liver by the taking in of coffee at all times, is not only as possible but far more common. Doubtless many members of the reformatory league, their noses tilted to catch, and so rebuke, the fumes of tobacco, are addicted to excessive use of tea or coffee. The emotion which they think righteousness is simply irritability. Bad temper leads them to attempt to regenerate the social *morale*, while all they need is a moderation of appetite and a change of drinks. Perhaps they would find an occasional cigarette soothing and beneficial.

The evil of the cigarette is that the article is so easily procured that small boys can get it, and thus acquire the practice of smoking, inexpensively and by easy stages carrying them to the stage of cigar and pipe. That the cigarette in itself, employed in moderation, is unhealthful, has not been proved. Doctors write theses about it, but many of them, unless graduated to the more potent cigar, are devoted to it. It might make a small boy sick, but its effect upon the matured system is slight. Therefore the attempt to banish the cigarette, unless effort be confined to the admonition and spanking of youth, strikes the unbiased judgment as childish.

Nevertheless, the league, strenuously operative in good Chicago, has inscribed on its banner "The Cigarette Must Go." With a fervor almost political in intensity it points with pride at the legend, after having duly viewed with alarm. An effect of this has been that many firms have interdicted the use of cigarettes by employees. In the list, so far embracing sixty-six, there appear railroad companies, banks, brokers, manufacturers, express and packing companies, and merchants. The league is sending out blanks to employers, asking them not to give positions to cigarette smokers. All of which, with due regard for the goodness of the motive, strikes the unbiased as wanton meddling. When a man seeking work is asked if he smokes cigarettes, he is apt to be conscious of an impulse to reply that it is none of the inquirer's business. Else, if bread and butter depend on the outcome, he is tempted to lie; yielding to which temptation he commits a greater sin than by the act of smoking.

There are many situations during the occupancy of which smoking would be manifestly out of place. A clerk waiting upon a customer, an accountant whose time is paid for, would have no right to smoke and no impulse to do so. After office hours, however, the question of smoking or not smoking is his own to decide, and the attempt to answer it for him is an impertinence. If he is a gentleman he will not puff in the faces of others; if he is careful of appearances he will not let his finger assume a saffron hue; and if

he has sense he will not smoke to an injurious extent. The cigarette is not the deadly thing so often pictured; too many people, especially of Spanish origin, dying of old age, expend their latest breath in drawing upon it, to permit the theory to stand. Nevertheless, the league is enjoying itself.

The wisdom of the policy of this government in insisting upon an immediate advance upon Pekin has been justified. The city has been taken, and the foreigners who had been besieged in the legations for two months have been rescued. With the exception of the German minister, who was killed at the inception of the trouble, and comparatively minor casualties, all were well. After a conference of the leaders it was decided to make the advance, and Pei-tsang was attacked on Sunday, August 5th. The town lies on both sides of the river, and the main force of the Chinese lay on the left bank. This force was attacked by the Japanese and British, the Americans being in reserve. The Russians and French attacked the force on the right bank. The allies did not pause here, but pushed on to Yang-tsun, fifteen miles farther on the road to Pekin. Here the Chinese were well intrenched in seven lines of intrenchments, but after four hours of fighting they were dislodged. This was the important strategic point, and its capture was looked upon as an important victory. The opposition of the Chinese seems to have been broken here, for, though the reports are meagre, there was little opposition from this time until the walls of Pekin were reached eight days later. Thus three-quarters of the advance from Tien-tsin was made practically without opposition. During the morning of August 14th, the American and Russian flags were planted on the east wall of Pekin, and shortly after noon the British legation was entered and the foreigners rescued. In spite of the messages that have been received during the last two weeks, the fate of the legationers remained in doubt, and their rescue is cause for intense satisfaction.

The administration has announced that the fight is to be continued, and this decision will meet with general approval. Though the rescue of the foreigners was the primary object of the war, much remains yet to be settled. Minister Conger's evidence leaves no doubt that the Chinese Government was behind the movement against the foreigners and incited the rioting that precipitated the trouble. In this they violated their treaty agreements, and no peace is possible until guarantees for the future are received from that government. The empress having fled she must be pursued until brought to terms. There must be a sufficient guaranty that the Boxers will be suppressed, for while they exist there will be no safety for foreigners in China. Until these things are done the expense and loss of life will have been in vain.

The following extracts, taken from representative papers in all parts of the country, commenting on William J. Bryan's speech of acceptance delivered at Indianapolis on August 8th to the committee which notified him of his nomination for President, will be found especially interesting.

The New York *Evening Post* (Ind. Rep.), which is openly opposing the election of Bryan, says:

"It is impossible to deny that Mr. Bryan's speech at Indianapolis was a great literary and oratorical achievement. Fault may be found with it here and there. We shall point out what we consider the weak parts, but it is fair to say that neither Senator Hoar, nor Carl Schurz, nor ex-Governor Boutwell, nor all of them together have produced a more masterly indictment of imperialism than is to be found in this speech. It is far in advance of anything Mr. Bryan himself has ever done before on any topic of public discussion."

The New York *Tribune* (Rep.) considers Bryan's speech an apology:

"That is the first salient feature of the verbose and tedious preachment put forth by the Demo-Populist candidate yesterday at Indianapolis. His followers will call it an arraignment of 'imperialism.' But that note rings false and hollow. From first to last it is a labored effort to exculpate himself and his party from the cowardice of masking the real issue of the campaign, and to foist into the first place a purely fictitious issue born of idle dreams and nurtured on wanton falsehoods."

The Richmond, Va., *Dispatch* (Dem.) says that while Bryan's speech is by its length calculated, upon a superficial glance, to stagger one, every line of it will bear careful reading and thoughtful consideration, and is germane to the momentous battle of the ballots that is before the American people:

"It is a great and convincing 'campaign document,' which puts the Republican party upon the defensive throughout, and should rally to the Democratic standard—nay, the standard of anti-imperialism—every voter who would see republican institutions preserved in this country, and insure to posterity the regency in their integrity of the doctrines and principles of the fathers."

The Manchester, N. H., *Union* (Ind. Dem.) believes that Bryan's ignoring the sixteen-to-one issue will lose him votes, and ought to:

"The argument against imperialism draws its strength not from Mr. Bryan's statement of it, but from its own inherent merit. He but dresses it in the captivating and glowing language of which he is master. But it takes more than eloquence to deal with public affairs. 'It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts,' and to deal with that condition as it requires there must first be found a man who will not blow hot and blow cold, as may be necessary, to get votes. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Bryan has sacrificed something of his reputation for

devotion to principle by this omission from his speech, and though meo may applaud his language and admire his oratorical powers, they will still say that actions speak louder than words, and that a man who will sacrifice so much in order to get votes shall not have theirs."

The Philadelphia *Ledger* (Rep.) considers it unsafe for the Republican party to treat it as a daub unworthy of consideration:

"The issue that he has indorsed as paramount is not paramount from the view of Republicans, independents, and sound-money advocates in general. But it is an issue all the same. Theodore Roosevelt sensibly recognized this in his St. Paul speech, which was a clear explanation of the Republican position, although weakened by the intolerant character of some of the speaker's expressions. The public will wait expectantly for Mr. McKinley's formal letter of acceptance, in the hope that he will meet the issue that Mr. Bryan has raised."

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind. Dem.) also says:

"The Indianapolis argument is one not to be treated with ridicule or indifference, and Mr. Bryan himself is a force to be reckoned with and not to be disposed of with gutter epithets or cheap sneers."

The Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.) does not share this view. It says:

"This speech of acceptance is a weak production. It was too hastily prepared. It is too diffuse in some places; too brief and vague in others. It has the defects which mar all his speeches—looseness of statement, perversion of the arguments of opponents, and the invention of arguments for them, and sophistical reasoning. It lacks the vigor of the sixteen-to-one arguments of four years ago. The paramount issue of 1896 appealed to his emotions far more strongly than does what he calls the 'paramount issue' of 1900."

The Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) considers it a noble speech, and says:

"Quarrel with him as we may on other issues, criticize as we may his past treatment of this issue, the fact remains that he rather than Mr. McKinley places the paramount issue where it belongs—at the forefront of the discussion. Whatever the past, Mr. Bryan rather than Mr. McKinley has ranged himself and the great party behind him on the right side of the debate. He throws the whole organized power of the Democracy into the fight against the imperialistic programme."

The New York *Sun* (Rep.) does not think much of it:

"Mr. Bryan suppressed every article in his plainly written commission save the one article which charges him to haul down, if he can, our flag in the Philippines; and ignoring but not repudiating all the destructive purposes which are in his party's platform and at the bottom of his own personal heart, he rattled off a long dissertation on 'imperialism' which Pettigrew or Erving Winslow might have written, barring the tropes."

On the other hand, the New York *Journal* (Dem.) says:

"In all the speech of Bryan the voter will find no hesitation, no uncertainty, no subservience to capital, no useless harping on antedated issues. He has come to the forefront with the one ringing issue. He has struck upon the string of imperialism the key-note of the campaign."

The New York *Mail and Express* (Rep.) says, scathingly:

"As the utterance of a shifty politician who combines the ardor of the zealot with the mock piety of the hypocrite, William Jennings Bryan's speech of acceptance will be instantly recognized as a masterpiece by every intelligent reader. None but a man richly endowed with the gifts of the demagogue and profoundly believing in the credulity of his hearers would have dared to deliver an address so deceitful in spirit, so mawkish in tone, and so completely phrased in the cant of the professional place-seeker."

We close our extracts with one from the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind. Rep.):

"The Indianapolis speech abundantly justifies the contention of Mr. Bryan's friends that during the past four years he has matured and broadened in his views and his intellectual grasp. While characterized by his usual facility and felicity of expression, it is notably free from any straining after mere rhetorical effect, but, on the contrary, is full of solid meat—meat for grown men as well as babes. From its simple and modest exordium to its splendid peroration it is throughout argumentative and unanswerable. The Democrats will have no better literature to circulate than this initial speech in the campaign of their eloquent leader."

A correspondent, whose communication is published in another column, writes feelingly upon the subject of the cat as a nocturnal nuisance.

He indorses all that the *Argonaut* has said regarding the necessity for abolishing those unnecessary noises that render life miserable, but protests against the cat not being included in the *index expurgatorius*. There are many who will agree with him. The domesticated feline, during the daytime, may deserve the titles harmless and necessary, but after nightfall, and particularly during the early hours of the morning, neither adjective seems justified. It is one of the fundamental principles of law that every person shall so use his property that it shall not infringe upon the rights of others, and sleep is certainly a natural right. And, in law—though perhaps not always in fact—the expression "his property" includes also "her property." This suggests, however, a consideration in regard to cats that has probably escaped our correspondent. As he is undoubtedly aware, there are some members of the female sex who have attained to maturity without having met a member of the opposite sex who has succeeded in winning their affections. Man, female as well as male, is a gregarious animal, and when human objects of affection are lacking, the caresses are lavished upon lower and perhaps less responsive animals. From time immemorial the cat has been dedicated to this purpose, and has served a worthy end. The "old maid" is passing away, however. The "bachelor girl," who has human objects to occupy her interests, is taking her place. The "old maid" was a picturesque feature of life, and her departure will be universally viewed with regret. If she must go, however, may she take her cats with her, in the fervent prayer of every "male brute."

THE COFFIN-MAKER OF LIMA.

A True Story, Showing there is Romance Even in Undertaking.

"Down with the Gutierrez! *Dios y Libertad!* Down with the Gutierrez rascals! *Viva Fulano y Tal!*"

Thus roared the mob—at least the larger half of it—from one side the Plaza Mayor. From the other came the answering yell:

"Down with Fulano y Tal! For God and Liberty! *Vivan los Gutierrez!*"

Then they fell upon one another. They fired leaden pellets into each other's hides—for the love of liberty. They jabbed bayonets into each other's hodies—for the love of God. And with musket-butts they dashed out each other's foolish brains—for the love of Gutierrez, Fulano y Tal. And presently there were more of the Fulano y Tal men than there were of the faction of Gutierrez, and these, being of a sudden convinced that God was on the side of the larger mob, determined to look out for their own liberty. So they incontinently took to their heels.

Then there was a great shout. The remaining moiety of the mob hurled their greasy caps into the air. The "Generalissimo of the Patriotic Forces," as he called himself, Don Fulano y Tal, tossed into the air his plumed shako. The mob roared approval. The Generalissimo Fulano y Tal then seized his greasiest private, fell upon his neck, called him "brother-in-arms," and kissed him. The mob melted into tears. Each man seized his neighbor and imprinted malodorous kisses upon his lips. When they had recovered breath—some little time after—they roared again:

"*Dios y Libertad!* Long live Fulano y Tal, the saviour of his country!"

The generalissimo raised his glittering sword: "Now, my brothers," said he, "there is still work to do. We must storm the governmental palace—"

"Aye!"

"We must hang Gutierrez!"

"Aye!"

"And we must seize the mint!"

Like a mighty wave the mob swept out of the Plaza Mayor, carrying their leader before them like a cork.

In a little while the public buildings were in their hands. In a little while longer Gutierrez was killed, his body carefully mangled, and then drawn by a rope to the top of the highest steeple of the grand cathedral. Then the bells rang forth a paon, the priests chanted a *Te Deum*. For was not the country free? and was not Fulano y Tal proclaimed president? Of a surety, yes.

And then the shop-keepers took their shutters down.

Ah, hah! Commerce is not patriotic.

On the Plaza Mayor the next morning there were many hodies. They had been patriots, doubtless, but they had got on the wrong side. Therefore they were carion, and to be cordially despised of all good Fulano men.

But they looked unpleasant. Their glazed eyes stared at you with a disagreeable fixity. The lips of their gaping wounds had a dumb eloquence which worked upon the feelings. The mob had gathered to despoil them; it ended by pitying them.

"Ah, *Dios!*" said a woman, "why not bury them, too, as well as our own of last night?"

"True, true," said the mob, "an excellent idea. We will bury them."

Herr von Grellk uttered his first word since the revolution began: "Aye, aye, neighbors," said he, "'tis the Christian thing to do. *Por el amor de Dios*, let us bury them!"

Herr von Grellk was a coffin-maker.

It is needless to say that he was a German. He was an undertaker, and a thriving one. And he had many coffins always ready. For in the pleasant Spanish-American countries to the south of us there is often need of coffins. And of many coffins. And of coffins about the fit of which there is little heed. For, look you, there are many things which cause sudden death. Earthquakes, sun-strokes, highway-men. And once in a while a patriot liberates the country. And then there is need of many coffins.

So Herr von Grellk advocated the burying of the unpleasant corpses.

The mob approved of Herr von Grellk, and called him "brother." And Herr von Grellk winced, but said nothing. For they were good customers. So the mob carried out coffins. And it carried out more coffins. And when a patriot could not be squeezed into his coffin, they would come and get a longer one. And in a short time Herr von Grellk had no more coffins.

Then he spoke. "My brothers," said he, "we have done a Christian thing—"

"True," assented the mob.

"We have decently interred our enemy. Now, who is to pay?"

"Pay!" The mob was amused—mobs have a keen sense of humor. "Pay! *Qué hombre!* Is not Herr von Grellk a patriot?"

Herr von Grellk admitted that he was.

"Did Herr von Grellk wish to occupy one of his own coffins?"

Herr von Grellk could think of nothing more unnecessary to his happiness.

The mob was grimly humorous: "If the Señor von Grellk should change his mind at any time, they would be happy—"

The Señor von Grellk never changed his mind. He had but jested when he spoke of pay.

In that case they would kiss the hands of the señor—nay, more: "*à los pies de usted, señor.*"

He mob retired, shouting with laughter. And Herr von Grellk put up his shutters.

* * * * *

For many weary months did the coffin-maker prefer his claims against the government. And the longer he waited

the larger they grew. And finally the bill for the coffins was some fifty thousand dollars. But there were other claims, and more pressing ones, and when the hapless Von Grellk succeeded in getting a hearing, he was always listened to gravely until he reached the description of the lost articles.

"*¿Qué! Cajas mortuorias! Coffins!*" and from ministers to legislators he would be received with a roar.

But all things have an end. At last Herr von Grellk succeeded in getting an award from the government for his losses. After weary waiting he was to be rewarded. His claims had been passed upon, and the next day he was to finger the money. Lucky Von Grellk!

But who can tell what a day may bring forth? A new patriot had arisen in the land—General Cualquiera. The tyranny of Presidente Fulano y Tal could no longer be endured. There was a new uprising, and the country was once more free.

When Herr von Grellk went for his money he was received by a bland and smiling clerk, who spoke him fair, yet gave him nothing.

"But the country owes the money," said Von Grellk. "How could I tell there would be a new government the next day?"

"True," assented the polite clerk, "*quien ha visto mañana?*"

Ah, who indeed? The morrow is ever invisible.

* * * * *

Well, on this particular morrow there was an imposing funeral. General Cualquiera, being a man of what his followers considered disgraceful humanity, had forbidden that anything more than killing should be done to Fulano y Tal. Through this womanish concession, there was enough left of him to bury, and the general was graciously pleased to permit Donna Fulano y Tal to bury him publicly. So there was an imposing barse, with nodding plumes, and within it a gilded coffin.

Suddenly there was a disturbance on the edge of the crowd. A wild-eyed old man was pushing his way toward the hearse. He gripped the horses by the heads.

"Stop!" he shouted to the driver; "stop, I say! *La caja —es la mía!* It is mine, I say. The coffin is mine!"

Some soldiers advanced and seized him. But he struggled desperately.

"*Ladrones!*" he shouted; "you are thieves, I say! It is mine—the coffin is mine, and you would rob me!"

They had to bind him, so fierce was he; and as they bore him away, shrieking, cursing, foaming at the mouth, the mob gravely shook its noddle, and muttered:

"*Esta loco.*"

The mob was right. Herr von Grellk was mad.

* * * * *

A stately ship of war is entering Callao bay. It is the *Prinz Adalbert*, and aboard of her is Henry, son of the Emperor of Germany. On the mole stands Herr von Grellk.

"Now," he muttered to himself, "I will show these Spanish scoundrels what it is to be a German. I will appeal to my prince, and he will give me justice, if he has to homhard the port."

Scarcely had the ship anchored when a boat was at her side. In it was an old man, who demanded to see the prince. He had wrongs to right, he said, and he was quickly shown to the cabin. Had he been an American in a similar plight, he might have cooled his heels awhile.

The prince listened attentively to the old man. He had been despoiled in a revolution, he said; his shop gutted; his business destroyed; and he wanted reparation. If it were refused, he would insist upon the ship's homharding the city. The prince repressed a smile.

"And what was your business?" said he.

"I was a coffin-maker, your highness."

"And the goods of which you were despoiled were—"

"Coffins."

For the life of him the prince could not help smiling. When royalty smiles courtiers laugh. The officers in the cabin laughed. And when the prince joined them they roared.

For a moment the old man's eyes flashed angrily, as if he would protest. But only for a moment. His long-deferred hope had made his heart sick. He started to go, staggered, and fell upon a seat. His head drooped upon his breast. The prince had them raise him, but it was useless. Madness, grief, and disappointment had killed him.

They buried him in the ocean, with a round-shot at his feet, and the man of many coffins had only a canvas one.

"There are two ways in which the European telegraph and telephone systems differ from ours—in apparatus, in the way of engineering, and in quickness of service," reports T. C. Martin, editor of the *Electrical World and Engineer*, who has recently returned from a tour through Europe. "Their apparatus is nearly all of American design, but old stuff that we have discarded. Compared with our new apparatus it is clumsy to use, and the talking is not nearly so distinct. The system abroad is never to try a new telephone, but always to see how it works with us first, and, as they keep on by this rule, there is no hope of their catching up. I asked a well-known French electrician once about this, and he said: 'We always wait to see how an apparatus works in America, and thus, as we say, try it on the dog'; a rather questionable compliment to American energy. The matter of speed is simply a part of the European characteristic of doing things slower than we do, but it is horribly provoking. Seldom will less than ten minutes of shouting in the large speaking hoxes suffice to obtain a connection. Telephoning in Paris got to be a joke among American visitors, and the saying went around, 'Don't telephone—walk.'"

The war in South Africa has doomed the highland kilt as a fighting-dress and it will now survive as a parade uniform only.

NEGROS A MODEL ISLAND.

Brigadier-General Smith's Tact with the Natives—The Influence of the Anti-Imperialists—Band Concerts as a Thermometer of Public Opinion.

While thus far in all other parts of the Philippine Islands the elective power of the native is limited entirely to municipal affairs, in Negros they have a general government of their own and an insular constitution accepted by a vote of the people. "If the great provinces of Luzon are as far along as this in two years," says Frederick Palmer, the special correspondent of *Collier's Weekly*, "we may congratulate ourselves." Continuing, he writes:

"The people of Negros elect their own civil governor, at a salary of three thousand dollars (gold) a year, and an advisory council of eight members, which is practically a legislature. The governor presides over the council, which has speeches as prolonged, discussions as bitter, obstructive tactics as clever, and factions as many as our own Congress. Like the rest of the Filipinos, they are thirsty for education. The first bill that was introduced by the advisory council, and unanimously supported by all the members, was to establish in either of the two principal towns, Bacolod or Dumaguete, a college for teaching the higher branches. General Smith, formerly colonel of the First California Volunteers, had to veto this. He has, in fact, to veto the majority of their bills. But he always makes it a point to explain at great length to the civil governor and the members of the council the reason of his action."

In an interview, General Smith said to Mr. Palmer:

"Patience is the greatest instrument for ruling this people. More than once I have been provoked to the point of extreme measures, but have decided upon a liberal course on second thought, to my subsequent gratification. I have never burned a *barrio* in the island. When the officers of one town who had protested their loyalty assisted in landing insurgents from Panay, who caused the little outbreak of last December, I was inclined to burn this town as an example of the punishment which would befall those who came to me with fair words while they were secretly plotting against the government. But I always have a night's sleep before making up my mind on so serious a question, and in the morning I decided to fine this town five thousand dollars, to be turned into the general fund for public purposes. It was paid promptly. Now that the disloyal officials are finding that the fine is being spent for the good of the island, they can not assert that my dispensation of justice was prompted by selfish interest."

General Smith has the greatest confidence in the people and their possibilities:

"The more I see of them the better I like them. In ten years I think that they will be the most American Americans in the world. At present I have three battalions, but I think that in six months I can get along with two. Of course everything depends upon how we treat the native. The planters here are as fine a class of people as you meet anywhere. If they have peculiarities, so have we. The members of the advisory council are very apt in discussion, and my legal training is very helpful to me. The work of teaching the natives not to distrust us has been gradual, but it has been sure. The mass of the people reason upon the facts of the moment. They believe the most outlandish stories about our intentions. Both Atkinson's articles and Senator Beveridge's speech have been circulated by the disturbing element, printed in the Visayan language. Both have done us a great deal of harm, unless we want to keep the rebellion alive. When they passed Beveridge's speech around, the agitators said: 'The cat is out of the bag. You will see how the Americans will ride once they have the bit in our mouths, once they have all of our rifles. They are going to get the money back which they are spending on their troops by exploiting us and making us slaves.' If some new story is being circulated, and a cabal against the government is gaining some following," said the general, "I notice at once the crowd which gathers in the evening to hear the regimental band is smaller and smaller in proportion to the importance of the dissatisfaction. In fact, my band concerts are a thermometer of public opinion."

The richest man in the island, Don Pedro Yulo, has an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year from his many plantations, and is a full-blooded Visayan who began his career without a penny:

"The next wealthiest man is Señor Locson. When General Smith asked Señor Locson to become his secretary of the interior, Locson declined, on the ground that his sympathy was with the independence of the island and against the Americans, and therefore he could not honestly act as an official under an American Government. 'Your candor in telling me this I consider the best of qualifications,' was General Smith's reply. 'I do not want you because you like or dislike the Americans, but because I think that you can do the island more good than any other man. You are always welcome to tell me all of your objections and to express your distrust of me as much as you wish. I prefer that you should.' As a result, Señor Locson has become a pillar of the State. Of late he has shown, by neglecting his plantation to attend to public work, and by his actions in general, as well as by his words, that he is quite converted to our side."

One undiplomatic remark to this proud planter in the beginning would have thrown the weight of his influence and the power of his wealth against us. General Smith adds:

"I make it a point to know every prominent man in the island, to talk with him about his grievances, and to understand his character as far as it is in my power to do so. Whenever a leader becomes estranged I am usually apprised of it, and when I speak with him I try to get him to admit as much, without offering any personal offense. I tell them all that I am always ready to sign a pass permitting them to join the insurgents. The American soldier, I tell them, likes to fight, and he is here to fight and to behave himself. I shall be glad to give any one at any time and any place opportunity for a battle with as large a force of our men as they desire. Or, if they prefer, the American soldier will chase them through the mountain fastnesses, that being one of the things that the American likes to do. 'Yes,' I tell them, 'you may shoot at the American soldier all you please. But if you kill one of your own people you must hang. If you steal from any *hacienda* you will be punished severely, but not more severely than an American soldier who is guilty of theft, or of in any way oppressing the natives.'"

The people are already beginning to find what a complex thing popular government is, and how difficult it is to preserve their privileges and rights when the responsibility of it lies entirely within their own hands:

"The people of some of the towns have sent in petitions to the general asking him to redress their grievances against the town officials, whose acts are unpopular. But you elected these men to office and you must wait until the next election before you can have a change, just as we do in the United States," he replies. "You will have to learn, as we have learned the lesson, to be very careful to know the qualifications of the man who receives your vote for office." This brings up the great advantage to the ruling power of allowing the people largely to rule themselves. Complaints do not then fall entirely upon the head of the governor-general. Negros already has its "bosses" and its "machines," and it is questionable if some of the popular leaders could not teach Tammany Hall a trick or two."

The great division lies between the heads of the old families—Señor Locson is one of these—who trace their descent from chieftains who ruled in the island before Magellan came, and the self-made leaders. The adherents of the feudal lords refer to the "upstarts" with something of the contempt of a Knickerbocker for a Klondike millionaire.

EXPOSITION HOPES BLIGHTED.

Inartistic Appearance of the Grand Entrance—The Pageant from the River—In the Street of Nations—Crowded Quarters—Unattractive Sideshows—Restaurants Dear and Bad.

Disappointment comes early to the exposition visitor who has anticipated only grandeur, magnificence, and beauty. The portal, with its hideous arch surmounted by "La Parisienne," the figure by M. Moreau Vauthier, is not to be accepted with grace. It is heautiful in neither form nor color, and the figure—a woman over-dressed, with hat and opera-cloak—is not of the ideal world. Mlle. Odette Dulac has copied the fantastic costume in every detail, and with her hair puffed like that of the statue, may be seen daily in the streets of the city, and driving either in a cab or an "auto" in the Bois or the Champs-Élysées. The frieze, "Le Travail Humain," on the wall either side of the gate is a fine piece of work, by the sculptor Guillot, but the Phryne poised on the apex of the arch diverts the gaze of most of those who enter here.

But the so-called grand entrance is an unfortunate introduction to the great spectacle in another way. It does not present a good first view of the exposition. From one of the steamers that ply the Seine at intervals of two minutes all day long, the scene of international splendors comes before the range of vision in a more impressive and thoroughly delightful way. Embarking at the Pont Royal, the landing of the Louvre, and descending along the right bank, keeping the eyes fixed on the left, the view can not be challenged. After the Pont de la Concorde is passed the exposition begins, and for a little more than a mile the cream-colored palaces and architectural oddities and marvels project themselves before the spectator in a gradually unrolled panorama of surprises. Even in this presentation the deplorable fact is made prominent that Paris had not sufficient room here to build an exposition which should surpass all realizations of the past. And even with the space at command not the best effects were produced.

There is nothing here which at all compares with the magnificent Court of Honor of the Chicago fair. But for the broad-flowing river there would be a sense of narrowness and crowding together that would destroy all pleasure in the outward aspect of this prodigal outlay of money and varied artistic ability. The Street of the Nations, that much-described avenue of motley architecture, contains many fine specimens of national art, but they are so mingled and compressed that their value is lost. The building of Belgium, a copy of the Hôtel de Ville, at Audenarde, one of the most picturesque structures in Europe, loses more than half its charm of outline and tint by its proximity to the Norwegian building, which is huddled up against it.

The United States building is big enough and ambitious enough in plan and detail, but it is not graceful. And its inside decorations and furnishings are not calculated to rouse the enthusiasm even of the most patriotic American. There is an affluence of the national colors in the brightest paint, and pasteboard shields in profusion hang about the iron railings of the galleries, but the numerous offices and waiting-rooms contain no treasures of art or miscellaneous exhibits characteristic of the country. In contrast is the modest British Pavilion, a design in the Tudor style, striking in its solid simplicity. The surroundings and narrow boundaries have sadly tempered the atmosphere of this structure. Belgium and Hungary are its close neighbors, and there is no room for even a suggestion of the bedged garden which should environ the manor-house. The building of Monaco is one of the most unique of the many that catch the eye. As a whole, however, the impression given by the collection of buildings is one of luxuriance and gaudiness, of ornament and frivolity, rather than dignity and harmony.

No little of the overcrowding is due to the policy adopted in treating with those who bargained for concessions. M. Picard, the commissioner-general, sold space to any one who could pay for it, and extraordinary prices were realized for choice positions. As a consequence there is a multitude of attractions that do not attract, of amusements that do not amuse, and of frauds that do not deceive. The proprietors of these side-shows counted on a rich harvest, and seemingly cared little what it cost to set up their establishments. No less than nine millions of dollars is represented, as shown by the statements issued to present and prospective shareholders in the speculations, and there is no longer room for doubt that the loss will be heavy. Some of the shares of what were considered promising ventures in the commencement are now quoted fifty and sixty per cent. below par. Few of them have merit. One of the most-talked-of, the Palais de l'Optique, is a transparent deception. Its only amusing or interesting feature is a double row of distorting mirrors, and these find favor with those only to whom they are new.

One of the novelties that have won an unmistakable success is the moving sidewalk. It is really nothing more than a huge train of flat-cars, run close together, it does not carry to places they want to visit those who step upon it, the views from it are not the best by any means, but it is a new and simple distraction, and old and young enjoy it. In experiments and instances of momentary forgetfulness people continually step off backwards, and there have been a number of sprained ankles in consequence.

Nearly all the exposition restaurants are dear and bad. There are seventy of them, divided into three classes. First, the "restaurants à la grande carte," where there are no prices on the bill of fare and a modest bird costs from \$8 to \$10, and the rare wines of Bordeaux and Burgundy can be had at \$20 a bottle or more. The best known of this division are the Restaurant Russe des Boyards, the Restaurant d'Iéna, the Restaurant du Palais de la Femme, and the Restaurant Roumain. An unpretentious dinner for four persons has amounted to \$40 at one of these places. Sometimes the charges are so extravagant that remonstrance is

forthcoming. Baron Edmond de Rothschild dined with some friends at the Restaurant d'Iéna one evening, and when the bill was presented refused to pay it, as it appeared ridiculously exorbitant. His declared intention of depositing the sum with the police officer and obliging the *restaurateur* to sue for it brought a reduction of thirty per cent. Mr. James Gordon Bennett paid \$160 there for a dinner for himself and four or five friends the same evening. The next class after those described includes the "restaurants à la carte chiffré," where the price of each dish is marked on the bill of fare. A fairly good meal for two persons may be had at one of these places for \$7 or \$8. The third class is made up of the "restaurants à prix fixé," where dinner with wine can be obtained at from 50 cents to \$2. As a rule, the prices in the exposition are about fifteen per cent. higher than in restaurants of the same class outside, and this notwithstanding the fact that there has been a general advance of rates throughout the city.

That the exposition will be a financial failure is a foregone conclusion. No doubt the absence of expected royal visitors will make the loss heavier than it might have been otherwise, but there is no longer hope that the Czar, Emperor William, Queen Victoria, or Victor Emmanuel the Third will attend. The King of Sweden and the Shah of Persia will be the only sovereigns entertained. In the meantime the admissions average about one hundred and thirty thousand a day, and there are no sensations except the rumors of impending disaster among the side attractions. ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, August 2, 1900.

DROUTH.

The hot sunflowers by the glaring pike
Lift shields of sultry brass; the tassel-tops,
Pink-thorned, advance with bristling spike on spike
Against the furious sunlight. Field and copse
Are sick with summer; now, with breathless stops,
The locusts cymbal; now grasshoppers beat
Their castanets; and rolled in dust, a team,—
Like some mean life lost in its sorry dream,—
An empty wagon rattles through the heat.

Where now the blue-streaked flags? the flowers whose mouths
Are moist and musky? where the sweet-breathed mint,
That made the brook-bank herby? where the South's
Wild morning-glories, rich in hues, that hint
At coming showers that the rainbows tint?
Where all the blossoms that the wildwood knows?—
The frail oxalis hidden in its leaves;
The Indian-pipe, pale as a soul that grieves;
The freckled touch-me-not, and forest rose.

Dead! dead! all dead beside the drouth-ridden brook,
Shrouded in moss or in the shriveled grass:
Where waved their bells,—from which the wild-bee shook
The dew-drop once,—gaunt, in a nightmare mass,
The rank weeds crowd; through which the cattle pass,
Thirsty and lean, seeking some meagre spring,
Closed in with thorns, on which stray bits of wool
The panting sheep have left, that sought the cool,
From morn to evening wearily wandering.

No bird is heard; no throat to whistle awake
The sleepy hush; to let its music leak:
Fresh, hubble-like, through bloom-roofs of the brake:
Only the gray-blue heron, famine-weak,—
Searching the stale pools of the minnowless creek,—
Utters its call; and then the rain-crow too,
False prophet now, croaks to the stagnant air;
While overhead,—still as if painted there,—
A huzzard hangs, black on the burning blue.

—Madison Cawein in August Harper's Magazine.

In the Chinese war of 1860 the English army had great success in looting the territory overrun. A private soldier, after the taking of the Taku forts, came across the dead body of a *tsong-ping*, or general, and promptly annexed the gorgeous gown and hat of the slain celestial dignitary. He took these garments home with him and sold them to a Jew dealer in Petticoat Lane. Shortly afterward the Hebrew received an order from a tea-dealer for a suit of Chinaman's raiment. He made, as he thought, a good bargain for the particularly fine clothes he had bought. Shortly after peace a high official from the Chinese legation was surprised and shocked to see a vulgar-looking "foreign devil" attired in the full uniform of a Chinese general giving out hills outside a tea-shop. With the Chinese, clothes are very solemn and important things, and a formal complaint was made to the foreign secretary of the gross indignity. A certain amount of pressure was brought to bear upon the tea merchant to put his bill-man into togery of a more humble order, but he stood on his rights as a free and independent English subject, until the Chinese minister bought the uniform at a very high figure and sent it back to Peking.

In an essay written some time ago by Governor Roosevelt, and entitled "The Vice-Presidency and the Campaign of 1896," appears this passage, which now has peculiar interest: "The Vice-President is an officer unique in his character and function, or, to speak more properly, in his want of functions while he remains Vice-President, and his possibility of at any moment ceasing to be a functionless official and becoming the head of the whole nation. There is no corresponding position in any constitutional government. Perhaps the nearest analogue is the heir apparent in a monarchy. Neither the French president nor the British prime minister has a substitute ready at any moment to take his place, but exercising scarcely any authority until his place is taken. The history of such an office is interesting, and the personality of the incumbent, for the time being, may, at any moment, become of vast importance."

A young farmer named Washington Turner, residing near Anniston, Ala., hoarded the Southern Railway train at that place bound for McFall, twelve miles away. With him were his wife and baby. They had never ridden on a railroad train before, and half a mile from McFall, recognizing their whereabouts, Turner and his wife made a leap for the ground, the wife clutching her baby in her arms. Turner was killed almost instantly, and his wife so badly injured that she died. The baby has a broken leg.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Illinois State University will establish a chair of household science, and has chosen Miss Isabel Bevier, of Lake Erie College, Painesville, O., to fill it.

Adlai Stevenson, the Vice-Presidential candidate on the Democratic national ticket, held his first office in 1861. For four years, from 1864 to 1868, he was State's attorney of Woodford County, Ill. He was then a resident of the town of Metamora, which gave him, when a candidate for Vice-President, ninety-three majority. Bloomington, to which he had moved, was carried by his opponent for Vice-President in 1892.

Jane May, who will be remembered as the clever French pantomimist who during a visit to this country several years ago sued an Eastern clergyman for declaring her performance at Daly's Theatre indecent, has used her influence as the daughter of an officer to get a government permission to keep a tobacco-shop in Paris, and has opened one. She says that she wants something to fall back upon when she is no longer young and in demand on the stage.

It is said that the principal object of Maitre Lahori's projected lecturing tour in the United States, which is to be made next winter, is to recuperate his fortunes, destroyed beyond repair in France by his connection with the Dreyfus case. Not only did his defense of the persecuted captain fail to bring him any return for his services, but he lost many of his clients who were necessarily neglected during the Dreyfus trial, and lighted his prospect of professional success by reason of the unpopularity of his side of the case.

For several weeks London publishers have been making extraordinary efforts to have General Cronje write his war reminiscences, together with his impressions as a prisoner at St. Helena, but they have, however, been obliged to compromise on Colonel Schiel, the well-known German officer of the Boer army, who is now in exile with Cronje. The colonel's memoirs are now well in hand, and will be published in London some time in October. It will be remembered that he was captured at Elandslaagte, in the first stage of the war, and has evidently written his book in the leisure moments snatched from his fruitless attempts to devise some means of escape. He was a lieutenant of Prussian Hussars about thirty years ago, and quitted the service to seek employment in South Africa.

Though European illustrated journals have frequently published alleged portraits of the Emperor of China, and they have been reproduced from time to time in this country, they hardly deserve to be designated as other than "impressionist" views. It is probable that no photograph of the Emperor of China has even been taken. When Charles Denby was minister to China, a publisher wrote to him for a photograph of the Emperor of China. In reply Denby said: "It would afford me great pleasure to send you a photograph of the emperor if one could be procured. After making inquiries, I find that his photograph has never been taken. The Son of Heaven is not visible to any foreign eye except when foreign ministers are received in audience. It is customary on such occasions to stipulate that no kodak shall be used by any foreigner. When the emperor goes out in his sedan-chair, all the cross-streets are barricaded with mats, and every door and window by which he passes is closed. Should any one be caught spying, death speedily follows."

Eva M. Shontz, president of the Young People's Christian Temperance Union, is causing a stir in W. C. T. U. circles by posing, it is charged, as the successor of the late Frances E. Willard. An official protest has been issued against her attitude. Miss Shontz, it is said, within the last few months has even changed her personal appearance to conform with a well-known portrait of Miss Willard. Formerly she wore her hair in a style known as "curled bangs," with her back-hair fixed in a coil on top of her head. The last number of the *New Liberator*, the official organ of the Y. P. C. T. U., presents a picture of Miss Shontz, which shows that her personal appearance has undergone a radical change. Her hair is now parted in the centre and combed in ripples down over her forehead. Her face also seems to have changed in the "official picture," which bears a striking resemblance to the photographs of Miss Willard. It is this sudden metamorphosis that aroused the indignation of W. C. T. U. workers, who declare the title of Miss Willard's successor rightfully belongs to Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, president of the National W. C. T. U. and vice-president at large of the world's organization.

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, one of the most noted points of difference between King Victor Emmanuel the Third and his father is his dislike and distrust of Crispi. King Humbert always retained a great belief in Crispi's cleverness, having had what may be called a great affection for him. Crispi was premier when, on January 9, 1878, Victor Emmanuel died, and so was, of course, the first man to whom King Humbert turned on his accession to the throne. One month later Pius the Ninth breathed his last, the first Pontiff without temporal power, necessitating a conclave in Rome, which was no longer Papal. Crispi hurried to the king, and, in his magnificent way, said: "Be tranquil: I will prevent the revolution." Certainly no revolution took place, and the late king was always grateful to his first premier. The Prince of Naples, however, young as he was, saw or was helped to see the device, and disliked proportionately its originator. During the disastrous Abyssinian war, Crispi was again at the head of affairs. That national calamity, the Battle of Adowa, took place, and the crown prince hurried to Rome to persuade his father to get rid of the great Sicilian. In these last few months Crispi's name has often been spoken of for premier, but now that Victor Emmanuel the Third has ascended the throne, it may safely be asserted that his political sun has set forever.

LIFE IN LONDON LODGINGS.

Trials of the Tourist Who Seeks a Temporary Home—Rates That Are Not Inclusive—Antiquated Ideas of Lights and Baths—What Attendance Means.

Americans who go to London cherishing the happy dream that they are going to find cheap and comfortable hotels at every corner, varied by cheaper and more comfortable lodgings, are laying up for themselves store of sorrow.

The fine hotels, where everybody goes to dinner in her best ball-dress, are just as highly priced as the same sort of places are in New York. Moreover, if you want to travel intelligently—not merely for the sake of saying you have traveled—you see little of characteristic London life in these places, which are largely patronized by foreigners of all sorts, and are much the same—except for the dressing of the women—as the large hotels in any other metropolis.

If you come down one step, to smaller hotels—what we should call family hotels—you begin to enter the first outside circle of the life of the English themselves, for travelers and tourists do not often go to such places. But in these modest and inviting hostels the fact that you are an American for the first time casts a cloud over your bright young life. To an American everything rises in price. Why did the original travelers from our free and happy land set such a bad example of lavish generosity? Did they realize that it was going to be visited upon their fellow-countrymen, even unto the third and fourth generation? And that everything from a bath to a banquet was going to cost them double?

By the advice of a friend on the steamer, I went to one of these hotels. The first glimpse was charming, there was something so brightly cozy about the square hall with leather-covered sofas, and big palms standing in the corners. The building gave on a fashionable street, and its façade bloomed with long lines of *jardinières*. The second glimpse was rather chilling. The only rooms were on the upper floors, the manager said. Half a dozen obsequious menials seized our bags and conducted us up a staircase. After we had ascended what seemed like fourteen flights, but were in reality four, I said between what I thought were my dying gasps, "Is the elevator out of order?"

"There is no lift, madam," said one of the menials, bowing to the ground.

This was the first shock, and after that they followed thick and fast. There was no "lift," and there was no hot and cold water except in the bath-rooms, and no gas anywhere. As a concession to the march of progress there was one electric-light bulb in each room, but they were of the old-fashioned kind that vibrates. When I asked for a lamp, I was told, with more deep bows, that lamps were unknown in the hotel, and a solemn procession of menials brought up one wax candle in a pewter candlestick. But the bath-rooms were the most remarkable things in the establishment. The baths must have been put in during the stone age of plumbing, just about the time that our ancestors ceased from bathing in the brook that flowed through the back-garden.

The dining-room and all pertaining thereto are by far the most attractive part of these and the more pretentious hotels. The English have studied the art of catering and serving, and understand it to a nicety. A solemn stillness brooded over the dining-room at meal-time, though nearly all the tables were occupied. Once I heard a man say to a woman at an adjacent table that something was "a beastly nuisance," and at another time I heard an old lady inquire about the health of a young lady who appeared to have had a toothache. This was all. Meals were a serious function, and were approached with befitting gravity. Though the room was small there were quantities of excellent waiters, who spoke in hushed voices, and who, after I had given them some silver, were so overwhelmingly polite that I feared, if I gave them any more they would bring forward the disbes kneeling. In a moment of mental aberration I had put myself in the visitors' book as coming from California. That was the corner-stone of my reputation as a Bonanza Queen. Other American eccentricities added to it, and when I went about I was conscious of the eyes of domestics fastened on me from behind doors and over pieces of furniture, watching to see what the Bonanza Queen would do next.

The stairs were too much for us; after a few days we resolved to leave. Then we asked for our bill, and it came with a wild, glad celerity. It was a pretentious bill even to a case-hardened American. The English fashion of charging extras is very disconcerting to one not brought up under its baneful shade. They charged us for "attendance"—I think that was for making the beds; for the baths we fondly thought in our simple Western way must be thrown in, as it was positively perilous to trust one's self in such very decrepit tubs; for lights, and for the one wax candle in the pewter candlestick. When we went away quantities of men-servants—the place was running over with servants—hung around us, waiting for more tips. Like most clouds, it had its silver lining. I never before thought that I looked like a person of vast wealth.

I had a list of good lodgings sent me by an English lady, and we resolved to spend the day driving from one to the other in a hansom, until we should select what seemed to us most desirable. For the instructing and guidance of others who may follow this thorny path, I will jot down some of the advantages and difficulties of this way of living. The London lodging-house is a very different thing from the American boarding-house. A better class of people live this way here, and the houses are, as a rule, much more comfortable and better kept. They are divided into suites, small or large, each with its own sitting-room, in which one's meals are served. You never come in contact with, or sometimes never even see the other dwellers in the house, and the stout old walls prevent you from hearing a sound from their apartments. One has the advantage in comfort,

in room, and in expense over the hotels, but one misses the amusement of watching the fluctuating crowd of people.

The great lodging streets are Clarges, Half-Moon, and Margaret. Three streets devoted to lodging-houses sounds a plethora even for a great city; but some of these London streets are only two or three blocks long. If one goes away from the centre of things toward Bloomsbury or Bayswater, lodgings can be had for what seems to an American ridiculously low rates. But in the three streets mentioned above, the terms are higher, and in this month, though the season is almost over, they are only just beginning to decline. In the autumn and winter they are much less, as they would be in the summer in New York or San Francisco.

The Clarges Street lodgings, just off Piccadilly, are the most expensive, and run in price up to much the same rates as the good hotels. Here you live in an atmosphere of that studied comfort which the British so well understand, and are fed in the finest and most appetizing English way. A friend of mine was in one of these lodging-houses, and told me that she had never eaten more delicious meals in her life. But being of a merry and gregarious spirit she found the seclusion of the life uninteresting and moved to Claridge's Hotel, one of the best-kept and most exclusive places of its kind in London. Here she lived at much the same rate of expenditure, but told me that the table was not to be compared with that of the lodgings.

Half-Moon Street comes next to Clarges as a fashionable lodging street, and here I made my first visit. A depressed-looking female showed us three rooms on the ground floor—a fine sitting-room and two fairly good-sized bedrooms. These were fifteen dollars a week, in consideration of the fact that the season was drawing to its close. I remembered the warning words of my friend on the steamer, always to find out whether the terms were "inclusive." The fifteen dollars a week were not. "Attendance" was a half-guinea a week more, "lights" were so many shillings—I have forgotten the number. Baths were sixpence in the bath-room, and that mysterious coin "thruppence" in your own room.

I asked her what "attendance" really meant. I did not know but that she might furnish massage or have a manicure or hair-dresser on the premises. But this was not the case. "Attendance?" she said, vaguely. "It's keeping these rooms in order."

"But you don't expect me to make my own bed or sweep the floor?" asked the astounded American.

"No, that is included in attendance," she said, imperturbably.

"Lights" meant an electric light in the sitting-room and candles in the bedrooms. On either side of the mirror in each bedroom were two single candles in pewter candlesticks. I imagined dressing for a London dinner or theatre by this light, and did not think it necessary to pass on to the question of baths and the relative value of "thruppence."

We next tried a less fashionable quarter. This was about Russell Square and Torrington Square. The locality was quiet, and the iron-railed gardens were full of the fresh greenery of early summer. Here we saw the least and the most attractive lodgings we saw in London. The former was a small and very dingy-looking suite up three flights, and presided over by a landlady of ample proportions, who exhaled a faint aroma of brandy. The rooms were very cheap—ten dollars a week, inclusive of everything save meals and baths. Baths would be provided in our rooms, maid-servants entering every morning bearing those strange, sarcophagus-like tins that the English still affect. But upon the subject of meals the landlady was steeped in ignorance. It was impossible for her to tell what the meals would cost till she knew what we would order. In vain we assured her that we would not order, that she must do that, and we would pay. She was obdurate:

"You may horder salmon-steaks and you may horder mutton-pies, 'ow can I tell what it'll be regular?"

So, it being impossible to extract from her an estimate of any kind, and the smell of brandy being deeper and richer on the air after her temporary withdrawal to find a pencil, we retired and sped away to our next address. This was a large house off Russell Square, and here we saw the finest rooms of all our search. They occupied a floor, and consisted of a sitting-room of quite palatial proportions that crossed the house, and was furnished with a sombre and solid gorgeousness of crimson velvet and mabogany, like a Pullman car. There were two bedrooms, one very large and one very small. As usual, baths were the only ground of argument. Baths are a vital point in London lodgings, for few houses have more than two and a good many only one. This necessitates the bath in the room, which the servant-maid brings, and then follows up with tins of hot and cold water. Fancy an American housemaid doing work of this kind! And on wages of something like seven dollars a month! For these accommodations, meals served by a footman in the sitting-room, we were asked a little over thirty dollars a week for two. To an American it seems ridiculously cheap. But the distance from the shopping district and the theatres was a little too far, and we drove away full of regrets.

Our final quest was in Margaret Street, a short thoroughfare that crosses Regent Street just above Oxford Circus. Here we were in the centre of everything, with hansoms circling round the door every hour of the day, and omnibuses lumbering past on either side. And here we finally came to anchor. The lodgings were all attractive and all almost the same in price—two dollars and a half a day, inclusive.

It would be difficult to find anything more comfortable and well-managed than these Margaret Street houses. The meals are served at any hour you may designate, for any number of people you may state. They are never late and never either over or under cooked, and are invariably appetizing. You do not have the boredom of ordering them, and they are served by a butler, who waits as noiselessly and swiftly as a well-trained Chinaman. Besides these men, several maids—or, as they call themselves, "mides"—are

employed, and these girls, pretty as pictures in their black dresses, shoulder-strapped aprons, and scraps of caps, are ready to answer your bell at a moment's notice. One of the main duties of the "mides" is to bring hot water into your room at stated intervals during the day. I am sure I do not know how many times these tin cans appear, but their frequency would lead one to believe that the English nation are all engaged in trying what they call "the Salisbury cure," the main feature of which is to drink sixteen glasses of boiling water a day. GERALDINE BONNER.

LONDON, July 26, 1900.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Modern Sapho.

They are gone—all is still! Foolish heart, dost thou quiver?
Nothing stirs on the lawn but the quick lilac-shade.
Far up shines the house, and beneath flows the river—
Here lean, my head, on this cold balustrade!
Ere he come—ere the boat, by the shining-branched border
Of dark elms shoot round, dropping down the proud stream,
Let me pause, let me strive, in myself make some gleam,
Ere their boat-music sound, ere their broidered flags gleam.
Last night we stood earnestly talking together;
She entered—that moment his eyes turned from me!
Fastened on her dark hair, and her wreath of white heather—
As yesterday was, so to-morrow will be.
Their love, let me know, must grow strong and yet stronger,
Their passion burn more, ere it ceases to burn.
They must love—while they must! But the hearts that love longer
Are rare—ah! most loves but flow once, and return.
I shall suffer—but they will outlive their affection;
I shall weep—but their love will be cooling; and he,
As he drifts to fatigue, discontent, and dejection,
Will be brought, thou poor heart, how much nearer to thee!
For cold is his eye to mere beauty, who, breaking
The strong band which passion around him hath furled,
Disenchanted by habit, and newly awaking
Looks languidly round on a gloom-buried world.
Through that gloom he will see but a shadow appearing,
Perceive but a voice as I come to his side,
But deeper their voice grows, and nobler their bearing,
Whose youth in the fires of anguish hath died.
So, to wait! But what notes down the wind, hark! are driving?
'Tis he! 'tis his flag, shooting round by the trees!
Let my turn, if it will come, be swift in arriving!
Ah! I hope can not long lighten torments like these.
Hast thou yet dealt him, O life, thy full measure?
World, have thy children yet bowed at his knee?
Hast thou with myrtle-leaf crowned him, O pleasure?
—Crown, crown him quickly, and leave him for me.
—Matthew Arnold.

Estelle.

"How came he mad?"—Hætel.

Of all the beautiful demons who fasten on human hearts
To fetter the bodies and souls of men with exquisite, mocking arts,
The cruellest, and subtlest, and fairest to mortal sight,
Is surely a woman called Estelle, who tortures me day and night.
The first time that I saw her she passed with sweet lips mute,
As if in scorn of the vacant praise of those who made her suit;
A hundred lustrous flashes and shone as she rustled through the crowd.
And a passion seized me for her there—so passionless and proud.
The second time that I saw her she met me face to face;
Her bending beauty answered my bow in a tremulous moment's space.
With an upward glance, that instantly fell, she read me through and through,
And found in me something worth her while to idle with and subdue;
Something, I know not what: perhaps the spirit of eager youth,
That named her a queen of queens at once, and loved in very truth;
That threw its pearl of pearls at her feet, and offered her, in a breath,
The costliest gift a man can give from his cradle to his death.
The third time that I saw her—this woman called Estelle—
She passed her milk-white arm through mine, and dazzled me with her spell;
A blissful fever thrilled my veins, and there, in the moonbeams white,
I yielded my soul to the fierce control of that maddening delight.
And at many a trusting afterward she wove my heart-strings round
Her delicate fingers, twisting them, and chanting low as she wound;
The tune she sang rang sweet and clear, like the chime of a witch's bell;
Its echo haunts me even now, with the word, Estelle! Estelle!
Ah, then, as a dozen before me had, I lay at last at her feet,
And she turned me off with a calm surprise when her triumph was all complete;
It made me wild, the stroke which smiled so pitiless out of her eyes,
Like lightning fallen, in clear noonday, from cloudless and bluest skies.
The whirlwind followed upon my brain, and beat my thoughts to rack;
Who knows the many a month I lay ere memory floated back?
Even now, I tell you, I wonder whether this woman called Estelle
Is flesh and blood, or a beautiful lie, sent up from the depths of hell,
For at night she stands where the pallid moon streams into this grated cell,
And only gives me that mocking glance when I speak her name—
Estelle!
With the old restless longing often I strive to clasp her there,
But she vanishes from my open arms and hides I know not where.
And I hold that if she were human she could not fly like the wind,
But her heart would flutter against my own, in spite of her scornful mind:
Yet, oh! she is not a phantom, since devils are not so bad
As to haunt and torture a man long after their tricks have made him mad!—E. C. Stedman.

An order abolishing the lockstep in the penitentiaries has been issued by C. V. Collins, superintendent of the New York State prisons. He believes it will have a good effect on the men. They much prefer the military style of marching which is to be substituted, and gladly welcome the change. The lockstep habit grows on a prisoner to such an extent that when outside the walls he will fall in behind people on the street, unconsciously, in true lockstep fashion. Keepers at Sing Sing at first opposed the idea of such a change, arguing that it would tend to weaken the prison discipline, but subsequently withdrew their objections, after Superintendent Collins had demonstrated to their satisfaction that the change could be made without interfering in the least with the prison rules.

In a recent case, which is fully reported in the law journals, the supreme court of Iowa held that it was no defense to an action under a statute making the owner of a dog liable for personal injuries inflicted by it, to show that several months before the injury the plaintiff threw stones at the dog. The court said: "A dog has no right to brood over its wrongs and remember in malice."

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRITIES.

H. Sutherland Edwards's Charming Volume of Personal Recollections—Stories of Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Charles Reade, Hans von Bülow, and Jean de Reszke.

One of the most entertaining volumes of reminiscences which have been brought out this year is "Personal Recollections," by H. Sutherland Edwards, the brilliant English journalist, musical and dramatic critic, and miscellaneous man of letters. Mr. Edwards's circle of acquaintances has been very large and varied, including noted authors, actors, musicians (composers and performers), painters, politicians, and men of the world generally. His reminiscences begin with the early 'forties, when percussion caps, lucifer matches, daguerreotypes, and electroplating were novelties, when the polka and mustache were being introduced into England, and when the only theatres in London were Drury Lane and Covent Garden, at which alone Shakespeare could be performed; the Haymarket, a comedy theatre; the Adelphi, where domestic melodrama was given; and Her Majesty's Theatre, on the site now occupied by Beerholm Tree's handsome theatre, of the same name, where Italian opera was played. Mr. Edwards follows the many changes which have taken place in society, the theatre, and the opera since those days, and then introduces us to a host of interesting personages. He writes in a kindly, sympathetic manner, and almost every one of his two hundred and eighty pages is sprinkled with sparkling anecdotes, jubilant with jest, and packed with pleasantries.

Of Thackeray, whose acquaintance he made through the Russian novelist, Turgeneff, he says:

Thackeray had just been reading "Mme. Bovary," and told me that he very much disliked the book. I confessed that I had read it with interest and admiration, mentioning particular chapters and scenes, such as the brilliant description of the banquet, the dialogue between Mme. Bovary and the priest who mistakes her moral malady for a physical one, and so on. I asked the great writer whether they possessed no merit. "The book is bad," he said. "It is a heartless, cold-blooded study of the downfall and degradation of a woman." Thackeray was absolutely without affectation or false pride of any kind. He did not mind speaking of himself, and in answer to my inquiries (after a conversation which had lasted some time) as to whether the success of "Vanity Fair" had taken him at all by surprise, "Very much so," he replied. "And not myself alone," he added. When a little time before I had asked for permission to republish some tales from *Fraser's Magazine*, it was given to me with a smile—almost an ironical one, as much as to say, "Much good may you get out of them." They bring me in three hundred a year now. Twelve-and-sixpence a page, he said, was all he got for his contributions to the magazine, and he expressed a hope that writing was better paid now than it was in his young days.

Speaking of translations of "Faust," he said that the worst in existence was Abraham Hayward's. The preface, he added, was a piece of impertinence written to justify Hayward's having published as a literary work a word-for-word translation made under the direction of a German master at three-and-sixpence an hour. He told me, moreover, that Turgeneff had called upon him without any introduction, simply in the character of a foreign admirer of his works, and without saying one word about his own literary position. On one of three or four other occasions, when I had the pleasure of meeting the author of "Vanity Fair" at dinner, a writer named Ormsby, of great talent but quite unknown to fame (he was a journalist), was talking on the subject of literary expression.

"For my part," said the great novelist, "I generally find that the appropriate words present themselves with the idea."

"Yes," replied Ormsby, "but you are Mr. Thackeray." I possessed at one time several letters from Thackeray; but various friends, collectors of autographs, deprived me of them, and I have now only one left. He had been kind enough to suggest, when the *Cornhill* was about to appear, that I should send him something for it, which I naturally did, and the reply was as follows: "Bis dat qui cito. I have read and hope to have an early opportunity of using your pleasant little paper."

Thoroughly kind-hearted, Thackeray belonged all the same to the "irritable race":

When the *Times* in a review of the "Kickleburys on the Rhine" treated the little book as unworthy of the author of "Vanity Fair," and suggested that, published at Christmas time, it had been written with a view to the payment of Christmas bills—the great man waxed wrath and, taking up his sharpest pen, wrote a reply which he called "Thunder and Small Beer." The title was a good one, for the "thunder" of the *Times* had really soured him. Now the writer of the review happened to be Charles Kenney, a friend of Thackeray's, and a very intimate friend of mine. Finding that he had given pain to a man for whom he entertained the highest respect, and not wishing, moreover, to confess in a false position with regard to him, he went to Thackeray, confessed his fault, and was at once forgiven. Kenney was not far wrong in his estimate of the "Kickleburys." Thackeray, however, had not written the little book, as Kenney naturally supposed, just before publishing it. He had written it some ten or a dozen years previously and had apparently in his unknown days found it difficult to get it brought out; for in the year 1899 a copy of the "Kickleburys" and also a copy of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" were sold at Christie & Manson's for thirty-six pounds, each volume being illustrated by a drawing from Thackeray's own hand, dated 1836. Father Prunot once told me that soon after the publication of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" Albert Smith complained to him that he, Albert Smith, "had done it all before" in various sketches of evening parties.

"Not all," replied Father Prunot. "You forget The O'Mulligan"—a character in which the nail of the lion can at once be seen.

Mr. Edwards gives us a delightful sketch of Douglas Jerrold, whom he saw after a *Punch* dinner:

Waiting for him were his habitual butt, George Hndder, and his occasional bully, Harry Bayliss. Everything then pointed to a lively night; but I came away an hour or two afterward by no means impressed with the wit of the leading personages. Jerrold often uttered witticisms which were to wit what a truism is in truth; and he indulged at every opportunity in repartee which, sometimes facetious, generally sarcastic, was too often in bad taste. When he had made what seemed to him a smart speech, he closed his lips with a sort of snap, exclaiming on particular occasions, when he had made a palpable blunder, "I had him there!"

He was short, rather thin, and apparently about fifty years of age, with gray hair, rather long and of fine quality, gray eyes, a pale, delicate face, and thin lips. His talk was like the dialogue of some five-act comedy in which the author has striven hard to make every line effective. In conversing with any one, his sole object seemed to be "to have him there," and whenever he made a point, all around him burst into an applauding laugh. To mild, meek, kind-hearted George Hndder, author of "Mornings at Baw Street" (which Henry Mayhew wished him to call "Black Eyes and Bloody Noses"), he would say things which he scarcely could have ventured to address to any one else; while Harry Bayliss, who was witty himself and not in the least degree afraid of Jerrold, would occasionally shut him up. It was to Hndder that Jerrold observed one night that he was "lead all through, like a cedar pencil"; and Bayliss once told Jerrold that his best things were "like Cleopatra's pearls, dissolved in vinegar."

Like all satirists, Jerrold dissolved satire against himself:

When a certain reviewer said of his wit that it was "probably called caustic because it blackened everything it touched," he made a formal

complaint to the editor. A license of speech was allowed in those days that would scarcely be tolerated now. Bayliss, for example, went into the Café de l'Europe one night (the "café," as its frequenters used facetiously to call it), in order to tell Boucault what a very bad piece he had brought out at the Haymarket, next door. "When you want to write a comedy," said Bayliss, "you produce a five-act farce. If you were to try a farce, the result would be a pantomime. The best thing you can do, now that Christmas is coming on, is to write a real harlequinade. You yourself could be the clown, and you might get that bilious-looking beggar sitting next you to play pantaloons." The gentleman of bilious aspect was seen by Bayliss on this occasion for the first time.

Much of Charles Reade's work was based on French originals; but from these originals there were such wide departures, and the English treatment was so vigorous and so entirely Reade's own, that the foreign groundwork was quite lost sight of:

Charles Reade brought out at Drury Lane, while the Australian gold craze was still on, a piece from the French called "Gold," which contained the nucleus or germ of the story of "Never Too Late to Mend." But a large portion of "Never Too Late to Mend" is based on British blue books; and when the dramatic version of the popular English novel was brought out on the stage it reminded no one of that play of "Gold," to which, as also to a careful study of parliamentary papers and Reade's own invention, it owed its existence. This admirable writer had but little faith in his own power of imagination, and Dion Boucault, who wrote with him a very clever novel called "Foul Play" for *Once a Week*, under the editorship of Dallas, assured me that without powerful external stimulants Reade could never get his brain to work. As the story which these two writers produced together was founded on a French melodrama called "Le Portefeuille Rouge," Boucault, it may be said, was possibly in the same case.

Charles Reade, however, was so conscious of his weak point that he used to collect from the newspapers all kinds of incidents and accidents likely to be of use to him as subjects, suggestions, hints, and aids:

These he kept carefully assorted in pigeon-holes, lettered alphabetically; although, as a matter of fact (so Boucault assured me), he never referred to them. Doubtless, the mere process of cutting them out and pigeon-holing them impressed them upon his mind. He kept, too, exhibited on the walls of his sitting-room, pictures of persons and incidents that he wished to have constantly before him. He thus created for himself a sort of atmosphere. When Dallas first told me what "Foul Play" was founded on, I bought the piece—an old melodrama of Denner's, which I had some difficulty in obtaining; and, though a good deal of "Le Portefeuille Rouge" was in "Foul Play," there was very little of "Foul Play" in "Le Portefeuille Rouge." In the central scene, both of the play and the novel, the principal young man and the leading girl are thrown together on a desert island, in which trying position the conduct of the pair is in the English novel most exemplary, in the French play less exemplary, but perhaps more natural. So in another melodrama by the same Denner, a youth and a maiden are surprised in a Swiss chalet by an avalanche, which shuts them up together for six months. In the French piece they avow to one another the love by which they are both animated. In the English adaptation of the French piece the lovers maintain toward one another a cold reserve, which lasts from the end of autumn till the beginning of summer. Meanwhile the heroine instructs the hero in the French language, avoiding, no doubt, one of the most familiar of the verbs, or they might "read no more that day." In "The Cloister and the Hearth," Charles Reade's latest and finest work, there is no trace of extraneous influence; neither is there in "Christie Johnstone," his earliest and most charming.

An anecdote showing an amusing example of tact on the part of Sir Augustus Harris is thus related by the writer:

Jean de Reszke wished to sing the part of Werther in Massenet's opera of that name. Harris thought the English public would not care for the work; Jean de Reszke swore that they would, and the manager consented to give it a chance. To the shame of English opera-goers, Massenet's charming music was not appreciated. Neither was the touching, ultra-sentimental subject to which it is set. At the end of the performance Sir Augustus said to De Reszke:

"Well, you have had your way. 'Werther' has been played, and for the present season this one representation will be enough."

De Reszke, however, insisted on its being played again, and once more Sir Augustus gave it. On the afternoon of the day fixed for the second performance the manager was grieved to find that the tickets were not selling at all. There would only be thirty pounds in a house which holds twelve hundred. Suddenly there arrived from M. de Reszke a messenger bearing a letter. It was a request for a couple of stalls, "if there were any left."

"Come in here," said Sir Augustus to the servant who had brought the letter, and he took him to the box-office. "Mr. Hall," continued Sir Augustus, addressing now the principal box-keeper, "Mr. Hall, give me eighty stalls, twenty boxes, and a hundred amphitheatre stalls. Make them up in a parcel, please."

Then, handing the packet to De Reszke's messenger, Sir Augustus told him to say that if M. de Reszke wanted twice as many tickets he could have them. Half an hour afterwards Sir Augustus received a telegram informing him that the distinguished tenor was ill, and would be unable to sing that night. It was no longer necessary for Werther to commit suicide. "Werther" was already dead.

Mr. Edwards tells a number of entertaining stories of Eugène Vivier, the finest horn-player of his day, and the spoiled child of nearly every court in Europe. He says:

Speaking to me once of the Emperor Napoleon, he said, in answer to a question I had put to him as to Napoleon the Third's characteristics: "He is the most gentlemanly emperor I know."

"What can I find in you?" said this gentlemanly emperor one day, when Vivier had gone to see him at the Tuileries.

"Come out on the balcony with me, sire," replied the genial cynic. "Some of my creditors are sure to be passing, and it will do me good to be seen in conversation with your majesty."

Besides speaking to him familiarly within view of his creditors, the Emperor Napoleon the Third conferred on Vivier several well-paid sinecures. He appointed him "Inspector of Mines," which, from conscientious motives, knowing very little of mining, Vivier never inspected; and he was once accused by a facetious journal of having received the post of "Librarian in the Forest of Fontainebleau," with its multitudinous leaves.

At St. Petersburg, Vivier took such liberties with the Emperor Nicholas that, if half the stories told of that monarch were true, the imprudent Frenchman would have been arrested, knouted, and sent to Siberia:

He had just brought to perfection the art of blowing soap-bubbles. The whole secret of his process consisted, as he once informed me, in mixing with the soap-suds a little gum. Using a solution of soap and gum, he was able to produce bubbles of such size and solidity that they floated in the air for an almost indefinite time, like so many balloons. In order to entertain the St. Petersburg public, Vivier would, in the most benevolent manner, take his seat at an open window, and blow his gigantic and many-colored bubbles, until these prodigies of aërostatism had attracted a multitude of lookers-on. The delighted crowd applauded with enthusiasm. Vivier arose from his seat and bowed. Then the applause was renewed, and Vivier blew larger and brighter bubbles than before.

One evening, or rather afternoon, the rays of the setting sun were illuminating a number of iridescent balloons floating high above the point where the Nevsky Prospect runs into the Admiralty Square, when the Emperor Nicholas drove past, or tried to do so—for his progress was interrupted at every step by the density of the crowd:

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked the Emperor Nicholas.

"It is M. Vivier blowing his soap-bubbles," replied the aid-de-camp in attendance.

"What! Vivier, the French musician, who played the horn so wonderfully the other night at the Winter Palace, and afterward entertained us so much with his conversation?"

"The same, sire."

"Go to him, then, and tell him that I should be glad if he would choose some other time for his soap-bubble performances. How wonderful they are!"

The aid-de-camp forced his way through the crowd, went upstairs to Vivier's apartments, and told him that the emperor desired him not to give his exhibition of soap-bubbles at half-past three in the afternoon, that being the time when his majesty usually went for a drive.

Vivier took out a pocket-book, consulted it carefully, and, turning to the aid-de-camp, said with the utmost gravity: "That is the only hour I have disengaged." Vivier, meanwhile, had had his joke; and his exhibition of soap-bubbles, or rather of gum-and-soap balloons, was now discontinued.

The horn-playing performance to which the Emperor Nicholas had made reference was marked by one strange, marvelous, almost inexplicable peculiarity. The player sounded on his instrument, simultaneously, a chord of four notes:

To produce at the same time four different notes from one and the same tube seems, and must be, an impossibility. But Vivier did it, and the fact was certified to by Meyerbeer, Auber, Halévy, Adolphe Adam, and other musicians of prominence. The only possible explanation of the matter is that Vivier executed a very rapid *arpeggio*, so that the four notes which apparently were heard together were, in fact, heard one after the other. The effect, however, was not that of an *arpeggio*, but of a chord of four different notes played simultaneously on four different instruments. Besides astonishing the learned by his four-note performance, Vivier would sometimes mystify his friends, learned and unlearned, by pretending that in a side room he had three other horn-players with him, when he was, in fact, alone.

Both for home and for out-of-door use the mystifications practiced by Vivier were as numerous as they were varied:

In an omnibus, when some grave old lady had just risen from her seat, Vivier would assume an expression of the utmost astonishment, and suddenly take from the place where she had been sitting an egg, which, meanwhile he had been concealing up his sleeve. Or, asked to pass a coin to the conductor, he would gravely put it into his pocket. A well-dressed, well-bred gentleman, of charming manners, could scarcely be suspected of any intention in misappropriating a two-sous piece. But it interested Vivier to see what, in the circumstances, the lawful owner of the coin would do. On one occasion Vivier, in an omnibus, alarmed his fellow-passengers by pretending to be mad. He indulged in the wildest gesticulations, and then, as if in despair, drew a pistol from his pocket. The conductor was called upon by acclamation to interfere, and Vivier was on the point of being disarmed when suddenly he broke the pistol in two, handed half to the conductor, and began to eat the other half himself. It was made of chocolate.

During a tour in America Dr. Hans von Bülow distinguished himself by an act of open revolution against the tyranny of one of the great American piano manufacturers, into whose service he had entered:

Rubinstein, visiting the United States a few years earlier, had received from Steinway twenty thousand dollars on the understanding that he was to play exclusively on Steinway pianos; and it was suggested to Bülow that he might obtain an equally large sum if, in like manner, he would pledge himself to perform on Chickering pianos alone. Bülow stipulated that, before coming to any agreement on the subject, he should be enabled to make the intimate acquaintance of the instrument recommended to his notice, and a fine Chickering was sent to him at Ventnor, where he was then staying. After a trial of some weeks, he declared himself thoroughly satisfied with his new piano, and, in consideration of the promised sum of money, agreed to perform on it exclusively during his American tour. The Chickeringists thought, not unnaturally, that the obligation contracted by Dr. von Bülow to restrict himself to their pianos carried with it a right on their part to announce the fact; and at the opening concert they caused a large board to be affixed to the piano with the maker's name painted upon it in gigantic letters. This reminder that he had placed himself in a state of servitude toward Chickering, and that he was playing upon Chickering's pianos, simply in order to advertise them, filled his heart with rage. He at once determined what to do, and, after taking counsel with the violinist and vocalist of the party, went on to the platform, unbooked the board inscribed with the name of Chickering, threw it to the ground, and stamped upon it. The violinist solemnly kicked it, and finally the vocalist danced upon it. The second part of the concert was then proceeded with.

Often disagreeable, chiefly as the result of terrible headaches, Hans von Bülow could, with those he loved, be most charming:

For a certain intimate friend with whom he habitually stayed when he was at Glasgow he was ready to do anything; and to oblige him he consented one day to accompany him to a large and formal dinner-party—a kind of entertainment for which he had no taste. No sooner was the dinner at an end than the lady of the house asked Bülow to play.

Bülow went to the piano without a word; but he only played a very short piece, frowning and scowling the while time.

"What do you think of my piano?" asked the hostess.

"Your piano, madam," replied Bülow, still polite, "leaves something to be desired."

"Indeed!" pursued the imprudent lady. "And what ought I to have done to it?"

"In the first place, it wants new wires."

"They shall have it."

"Then the hammers need new leather."

"They shall have it."

"And after that, to the leather there must be new hammers."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, madam, and I should next advise you to open the window and get two strong men to throw your piano into the street and make a bonfire of it!"

Bülow detested his own popularity in the forms which it sometimes took. People annoyed him by hawking to him when he was in no way acquainted with them:

One day a lady went up to him in one of the streets of Berlin and opened a conversation.

"I lay anything, Herr Doctor," she said after a time, "that you do not know who is speaking to you."

"You may your bet, madam!" replied Bülow, bowing and walking rapidly away.

Among other celebrities whom we meet with in these recollections are Lola Montez, George Cruikshank, Shirley Brooks, Henry Clapp, Horace Greeley, Berlioz, Verdi, Rubinstein, G. H. Lewes, the three Salas, and W. S. Gilbert.

Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The largest and most cumbersome form of money is found in Central Africa, where the natives use a cross-shaped ingot of copper ore over ten inches long. It is heavy enough to be a formidable weapon, and seems to be a relic of some ancient type of Bryanism.

There are said to be one hundred thousand Belgian hares in Denver, and the Colorado Springs *Gazette* notes that the board of health and fire department are talking of the city for restrictive ordinances.

LITERARY NOTES.

Sarah Orne Jewett's New Stories.

Among the many quiet, tender, home-loving stories that have come from Sarah Orne Jewett's pen there are few more delightful than "The Queen's Twin," which gives its name to the latest volume of her works. There are eight stories in the book, and each one has a charm of its own, but the one named appeals to every reader, and to those who know the New England character and its native air it presents a picture that will be studied with lasting pleasure. Mrs. Abby Martio, who entertains the author as the friend of her neighbor and intimate acquaintance, tells of the strange coincidences seeming to link Queen Victoria's life and family interests with her own, and without a trace of any feeling except reverence and love, she shows the part that romantic, imaginative attachment has played in her secluded, almost uneventful existence.

That away up on the coast of Maine, in a low, gray farm-house, there should live a woman who first opened her eyes on this world in the same hour that welcomed the princess who became England's sovereign is not strange, but that the fact should become known to the American girl and influence her whole life was a consequence that deserved the appreciative analyst it found. On the walls of that quiet country home were many pictures of the gracious lady across the sea, and each one was framed with memories gathered from stray bits of print or personal narration. Once this devoted admirer had been given the opportunity to cross the Atlantic, and then, while the vessel upon which she had sailed with her husband lay in the Thames, she had been taken to the park gates before Buckingham Palace and there given one moment of heavenly delight, as the queen went by in her carriage and looked in her face and smiled, "as if she knew there was something different between us from other folks." There was no more sight-seeing after that. It was an experience that filled her cup to overflowing, and she went back to the ship and sat in the sun on the quarter-deck all the afternoon, living in a dream. And as the years went by, till both the queen and her unknown sister far away grew old and gray, the happiness of that one day never faded, but was still fresh and new. Yet in all this it was the woman, the true wife, the loving mother, whose duties and trials were related to her own, though immeasurably beyond them, that was looked up to and given the loyalty of a loving heart, rather than the queen who reigned in state. And it is this attitude that Miss Jewett has preserved. This unknown, lonely, undemonstrative, yet tenderly loving and faithful Maine housewife is drawn with a delicacy of art that few have attained.

There are other good stories in the book, notably "A Dunnet Shepherdess," "Martha's Lady," and "Where's Nora," stories lighted up with humor, as well as tinted with pure sentiment, and in all the writer's touch is sure, her sympathy unflinching and never misapplied.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Byron in the theatre will be decidedly a novelty to our generation. Yet Sir Henry Irving is to risk the experiment. At the final curtain call of his Lyceum season he announced for the coming winter season the production of "Manfred."

Lloyd Osborne, who is known as a writer through his collaborations with his step-father, Robert Louis Stevenson, has in preparation a volume of stories to be entitled "The Queen Versus Billy, and Other Stories," which will be published in the fall.

"Napoleon III. at the Height of His Power," by Imbert de Saint-Amand, has been translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, and will shortly be published with a series of interesting portraits. This volume is particularly interesting because it was brought out in Paris almost on the eve of the author's death.

"Noli Me Tangere," by Dr. José Rizal, the Filipino patriot, who was executed by the Spaniards at Manila about a year before the Spanish-American War, is about to be brought out in translation under the title of "An Eagle's Flight," which the translator in his preface calls "a poet's story of his people's loves, faults, aspirations, and wrongs." "An Eagle's Flight" has been called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Philippines.

Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield has dedicated her forthcoming novel, "The Archbishop and the Lady," to Mme. Juliette Adam, late editor of the *Nouvelle Revue*. The abbey, wherein a part of the action of the story takes place, belongs to Mme. Adam, who gave permission to Mrs. Crowninshield to use it in the groundwork of her story.

Frances Courtenay Baylor has written a new novel of Georgia life entitled "A Georgian Bungalow." It will be brought out next month by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Vance Thompson is at work on a novel dealing with episodes in the career of Aaron Burr. He is said to have discovered in Paris some new and important material relating to the subject. Some time ago Mr. Thompson completed a volume of short stories, "The Carnival of Destiny," which will

probably make its first appearance either during the coming winter or in the spring. He has lately been collaborating with Marcel Schwab on a play, written in French, which is to be tried in Paris during the next few months.

A new life of George Eliot, by Clara Thomson, is included among the early volumes in the series of "Westminster Biographies," lately started in England and brought out simultaneously in this country.

Hervey White, author of "Differences," has two new books ready for fall publication: "Quicksands," a novel, and a volume of short stories.

Clive Holland is writing a sequel to "My Japanese Wife," the novel which first brought him prominently before the public.

Captain Gabriel Reynaud, in charge of the homing pigeon service of the French army, contributes to the August number of *Bird-Lore* an important article describing his experiments in creating this branch of the French service, which throws much light on certain little understood phases of bird-migration.

Gelett Burgess is to call his new collection of verse, consisting largely of lyrics from that defunct eccentricity "The Lark," by the title of "A Gage of Youth." Some hitherto unpublished verses are included in the volume.

A second edition of Dr. W. E. Barton's new novel, "Pine Knot," has been called for, although the book has been published little more than a fortnight.

The Rev. Albert Lee, whose romances, "The Key of the Holy House" and "The Gentleman Pensioner," have gained a wide popularity, has just finished a new romance of the Dutch Republic entitled "King Stork of the Netherlands," which is to be published in a few weeks by D. Appleton & Co.

A posthumous novel by the late David D. Wells, author of "Her Ladyship's Elephant" and "His Lordship's Leopard," is to be published in a few weeks under the title of "Parlous Times."

Mrs. Stannard, who is better known by her pen-name, "John Strange Winter," has lately finished two plays. One, a three-act comedy, she expects will be produced in London in October.

"A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath," James Lane Allen's novels, will shortly be issued in a one-volume edition by the Macmillan Company, with illustrations by Hugh Thompson.

Mrs. Craigie is already at work on a new novel, "Robert Orange" having just been brought out in England. She has gone to the Isle of Wight to write at leisure, and has found, it is said, the emotions and moral of the new work in the Scriptures—in the thirteenth chapter of Ezekiel and the third chapter of Habakkuk. A suggestion of the story may be found in the quotation: "Thus saith the Lord, Will ye hunt the souls of my people?"

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are preparing for early publication new editions of the works of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. They also announce a new edition of "The Marble Faun."

One of the most important works which is announced for the autumn is Sir Walter Armstrong's "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," uniform with the same author's "Gainsborough," which appeared last year. So much more is known in a personal way of Reynolds than of Gainsborough, that it would be possible to give the details of his life with a fullness almost equal to Boswell's life of Johnson. The volume will contain seventy-five photographs and the price will be twenty-five dollars net.

Huntington and the Man Without a Hoe.

In an editorial commenting on the passing of Collis P. Huntington, the *New York Sun* says his death makes it proper to say now that he was the "Responsibility" who offered through that paper a year ago the prizes, amounting to seven hundred dollars, in what was widely known at the time as "The Man Without the Hoe" competition. On July 26, 1899, in a letter to the *Sun*, offering the prizes for a competition and stipulating that his identity should remain concealed, Mr. Huntington said:

"Either the 'Man with the Hoe' is a type of the great mass of those who use farming implements for a living, or else he is an exception. If the latter, then the strength of the sentiment uttered lies in the concealment of its weakness; and, if the former, then the poem does wrong to a most respectable and able-bodied multitude of citizens, every one of whom ought to resent Mr. Markham's attempt to throw 'the emptiness of ages in his face,' and certainly deserves better of the poet than to be called a 'monstrous thing' and 'brother to the ox.'"

"What about the man without the hoe? he who can not get work, or, having the opportunity to labor, won't do it? There are thousands of young men in this country who have been educated up to the point where the honest and healthful occupation of their fathers in the field has become distasteful to them, and in many cases they have grown to be ashamed of it and of their parents. In European countries, particularly, there are multitudes of young men, the younger sons of titled people, for instance, who have been taught that common labor or work

in the trades is beneath them. They must have money, but they must earn it only in a 'genteel' way."

"These are the men without the hoe—the real brothers of the ox. Who shall tell their story? Who shall best sing the bitter song of the incapables who walk the earth, driven hither and thither like beasts by the implacable sentiment of a false social education, suffering the tortures of the damned, and bringing distress upon those dependent on them because they have lost that true independence of soul that comes to him who dares to labor with his hands, who wields the hoe, and is the master of his destiny?"

More than a thousand poems were sent in and John Vance Cheney's verses were awarded the first prize. They were as follows:

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

(A reply to Edwin Markham.)

"Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way; she better understands her own affairs than we!"

—Montaigne.

Nature reads not our labels, "great" and

"small";

Accepts she one and all

Who, striving, win and hold the vacant place;

All are of royal race.

Him, there, rough-cast, with rigid arm and limb,
The Mother molded him,

Of his rude realm ruler and demigod,
Lord of the rock and clod.

With Nature is no "better" and no "worse,"
On his bared head no curse.

Humbled it is and bowed; so is he crowned
Whose kingdom is the ground.

Diverse the burdens on the one stern road
Where bears each back its load;

Varied the toil, but neither high nor low,
With pen or sword or hoe,

He that has put out strength, lo, he is strong;
Of him with spade or song

Nature but questions,— "This one, shall he stay?"
She answers "Yea" or "Nay."

"Well, ill, he digs, he sings"; and he bides on,
Or shudders, and is gone.

Strength shall he have, the toiler, strength and
grace,
So fitted to his place

As he leaned, there, an oak where sea winds blow,
Our brother with the hoe.

No blot, no monster, no unsightly thing,
The soil's long-lineaged king;

His changeless realm, he knows it and com-
mends;
Erect enough he stands,

Tall as his toil. Nor does he bow unblest;
Labor he has, and rest.

Need was, need is, and need will ever be
For him and such as he;

Cast for the gap, with gnarled arm and limb,
The Mother molded him,

Long wrought, and molded him with mother's
care,
Before she set him there.

And aye she gives him, mindful of her own,
Peace of the plant, the stone;

Yea, since above his work he may oot rise,
She makes the field his skies;

See! she that bore him, add metes out the lot,
He serves her. Vex him not

To score the rock whence he was hewn, the pit
And what was dugged from it;

Lest he no more in oative virtue stand,
The earth-sword in his hand,

But follow sorry phantoms to and fro,
And let a kingdom go.

That Mr. Huntington's prizes did not elicit any poetical production adequate to his own ideal was to be expected. The incident, however, is not the less honorable to his memory.

Every test that is of value in ascertaining what glasses are needed is applied here.

There is no such word as "trouble" while we are testing.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Boy Who Failed.

Marie Corelli's story, "Boy: A Sketch," is common with most of her works, has some excellent qualities, but it also displays many faults. The life of a boy who has a drunken father and a weak, indolent, yet selfish and cruel mother, might easily prove a thoroughly acceptable subject, but Miss Corelli is unable to convince the reader who pauses at the end of a chapter that her hero is real. His "large, angelic blue eyes" and "the gold-glint of his tangled curls" are attractive features; but the language put into his baby mouth on his first appearance is a mixture that checks the admiration his personal charms had nearly won. It is profoundly, venerably wise, yet impossibly infantile in form. This weakness is shared by most of the characters. Their speeches are either silly or pompously theatrical. There are fewer opportunities for adverse criticism in the acts of the people of the story. "Boy" has a career that is not improbable. He has a neglected boyhood, makes one true friend—an old maid with a kind heart and a fortune—and, after many outbreaks and misadventures through the years that elapse while he is growing up, enlists in the army and goes to South Africa, thirsting for a chance to redeem himself and become a hero in the eyes of the one woman who loved him. That the end came too soon is to be expected. In this the verities are not strained, and the pathetic possibilities of that last scene on the battle-field are fairly well managed. There is another touching situation at the end, where Miss Letty, the one friend in sincerely mourn "Boy's" death, is saved from the pain of the saddening message.

Miss Corelli has sketched three or four pleasant people in this book, yet there is not one who does not speak out of character more than once in the record. They do not talk "book," nor anything else in reason. The story and its moral—if it has a moral—are worthy of any novelist's care. They have not been made the most of, in fact, compared with the treatment of similar interests in other books, the slightness and insincerity of the chronicle are forced upon one's notice. But with all this, it is a sounder, saner story than any that have preceded it from the same pen, and holds less of the usual tiresome, strained philosophizing between the acts.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

A Royal House of Mexico.

A romance from a field that has been scanned by few novelists is "A Dream of a Throne," by Charles Fleming Embree. It is a story of Mexico sixty years ago, and its author writes with a thorough knowledge of the history, traditions, and characteristics of the country and its people. The career of a youth who is the last living representative of a royal family of earlier times is the theme of the work, and his education at a monastery, the mystery of an aged friend who watches over him and inspires him with courage for the work that shall win the proud position to which his birth entitles him, the final effort, and its result, are treated with skill. There are many graphic descriptions in the story, many dramatic situations, many figures that move naturally, and love, mystery, and battle are added to its attractions. It is not an echo of the historical novels of the Old World, but has a freshness which strengthens the firm hold it secures on the reader with the vigor of its opening chapters.

Mr. Embree is to be praised for the sincerity of his work, for the art with which he brings his readers face to face with unfamiliar actors and conditions, and the power of sustained effort which makes his closing chapters as effective as the first. The romance deserves a place among the few recent notable works in its class.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A Belle in Boston.

In a dainty, handsomely bound volume, Margaret Allston gives a series of pictures of modern Boston society and its interests that are amusing often and at all times interesting. Noted places and events are described in passing with graphic touches, and the reality of the scenes presented appeals to those who know the Eastern city as well as to those who have never visited it. The thread of a charming love-story runs through the record and adds a personal element to the several chapters. The illustrations, reproductions of photographs, show a number of the historic buildings and some attractive views of streets and the river.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$4.25.

Wheeling Through Northern France.

"Highways and Byways in Normandy," by Percy Deamer, with more than one hundred and fifty illustrations from drawings by Joseph Pennell, is a thoroughly readable and yet instructive book of travel in North-Western France. It describes a bicycle ride in a devious course from Gisors to Rouen, to Dieppe, to Havre, to Caen, to Granville on the Atlantic coast, and then back to the starting point over a more southern route. It tells in detail of the preparations for the journey, from steed to stirrups, and offers many sage reflections for the benefit of those who feel disposed to try this trip or a similar one. Once on the way no point of peculiar interest is

missed, and pen and pencil join efforts in bringing it before the reader. And descriptions are the least of the matter. There are historical references, anecdotes, legends, scraps of poetry and song, and a running accompaniment of cheerful criticism and observation that shifts the scenes with admirable ease. Next to seeing this varied, beautiful, and rich portion of France there can be nothing better than following in print the journey of the author and the artist.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

New Publications.

"The New Name: Seven Lessons in the Science of Being," by Dr. George W. Carey, has been published in paper covers by Cuhery & Co., San Francisco.

There are some twenty pieces of verse by Mackenzie Bell in the little book entitled "The Taking of the Flag, and Other Recitations." Published in paper covers by Thomas Burleigh, London.

"Helena's Wonderland," by Frances Hodges White, is a modern fairy story that will please and instruct younger readers. It is the latest issue in the Cosy Corner Series. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

Three late issues in Cassell's National Library Series are Cowley's "Essays," Hakluyt's "Voyagers' Tales," and Edmund Burke's "Thoughts on the Present Discontents." Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, 10 cents each.

The minor poems of Milton—"L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," and "Lycidas"—with notes and introductions, are presented in the latest issue of the Cambridge Literature Series. Published by Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston; price, 30 cents.

"Tales from Tokio," by Clarence Ludlow Brownell, is a volume of Japanese stories, sketches, and personal experiences, some of which are much above the average of newspaper letters. A number of the sketches have appeared in Eastern periodicals, but this is their first appearance in permanent form. Published by Warner & Brownell, New York.

A work that will prove invaluable to all who are interested in the study of religious growth is the "Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome," by M. A. R. Tucker and Hope Malleon. It is a store-house of learning and research, systematically arranged, and furnished throughout with side and foot-notes, and with a copious index. The origin of monasticism, the several orders, the Papal titles and offices, the palaces, and the history of the cardinal ceremonials, are described tersely yet with full particulars, and there are many personal recollections. It is illustrated with engravings printed in colors. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.75.

Honors for Sienkiewicz.

Throughout Poland next November ceremonies will be held in honor of the author of "Quo Vadis." In Warsaw the fête will be marked by the presence of the novelist himself. Subscriptions are now being collected for the presentation of a jubilee gift to Henryk Sienkiewicz. It is sanguinely expected (says the New York Times Saturday Review) that sufficient money will be subscribed to purchase a country estate for "the darling of the Polish nation" on Polish soil.

Apropos of "Quo Vadis," the increased sale of the French translation of that work in Paris can only be accounted for on the ground that it is reflective. The novel first appeared as a serial in *La Revue Blanche* and *Le Mercure de France*, while in book-form it is included in a bulky volume of 645 pages. The form and manner of presentation are not such as to recommend the book to the French, but it comes out so well advertised with reports of the prodigious figures representing the sales in other languages—1,000,000 copies in the United States, 40,000 in Italy, 150,000 in Germany—that the bookshelves on the boulevards are noting a run on the book. French religious reviews have also taken up the subject, and there is now a report that the original French translation, made by two Poles, is to be superseded by another translation, the work of a well-known Frenchman of letters, which will be presented in a more attractive volume.

The subscription in Poland has been so successful that the committee having the matter in charge have decided to purchase for the author the domain of Ohlegorek at Kielce, where the novelist spent his childhood, and which later passed out of his family through the reverses of fortune.

Mrs. Severn, one of Ruskin's literary executors, writes to the London Times asking all who have letters from Ruskin to forward them for inspection, with a view to their publication shortly in a volume to be made up of his correspondence. She says: "While the interest of a collection characteristic and worthy of the writer is clear, his literary executors can not think that the scattered and indiscriminate publication of his correspondence is desirable, and they now hope that in place of applying for a permission which can not be generally granted, owners of letters will be content to assist the project with which his letters deals."

ALLURING TITLES.

Cleverness of Authors in Naming Their Books.

The effect which a taking title may or may not have on the fortunes of a book is an open question. When books are spoken of in this connection it is usually fiction that is in the speaker's thoughts. There is little need of excuse in the fields of history and biography, topography, theology, and science for the use of other than perfectly plain, straightforward titles. In the domain of the essay fancy has more scope, and here some writers have been happily inspired.

But, after all (comments the London Globe), it is in regard to fiction that the question of titles becomes of most importance. Some great novelists have taken but little trouble in the matter. "Waverley," "Jane Eyre," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Middlemarch," "Tom Jones"—to name a few examples at random—offer no special attraction to catch the attention of possible readers. None of Thackeray's or Dickens's titles are of an alluring or particularly suggestive turn, save perhaps "Vanity Fair," "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and "A Tale of Two Cities." Some other novelists have devoted special care and thought to the invention of attractive titles. Wilkie Collins was much exercised about the naming of the book known to fame as "The Woman in White." The story was finished, and part of it was already in type for serial publication in *All the Year Round*, before a name had been found. "Literally at the eleventh hour," said Collins himself long afterward, "I thought of 'The Woman in White.' In various quarters this was declared to be a vile melodramatic title that would ruin the book. Among the very few friends who encouraged me the first and foremost was Charles Dickens. 'Are you, too, disappointed?' I said to him. 'Nothing of the sort, Wilkie! A better title there can not be'—a verdict which the reading public was not slow to endorse. "No Thoroughfare"—the title of the story written in collaboration by Dickens and Collins—was another happy inspiration. Collins carefully studied effectiveness in most of the titles of his novels. "No Name," "After Dark," "Miss or Mrs.?" "The Haunted Hotel," and the like, have all proved alluring enough to hesitating readers.

George Eliot's titles are mostly of the straightforward, pedestrian order, but she is said to have had great trouble in fixing on one for the book which tells the history of Maggie Tulliver, Stephen Guest, and Philip Wakem. "The Tullivers" and various others were suggested before it was finally decided to call the book by the not very happy title of "The Mill on the Floss." Hawthorne, with his natural instinct for the picturesque and the suggestive, found titles which were not only attractive, but full of suggestion. What could be better than "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," and "The Marble Faun"?

Of recent years novelists have vied with one another in the invention of far-fetched names, intended to be arresting and enticing, but which are often merely "conceited," in the old sense of the word, and strained. But far titles which are full of quaint conceits we must go back to the earlier days of our literature. Grammar is not precisely an inviting study, though in the "Divisions of Purley" it became almost attractive; but Horne Tooke's absurd title is altogether put in the shade by a sixteenth century Latin grammar, which had for a sub-title the following honeyed description: "A delysius Syrupe newly Clarified for Yunge Scholars yt thurst for the Swete Lycore of Latin Speche." We wonder whether this highly sugared pill deceived a single one of the urchins for whom it was so carefully prepared.

For titles of the fanciful kind, the Puritan writers distance all competitors. In their hands allusion and metaphor often become simply grotesque. Here are a few titles of theological pamphlets and books: "A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nsegay for Gods Saints to Smell At," a pamphlet issued in 1686; "The Snuffers of Divine Love"; "Heel-Pieces for Limping Sinners"; "The Spiritual Mustard-Pot to Make the Soul Sneez with Devotion," and so forth. Devotion is hardly the feeling which seems most likely to be inspired by the perusal of such absurdities. But the Puritans, in the adoption of these high-flown and grotesque phrases, simply aped the ways of more secular writers of the time.

The romancers of Elizabethan days reveled in fantastic titles, which were doubtless enticing enough to the limited reading public of that day. Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" is a type of many book titles similarly constructed. The euphuistic school, of course, let their fancy run riot in the invention of strange names for the tedious romances in which they discoursed of strange birds and beasts and plants. Greene's "Philomela: or the Lady Fitzwaters Nightingale," or "Mandrado, or the Tritamern of Love," sound much more attractive than any modern reader could possibly find them to be.

Fashions in names have changed, but the object aimed at remains the same. The modern novelist invents a far-fetched or a startling title in the hope of stimulating curiosity and alluring readers and buyers, just in the same way that his predecessors of three centuries ago strove to hoodwink the reading public of that day.

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It was perhaps ten or a dozen years ago that W. D. Howells first lifted a profane hand and hurled a light and glittering shaft at a spot on the brilliant sun of Dickensian fame. Up to that time Dickens had remained to the world a literary god, rather than a human writer with human defects, and a cry of reproach and almost execration rose against the blasphemer. Those were the early days of Howells's occupancy of the "Editor's Study" in *Harper's Monthly*, and from the start he proved himself an iconoclast and a seeker of new gods. And in doing so, by the way, he recommended in his capacity as finger-post to the school of realists some uncommonly dull books.

However, the whirligig of time has brought around his revenge. When the first blinding blast of indignation had gone by, and we had rubbed the dust of falling idols from our eyes, we began to realize that there was something of truth in the seeming blasphemy. More and more do we, in reading Dickens, discern the famous "mannerisms" of which the American novelist-critic complained; less and less do we bind ourselves to hearing Thackeray to the end when he is in the objectionable "confidential attitude." In fact, in this hurrying age, when all the world is taking to writing, it is becoming a merit to skip that which the mind rejects as uninteresting or valueless. "Art is long and time is fleeting." The art that inspired the chapter which tells of little Paul Dombey's death, with all its exaggerations and in spite of the over-precocity of the dying boy, bears the stamp of genius, and still succeeds in dimming the eyes of modern readers—which reminds me that this was the chapter which won from the great Thackeray himself (who did not in his heart like Dickens, but thoroughly appreciated the best works of this rival novelist) this half-complaining, wholly admiring tribute: "There's no writing against this; one hasn't an atom of chance. It's stupendous!" And yet, in spite of this high praise, it becomes apparent, on re-reading "Dombey and Son," that, in burying Paul, for the time Dickens laid in that little grave all naturalness, simplicity, and truth. The rest of the book is crowded with the "mannerisms," the character exaggerations, the over-elaborated humor, the fantastic imaginings, which occasionally disfigured Dickens's style.

"A Tale of Two Cities" is a very different kind of work. The story not only begins interestingly, but sweeps on to its dramatic close with a kind of fiery impetus. The French atmosphere is as striking and un-British, considering its English authorship, as one could desire. Humor plays a subordinate part to the dramatic intensity of action and narrative. In this respect, as well as in the greater simplicity and unity of the plot, and the limited number of characters employed, this tale is much better suited to dramatic condensation and presentation than Dickens's lengthier and more elaborate works.

It is always liable to be a disappointment, however, to see represented on the stage in prosaic flesh and blood those characters which have become idealized by the magic power of genius, and whose outlines we look back upon through the purple light of youth. For every one who has read and cared for Dickens's books began to do so in the early teens, and falls back occasionally in later years for a refreshing if sometimes critical dip into old favorites by him, if only to recover from a bout with the rhapsodies, the sentimentalities, the surface cleverness, and inner vacuity which most frequently characterize the present ever-rising flood of fiction. And in taking up "A Tale of Two Cities," one finds there is very little to skip. The thrillingly interesting story of Dr. Manette's long imprisonment, for instance. What a telling prelude to prepare the mind for the tragic doom that threatened the descendants of the haughty and cruel St. Evrémonde. Nearly all this, of course, has to be sacrificed in the play. But the playwright has very ably solved the difficulty by presenting a prologue which includes the wiping out of the peasant family of Defarge, and the seizure and imprisonment of the doctor who attended them in their dying agonies and heard and took indignation note of the story of their wrongs.

The rest of the play revolves always around the reckless, picturesque, prodigal figure of Sydney Carton. With considerable skill has the dramatist developed in this character those mingled qualities of worth and unworth which made him what he was. In the play the character of the doctor is of much less importance than in the book, save for the effect his written record of past sufferings has on the scenes involved. That is artistically correct. Long and deeply stamped suffering can never properly be

given stage representation. Darnay, as the handsome, gallant, and successful wooer of the one woman that Sydney Carton loved, was but the stepping-stone over which Carton mounted from his dead self to those higher things of which the poet sings. And Lucie Manette, in a pretty scene in the London home in Soho, is the fair girl, crowned with beauty, yet full of all those virtues of the home with which Dickens loved to endow his pet heroines. A thoroughly old-fashioned figure of romance, almost too serious and good for human nature's daily food, but, in consequence, better adapted, both from the dramatic and the literary standpoint, to fill her glorified niche in Carton's reverent heart, and inspire him to the last and greatest sacrifice.

Some will quarrel with the dramatist for eliminating the figure of the dark and terrible Mme. Defarge. But for my part I commend his judgment. Few women possess the temperament and personality to represent the adamant and ruthless qualities of that figure of vengeance. Have you ever noticed how few actresses can play Lady Macbeth? We have in the great scene of the king's murder all the elements for blood-freezing—the plot, the night, darkness, and storm, and finally the cruel crime—but always we feel that "the lady doth protest too much," and know in our hearts, however loudly we applaud, that we have missed the thrill of horror, and that she never would have done the desperate deed of which she boasts. So Mme. Defarge is transformed to Ernest Defarge, and the touching character of the little seamstress, befriended by Carton in the prison of the Conciergerie, is elaborated to that of a white-hearted Parisian waif who is by turns a sort of genteel slave, at Carton's lodgings, pretty, white-capped, and sad, and again an attendant of Lucie Manette's.

This change will be unwelcome to many who have always loved that brief, beautiful episode of Carton's pitying friendship for the work-worn young seamstress who was caught up, bewildered yet uncomplaining, in the mad, crimson whirl of the Terror. Simple, yet full of pure and exquisite pathos, it stands like a frail, tender blossom of poetry in the last chapters of the book. But a play must not run too much to male parts, and without Mimi, there would have been but one woman other than a subordinate part.

The defect of the play is what is generally noticeable in dramatizations of great and carefully constructed novels; action is suspended to a certain extent while the links are all made to fit into each other, for the dramatist has much on his conscience in placing a famous and popular work on the stage. It would be an interesting experience to see the drama without a previous knowledge of the novel, and know just what impression it would make under such circumstances; but going with a foreknowledge of plot and characters, one discovers a letting-down from the magnificent tension of the book. Nevertheless, it is a very fine play—interesting, exciting, and containing elements that appeal both to the emotional and intellectual susceptibilities.

As to the acting, the parts have been allotted to talented interpreters with such care that one does not need to criticize. Henry Miller is the part, and evidently one that has been most carefully and thoughtfully studied. In his negligent dress, his careless carriage, his finely characteristic tone and manner, by turns recklessly gay, melancholy, bitter, self-reproachful, or kind and tender, one recognized the Sydney Carton that Dickens created; the brilliant, indifferent man with the strong and loving heart, the weak and wavering will. Harkins was also a striking and characteristic figure—pallid, white-haired, unusual.

Worthing was picturesque, *point device* from head to toe, but a little out of key; something was lacking in the feeling and sincerity of his playing. It might be accounted for from the fact that he was not letter-perfect in his lines. An actor can scarcely sink his identity in a part whose lines he has not memorized. Mr. Brennan, in his one scene as the self-assertive, vainglorious Stryver, was admirable—a figure from the Dickens gallery. It is evident that he has read and pondered over the characteristics of the lawyer who fattened on the carelessly offered brains of Sydney Carton, his "jackal."

Doughty old Stoddard, as Mr. Lorry, recalled Miss Pross's indignant apostrophe, "And you in brown!" for his figure and shapely calves were as neatly sheathed in well-fitting brown as a particularly well-made cigar. How glad we all were to see the old fellow again, and how pleasant it was to hear his familiar, distinctive, racy accents. Brave old Stoddard! It is a good sight to see a fine, well-preserved, healthy octogenarian holding his own so well; and with mind and body cheerfully defying Father Time. He was a welcome adjunct in the pretty scene at the house in Soho, and there again we saw a figure that accorded well with our preconceived ideas. For Margaret Robinson was a very pretty, very sweet, blue-eyed, golden-haired, gentle, clinging, loving Lucie Manette. Like Mimi, she was just a little weak, but so well-suited in all other respects that the selection was a wise one.

And Morgan. Well, Morgan has striven mightily and achieved successfully the feat of speaking his mother tongue intelligibly. He deserves credit for it, for he has accomplished that result in a few weeks' time. He was the vengeful Defarge, and as Morgan and Defarge are both rather intense creat-

ures, he was well placed, although not Dickensian. There was, it must be admitted, something faintly funny about the Defarge apparition when it loomed up some seven or eight feet high over the picket fence in Soho; but the fact is that Morgan's slight figure was somewhat over-weighted with the Frenchman's ample, flapping clothes and Napoleonic head-gear. I liked him better when he appeared before the revolutionary tribunal, coatless and hatless, and with tense fingers clutching his heaving breast, launched fiery, eloquent denunciations at the hated descendant of a hated race.

This was the big scene of the play, and the mob was simply gorgeous. I never saw a stage mob with so much abandon, such energy, that uttered such delightfully exciting yells, and contained so many members of individual merit.

The closing tableau—that of Sydney Carton mounting the steps of the guillotine, with silent, motionless figures of soldiers grouped around, and all dimly silhouetted against a redly sinister, threatening sky, was beautiful and impressive. And so we left, carrying the recollection in our minds, together with the closing words of the book: "It is a far, far better thing to do than I have ever done. It is a far, far better rest to go to than I have ever known."

JOSEFITA.

From the Gallery.

'Tis a first night performance. The players And people are all at their best. Proud fashion is here in her splendor And folly is gorgeously dressed, While I, with the gods in the gallery, Have managed this evening to shrink Some hours of dull extra labor That fall to a Government clerk.

There's a box way down there in the distance, 'Mid music and flowers and lace, And in it, beyond all resistance, I find myself watching the face Of Nellie, the daughter of Gober, Who made sixty millions by work Not so clean in the eyes of a sober And penniless Government clerk.

But now Nellie ranks with the highest. There's a diplomat grand on her right; On her left, there's a gorgeous tin soldier Whose name only got in the fight; A soldier like those little Nellie And I used to play at, ere Burke Had looked up her pedigree noble To frighten a Government clerk.

Ah, Nellie! I pray whom will you marry In all of this gorgeous array? Mr. Sing Loo, of China? A Russian, A Pole, or a Monsieur Français? A Greek, an Italian, Korean— Or perhaps an unspeakable Turk? A titled though woolly Fijian You'd prefer to a Government clerk.

The curtain has dropped, and the people Are solemnly moving away. I believe 'twas a splendid performance, Yet I was not watching the play. I was thinking—"Oh, Jack, you are cruel; I love you"—a whisper, a jerk At my heart, Nellie's hand on my shoulder Makes a King of the Government clerk. —*Annulet Andrews in Life.*

Death of Lord Chief-Justice Russell.

Baron Russell of Killowen, the Lord Chief-Justice of England, died August 10th. Sir Charles Russell was born at Newry, Ireland, in 1833, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and began the practice of law at Belfast at an early age. He went to London in 1857 and began as a barrister, and after three ineffectual efforts entered Parliament in 1880. His progress in his profession was rapid, and he was associate counsel in many celebrated cases—the Yelverton case, libel suits against Labouchère, the cases of Sir Charles Dilke and Lady Colin Campbell. His services in the defense of Parnell demonstrated his strength, but made him many enemies. He was counsel for the British claims during the Behring Sea Commission, was made a lord of appeal in 1894, and on the death of Lord Coleridge was elevated to the office of lord chief-justice. He was married in 1858 to Ellen, daughter of Joseph Mulholland, M. P., of Belfast. The widow and two sons survive him. Baron Russell's family is an ancient one, whose descent can be traced in Irish history for six hundred years. He was the first Roman Catholic to attain his high position since the Reformation. One of his sisters was superior of the Sisters of Mercy of California. Lord Russell made two visits to the United States, once in 1883, when his predecessor, Lord Coleridge, came over, and in 1896, when he delivered an address before the American Bar Association on international law.

Soon after the death of a well-known composer, some one, who did not keep pace with the news of the day, asked W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist, what the *maestro* in question was doing. "He is doing nothing," was the answer. "Surely, he is composing?" persisted the questioner. "On the contrary," said Gilbert, "he is decomposing."

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PUCCINI'S LATEST OPERA.

First Production of "La Tosca" at Covent Garden—Triumphs of Fraulein Ternina and Signors de Lucia and Scotti.

"La Tosca," based by Puccini and his librettists, Illica and Giocosa, upon Sardou's famous drama, was the only absolute novelty of the present London opera season. It attracted a good deal more attention than new works usually do at Covent Garden, and, from all accounts, it was well deserving of this honor. Not only has the drama a powerful story, but it is also well adapted for operatic treatment, while "Tosca" will be especially sympathetic to the artists, inasmuch as it has three highly important parts, one for the heroine, a rôle almost identical with that popularized by Sarah Bernhardt and the late Fanny Davenport; another for the tenor, who, although the victim of the tragedy, is a manly character throughout; and the third for the baritone, who presents Scarpia, not as the conventional villain of opera, but as a young and gallant official, unscrupulous in his duties, but tender hearted enough where the ladies are concerned.

The six tableaux of the original are effectively reduced by the librettists to three acts, whereof the second is dramatically the most important, though the first is musically the most effective. The curtain rises on a scene representing the church of St. Andrea, every detail of which is reproduced, including the paintings on the marbled walls, and the Madonna, whose statue serves as a font for the holy water, where the young painter, Cavaradossi, is copying the Madonna, though with the face of Floria Tosca, the singer. The political fugitive, Angelotti, is merely a passing figure in the opera. Very dainty is the tenor song which the young painter sings at his work, in praise of his lady love. His befriending of the fugitive, however, gets him into hot water with Tosca, who is jealous; and her feelings are played upon by the villain Scarpia, who produces from the chapel in which the fugitive has been hidden a fan which undoubtedly belongs to a lady. After the first act, however, little is made of this incident, to which Tosca apparently attaches no importance. Among the minor, but very effective, features of this scene are a capital piece for the portly but untoward sacristan, who is worried by his choir boys, whose dance-like chorus is an effective foil to the more serious business of the scene. Another interpolation is an elaborate procession of priests, singers, censer-bearers, nobles, and soldiers marching up the aisle, headed by the ecclesiastic, to join in the *Te Deum* sung after the Battle of Marengo, which, it is a historical fact, was first reported to be a victory for the Austrians, instead of for Bonaparte.

The next act takes place in a room in the Palazzo Farnese, where, through the open window, snatches are heard, first of a gavotte and then of a cantata, written quite in the musical style of the period, in which Tosca, the best singer of Rome, is taking part. To Scarpia are first introduced the young painter, and afterward Tosca herself. She refuses to listen to the police agent's compliments, but she is compelled afterward to hear the cries of her lover under the torture, and to see him dismissed to execution. It is to save him that she consents, but a revulsion of feeling occurs, and as Scarpia wildly rushes to her arms she stabs him with a supper knife, afterward penitentially placing lighted candles at his head and the cross at his breast. This business, upon which, however, very little stress is laid, is adopted almost in every detail from the impersonation of Sarah Bernhardt. The last act is shorter, though none the less effective on that account.

All the London critics were enthusiastic over the performance, bestowing special praise on the work of the orchestra and chorus and upon Fraulein Ternina as La Tosca, Signor Scotti as Scarpia, and Signor de Lucia as Cavaradossi. Says an American correspondent who was present on the "first night":

"Signor Puccini was very lucky to have so great an actress as Fraulein Ternina to assume the part of Tosca. She sang and acted, as did her associates, with such tremendous power as to make one wonder that they could last through the performance. Signor Scotti's noble voice sounded as gloriously as ever, but he seemed to miss much of the self-poise and false dignity always assumed by such a character as Scarpia, while Signor de Lucia sang with the utmost intensity. Although Puccini's wonderful talent and the splendid coöperation of three great artists gave one of necessity a most enjoyable evening, it must be deplored that so gawdiesome and hideous a story as that of 'La Tosca' should be put to music at all. Nothing more horribly malignant in the whole range of modern drama was ever conceived than the character of Scarpia, and it seems something of a pity to allow such a fiend in the field of music. And yet it is after all a tribute to the art of Puccini that he did his work well in making the Scarpia of his opera quite as fiendish as Sardou in the drama."

Puccini is now in his forty-second year, of medium height, rather inclined to be stout, quite dark, with black mustache. He is very simple in his manner, does not study to attract attention by any eccentricity of personal appearance, and is altogether a very charming man. "La Tosca" is Puccini's fifth opera, and was produced originally on January 14th last at the Costanzi Theatre, Rome. His previous productions are "Le Villi" (1884), "Edgar" (1889), "Manon Lescaut" (1893), and "La Vie de Bohème" (1896). He is best known in America

by the last named, thanks in great measure to Mme. Melba's predilection for the part of Mimi. It is his present intention to visit America next season, when doubtless Eastern and probably San Francisco opera-goers will have an opportunity to see, hear, and judge for themselves as to "La Tosca" and its composer.

Death of Mme. Doche.

The death of Mme. Doche, announced by the cable the other day, extinguishes one more of the old-time brilliant footlights. It was she who created the rôle of the "Dame aux Camélias." She reached the advanced age of seventy-seven years and for more than twenty years lived in seclusion. She was born in Belgium of Irish parents, named Plunkett, and, as they claimed descent from the famous Earl of Fingall, they put a "de" before the name, making it De Plunkett. Eugénie Doche stuck to her name to the last. She began her dramatic career when she was only fifteen years old, and when at last she appeared in the "Dame aux Camélias" she made the play a fixture on the boards. "Marie Duplessis," said Théophile Gautier, after Mme. Doche's first appearance as Marguerite Gautier, "has at last the statue that we claimed for her. The poet has done the work of the sculptor, and, instead of the body, we have the soul to which Mme. Doche lends her charming form."

Dumas fils went into ecstasies over her performance, and well he might, for without her his play would probably have remained for years in the great waiting-room or waste-basket behind the scenes. "Mme. Doche," he wrote, "has incarnated the rôle in such a manner that her name must remain for ever inseparable from the title of the piece. The dignity, the grace, and the charm which she displayed, without effort, are all requisite to portray the difficult character of Marguerite Gautier. The very appearance of the actress makes the spectator inclined to pardon the heroine. I don't believe that any other artist in any theatre could be able to concentrate around herself so great an amount of sympathy in this new creation. The delicate, refined, and nervous gaiety, the easy-going unrestrained and strange melancholy *gaminerie* mingled with devotion, passion, resignation, grief, ecstasy, serenity, and modesty in the death-scene were all fully brought out, leaving nothing to be desired, and all accompanied by the youth, the brilliancy, the beauty, and the bold *brío* necessary to complete the rôle, and which constitute its substance and its indispensable *plastique*. She leaves no room for advice or even for a suggestion. Playing the part as she plays it, she seems to have written it. Such an artist is not merely an interpreter—she becomes a collaborator."

In her youth Eugénie Doche was singularly beautiful. She was a blonde of a rare type, with a slight and graceful figure, large, dark-blue eyes, dark eyebrows and lashes, and a purely sculptural profile. She was naturally very pale, and it required little of the stage secrets to bring out her pallor to the point required for the character of Marguerite Gautier. Indeed, it was said that she used to get herself leached behind the ears to give her face the exact tone of the consumptive. But this story was started from the simple fact that the poor lady suffered intensely from neuralgia, and actually did have the leeches applied, according to the old-time cure. At all events, in Marguerite Gautier she caused many a flood of tears, and old theatre-goers who saw her in that character never cared to see any other actress play it.

In addition to her triumphs upon the stage, Mme. Doche gained distinction as a leader in the fashions of her time. It was she who introduced the double skirt and gauze scarf. From Algeria the Duc d'Aumale sent her some marabout feathers with which she had one of her famous skirts bordered. They were described as of "downy lightness and dyed pale mauve." The rice-straw bonnet with the flowing plume was also her creation.

The death of Mme. Doche brings up a perfect swarm of interesting souvenirs. Long after her retirement she still loved the theatre, and never failed to see Sarah Bernhardt when she appeared in Paris, and especially when she played Marguerite Gautier. That brought the old lady back to the days of her own triumphs. A delicate piece of sentimentality, which pictures a peculiarity in the character of Mme. Doche, is revealed in the fact that since she first won her laurels in the "Dame aux Camélias," she never failed on All Saints' Day to put flowers around the modest little stone that marks the grave of young Dumas's first fiancée, Marie Duplessis, whose sad story forms the groundwork of the play in which Armand Duval is in reality Alexander Dumas.

The Battle of San Juan.

Pain's fire-works will be presented on an elaborate scale, in conjunction with the military spectacle, "The Battle of San Juan," at the Sixteenth and Folsom Street grounds, for the two weeks commencing Saturday, September 1st, with the exception of Sunday, September 2d. The performances will take place at night, and the preparations now being made are elaborate in the extreme. A stage 300 feet wide is being built, 10,000 feet of scenery will be brought from Denver, where the production is now drawing crowds, and seats for 10,000 spectators are being prepared. Over 500 people will participate in the charge up San Juan Hill, including two complete military companies.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Farewell Week of the Miller Company.

The Frawley Company's revival of "The Silver King" at the Grand Opera House will be practically the only important change of bill at the theatres next week. The California Theatre will remain closed for the coming fortnight, when it will open with the Azzali Italian Grand Opera Company. At the Columbia Theatre, Henry Miller and his excellent company will devote the ninth and last week of their engagement to "The Only Way," in which they have scored such a well-merited hit. It is a long time since San Francisco theatre-goers have witnessed such a handsomely mounted play interpreted by such an array of established favorites. In fact, it is doubtful if any single company in the United States can boast of such a strong combination as Henry Miller, E. J. Morgan, Frank Worthing, J. H. Stoddard, Daniel Harkins, Margaret Robinson, and Grace Elliston. No lover of wholesome plays, forceful acting, and perfect stage-management should fail to see this clever dramatization of Dickens's popular novel.

The regular combination season at the Columbia Theatre will begin on Monday, September 3d, with the Clay Clement and L. R. Stockwell company in a magnificent production of "A Great Obstacle," a dramatization of Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins's "No Thoroughfare."

The Frawleys in "The Silver King."

The last performance of "Sapho" will be given at the Grand Opera House on Sunday night, and next week Henry Arthur Jones's famous melodrama, "The Silver King," is to be revived on an elaborate scale. The play calls for no less than fifteen scenic changes, and we are promised several striking settings of especial beauty. The cast will be headed by Milton Lackaye as Wilfred Denver, the "silver king," and includes Mary Van Buren as Nellie Denver, Henry Roberts as Daniel Jaikes, Harrington Reynolds as Captain Robert Skinner, H. S. Duffield as Sam Baxter, Wallace Shaw as Elijah Coombe, Clarence Chase as Harry Corkett, Herbert Ashton as Cripps, Frank Mathieu as Geoffrey Ware, George W. Bowman as Parkyn, Grace Cahill as Olive Skinner, Phosa McAllister as Tabitha Durden, Pearl Landers as Susie, and Christine Hill as Mrs. Gammage.

"Tannhäuser" and "The Masked Ball."

Such has been the success of Avedano, Salassa, Schuster, Effie Stewart, and Frances Graham in Wagner's "Tannhäuser" that the management has decided to present it again next week on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights and Saturday matinee. On Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights Verdi's charming opera, "The Masked Ball," one of the greatest successes of last year, is to be revived. Russo is to be seen as Ricardo, Ferrari as Renato, the secretary, Anna Lichter as Amelia, Nicolini as Chief Conspirator, and Italo Repetto as Oscar, the page. Signors Napoleoni and Zani will have congenial rôles, and the remainder of the lesser parts will be carefully cast.

"Mignon" will be sung for the last time on Sunday, August 26th.

The Orpheum Bill.

The most notable new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be the Joscarys, who are expected to create quite a sensation. They will introduce a number of entirely new acrobatic feats, some of which are said to be decidedly thrilling. The other new entertainers are Lavender and Thomson, who will present a pretty little domestic sketch, and the Tobins, who are great favorites in this city, in a musical sketch.

Those retained from this week are the Newsky Troupe of Russian singers and dancers; Lew Hawkins, the monologist; Caroline Hull, the dainty vocalist; Arnim and Wagner, in their operatic travesty entitled "Opera in the Kitchen"; Macart's Dogs and Monkeys; and the Biograph.

The clothes worn by Oliver Cromwell when a baby, consisting of three shirts, one top shirt, one knitted vest, four caps, one skull cap, and a lace hood, were sold in London recently. One of the caps is worked in fine needle-work with the words, "Sweet bab; don't cry," and the date 1599, the year of Cromwell's birth. These relics came into the possession of the late Mrs. Jarman direct from the Cromwell family, with which she was connected.

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VANITY FAIR.

Referring to Rev. Braddon Hamilton's recent severe arraignment of the fashionable colony at Newport, Thomas Nelson Page, the author, in a speech at Concord, N. H., last week, said: "The major portion of the congregation which he addressed at Newport, the other day, belongs to New York and to such sycophants as can buy a holding within its borders, and the reverend preacher, in order to make his sermon go down with the congregation, used an argument which, in the interest of American civilization, I must repudiate. He told them that they must remember that fifty millions of American citizens had their gaze fastened upon them, and looked to them as their exemplars, applying their energies and spending their lives in endeavoring to emulate them. I know not how to characterize such nonsense, except in plain vernacular. With such insensate flattery pouring into their ears, no wonder that little set of gilded initiators lose their bearings, become blinded, and fall into the ditch of folly and profligacy. I make so bold as to assert that there are not only not fifty million people in this country who sit with envious, if not adoring, gaze fastened upon that spectacle of divorced and doubly divorced men and women and their sycophants and parasites, but that outside of their own circle there are not fifty million people in all America who do not reprobate and deride their arrogance. It is true that their doings are chronicled and doubtless read by millions in the weekly journals, but so are the acts of freaks and malefactors, including characters who are unmentionable. And the reverend preacher doubtless has lived so close to the sources from which these reports have emanated that he has become dazzled and lost his bearings, but if he would go abroad—and when I say abroad I do not mean to other countries, but abroad in this broad land, and see the American people in their homes—he would find that those to whom he addressed himself on that occasion were far from being held in the esteem he stated. They mistake notoriety for fame, brazenness for splendor, and prominence for exaltation."

A good joke on people who think they are judges of cigars has been exposed by the United States Circuit Court at Hartford, Conn. There has been a sort of tradition that tobacco with spots on it is better than other kinds, hence the average smoker in selecting a cigar from a box always takes a spotted one. The fact that these spots are not put on the tobacco by nature for the purpose of indicating its high quality is shown in the court's refusal to uphold a patent process for producing the spots by sprinkling potash on the growing leaves. The man who patented the first machine for making spots on tobacco sued another for infringement, and during the contest in court it was found that scores of people were using chemicals in one way and another to make cigar-wrappers speckled, thus inducing smokers to buy the product more readily than they would if the tobacco were left in a natural condition. There is an old theory (remarks the *Chicago Times-Herald*) that no man can really judge of the quality of tobacco by the taste of the smoke. It is claimed by some experts that the judgment of the smoker must depend wholly upon the looks of the weed and the manner in which it is presented. Blind men, it is said, do not care to smoke, because the taste of tobacco smoke itself is not especially agreeable. One must be able to see the smoke, as he puffs it out, to enjoy his cigar or pipe. Whether all this is true or not, the case tried before the Connecticut courts must have a tendency to prove that the difference between good and poor cigars is more or less imaginary, at least as far as the average smoker is concerned.

According to the *New York Sun*, the "rich American girl" is the prospect and hope that hangs before the eyes of nearly every German officer not in the highest rank of nobility. They discuss the possibility of an American marriage as the event that will round out their lives successfully, for they are usually poor and without the prospect of wealth from any other quarter. Heiresses in their own country are not so numerous as in the United States, and their fortunes are on a very different scale. When a German officer marries one of his countrywomen and there is private fortune on neither side, the life of that family will have to be of the most economical kind. An officer's pay is small, even when he has advanced to a respectable position in the military hierarchy. In some of the regiments the pay of a second lieutenant is ninety marks, or twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a month. He, of course, has the services of a soldier who acts as valet, and life in the garrisons for an unmarried man is not expensive. But matrimony on such a salary is out of the question, even in Germany, unless the bride brings a dot that will materially add to the family income. A rich American wife, who need not be a great heiress in her own country to seem so in Germany, appeals to every poor German officer as the angel who will cause all his earthly worries to end, whether or not she fills his highest ideal according to the German view-point, and receives in return for her fortune anything more than conventional honor that goes to the German wife in her own house. But the many American girls who fall

victims to the wiles of these calculating officers find life in garrison towns intolerably stupid. In such places as Berlin, Dresden, and Munich there is some variety and relief from the deadening pettiness and narrowness of the whole existence. It may be taken for granted that the husband will be interested chiefly in his military labors. The few officers' wives with whom she is thrown will probably patronize her first because she is an American and then because she dresses better and is more attractive to men than they ever could be, and thinks of something besides the details of her family life. It takes a deep affection in a woman to keep her satisfied in such a life, and an existence more opposed to that of her own country it would be difficult to imagine. When the man rises to great prominence, as the German husbands of some American wives have, and the woman comes into a broader life, the case is different. But that happens rarely, and such cases are infrequent enough to make it especially incomprehensible, in the general mystery surrounding all foreign marriages, why an American girl should ever marry a German officer.

The best comparison to show the spread of the game of golf is that on its organization on December 22, 1894, there were but five clubs in the United States Golf Association, while there are now twenty-five associate and two hundred and twenty-five allied clubs on the roll. Including the leagues of the New York and Philadelphia clubs, there are now in existence about twenty State or other branch leagues subordinate to the U. S. G. A., and that in many instances a golf club is content to remain only a member of its local organization is shown by the record in "Newman's Official Golf Guide" for 1900, which gives a list of nearly nine hundred regularly organized clubs. New York heads the list with one hundred and fifty-three. The same authority estimates that there are at least two hundred thousand golfers in the United States. It is idle to estimate the amount of money invested in the golf grounds of the country, for the club-houses alone represent a vast sum. A fortune is expended yearly by the players in the equipment for the game. That Vardon has been booked for practically a year of exhibitions on links in all parts of the country, on a basis said to be two hundred and fifty dollars for each match, is an indication of the financial strength of the game. Each club of consequence, too, has a resident professional, a green-keeper, and a staff of caddy-boys, who receive good wages, aside from the regular club-house servants. But these are only items in the maintenance of a golf club. The one great charge, the expense on which no curtailment may be made, is the "up-keep" of the links. One way to ascertain the scope of golf is by reading the advertisements of the summer and winter resorts, which, wherever situated, now proclaim that golf is an attraction.

According to the *New York Herald's* Newport correspondent, "automobiles" have disappeared from that fashionable resort and automobilism is a lost art. Now in swiftness there are "automobiles" and the cottagers "bubble" up and down the avenue. The term "bubble" has been given a place in the social lexicon of the summer as short for automobilism. Just where the significance lies is left for the other fellow to determine. But as it has been accepted by the society lexicographer as eminently proper, it is mentioned for the benefit of the uninitiated who has not yet reached Newport, so that when a friend asks him out to have a "bubble" with him, he need not make a laughing-stock of himself by blundering into the idea that he has an invitation to have a "highball" or some other kind of liquid refreshment.

Beauty culture, it seems, is an American art. A "Society Butterfly," writing in an English paper, describes the beauty parlors of London as if they were something new, and says that "once or twice during the season some famous beauty doctor from New York arrives in town, and does a roaring business among her faithful clientele." She does not say that the clientele is American, so one assumes that the porcelain skin and roses-and-cream complexion of the daughters of Albion need rejuvenating occasionally as well as do the paler cheeks of the Yankee belle. Face massage, says this writer, is now one of their formidable expenses, although only a few years ago it was scarcely known in the land. Most smart women pay a weekly visit to their face masseuse. The performance lasts an hour to an hour and a half, and the charge varies from a dollar to five dollars. Different treatments are given by different professors of the art. When the process was first introduced, steaming the face formed an important part, but now electricity has superseded hot water as a wrinkle preventive. One high priestess of face massage uses and sells an oil of fabulous properties, and certainly of fabulous price for a tiny bottle costs five dollars. Other professors supply creams at two dollars and a half, lotions at one dollar and six bits, and "skin-food," as they style it, at one dollar and a quarter a jar. All this runs into money, and with the recurrent fees for courses of treatment mounts in a year to a good round sum. Every face masseuse has her own special clientele of smart society women and actresses, whose signed photographs are the chief ornament of the small room sacred to her professional

duties. Then each one sells a special face powder, and some have their own preparations of rouge. These people often perform the offices of a manicure as well as of a face masseuse. For the smart woman must be manicured once a week, and her face treatment should also be done once every week, or, at most, every ten days. This entails the purchase of many articles required for home use, such as liquid preparations for whitening the hands, special scents, etc. The masseuse also sells such things as eyebrow pencils, eyelash darkeners, kohl for painting beneath the eyes, coloring for lips, and so on. Some manicures lightly touch the tips of their customers' fingers with red paste; when the manicuring is finished this paste is lightly rubbed, a final polish to the nails given, and the result is the rosy-fingered beauty of Eastern romance.

Flowers are a necessary feature of a funeral, according to a recent decision of the supreme court of Rhode Island. The case under consideration was an action brought by a florist against the administrators of the estate of a deceased citizen, who had refused to pay for flowers furnished on the credit of the estate. The court justified the expenditure, remarking that "the custom of having flowers at funerals is well nigh universal in this country, and that when not abused by extravagance or unseemly ostentation it is certainly to be commended as giving appropriate expression to our feelings of respect and love for the departed."

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, August 22d, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Water 8%.....	3,000	@ 106- 106 1/2	106 1/2	107
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	8,000	@ 118- 118 1/2	118 1/2	119
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	39,000	@ 106 1/2-106 3/4	106 3/4	107 1/2
Oakland Transit 6%.....	13,000	@ 117 1/2-117 3/4	117 3/4	118
Omnibus C. R. 6%.....	6,000	@ 128		
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%.....	8,000	@ 99 1/2- 99 1/2	99	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	35,000	@ 119 1/2	119	
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	6,000	@ 111 1/2	111 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....	36,000	@ 112 1/2	112 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%.....	4,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2	103
	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	400	@ 68 1/2- 69 1/2	69	69 1/2
Spring Valley Water.....	215	@ 95- 96	95	95 1/2
Gas and Electric.....				
Equitable Gaslight.....	620	@ 3- 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 3/4
Oakland Gas.....	40	@ 49 1/2- 50	49 1/2	50
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	230	@ 51- 51 1/2	50 1/2	51 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,395	@ 53- 54	53	53 1/2
	BANKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Bank of Cal.....	40	@ 410		
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.....	40	@ 105	105	
	STREET R. R.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Market St.....	20	@ 64	64	
	POWERS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.....	15	@ 85 1/2- 85 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2
	SUGARS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.....	100	@ 7 1/2	7 1/2	8
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,080	@ 29 1/2- 29 1/2	29 1/2	29 1/2
Hutchinson.....	445	@ 23- 24	23 1/2	24
Kilauea S. Co.....	325	@ 20 1/2	21	22
Makaweli S. Co.....	785	@ 43 1/2- 44 1/2	44	44 1/2
Maunaloa S. P. Co.....	470	@ 29 1/2- 30	30	
	MISCELLANEOUS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers.....	170	@ 118 1/2	119 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.....	15	@ 94	94	95
Pac. C. Borax.....	25	@ 150	150	

This week has shown a noticeable improvement in demand for sugars. Nothing startling, but an evident halt has been called in the decline of the past few weeks, only Hutchinson is still heavy. Gas and Electric has been in good demand and nothing has been done in California Fruit Canners, the bidding price has dropped nearly three points and the asking one point. Giant Powder, as an active stock, seems to be a thing of the past, only 15 shares having changed hands during the week. Nothing done in Vigor. Spring Valley Water has quietly advanced a little on purchases of about 200 shares. Contra Costa Water has gained on purchases of 400 shares one point. Equitable Gas gradually slumped. On the 25th Makaweli will pay its dividend of 50 cents.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.
Tel. Bush 24. 288 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.
Stock and Bond Broker.
Telephone Bush 351.

407 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd

Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer,
409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.



**Strengthens
System
Body
Brain
and Nerves.**

**VIN
MARIANI**
(MARIANI WINE)

No other preparation has ever received so many voluntary testimonials from eminent people as the world-famous Mariani Wine. Agreeable and lasting.

Before Meals APPETIZER
After Meals DIGESTIVE
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Sold by all druggists. Refuse Substitutes. Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th St., New York, publish a handsome book of endorsements of Emperors, Empresses, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other distinguished personages. It is sent gratis and postpaid to all who write for it.

OVER SIXTY YEARS ESTABLISHED.

**ALCOOL de MENTHE
DE
RICOLÈS**

The only genuine Peppermint Alcohol.

A Refreshing Drink—a few drops in a glass of sweetened water instantly quenches thirst and makes a healthy and delightful drink.

Taken in water or dropped on sugar is an infallible cure for INDIGESTION, STOMACH ACID, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS or NERVOUSNESS; also a sovereign remedy for CHOLERA MORBUS and DYSENTERY.

For the toilet it will be found most excellent for the teeth, the mouth and the bath.

Insist on the name de RICOLÈS.

Sold by Druggists.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., New York

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,238,372.45
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000
Deposits June 30, 1900..... 28,938,395.12

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORNEMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOONFELLOW.

Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and I. N. Walter.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1900..... \$26,952,875
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 218,593
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,
Cashier, Asst. Cashier,
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00
PROFIT & LOSS ACCOUNT..... 2,453,469.59
July 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President
CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH..... Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOUTON..... 2d Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary

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Paris..... Messrs. de Rothschild Frères
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Australia and New Zealand..... The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

San Francisco, Cal.

Capital and Surplus..... \$8,250,000
Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIFMAN, Asst-Cashier;
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christensen, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Birmingham, Dudley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

WOLIN M. ROYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One day in presiding at table at his country home in Windsor, Vt., with a swarm of grandchildren about him, Senator William M. Everts is said to have asked: "What is the difference between this goose before dinner and me after?" After much futile guessing, he answered, in quiet glee: "Now the goose is stuffed with sage, and sooo the sage"—pointing to himself—"will be stuffed with goose."

Beaumarchais was censured because he made his personages utter too few fine thoughts, and put too few poetical phrases into their mouths. He answered that this was not his fault. He must confess that during the whole time he was writing he was engaged in the most lively conversation with his *dramatis personæ*; that while seated at his writing-table he was exclaiming: "Figaro, prends garde, le Comte sait tout"; "Ah, Comtesse, quelle imprudence, vite! sauve toi, petit page!" And then he wrote down the answers—nothing more.

A plumber who was sent to the house of a stockbroker to execute some repairs, was taken by the butler into the dining-room, and was beginning his work when the lady of the house entered. "John," said she, with a suspicious glance toward the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard and lock it up at once." But the man of lead was in nowise disconcerted. "Tom," said he to his apprentice, who accompanied him, "take my watch and chain and these coppers home to my missus at once. There seems to be dishonest people about this house."

Anthony Hope Hawkins believes very much in men of letters standing by each other, and he has worked tremendously hard to help on the fund which the Authors' Society, of London, is trying to accumulate, from which pensions are to be paid to authors whose literary merit has not brought them a corresponding income, and who view increasing years with fear. Recently an unfortunate writer, who visited Mr. Hawkins at his rooms in Buckingham Street, by the Embankment Gardens, exclaimed on leaving with something in his pocket: "Oh, sir, I feel that Providence must have sent me to you!" And the reply came with a twinkle in his benefactor's eye: "Let us hope, however, that Providence will not acquire the habit of doing so."

Secretary of State Hay is one of the most patient of men. He likes to be helpful to newspaper correspondents, and receives them freely in his office and gives them such information and hints as the proprieties will permit. Even the representatives of the sensational or yellow papers are treated with courtesy, though naturally with due caution. Imagine the Secretary's surprise one afternoon during the heat of the Chinese crisis (says Walter Wellman), when he was up to his ears in work and anxiety, to hear from the lips of William, his faithful messenger, these words: "Mr. Secretary, the New York — wants you to step to the telephone." Mr. Hay gasped, caught his tongue in the nick of time, recovered his diplomatic urbanity, and replied: "Say that the Secretary expresses deep regret that just at this moment he is very much engrossed in important work." Unfortunately what he said under his breath could not, under the rules of the telephone exchange, be sent over the wires.

The King of Naples, in the plenitude of his absolutism, paid one day a visit to the Neapolitan prisons, in order to see for himself what sort of men his criminals were, and whether they really deserved the punishments they were undergoing. "What is your sentence?" he said to one. "Fifteen years, your majesty." "And what had you done?" "Nothing whatever." "Quite innocent?" "Entirely so, your majesty." "And you?" he asked another. "Thirty years, sire. Victim of a false accusation." "And you?" to a third. "In for life, my king." "And what had you done?" "Everything you can think of, my king: theft, burglary, highway robbery, manslaughter, murder. I only wonder they did not sentence me to death." "What is your name?" asked the king. "My name," replied the first-class criminal, "since I have been here has been 912." After finishing his tour of inspection, the king said to the governor: "All the prisoners here seem to be perfectly innocent. There is only one bad man among them—No. 912. You had better let him out, lest he corrupt the others."

In the early days of steamboating on the Ohio River they had only stern-wheel boats, and old Commodore McCullough, of Cincinnati, conceived a scheme to build and launch a palace "side-wheeler," which would by grace of her beauty and size "run the stern-wheelers out of the trade." He carried his ideas to a successful and beautiful finish, and sent her on her initial trip, and she came back \$800 loser. The natives along the river would not ship on her, nor would they ride on her, nor trust their live stock on her. They "couldn't see the wheel go round." So the *Flora Belle* made trip after trip, burning from \$800 to \$1,000 worth of coal and taking in perhaps \$200. The newspapers took it up, and it

was street talk about what a "frost" the *Flora Belle* was. At this time the old National Theatre was the *bon ton* theatre of Cincinnati, and its gallant men and lovely women thronged the performances. One night the commodore attended a performance of one of those "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl" dramas, with a "hyperbole" heroine, and there was one scene in which the lover proposed marriage. "No," said the heroine, "I can never be your wife, Harold. You are wealthy, you are a millionaire, while I am only a poor sewing girl. If I marry you all my friends will say it was for your money, and I love you, darling, for yourself. Get rid of your money, my darling, and I will be your wife." And she made her exit in tears. The lover walked up and down the stage, wringing his hands. "How," he cried, "how can I win her? How can I get rid of my money?" That was the old commodore's cue. He rose up in the centre of the parquet and shouted: "Buy the *Flora Belle*!"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Flowery Kingdom.

Alack for frozen China,
'Tis sorrowful, indeed,
To see a "flowery kingdom"
So completely run to seed.

—Washington Star.

Polo His Game.

Let golfophiles delight to air
Their putter-oblique learning;
Aod, scarlet-coated, swipe aod swear
When summer sun is burning!
Let Artful Cadres sit up and pass
Their nights in playing Bolo;
But let me gambol—o'er the grass—
Aod make my game at Polo!

On checkered chess-boards students gaze,
O'er futile moves oft grieving;
With knights content to pass their days,
Aod constant checks receiving.
Mid kings and queens I have no place,
Episcopari nolo—
I'd rather o'er the greensward race,
And find no check in Polo!

Then let me have my supple steed—
Good-tempered, uncompaining—
So sure of foot, so rare its speed,
To perfect polo training.
Aod let me toast in rare old port,
In Heidsieck or Barolo,
In shandy-gaff or something short—
The keen delights of Polo!—*Punch*.

Repartee.

I raised the cup
To take a sup,
My love to pledge in sparkling woe.
"There's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip,"
She said, her face bent close to mine.

I dropped the glass
And kissed the lass,
Which, more than woe, was to my taste.
"There's many a lip
'Twixt the cup and the lip,"
I said, as my arm slipped round her waist.

—Life.

William Waldorf Astor's Lament.

(With apologies to William Shakespeare.)

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he issues cards
To some swell musicale; to-morrow suffers
To show his arrogance to all who come;
The third day comes a guest—unwilling guest;
And, when he snubs Sir Berkeley Miloe in public
He writes a card in anger,—apologizes
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured
Like foolish millionaires that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of royalty;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with anger, to the mercy
Of a rude world that ne'er will tolerate me.
England and all else of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my head now balanced. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he's snubbed, he's snubbed as I am,
Never to be received again.

—Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

The Contented Cow.

The placid beeve, to contemplation wed,
Moves lazily alog the sunny slope:
Unanchored by a galling chain or rope,
She swings her tail of soft Venetian red
Until she knocks the hungry horse-fly head
Over heels, and, unannoyed, proceeds to mope
And munch the mead, or suddenly to lope
Around the green, by fairy fancy fed,
And kick her hinder members high, joy-fraught,
Ne'er fondly recking that within a time,
As brief as that which scoops our scads and scoots

Her lotus dream will crumble into naught,
E'en while her shell shall rise to heights sublime,
In stews, roasts, buttons, gelatine, and boots.
—R. K. Munkittrick in Puck.

Alice—"Charley is going to call his new race-horse 'Bad News.'" May—"Why?" Alice—"Because he says bad news travels fast."—Town Topics.

The Automobile Craze at Newport.

I haf just been spending a few days and a great deal of money mit some friends of mine ad Newport. Dese friends of mine moof in der best society ad Newport during bathing hours.

Ach, Himmel, pidy der rich! To see dem on der beach ad Newport ven dey was gedding as close to Nature as der policemen vill allow is a sight never to be forgotten.

Der trail of der horselessness carriage if ofer dem all—poor creatures!

Dey look like weterans from der Baddle of Antietam ven Tetty Roozlefelt rushed uh der hill ad Sandy Dago and captivated der blockheads.

Var und pestilence and famine are derrible dings, hud since de naughtymobile horselessness has broked loosed ad Newport dese dings sink into a little insignifikkance.

Dare you vill see society on der beach, some of dem mit der knees chipped off; some of dem mit der elbows missing; some of dem mit der vishbones painted black and blue; some of dem on crutches; and all of dem mit dot look uf horror in der eyes vich comes from eggspeting a cholt or a hump ad any moment.

I vas standing on der street dare speaking a few vords uf politef conversational mit my olt college chump, Stuyvesant Ofulrich.

"I haf der oaghtymobile fever," set Stuyvesant Ofulrich, shooking like vuo of der leaves io a aspeo book. "Ve all haf id ad Newport dis year. So far some of us haf eggscaped mit der loss uf a leedle finger or der remooof uf our crazy bones, hud sooner or later ve eggspetation to be siddio in der hospital mit our solo oppoplexuses wrapped uh in plaster of Paris."

Yust deo der fire-alarm bell started to ring der velkio. Der steam-vissle ad der lohster factory vare der dudes come from, also made a screech uf alarm. "Vot is id?" I set mit amazingment in my voice; "has vun of der lady bathers valked ioto der vater py mistake?"

Stuyvesant Ofulrich stoot dare like a statue of ice cream. He vas frost-bited mit terror.

"Run for your life and also run a leedle for mine!" he vispered. "Der terror uf der rich is loose again! Doan'd you hear der varoing bells? Look! look! Society is chumping in der cycloce cellars! Aonuder naughtymobile horselessness is oud seeking whom id may devour! Run for your life und run a leedle for mioe also, oo der side!"

Den Stuyvesant Ofulrich fell ofer der vall into a stranger's lawo midouid an introduction, and I stoot dare vaiting to see vot vould habben oead ofer der someding made an occurence.

Sutteely id habbened. Aroun der corner rushed vun of dem American Boxers, disguised as a oaghtymobile horselessness. Id vas snapping und biting ad eferyding in ids pathway. Seated ad der throttle vas a pale, blonde youog man, mit a look io his eyes like vot der ancient martyrs used to wear. Also he hat four tollars in his left hand as a revard to aay vun who vould safe his life from der mad machinery.

Afder der oaghtymobile pushed dowa four villas, two cottages, a cubhle uf ioos, and chewed up sigsteeen hammocks, id vas captured py a newsboy und killed.

Den der pale, bloode youog man veot home und ate some soda vater ad vould haf took der-braio fever only he hat oo place to pud id.—*New York Journal*.

Much to the surprise of everybody who knows ex-Empress Eugénie, she has just leot to her nephew, Prince Victor Bonaparte, and to his actress wife her favorite castle of Aroenberg, on the shores of Lake Coostance. The castle was so much beloved by the ill-fated hope of the Napoleonic dynasty, Prince Louis, killed in Zululand, that he preferred it to any other spot in the world.

Health-Giving

Qualities to infants are contained in every can of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. "It saved the baby's life" is the message received from thousands of mothers. Eagle stands First.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.VVO
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

Pleasure Tours Fall 1900

ROUND THE WORLD, - Sept. 6, Oct. 17, Nov. 3
JAPAN, - Sept. 6
HOLY LAND, from New York, - Sept. 22d
Other Tours to Europe and elsewhere. Programmes mailed free on application.

THOS. COOK & SON,
621 Market Street, San Francisco.

LIKE A
MAGIC TOUCH

So quickly and easily
is the brilliancy re-
stored to tarnished
Silver by

Electro-
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SILVER POLISH

If in doubt what's
best, why not make
the test. Simply send
address on a postal.

At grocers and druggists
everywhere, and postpaid
15 cents in stamps.
"SILICON."
30 Cliff St., New York City.



"What is an international episode, pa?" "Well, it is either a wedding or a war."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTA CHANGA IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,
at 1 P. M. for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, September 15
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Wednesday, October 10
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, November 3
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Wednesday, November 28
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha
(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)
IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND
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Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan
Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.
Hongkong Maru. Wednesday, August 29
Nippon Maru. Saturday, September 22
America Maru. Wednesday, October 17
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC
Steamship Company
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market
Street. Freight Office, 171 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Aug. 1,
9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, change to
company's steamers at Seattle.
For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11
A. M., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept.
3, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,
August 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Sept. 5,
and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,
August 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, September 4, and every
fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San
Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and
Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., August 1, 5, 9, 13, 17,
21, 25, 29, September 2, and every fourth day there-
after. For further information obtain company's folder.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., Seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change steamers,
sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
GODDALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10
Market Street, San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris),
from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
St. Paul. September 5 | New York. September 19
St. Louis. September 12 | St. Paul. September 26

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every
Wednesday, 12 noon.
Southwark. September 5 | Kensington. September 19
Westernland. September 12 | Noordland. September 26

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Cold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent, Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

SOCIETY.

Finish of the Del Monte Sports.

Last Sunday was made a day of rest at the Hotel Del Monte, for the week's carnival of sports had been a gay and exciting one, far surpassing in brilliance all previous meets of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association, and on Monday there was a general exodus from the popular resort. Among those who returned to town on that day were:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. August Taylor, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Miss Caro Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins, Miss Maud Mullins, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Miss Polly Dunn, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Emilie Schneely, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Helen Wagner, Mrs. Avery McCarthy, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Carolan, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Miss Julia Breeze, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. Lawrence I. Scott, Mr. George Cadwalader, Mr. Willard N. Drown, Mr. Clarence Folliis, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mr. Ernest R. Folger, Mr. Charles Hubbard, Mr. John Lawson, and Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone.

In the finals of the golfers' competition for the Del Monte Cup on Friday, Mr. E. R. Folger, of the Oakland Golf Club, won the silver trophy by defeating Mr. J. W. Byrne, the score being 10 up, with 8 to play.

The racing on Friday and Saturday afternoons was very spirited, and resulted as follows:

First day, August 17th—

Three-sixteenths of a mile for polo ponies; weight 160 pounds and upward—Mr. Walter Scott Hobart's Slat won, Mr. Robert L. Bettner's Julia second, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin's Brushwood Boy third. Time, 0:18.

One mile for horses owned and ridden by residents of Monterey and Santa Cruz Counties; weight 150 pounds and upward—Mr. John Bell's Miss Norma won, Mr. Lon C. White's Raja second. Time, 1:52.

Five furlongs for ponies; weight 165 pounds and upward—Mr. M. E. Flower's Viola won, Mr. P. H. Hickey's Lady Betty second, Mr. Francis J. Carolan's Fusillade third. Time, 1:07.

One-half mile for polo ponies; weight 165 pounds and upward—Mr. Walter Scott Hobart's Slat won, Mr. Robert L. Bettner's Julia second, Mr. Francis J. Carolan's Three Cheers third. Time, 0:52½.

One mile open maiden race; weight 150 pounds and upward—Mr. P. H. Hickey's Allino won, Mr. Robert L. Bettner's Rey del San Juan second, Mr. Lot D. Norton's Phœnician third. Time, 1:45¾.

San Mateo Hunt steeplechase, four miles; weight for age (four years, 150 pounds; five years, 162 pounds; six years, 172 pounds); for horses regularly hunted with San Mateo hounds; for cup presented by J. J. Moore—Prince A. Poniatowski's Silverado won, Mr. Richard M. Tobin's Mestor second, Mr. J. J. Moore's Huntsman third. Time, 6:34.

Second day, August 18th—

Four-sixteenths of a mile for polo ponies; handicap; lowest weight, 145 pounds—Mr. Walter S. Hobart's Slat won, Mr. Robert L. Bettner's Julia second, Mr. Francis J. Carolan's King Cole third. Time, 0:24½.

One mile open handicap—Mr. Robert L. Bettner's Cowboy won, Mr. Lot D. Norton's Phœnician second, Mr. John Bell's Miss Norma third. Time, 1:47.

Del Monte cup, one mile for ponies; weight 165

pounds and upward—Mr. M. E. Flower's Viola won, Mr. P. H. Hickey's Lady Betty second, Mr. Francis J. Carolan's Fusillade third. Time, 1:53.

One-quarter of a mile open to all racing ponies; weight 165 pounds and upward—Mr. Walter Scott Hobart's Slat won, Mr. Francis J. Carolan's Princess Flavia second, Mr. Francis J. Carolan's Three Cheers third. Time, 0:25.

One and one-half mile hurdle race for ponies 14½ hands and under; allowance of two pounds for each one half inch under 14½ hands; weight 165 pounds and upward—Mr. Peter D. Martin's Six Bits won, Mr. Francis J. Carolan's Hobo failed to finish after a fall. Time, 3:56.

Steeplechase, open handicap, four miles—Prince A. Poniatowski's Silverado won, Mr. Richard M. Tobin's Mestor second, Mr. J. J. Moore's Huntsman third. Time, 6:21¾.

In the men's tennis doubles competition on Friday Mr. Walter Scott Hobart and Mr. George Parsons beat Mr. Wilder Wright and Mr. Sidney Haslett, 6-0, 6-4; Mr. George Whitney and Mr. Harold Crowell beat Mr. Robert Whitney and Mr. Grant Smith, 2-6, 6-3; 9-7, 7-9, 6-4; Dr. C. B. Root and Mr. Merle Johnson beat Mr. Arthur Watson and Mr. Clay Gooding, 6-4, 6-4. On Saturday Mr. George Whitney and Mr. H. W. Crowell beat Mr. J. Mayhew and Mr. McLain, 6-1, 6-2; Dr. C. B. Root and Mr. Merle Johnson beat Mr. Walter Scott Hobart and Mr. George Parsons, 8-6, 6-4. In the finals Mr. George Whitney and Mr. H. W. Crowell beat Dr. C. B. Root and Mr. Merle Johnson, 6-1, 6-2, thereby winning the first prizes.

The base-ball game between the Burlingame team and the one from the Alumni of the Universities was declared off.

Notes and Gossip.

Prince and Princess A. Poniatowski gave a dinner to thirty of their friends in the private dining-room of the Hotel Del Monte on Thursday of last week.

A Mother Goose fete will be held at "Uplands," the residence of Mrs. Easton, at San Mateo, this (Saturday) afternoon, for the benefit of the San Mateo Armitage Orphanage. The orphanage is a most deserving charity, and much in need of funds, and the ladies interested hope to realize a goodly sum from the fete, in which the children of Burlingame and San Mateo will take part.

Mrs. F. M. Smith gave a novel "Colonial" tea at "Presdeleau," her summer home at Shelter Island, a fortnight ago, which was a great success. The costumes were colonial—satin petticoats, figured gowns, and powdered hair—and tea was served from old hieue china teacups. On Thursday of last week Mrs. Smith gave a Japanese tea, in which her guests and those who served appeared in Japanese attire.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan gave a dinner in the private dining-room of the Hotel Del Monte on Friday, August 17th, at which they entertained some thirty of their friends.

The Maria Kip Orphanage will hold its annual reception at Golden Gate Hall Saturday, September 15th, at 2 P. M., when the orphans will exhibit their electric rag-doll works.

The annual tournament of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association for the ladies singles championship of the Pacific Coast began on Friday at the Hotel Rafael courts, San Rafael, and will continue to-day (Saturday). Among the players who entered were Miss Alice Hoffman, Miss Miriam Hall, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Miss M. Bramhall, Mrs. M. Haslett, Mrs. E. Kincaid, Mrs. Wakerley, Miss Edith Waterman, Miss Emma Hunter, and Mrs. C. A. Elston.

The board of managers of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children will be "at home" to their friends at the nursery, 1334 Mission Street, on Saturday next, September 1st, from two to six o'clock. The following young ladies have kindly consented to take part in the programme: Miss Mary Chester Williams, Miss Elizabeth Bender, Miss Violet Rulofson, Miss Jane Klink, and Miss Saida Deally. The children of the nursery will go through their little songs and games, and the managers of the nursery hope to make it a very pleasant afternoon for their friends.

Death of ex-Senator Ingalls.

Ex-United States Senator John J. Ingalls died at East Las Vegas, N. M., August 16th. Mr. Ingalls had been ill for more than a year, and his death was not unexpected. Mrs. Ingalls and two sons were with the sufferer at the end. John James Ingalls was born in Middleton, Mass., in 1833, the eldest of nine children. He went to school at Haverhill, and afterward attended Williams College when James A. Garfield was a student there. He went to Kansas in 1857 and began the practice of law. He entered politics early, casting his lot with the Free-Soil party, and soon became the political master of Kansas, but was defeated by the Farmers Alliance in 1890, and succeeded in the Senate by W. A. Peffer. Two years later he was returned to his old seat, but allowed to serve but one term. More recently his only work was irregular contributions to magazines and newspapers.

A pair of Louis Fifteenth Sévres porcelain table candlesticks, from the art treasures of Sir Charles Welby, sold in London recently for \$12,075. This is probably the highest price ever paid for articles of the kind.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Critic on Rev. John Watson's English.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 14, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Are our ministerial literatures (*à la* Rev. John Watson's "miserables" and "respectables," for nouns), growing careless in expression or heedless in revision, that the author mentioned, in his "Life of the Master" (*McClure's* for June), should say:

"He" (Jesus) "laid himself out to attract and win the prodigal son in the far country, but the correct elder brother at home He put in the pillory till we almost forget the vice of one and the virtue of the other."

To say nothing of the conversational slang employed to express the determination of Christ to win the prodigal, shall we accept the conclusion that the elder brother at home, with his correct deportment and his virtuous character, was less to be commended, less interesting than the vicious, dissipated, and loathsome prodigal who came hungry and sore for his father to restore to health and comfort? Was he more entitled to Jesus's sympathy and consideration?

Of the indignation stirred at the Publican's prayer the reverend biographer says: "Jesus has been hotter and more solemn; never has the Master been keener or more severe."

The mood attributed to Christ is hardly less disturbing than the grammatical construction of the sentence.

Of the neglect of Jesus at the feast in the home of Simon the Pharisee: "As it happened that day they were anticipated by one who had not been invited by Simon nor come to criticize Jesus."

Again, of the man stricken with palsy: "They carry him to the house, and because of the crowd up to the roof; they remove the slight ceiling of the room, and the sick man is let down before his face."

We have been taught from childhood that those houses were built with lifts in the roof something like large trap-doors, that permitted ingress and egress, and for purposes, also, of light and ventilation.

If one were to venture a guess concerning these papers of the famous Scotch author and preacher, one would say they were old Sunday-school class notes, hastily prepared and given into careless hands for revision. In common parlance, Watson's "Life of the Master" is a pot-boiler, and an American magazine was adjudged a good place for it. Mr. Watson, in his amusing notes concerning us (as we appeared to him during his recent visit), criticises the breathless rush with which we do things. Perhaps he imagines we read our magazines that way, and bits of mangled grammar and undignified expression will not be caught "on the fly."

Compare these paragraphs with their questionable interpretations and commonplace, not to say slangy, language, with the lofty sentiment and sweet dignity of the work of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in her "Life of the Christ."

In a recent syndicate Sunday newspaper article, Rev. Mr. Sheldon, who declares his aim to do everything as Christ would do it, wonders what would appear if he "should call for a show of hands." Ought not he to use simpler expressions? Is not there danger that many of his readers will not know the origin and meaning of his figure of speech?

E. C. T.

Concerning Cats.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 18, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Quite recently you published an article advocating the abolition of unnecessary noises in cities, including the noise of steam-whistles, church-bells, fire-bells, street-car bells, loaded drays, street hawkers, etc. In addition to this, I remember reading in the *Argonaut* some time ago an article in a similar strain aimed at dogs, having special reference to the nuisance occasioned by their nocturnal yelps and howls. I am sure that ninety-nine per cent. of your readers agree fully with all you have written as to the desirability of suppressing these nuisances.

There is another set of noises beside which any sound emanating from any of the above-named sources pales into insignificance, and compared with which the clangor of bells, the howling of a thousand curs, the hissing of steam, the detonation of a ton of dynamite, or the wail of a lost soul is as the cooing of a sucking dove. I refer to the ear-splitting, soul-piercing, nerve-racking, sleep-destroying, blood-curdling yowls of an amorous pair of cats on a garden fence at the dead of night. Nothing could be more awful, and no greater nuisance exists in any city. Why do decent, self-respecting, God-fearing people, who love their neighbors, keep cats? Why did God make cats, or why does He permit them to live? If you do not know, then "Is there, is there balm in Gilead?" or in this so-called "jay town" of San Francisco for those who suffer from cats?

You may answer that there is no balm for the sufferers, though there is something stronger for the cats; but if I put out poison for them there is danger that children may get it; if I shoot them I am arrested for discharging fire-arms within the city limits; if I protest to the owners of the cats I am laughed at. True, there are boot-jacks, clothes-brushes, flower-pots, lumps of coal, and other *à-la-brac*, but my stock of these useful articles is becoming exhausted—and so am I. If you will pay your compliments in your usual vigorous style to the people who keep cats, I will agree to send each such person known to me a marked copy of the *Argonaut*. What more tempting offer could you want?

G. F. R.

—BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

—WHEN THAT TIRED FEELING COMES OVER you, drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap?

Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

16,600 frs.
Awarded at Paris

Quina LAROCHE

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San Francisco, Cal.

THE LENOX

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First-class quiet Family Hotel.
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

HOT GRIDDLE CAKES



Makes them light, sweet, tender, delicious and free from dyspeptic qualities.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mr. Prescott Scott returned to Burlingame from the Hotel Del Monte on Monday. Mrs. Scott leaves the first part of September for New York. There she will meet her daughter, Miss Mary Scott, who is en route home from Europe where she has been spending the last two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels sailed from Cherybourg for New York on Wednesday, August 22d. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison (née Crocker) are now in Southern Norway, where, together with Mr. and Mrs. John Prentice, of New York, they have leased a famous salmon fishery, and are having great sport.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart are at Lake Tahoe.

Prince A. Poniatowski and family returned from the Hotel Del Monte to their home at Burlingame on Sunday last.

The Misses Spreckels, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Marie Rissman, have been visiting Munich and Oberammergau. Mrs. John D. Spreckels is taking the waters at Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen have returned from Del Monte, to their home in Ross Valley, after a visit of two weeks at Del Monte. While at Del Monte Miss Sarah Collier was their guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins sailed from New York for Liverpool on August 15th on the White Star steamer *Tenacity*.

Mr. W. Frank Good has returned from San Rafael, where he has been spending the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope returned on Monday last from a week's visit at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker sailed for Europe last week.

Mr. W. P. Morgan and the Misses Ella and Thérèse Morgan will return from Del Monte on September 1st.

Mrs. S. L. Bee and Mr. E. N. Bee arrived from New York on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell and family have returned to their home in Ross Valley after a visit of two weeks to Mrs. Schmiedell at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin is at Pacific Grove, the guest of Miss Sarah M. Spooner at her country home.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and her two daughters came up from Los Angeles last week. They are now at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall have returned to their home in Ross Valley after a week's visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman have been spending the past two weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Robert M. Howland and Miss Louise Howland are spending the summer at Intervale, N. H., in the White Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson returned to Burlingame on Monday from a week's visit at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow returned last week from Portland, Or., where he has been visiting for the past month.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn and the Misses Florence and Mamie Josselyn returned from Del Monte last week to their home at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Newhall came up from Los Angeles on Monday last, and, after a short stay here, left for Lake Tahoe, where they will spend a fortnight.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Kohl sailed from New York for Europe on August 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and family will return from Del Monte the latter part of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittredge and Miss Ethel Kittredge will return to Oakland in September. They have spent the summer near Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul Duval and Miss Celia Tobin have returned to Burlingame after a three weeks' visit to Del Monte.

Mr. Raphael Weill left on Monday last for Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Gilman Brown have returned to San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Moore have returned to town, after spending the summer at San Mateo.

Mr. George A. Newhall returned to Burlingame on Monday last from Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Landers and family expect to go abroad soon to be absent for three months.

Dr. George Prestin Wintermute returned from Europe on Monday after a year's absence from this city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McAllister, of San Mateo, were at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Mrs. E. F. Preston, Miss Preston, and Miss Edith Preston returned from Del Monte to their home near Redwood City on Monday last.

Mrs. W. P. Coleman came down from Sacramento during the week, and is at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, who have returned from the East, have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu.

The following San Franciscans registered in Paris early this month: Dr. H. Abraham, Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Howard, Mr. A. Cohn, and Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Gunst.

Mr. George B. Sperry was at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Burke enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff and the Misses Cluff are at The Colonial for the coming season.

Mr. R. J. Tobin was at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Sepator and Mrs. William E. Mason, of Illinois, arrived in this city from Alaska last week on a tour

of the Pacific Coast, and are at the Occidental Hotel. They will visit Yosemite Valley before returning East.

Dr. K. M. Lundborg has returned from an extended outing at Upper Lake, where he has been for his health, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and Miss Kate Forbes, of San Rafael, are making a stay of some duration at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Jean W. Bowers, of Los Angeles, is visiting Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson and Miss Mary E. Snell, 2779 Channing Way, Berkeley.

General Babcock and family have returned from San Rafael, and are at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mrs. William P. Harrington, of Colusa, after a short stay in this city at the Palace Hotel, left for San Rafael.

General Robert A. Friedrich, United States attorney at Sitka, Alaska, is spending a few weeks in this city.

Mrs. W. P. Veuve, of Los Gatos, was at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. Alfred L. Meyerstein, who has been absent in the East for the past two months, returned to this city on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bahcock, of Coronado, were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. L. Carr and the Misses Carr, of Los Angeles, Mr. Frank Mulqueeney, of Livermore, Mr. Daniel C. Kierch and Mr. Herman Berg, of Marysville, Mr. L. E. Mahan, of Eureka, Mr. G. A. Dugan, of Santa Rosa, Dr. Franklin T. Duncan, Mr. H. S. Crocker, Mr. J. E. Cook, Miss Mahel Edward Landers, Mr. G. A. Stanley, Mr. E. J. Dollard, Dr. William Armstrong, Mr. William Griffin, Mr. W. Chester Kergh, Mr. John E. Richards, Jr., and Mr. R. A. Miller.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Heacock, of Belvedere, Mr. James Tucker, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Ward, of Napa, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hughes, of Bakersfield, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Savage and Mr. J. F. Danforth, of Los Angeles, Mr. F. Bowman and Mr. Louis D. Morris, of New York, Mrs. George E. Pratt and Mrs. W. W. Lovejoy, of Oakland, Mrs. A. H. Dodd, of Salem, Or., Mr. and Mrs. J. Hashrough, Mrs. H. W. Spalding, Mrs. M. W. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brune, Miss Minnie Brune and Mr. Henry Brune, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Parker, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Eppinger.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Hudson, of Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. J. Tyson, of Niles, Mr. J. C. Sims, of Santa Rosa, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Wilson, of Redding, Mr. C. Walters, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Cory, of Fresno, Mrs. M. A. Falvey, Mrs. F. Carmie, and Mr. Edwin Falvey, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Toland, of Ventura, Mr. E. H. Goodwin, of Alaska, Mr. E. G. Thomas, of Boston, Mrs. J. Warner and Miss Warner, of Philadelphia, Mr. F. G. Bakon and Mr. F. M. Gray, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. O'Brien, of Chicago, Mr. R. Thomas, of Santa Barbara, General A. W. Barrett, of Los Angeles, Mr. J. B. Scott, of Salinas, Mr. M. Aubrey Fortescue and Mr. H. F. Anderson, of Ben Lomond, Mrs. George West and Mr. George S. West, of Denver.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral John C. Watson, U. S. N., of the *Baltimore*, and other officers of that ship, now at Havre, were recent American visitors to the Paris Exposition.

Mrs. Glenn, wife of Captain E. T. Glenn, U. S. A., is at Vancouver Barracks, Wash., where she will remain during the absence of her husband in the Philippines.

Captain Philip H. Cooper, U. S. N., of the *Iowa*, and Mrs. Cooper and family, and their niece, Miss Marion Stuart, are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Irwin, wife of Paymaster John Irwin, U. S. N., has been visiting Mrs. Cutts, wife of Lieutenant R. M. Cutts, U. S. M. C., at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon Brownlee R. Ward, U. S. N., was at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Mrs. Winans, wife of Lieutenant E. B. Winans, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., and daughter, who are spending the summer in Michigan, will sail from San Francisco early in September for Manila, P. I., to join her husband.

Mrs. Le Roy Eltinge, wife of Lieutenant Eltinge, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., has returned from her visit to Vancouver Barracks.

Commander F. P. Gilmore has been detached from the naval hospital at Mare Island and ordered home and granted sick leave for two months.

Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Calef, Third Artillery, at the Presidio, has been retired from the army at his own request. He was recently ordered here from Key West, Fla., to go to China in command of a battalion of the Third. Failing health prevented and is the cause of his retirement.

A daughter was born to the wife of Lieutenant Philip Andrews, U. S. N., at the naval training station, Yerba Buena Island, on August 22, 1900.

Mrs. R. W. Plummer, wife of Assistant-Surgeon R. W. Plummer, U. S. N., surgeon First Regiment Marines at Cavite, has been very ill at the Hotel Oriente in Manila since her arrival on the *Salace* in June.

Among the officers who sailed for Nagasaki and China on the United States transport *Sherman* on Tuesday, August 21st, were General C. F. Humphrey, U. S. A., who has been appointed chief quartermaster to Major-General Chaffee, U. S. A., Captain Edmund K. Webster, Second Infantry, U. S. A., Captain Francis P. Fremont, Second Infantry, U. S. A., Captain H. H. Brand-

holtz, U. S. A., First-Lieutenants Harrison J. Price, F. H. Whitman, Preston Brown, Paul McCook, Second Infantry, U. S. A., Second-Lieutenants Alden Trotter, S. K. Bowman, Jesse M. Cullison, and James T. Watson, Second Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant John G. Workizer, battalion adjutant, U. S. A., Surgeon Gimme, U. S. A., Major E. T. Comegys, U. S. A. (who will have charge of the medical depot at Nagasaki), Captain T. F. Ryan, U. S. A., commissary of subsistence, Lieutenant Grant, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., Chief-Engineer George L. Harris, U. S. N.

The Miller Reception and Dance.

Rear-Admiral Merrill N. Miller, U. S. N., gave a reception and dance at his home at Mare Island on Wednesday night, which proved one of the most successful and enjoyable functions of the season. The band of the *Independence* furnished music for the occasion. Dancing was the feature of the evening, and a dainty supper was served at midnight. Among others present were:

Captain William H. Whiting, U. S. N., and Mrs. Whiting, Medical-Inspector George P. Bradley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bradley, Passed Assistant-Surgeon Brownlee R. Ward, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ward, Civil-Engineer Richard C. Hollyday, U. S. N., and Miss Hollyday, Assistant-Paymaster Jonathan Brooks, U. S. N., and Mrs. Brooks, Surgeon Phillips A. Lovering, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lovering, Lieutenant-Guy W. Brown, U. S. N., and Mrs. Brown, Lieutenant Hughes, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hughes, Lieutenant Guy H. Burrage, U. S. N., and Mrs. Burrage, Assistant-Paymaster Howard P. Ash, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ash, Commander Franklin J. Drake, U. S. N., and Mrs. Drake, Assistant Naval Constructor Joseph E. McDonald, U. S. N., and Mrs. McDonald and Miss McDonald, Assistant Naval Constructor Thomas G. Roberts, U. S. N., and Mrs. Roberts, Surgeon Andrew R. Wentworth, U. S. N., and Mrs. Wentworth, Chaplain Adam A. McAllister, U. S. N., and Mrs. McAllister, Lieutenant-Commander Augustus F. Fechteler, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fechteler, Surgeon William H. Rush, U. S. N., Mrs. Rush and Miss Rush, Assistant-Surgeon Frank E. McCullough, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCullough, Lieutenant George R. Slocum, U. S. N., and Mrs. Slocum, Civil-Engineer Homer R. Stanford, U. S. N., and Mrs. Stanford, Pay-Director Albert W. Bacon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bacon, Lieutenant-Commander T. S. Phelps, Jr., U. S. N., Lieutenant Arthur Kavanagh, U. S. N., Ensign Walter G. Roper, U. S. N., Captain Walton Goodwin, U. S. N., Assistant-Surgeon Ralph T. Orvis, U. S. N., Captain William W. Mead, U. S. N., Paymaster Josiah R. Stanton, U. S. N., Captain W. L. Field, U. S. N., Lieutenant Orin G. Murfin, U. S. N., Lieutenant Henry L. Roosevelt, U. S. M. C., Lieutenant Richard M. Cutts, U. S. M. C., Lieutenant J. M. Salladay, U. S. M. C., Captain Charles H. Davis, U. S. N., Lieutenant Earl P. Jessop, U. S. N., Commander William H. Schuetze, U. S. N., Miss Freeman, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Cochran, Judge W. W. Morrow, Miss Morrow, Mrs. M. L. Turner, and Mrs. J. S. Phillips.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Miss Clara Kalisher, who has achieved fame as a contralto both abroad and in the East, is summing up with her relatives here, and will give a recital, before her return to New York, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, on Tuesday evening, September 4th. Miss Kalisher was heard here last September, when she created a most favorable impression. She will offer a number of songs new to this city, and Dr. H. J. Stewart will accompany her at the piano.

Prior to her departure for the East, little Paloma Schramm, the noted child pianist, will give two farewell concerts at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on the afternoons of Wednesday, August 29th, and Saturday, September 1st. She will be assisted by her sister Karla, who is rapidly developing into a finished pianist. Two widely different programmes have been arranged.

A trip over the Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway is one of the most instructive and enjoyable of excursions, revealing the grandest panorama of ocean, cities, towns, bays, valleys, and mountains in California. It is less than two hours by boat and rail from San Francisco, and offers a luxurious, inexpensive, and enchanting ride to those who desire a pleasant day's outing.

When the German Kaiserin goes to England this month the little Princess Victoria may make her great-grandmother's acquaintance, as her majesty has never seen the only daughter of her eldest grandson.

— A CLEVER NOVEL IS ISSUED IN THE NEW quarterly number of *Town Topics*. To be had at Cooper's, No. 746 Market Street.

— After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 214 Post St.

— DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET. Specialty, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE REMINGTON.

Highest Award Paris Exposition.

The San Francisco office of Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, manufacturers and owners of the Remington Standard Typewriter, received a telegram yesterday from their main office in New York saying that the Remington Typewriter had won the Diploma of Grand Prix; the highest award of the Paris Exposition. There were five awards granted. First, "The Grand Prix" sometimes called the Diploma of Honor, which is granted for exceptional merit only; second, gold medal; third, silver medal; fourth, bronze medal; fifth, honorable mention.

Awful: "These Boxers must be terrible people." "Yes. They couldn't act much worse if they were trying to civilize another country."—*Life*.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment

To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware: A. Hirschman, at Post Street (Masonic Temple).!

— DO NOT GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A jar of California Strawberry Cream for the skin. Made from the fruit juice, at Greenbaum's, 200 Post.

Moët & Chandon

By strictly adhering to the conservative traditions of the old, honored custom of the ancient house of Moët & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn out immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs, by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world.—*Wine Review*.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,

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Palace Hotel

To these hotels belong the distinction of having entertained the notable travelers who have journeyed from every portion of the world to San Francisco.

It is universally acknowledged that they possess the attributes that appeal to particular people—undoubted luxury and comfort, unsurpassed cuisine and service, and superior appointments and location.

Connected by a covered passageway and operated under one management, on the American and European plans.

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*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East... Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton... San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marys- ville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*11.45 A *9.45 A
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carthers.....	*4.15 P *11.45 A
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P *5.45 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Men- dota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*11.00 A	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations Sacramento River Steamers.....	*15.00 P
*1.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A *7.45 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.15 A *7.15 P
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, Stockton, and The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Bar- bara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A *9.45 A
*5.00 P	Stockton.....	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Den- ver, El Paso, New Orleans, and East Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A *7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.45 A
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton... Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Sta- tions.....	*12.15 P 19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacra- mento, Marysville, Redding, Port- land, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street).	
17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Fel- ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, Fel- ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....

GREEK ROUTE FERRY.	
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
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From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00
10.00 A. M., 12.00 1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.	

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)	
*16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco... San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....
*17.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José, San- ta Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Princi- pal Way Stations.....
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Sur, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....
*11.30 A	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations
*15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....
*7.15 P	San José and Way Stations.....

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Mother (at the door)—"If you children are not
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Small voice (after a pause)—"What time is it
now?"—Judge.

"I see that Kansas has purchased two thousand
new pianos this year." "While dad is taking up
old notes, Sis is hammering out new ones!"—Cleve-
land Plain Dealer.

"It is said that Oom Paul is trying to make
terms for himself." "Later on he will make terms
for the lecture bureaus and the magazine editors."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I've got the best of the old railway company for
once in me life." "How is that, Pat?" "I've got
a return ticket to London, and" (in a whisper) "I
ain't coming back."—Tit-Bits.

Eternal remorse: "Any news from local seats of
war?" "Yes; Kentucky, St. Louis, and New
Orleans all send word they are very much ashamed
of each other."—Indianapolis Journal.

"My parents may come between us," she fal-
tered. "If they do," he exclaimed, hotly, "they
must be pretty small." And he pressed her still
closer to his manly breast.—Philadelphia Record.

"So poor old Mr. Clubb is dead." "Yes. But
he died happy." "Is that so?" "Yes. Almost
his last words were that at last he was going to a
place where golf wouldn't be the only burning ques-
tion."—Harper's Monthly.

His uncalled-for apology: He—"You told your
mother I was sorry for having made an idiot of my-
self at her dinner-party last night—what did she
say?" She—"Oh, she said she noticed nothing un-
usual, George!"—Tit-Bits.

A masterpiece: "Confidentially," said the states-
man, "I wrote that plank in the platform." "I
congratulate you," said his friend, heartily; "I
read it over three times, and I'm blest if it commits
the party to anything!"—Puck.

Recognized him: Mrs. Casey (reading war news)—
"Was soldier wor mortal wounded, and his lasht
words wor 'Gimme whisky.'" Mrs. Dolan (whose
husband is at the front)—"Hivin' hilt me fatherless
childer; that wor Pat."—Bazar.

"You say you were in three wars?" asked the
judge of the colored prisoner. "Dat what I said,
jedge." "Name them." "Well, suh, I wuz cook
fo' de sojers in de war wid de Spaniels, en den I bin
married fo' times."—Atlanta Constitution.

First parrot—"Say, that girl has been to Eng-
land since she was here." Second parrot—"What
makes you think so?" First parrot—"Why, she
used to say, 'Polly, want a cracker?' and now she
says, 'Polly, want a biscuit?'"—Indianapolis
Journal.

He came in breathlessly, hurrying like one who
had important news. "A butcher in the market
dropped sixty feet!" he exclaimed. "Is he dead?
How did it happen? Tell us about it!" "No,
he isn't hurt a bit." "That's remarkable." "They
were pigs' feet."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The persistent correspondent was worming a
biography out of the reluctant statesman. "I
suppose it is true, senator, as everybody under-
stands," he said, "that you began life as a poor
plowboy?" "No, sir," growled the statesman;
"I began life as a red-faced, flat-nosed, squalling
baby."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Floodyer—"Oh, Mr. Batts, bow I enjoyed
your lovely volume of poems!" Batts—"You're
very kind, indeed; do you like the Alcaic metre?"
Mrs. Floodyer—"Alcaic metre? Oh, I see; you
want to change the subject. Modesty is the crown
of genius. But really I can not say; does it save
much gas?"—Brooklyn Life.

"I see," said the friend who had been invited to
dinner, "that the roast beef is very rare. I really
believe you had it cooked that way because you
know my fondness for it." "So glad it pleases
you," replied Mrs. Hiram Offen, "but we bad no
say about it. That's the way the policeman on this
beat likes it."—Philadelphia Press.

Didn't follow directions: Indignant patron—
"You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?"
Dr. Quack—"Yes, sir; I never fail when my in-
structions are followed." Indignant patron—"My
son took your medicine for a year and then died."
Dr. Quack—"My instructions were not followed; I
told him to take it for two years."—Tit-Bits.

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ing Powders are called for.

To hide it: Hewitt—"What are you raising
whiskers for?" Jewett—"Well, I don't mind tel-
ling you that I am wearing a neck-tie my wife gave
me."—Bazar.

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Passing the custom-house is an ordeal universally dreaded by travelers returning to the United States from abroad. Aside from the annoyance of collecting one's baggage, waiting long hours on the dock to be assigned an inspector, and then having one's trunks turned topsy-turvy in the officious official's endeavor to uncover something dutiable, there is generally a vague uncertainty in the mind of the traveler as to exactly the class of articles he is entitled to bring home free of duty, and how much.

A little understanding of the law relating to the free entry of wearing apparel and personal effects of persons arriving in the United States will save a great deal of unnecessary worry.

The Treasury Department, Division of Customs, in Washington, has issued a circular setting forth the law succinctly on this subject and citing the rulings in a number of cases of disagreement between travelers and custom-house officials. The circular will be sent by mail to any one who makes application. We would advise the intending traveler to secure a copy of this useful circular and take it abroad with him. It would be useless to advise any one to study it up before he goes, because he would not do it. But on the return voyage he will find it useful when he is making out his manifest for the customs officers who board the steamship at Sandy Hook. The only articles allowed to enter the United States free of duty are wearing apparel and personal effects. Regarding this free entry the act of July 24, 1897, provides as follows:

"Wearing apparel, articles of personal adornment, toilet articles, and similar personal effects of persons arriving in the United States; but this exemption shall only include such articles as actually accompany and are in the use of, and as are necessary and appropriate for the wear and use of such persons, for the immediate purposes of the journey and present comfort and convenience, and shall not be held to apply to merchandise or articles intended for other persons or for sale: *Provided*, That in case of residents of the United States returning from abroad, all wearing apparel and other personal effects taken by them out of the United States to foreign countries shall be admitted free of duty, without regard to their value, upon their identity being established, under appropriate rules and regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, but no more than one hundred dollars in value of articles purchased abroad by such residents of the United States shall be admitted free of duty upon their return."

This provision is not open to the liberal construction allowed the old act of 1894, when a passenger's personal effects purchased abroad might be sent after him. Now the exemption from duty includes only such articles purchased abroad as *actually accompany* and are in the use of the passenger. They may not be forwarded to him after he has returned to this country. But this limitation does not apply to personal effects *taken abroad* by residents of the United States. These articles of domestic origin not accompanying the incoming passenger are nevertheless free of duty upon their identity being established under appropriate rules and regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, and without regard to the lapse of time between the arrival of the owner and that of the effects. The law establishes one hundred dollars as the maximum value of articles purchased abroad which can be brought into the United States duty free. But these articles must consist entirely of wearing apparel, articles of personal adornment, toilet articles, and similar personal effects, to entitle them to free entry.

Bicycles, automobiles, dress patterns, cameras, guns, table linen, etc., are *not* free of duty, not being "wearing apparel, articles of personal adornment, toilet articles, or similar effects." Ladies' wearing apparel brought by a man is not free of duty, and *vice versa*. And the personal effects must be of a character suitable to the station in life of the owner and the season of the year.

A gentleman recently returning from Paris stated in his manifest that he had purchased articles abroad amounting to less than one hundred dollars. The inspector asked him what was the nature of his purchases. He replied the suit and hat that he had on, some gloves, a traveling clock, and some silks. "What are the silks for?" asked the inspector. "For table-scarfs and sofa-pillows and some of them for neck-mufflers," he replied. "Have you any presents for any one?" "No," the returning traveler answered; "everything I bought was for myself and for my own room." "Did you bring any linen table-covers?" "No." "Well, now, about those silks," said the inspector; "how much did you pay for them?" "Oh, about seventy francs for one lot and thirty francs for another lot," the gentleman responded; "but they are all for my own use," he added, confidently. "Did you say that some were for mufflers?" "Yes." "Well," continued the inspector, "the mufflers are all right, but you will have to pay duty on the table-covers. They are *household effects* and *not* free of duty. About how many are for personal wear?" "Oh, I don't know," answered the gentleman, somewhat puzzled as to what he had best answer. "About half?" asked the inspector. "Yes, I think so." "Well,

then, I'll get the appraiser, and we'll have this fixed up in just a moment."

So the appraiser came, and the half of the silks that were not strictly wearing apparel were appraised at ten dollars, and the unhappy traveler was led to the office where he was asked to pay five dollars—a fifty-per-cent. *ad valorem* duty on his silk table-scarfs.

All garments made in whole or in part of seal-skin are inspected very closely. Therefore it is advisable before taking a valuable seal-skin out of the country to secure a certificate of ownership from the collector of customs at the port of departure. Then there will be no difficulty in bringing it into the country again free of duty and without long explanations. In case passengers are dissatisfied with the value placed upon articles brought by them in excess of one hundred dollars, they have a right to make application for re-appraisal within two days from time of ascertainment of value by the appraising officers, in order to have the question of value reviewed by a general appraiser.

The fact that there are deposits of petroleum in California of greater or less extent has been known for nearly half a century. In Santa Barbara County oil deposits find an outlet under the sea, and for several miles the surface of the channel is covered by floating oil. In Ventura and Santa Barbara Counties the early Spanish settlers knew of pools upon the surface of which the oil floated in considerable quantities, and bathing in these was regarded as a remedy for rheumatism. About thirty years ago the first attempts were made to utilize these deposits for commercial purposes, but they were on a small scale and with but little knowledge of the business. A few years ago the deposits in the Newhall district in Los Angeles County began to be worked, and since that time the industry has been one of constantly increasing importance. It is only recently, however, that here has been anything like an oil excitement, and even yet the extent of the oil deposits is unknown. The excitement which began about one year ago resulted in the organization of innumerable oil companies and the development of many new districts. It was inevitable that there should be a number of "wildcat" companies formed by speculators who had no property of value, and in some cases no property at all. These were unloaded upon the public, and necessarily gave the whole industry a bad name. They are being weeded out, however, and the producing wells give proof that the production of oil is destined to be one of the most important sources of income to the State.

The deposits that have been uncovered up to the present time extend from Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties in the south to Humboldt County on the north. In nearly every section between these two points, along the slopes of the Coast Range and in the valleys, oil has been discovered, and generally in paying quantities. A. S. Cooper, the State mineralogist, declares in his report on the formation of oil and asphaltum in California that the petroleum is not confined to any particular geological horizon in the Coast Range, but may exist in any of the sedimentary rocks lying above the metamorphic rock. The latest fields to be developed are in Humboldt and Marin Counties, which would indicate that further prospecting would result in extending the field in almost any direction. The oil from Humboldt County is a lighter oil than has been found elsewhere in the State, and therefore better for illuminating purposes. The greater part of the California oil is heavy, and valuable only as fuel or for lubricating purposes. Mr. Cooper says of the Humboldt oil that it varies in gravity, but will probably average from forty to forty-two degrees Baume. It carries one or two per cent. of paraffine and a little asphalt. It is more valuable than other California oils with asphalt bases, and will afford more illuminating oil. As compared with Eastern oils, which carry from thirty to forty per cent. of illuminating oil, it is of a low grade.

The value of the development of this oil to the State is apparent. It is useful for fuel, and want of fuel is the one thing that has retarded manufacturing interests in California.

It is reported that the Southern Pacific officials have determined by experiment that four barrels of oil are equal to one ton of coal in producing heat for their furnaces. At the prices that obtain this gives the petroleum a considerable advantage. The Southern Pacific and Santa Fé railroads are changing their engines from coal-burners to oil-burners as rapidly as they can be guaranteed a sufficient supply of oil. Factories throughout the State can obtain an abundance of cheap fuel that will enable them to compete with Eastern manufacturers. By using oil for fuel, warships and merchant vessels can increase their speed and also their sailing radius, since the heating power of petroleum is fifty per cent. greater than that of the same bulk of coal, and thus a greater supply of fuel can be carried. Another element of economy is found in the fact that with oil the labor of firing is reduced to a minimum. The development of the oil industry is therefore a most important element for the future prosperity of the State, and it should be encouraged in every way. There is no danger of overproduction, for the demand can be increased to an almost unlimited extent.

There has been some difficulty in understanding why the imports of grain into India have failed to give relief to the famished. Yet the explanation is simple. Poverty of the natives affords a complete solution to the problem. There may be grain in plenty, but the man without money and without resource can not purchase it.

Government reports show that from August, 1899, to the end of March, the present year, there had been received at Bombay, as a distributing centre, 2,131,840,000 pounds of rice, jawari, and bajri, three-fourths of the lot being the first grain. Above this was a considerable aggregate of grain food received by rail and not passing through Bombay, a certain amount stored, and the product of the irrigated lands. The India wheat crop harvested in March and April was 4,890,600 tons, all of which remains in the country. There has been a slight exportation of rice, altogether 68,540 tons, against which are importations from Burmah of 800,000 tons. Owing to the movements of grain, Indian railroads have been doing four times their normal business. The price of grain remains at but twice the ordinary figure, and this prevails throughout the famine area. The statement that large stores are held by speculators who refuse to sell except at a ruinous rate is not based on fact. If there might once have existed the opportunity, the railroads have destroyed it.

The trouble is not a lack of food per capita. For two cents a day a native can procure ample rations, but the native neither has the two cents, nor, in many cases, the chance to acquire it, save through charity. The greatest destitution is among the Bhils and other untamed tribes. Next come the classes dependent upon farmers, these including laborers and artisans. With the advent of famine, farmers ceased to hire or to buy. The poorest of them had no margin beyond the year's crop, had no money, and little property. With sixty cents a month they could defy hunger.

Sixty cents a month is a sum pitifully small, and yet there are millions in India who can not command even this trifle. To them in countless thousands has come extreme suffering, starvation in awful form. At their very doors is grain to sell, and they can not buy. The government has undertaken the herculean task of rescuing the unfortunate. It has poured out its money freely, devoting millions of pounds to the work, but it has been beset by obstacles, and now it has hostile criticism to meet because its aid has not been all-sufficient. The undertaking was too great to be fully met by human endeavor. To give out money without restriction would have been demoralizing. The distribution had to be methodical, and to devise a system comprehensive enough and complete enough to embrace every necessity was impossible. India has had famine before, but the present one, in area and in the number of people affected, is without precedent. The Indian government is still striving to put money in the hands of the suffering natives, sufficient for the purchase of food, and yet to allow no waste and induce no extravagance. It has started public works so that wages may be earned and the native not placed in the position of a mendicant. Were the money plentiful and recklessly bestowed, it might do more harm than good, leading to excesses and undermining the industrial worth of the native toiler. If able to subsist without exertion, he would see no occasion to exert himself.

Many criticisms of the conduct of the famine relief scheme are based on a prejudice or a lack of knowledge. It would perhaps be well to withhold condemnation until a fitter time than when the government is straining every nerve to accomplish a greater work than called for by any similar emergency in the history of the world. The truth is that notable liberality has been shown, and even the border lines, not acknowledging allegiance to any government, have been as freely aided as those who had official as well as humanitarian claims. The help that has been advanced

from the United States has been gratefully acknowledged, and applied where there was most desperate call for it.

From Americans living in Bombay have come the clearest exposition of famine status. They realize what officials have had to contend against, and it is by an American an explanation has been made of the oddity of much grain in a land in which starvation is rampant. The grain is private property. The Indians who need it are poverty-stricken always, and in famine time absolutely helpless. If the owners were to give the grain to those crying for it, there would be an end to acute destitution, but such are not the laws governing barter. The grain must be paid for, and to pay for it is only a part of the undertaking. The mere fact that there is grain in India lays no tissue on the bones of the hapless victims pining under the blight of famine.

Announcement that the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co. was in financial difficulty was received with general regret. For three-quarters of a century this concern had been prominent in the putting forth of books. As it expanded it had given rise to two other institutions, the Appleton Manufacturing Company and the A. J. Johnson Company. With each of these the fortune of the parent house was so interwoven that the fate of one must have been the fate of all. Liabilities, at the moment the crash became inevitable, had reached the total of \$1,346,698.78.

Now comes the authentic announcement that provision has been made for paying one hundred cents on every dollar of this amount. The Appletons showed a desire to act with the utmost fairness, and to aid in every possible way the forming of a plan of reorganization. They turned affairs over to the creditors, worked in harmony with the receiver, made no preferences. The result is that the company will go on, no cessation having marred its prospects or caused loss. It will go on with plenty of working capital, a sum to be applied at once in liquidation of claims, and the rest of the claims amply secured. All these claims have been deposited with the Metropolitan Trust Company, and despite the fact that 128 banks and other trust companies are interested, there has been no dissent, and no clash with the arrangements made by the reorganization committee. All the creditors understood that to embarrass the Appletons by destroying them, and ruining the prestige built up by a long and honorable career, would be foolish and disastrous. So the company will go on, negotiating with authors, printing books, and, to all outward seeming, exactly as it did before there had been any hint of trouble. Accrued royalties will be paid at once, and taxes and wages, while to the account for current supplies there has been placed enough to meet every need. That the Appletons are emerging from a tight place with their standing for probity unimpaired and their capacity no whit lessened, is a matter for congratulation not alone to themselves but to the public.

A partial explanation of the difficulty is found in the installment schemes to promotion of which this house has devoted much effort. It is a profitable branch, but one in which returns naturally are slow, while advance expenditures are on a huge scale. Once tided over the crucial point, the installment method is certain to be remunerative, and the reorganization committee has this fact in mind. Not a press is to stop nor a contract to be impaired; nor has a reputation for probity and business acumen suffered in the least.

The impression created by the Harper failure is different. The Harpers were better known to the general reader than the Appletons, because of their weekly and monthly publications, some one of which can be found in almost any American household. *Harper's Weekly* for many years constituted a class by itself, and, in the days when Nast, as cartoonist, was at his best, and when George William Curtis was in the editorial chair, was potent in forming public opinion. In its own field the monthly had as high a standing, while the combined scope of other publications covered nearly the range of letters. After a lengthened history the Harpers were forced to the wall. They had debts of \$3,466,200. Capitalists extended aid in the hope of saving them, but in vain. Their real estate and plant were sold recently under the hammer, bringing \$1,100,000. The difference between assets and liabilities is so great that losses among creditors must be large. If a reorganization committee undertook to straighten out the tangle, it found the material inadequate. The Harpers do not emerge from the crisis with the fairest fame. Individually, they retire rich. The old house and all pertaining to the business pass from their control; only the name remains.

The precise value of the Harper name would be hard to estimate. Perhaps when the name stands without anything behind it but tradition, it will yet serve a useful purpose, and people will not discriminate between it employed as a symbol and the same name when it represented a boundless energy and an upright course. The Harpers, counting from the beginning, achieved much, but their end has been far from glorious. They must be accused of bad manage-

ment, even in the absence of any desire to impugn their motive. They lose the esteem which D. Appleton & Co. retain in full measure.

That Mr. Higgins owns a rooster would not of itself be of interest. Even supplemented by the information that the rooster is of the brassback variety, worth one hundred dollars, and stands ready to gaff into submission any bird of his weight, it does not appeal particularly to the popular enthusiasm. Moreover, Higgins and his rooster reside in New York. The point about them which causes them to occupy a lime-light station on the stage of circumstance, is that the rooster has a clarion note, that he crows lustily and inopportunely, that he summons the sleeper at about the hour of two A. M., shattering dreams and driving rest afar. True, the crow is not audible at this distance, but there is involved a principle that leaps a continent; that helts the world. Upon the fate of the Higgins rooster depends a share of human destiny, the determination of human rights.

This rooster is under arrest. Indeed, a trial has resulted in his condemnation to death, but Higgins has filed a demurrer, causing a stay of proceedings. He argues, in effect, that one of the privileges of roosterhood is to crow, that to exercise this privilege at any hour after midnight is a proper response to the promptings of nature; that the person annoyed by the crowing is oversensitive, and, in seeking the death of the offender, manifests a spirit far from Christian. Moreover, a hundred-dollar rooster, brassbacked and pedigreed, does not grow on every barn-yard fence, and a fighting rooster is not adapted to the pot, anyhow.

The position of Higgins is made more delicate because the plaintiff is a lady. Were she a man, and of reasonable sporting proclivities, to challenge the production of a rooster capable of licking the Higgins biped would be an easy method of meeting the emergency. The owner explains that the bird, having retired from the arena and taken to leading an upright life, should have at least the consideration shown an ex-pugilist, who is permitted to go on the road as an actor, thereby producing more distress than one little rooster could do. The lady, on the other hand, contends that her beauty-sleep can not and shall not be interrupted. She holds the rooster culpable, and as his identity is known and he can at any time be apprehended, does not propose that he escape with the ease of a flitting feline that has no home, no responsibility, and but vague identity.

The contest will be fought to the end; of course to the bitter end, for in contentions there is no other. Perhaps it will get to the supreme court, and there ought to be an international tribunal higher, because Higgins's rooster's crow is of interest not bounded by ordinary limits of geography or speech. Meantime, Higgins's rooster, not comprehending the solemnity of the situation and being injunction-proof, continues to crow.

Some months ago reference was made in these columns to the novel legal question as to the ownership of speeches delivered in public. It will be recalled that John Lane, the London publisher, printed for Lord Rosebery a number of speeches that the latter had delivered on various occasions. These speeches had formerly been printed in the columns of the *London Times* and copyrighted by that journal. The *Times* thereupon sued out an injunction to restrain the publication and sale of the book, on the ground that it was an infringement of copyright. The case has now gone through the several courts in England and has finally been decided by the House of Lords, the highest tribunal, in favor of the paper. The trial court rendered a decision upon the same side, but with an understanding that the point, which was a novel one, should be appealed to a higher court. The court of appeals, which next heard the case, decided in favor of the publisher, and the *Times* appealed to the House of Lords. In this particular case Lord Rosebery had prepared no written manuscripts, and the speeches as reported in the *Times* were used as "copy" for the book. Whether the decision would have been the same had Lord Rosebery's manuscripts been used in publishing the book remains in doubt, but the probability is that it would have been the same even under those circumstances. A man certainly should have a right of ownership in his own thoughts, but if he wishes to reserve that right he should copyright his speeches before publication by public delivery. The decision of the House of Lords sets the question at rest for all time in England.

Within a few weeks the conventions of the two great political parties will be convened. Their most conspicuous work will be the selection of Presidential electors, although this is a purely formal matter and one of no significance. The part of their work that is likely to receive least attention, and is at the same time of the utmost importance, is the

THE RELIEF
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NEEDS.

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IN
SPEECHES.

ACTION TO
PRESERVE THE
REDWOODS.

selection of candidates for the State legislature. It has come to be the habit of the newspapers and of the people to regard a session of the legislature as an unmixed evil, and to breathe a sigh of relief when the members relax their grip upon the public purse and adjourn. There is much excuse for this, for, while there are a number of members of each successive legislature who have both ability and honesty of purpose, there are others who display a colossal ignorance in their legislative work, and still others whose honesty is at least open to question. While this is true, those newspapers and those persons who complain of the action of the legislature are beginning at the wrong end. The remedy lies in forcing the conventions to nominate good men as legislative candidates, and to support none other.

While there is to be no United States Senator elected next year, the State senators who are elected in November will have a voice in selecting a successor to Senator Perkins, and there are other questions that should be carefully considered. One of these is the preservation of the redwood forests of the State. Recent forest fires, one of them within the boundaries of the proposed Big Basin reserve, have emphasized the necessity for immediate action. In order that assistance should be received from Congress, it is necessary that the State should show its good faith and its interest in the matter by granting an appropriation to cover a part of the cost. It is unlawful now to pledge legislative candidates to any course of action, but it is possible to ascertain their views on this question, and this should be done.

URBAN DOG-DAYS.

Great Cities in Midsummer—How They Manage During the Heated Term—Paris, London, and New York under the Dog-Star.

I do not know the exact date at which the dog-days are supposed to begin, according to the almanac. But this year they certainly began unusually early. Sirius, the dog-star, is said to burn with his most baleful glare during the month of August, but this year he began burning the first of June. There are spots on the sun this year, the newspapers say. However that may be, no one denies that this year winter in Europe gave place suddenly to summer. There was no spring. Winter went out with a snarl and summer came in with a snap. During the last week in May snow fell at various points in Central Europe. During the first week in June the temperature rose suddenly to nearly one hundred degrees. The Grand Prix of Paris is usually run on the first Sunday in June; and the Grand Prix this year was the hottest the Parisians have ever known. Since early in June these dog-days have been almost continuous in Europe. The heat in all the great cities was frightful. The only place where one could be cool was on the top of the Swiss mountains; and when you went down the funicular railways, you descended suddenly from a snow-storm to a Turkish bath—for even in the Swiss valleys the heat was intense.

Paris this year was a furnace. The heat in the *cafés* and hotels was unbearable. On the baking boulevards, where the people at the outer *café* tables gasped and fanned, the heat was even greater than indoors. But so muggy was the indoor atmosphere that the unfortunates in Paris, both foreign and indigenous, preferred the outer or baked air to the inner or hoiled air. Paris has not learned the many expedients by which New York makes life endurable under burning suns. In Paris there is an appearance of coolness about the things which are served you, such as carafes of frozen water, syphons with drops of ice-water clinging to them, water ices, and many-colored *glaces*. But the buildings are not ventilated, and the air of the *cafés* is hot and stagnant. Still, it is better there than in London. Paris attempts to make things look cool. London does not even try—and she succeeds wonderfully.

Paris has usually been looked upon as a clean and well-kept city, but in this regard she does not shine at midsummer. Owing to her very frank sanitary arrangements, she can, during the dog-days, rival Cologne, long famous as "the city of a thousand smells." She is, as Coppée said of Zola's style, the archetype of "ce qui pue."

The Paris boulevards were not only hot but dusty. So was the Champs-Élysées. Rarely have I seen a driveway in a modern city so dusty as that famous avenue has been during the past summer. The Place de la Concorde, the Place de la Bastille, and the Place de la République were often dim with dust. Some years ago Paris used to have her toilet made every morning from two to six o'clock. If you were out between those hours, you would see thousands of men and women, with broom and hose and mop, washing the face of Paris. Whether they have abandoned this practice, I can not tell, but Paris in this end-of-the-century year is very dirty. And Paris is very much down at heel.

Thousands who this year have seen that city for the first time must have been surprised at having to correct their preconceived ideas. Old Parisians tell me that in the palmy days of the Second Empire—say in '67, when the Duke de Morny and Baron Haussmann were in their apogee—Paris was the most beautiful and well-kept city in Europe. Now she seems to be living on her souvenirs. Most of her buildings are veneered with shabby stucco, and many of them are very much out of repair. Furthermore, old Parisians say that under the empire the public squares and gardens were kept in much better condition than they now are. I can easily believe it. The economical republic has allowed many lawns to die, and the cool, green grass is replaced with rough gravel. This you find in the Garden of the Tuilleries, and in many of the other parks and squares of Paris, as also in the parks and gardens of Versailles. To walk on a blazing midsummer day upon rough gravel, instead of springy turf, makes one wish that the French Republic were not so economical in the matter of lawns. In the Louvre there hangs the famous picture by Thomas Couture, "The Decadence of the Romans." Some new Couture should paint "The Decadence of the Parisians." He would have abundant material.

In the exposition grounds the heat and dust seem even more intense than in the city; there is less shade, and the footways are new and staring.

On every hand you see wearied sight-seers resting upon the few benches that a thrifty administration has placed at their command, and others watching and waiting. Hundreds of green-painted iron chairs stand invitingly empty, but the economical sight-seers refrain from taking them. It costs ten centimes to sit in a chair without arms, and fifteen centimes to sit in one with arms. Hence, most of the sight-seers wait for empty benches. A pleasing spectacle is the rage of the *restaurateurs* who gaze on the feeding crowds in front of their gorgeous establishments. The populace seat themselves, open their paper bags and hoxes, and proceed to eat their frugal luncheons of bread and cheese, *charcuterie* and sausages, washed down with red wine and eke with beer. The *restaurateurs* tear their hair, as they sorrowfully regard their empty tables. They are doing very little business, and many of them have been forced to close their doors. This is gratifying to every person who ever entered their portals, for they are more accomplished robbers than the restaurant men of Paris proper; and that is saying a great deal. These gentry paid high sums to the exposition authorities for their restaurant privileges; then they put up their prices to an almost prohibitory figure. The result is people will not pay them, and the restaurants are going under. Even the humbler eating-houses practice small swindles. One hot night I saw a gentleman who evidently pitied the humble *pousse-pousses* who pushed his two rolling-chairs, for their tongues were hanging out of their mouths. He had them stop in front of a cheap restaurant, and ordered the waiter to bring beer for the thirsty chairmen. The beer was brought—price, one franc. The gentleman asked for a glass of water for his companion, and, to his intense disgust, was charged twenty-five centimes for the water.

Paris cabmen are notorious for their cruelty to their horses. It really was an affliction to see how the poor beasts suffered during the Parisian dog-days this summer. But even Paris cabmen are sometimes kind to their horses, and more than once I saw a cabman drenching his grateful beast with water from one of the municipal bydrants. One I saw sponging out his horse's nostrils with a large sponge. I was moved to admiration at his thoughtfulness, which feeling was changed to surprise when I saw him with the same sponge polish off his bald head and the hack of his own neck.

The dog-days play havoc with many things in Paris. The Montmartre and Batignolles fairies who float along the boulevards had their beauty seriously damaged by the heat. Little rivulets ran down their faces, making channels through the powder; and inasmuch as the paint was oleaginous and the powder alkaline, the result was a saponaceous emulsion, which did not add to their attractiveness.

By the way, what a horde of bawlers, touts, toy peddlers, *camelots*, loose women, *maquereaux*, and gamblers haunt the Paris boulevards and afflict the stranger. There is a saying that "good Americans go to Paris when they die." It might be added that "good American suckers go to Paris while they live." Gamblers, hookmakers, and huncosteers cynically say, "A sucker is born every minute." That many visitors to Paris are suckers is shown by the ease with which these hawks and harpies, male and female, prey upon them. There are numerous "grand" restaurants in Paris where there are no prices upon the bill of fare. When you have finished your dinner the proprietor charges you what he pleases. If he is feeling hilly, or

dropped something at cards the night before, he will raise you fifty per cent. Remarkable as it may seem, these establishments are largely patronized by Americans, or American suckers. For that matter, the prices of most things in Paris are so high as to appall any one but a sucker. For example, I saw there one day a "Panama" hat in a window marked "800 francs." I do not believe the most expert Jijijapeño straw-plaiter ever made a hat worth 800 francs; 200 francs, or \$40, is a high price for a Panama hat—or a Jijijapa hat, for Panama hats are not made in Panama. Probably this Parisian shop-keeper got one that was worth 150 francs, or \$30, and marked it 800 francs to catch a sucker. I will wager that he caught one. Some sucker paid 800 francs for it who would not have looked at it for two hundred.

The heat caused a general flight from Paris. We crossed the channel, but found London, like Paris, in the dog-days. The day that we got there was the hottest in eighteen years. It was ninety-five degrees in the shade and one hundred and thirty-three degrees in the sun. There were twenty-five deaths reported from sunstroke, and something like sixty prostrations. So many omnibus-horses had given out that both the General Omnibus Company and the Road Car Company were crippled. The dog-days were quite as unendurable in London as they were in Paris. In Paris the restaurants are stuffy and unventilated, and the kitchens are in the cellar. In London the restaurants are even stuffier and less ventilated, and in many of them the restaurant itself is in the cellar, as well as the kitchen. Lest this should surprise the reader, let him know that in London several of the most popular play-houses are far below the level of the street. The new grill-room of the Grand Hotel is down in the cellar. It is not one of the most luxurious of London eating-houses, but it is a much frequented place in the heart of the West End. Few of the restaurants of London, by the way, compare with those of New York and Paris. In fact, I may say none. The restaurants of the Hotel Cecil and Hotel Savoy are only fair. The Berkeley, which was a rather good restaurant some years ago, is now fashionable and had. They give you a great deal of silverware, brass candelabra, wax candles with pink petticoats on them, and very poor food. Probably the best restaurant in London is the one called the "Prince's Restaurant." It is admirably appointed, and richly furnished in a dark style like the old Delmonico's. One side and one end look out on a pretty garden; there are potted plants ranged round the room, and there is a gallery at one end for musicians. It has an excellent *maitre d'hôtel*, and good waiters, but the food is mediocre. That seems to be the trouble with London restaurants. What they lack reminds one of that old story of Texas. A man was praising that State to General Sherman, who did not think much of it. "But," said the Texan, "all that Texas lacks is water and good society." "Yes," replied General Sherman, "that is all hell lacks." So with the London restaurants. All that they lack is good food, good cookery, and good service, to be first-class.

I will say of Prince's Restaurant, however, that it is one of the few places in London where one can be cool in summer, and he well served. The waiters are excellent. The *maitre d'hôtel* talks to them in German, they reply in French, and converse with one another in Italian. From this I infer that they are Swiss. Probably they came from the Canton of Ticino. The late George Augustus Sala some years ago told me an anecdote at a certain famous dinner given to him by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. We were talking of polyglot people, and Sala said that he once fell into conversation with a gentleman in a Russian railway carriage. The stranger spoke Russian with a German accent, so Sala changed to German. The stranger's German had a French accent, so Sala changed to French. The stranger's French, like that of Chaucer's Abbe, had such a strong English accent, that Sala began talking English. The stranger's English was tinged with a strong Irish brogue. Sala's *vis-à-vis* turned out to be an Irishman.

The London hotels during this heated term have been like ovens. Unlike the New York hotels, they make no provision for hot weather. When I was last in London, the newest hotel was the Savoy. I stopped there, and found it only fairly good. Since then the Cecil has been erected, and we stopped there. It is on the Thames Embankment; it runs through to the Strand; it has a large court-yard; the Embankment Gardens are at its river portal; from its windows there are magnificent views; one sees Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Martin's in the Fields, Westminster, Waterloo, London, and the Tower Bridges, the Tower, Lambeth Palace, and the whole sweep of the Surrey side of the river. But despite its admirable site, its arrangements for comfort during the heated term are rudimentary. The ends of the parlors, hallways, and corridors, instead of being open to the

air, are stopped up with servants' rooms, housemaids' closets, and such offices, so that there is no ventilation. In the interior of the great building the air is stagnant and stifling. Compare this with the airy, well-ventilated condition of the great hotels in New York. Yet the Cecil is one of the newest hotels in London. It claims to be the most luxurious there. But Claridge's is more fashionable and higher priced. It is frequented chiefly by American millionaires and foreign princes.

If the atmospheric conditions are so bad in these new London hotels, what must they be in the old ones? For there are a number of antediluvian hotels in London in such aristocratic quarters as Jermyn, Dover, and Albemarle Streets. They are most of them like Brown's Hotel—old dwelling-houses remodeled. They are venerable rattle-traps, sometimes consisting of two or three houses, with the floors on different levels, and with holes cut through the walls for doors. There are no lobbies, no offices, no waiting-rooms, no reception-rooms, no billiard-rooms—nothing except narrow passageways, through which flit flabby-faced lackeys, clad in shabby evening-suits. These establishments have brought discomfort to its highest point. They are frequented by country gentlemen, ruddy-faced squires, who go there because their grandfathers did, and know of no other hotels. Some of our deluded American anglomaniacs go there because they think it is swell. The act carries its own punishment.

Here is a trifle showing the ways of a first-class hotel in London. At the Cecil one sweltering mid-summer afternoon, I wanted a glass of iced milk. There rose before me a vision of a tall glass of rich creamy milk right off the ice. The very thought was delicious. I rang the bell and told the waiter to bring it. After a long wait, he brought me some milk, and as soon as I tasted it I found that it was sour.

"Here, waiter," said I, "this milk is sour. Take it away."

"Very sorry, sir," replied the waiter, apologetically, "but the milk is all that way."

"What do you mean," I asked, "is there no milk in the house that is not sour? Don't you keep it on ice?"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, "but not *very* much ice, sir. Several other gentlemen 'ave complained already, sir. You 'ad better take 'ot milk, sir."

"Hot milk," I cried, "hot milk on a day like this?"

"The 'ot milk," replied the waiter, "'ave been a-settin' on the fire all day, sir, and 'ave not 'ad a chance to sour, sir."

I discovered that milk was only delivered at this hotel once a day. Even a cheap French *café* has the milk delivered twice a day. And so economical was this hotel of its ice, that the insufficient milk supply had to be kept on the fire to prevent it from getting sour!

The London idea of ice is peculiar. In some of the tea-rooms and places of that description, if you want a drink of ice-water, they charge you three half-pence for the ice. Their economy in ice does not extend merely to milk. Several times I had meat served to me in the condition which some people call "high," and which I call "tainted." But I have never been able to feed on the lower animals after mortification has set in.

It may seem extraordinary to Americans, but during the present heated term the London dailies devoted many columns to a remarkable innovation in the streets of London. This was the appearance of ice wagons. Some ingenious Briton devised the scheme of baving wagons go around the streets and sell ice in small quantities to householders. Although it was a new idea, and therefore to be looked upon with suspicion, the heat was so great that the Londoners decided to avail themselves of it. They bought the ice, and found it quite cold. And the newspapers wrote solemn and owlish editorials approving the innovation. We ought to send a few of our American boys over there to teach the elderly ladies how to suck eggs.

Another amusing manifestation of the British imperviousness to obvious methods of keeping cool is the London omnibus. During the present heated term, the papers have been filled with letters clamoring for open 'bus windows. Will it be believed when I say that with a temperature of nearly one hundred degrees the London 'bus windows were tightly closed? The omnibus companies explain that the windows are made so that they will not open, because in the cold weather people object to draughts. Therefore in mid-summer people are obliged to be boiled and stewed because in winter it is cold. As I heard one red-faced British matron say, as she descended from an omnibus-step: "'Ow 'orridly 'ot! It's like a Turkish bath!"

Another instance of the manner in which Londoners cling to their old-fashioned ways is the prevalence of the "plug" hat and the frock-coat during the dog-days. In New York in midsummer men dress comfortably if unconventionally. They wear straw hats, thin, unlined coats, no waistcoats, and light tan shoes. But in London they are more conservative. You see thousands of men toiling painfully through Piccadilly and Pall Mall attired in heavy frock-coats, heavy silk hats, heavy trousers, and heavy patent-leather shoes. This year even London recognizes the absurdity of such attire in tropical heat. Some few pioneers appeared in khaki and duck suits, and some merciful persons allowed their coachmen and footmen to wear straw hats. Jeames and Thomas in livery, booted, breeched, and silk-stockinged, but topped with straw hats rakishly tilted to one side, are sights for gods and men. Next to this, perhaps the oddest dog-day sight to Londoners is that of the horses wearing sun-bonnets.

During the dog-days to go from the West End to the city in a cab along the Strand was like traveling through a hot-railway tunnel; the stagnant air of the street was fairly bad between the long lines of dingy brick buildings. To return by Queen Victoria Street and the Embankment was no so bad, as the river air was slightly fresher. But still

it, too, was stale. Cleopatra's Needle seemed to quiver in the heat-haze. Every day along the Embankment were crowds of listless loungers gazing longingly at the dingy Thames, and doubtless wishing they could plunge in and take a swim as do hundreds of New York's striplings along the East River in these midsummer days. But what would happen to a London youngster who tried to swim in the Thames between Westminster and London bridges? I think the London bobbies would imprison him in the deep-set donjons of the tower beneath the castle moat.

I said the river air was fresher. The term is comparative. The prevailing winds in London are said to blow from Victoria Park way. A medical journal once made experiments, and found that all the ozone of the London air was exhausted within two miles of Victoria Park. And when the winds had blown over this wilderness of bricks and mortar as far as Westminster, absolutely no trace of ozone was found in the London air. If this be the case under ordinary conditions, what must be the condition of the London air in this torrid midsummer?

New York in the dog-days is a very different city from London or Paris. London is grim, smoky, and black. Paris is light, pretty, but dirty. New York is light, dignified, and clean. At least a part is clean—that narrow strip of New York a few hundred feet wide which runs through the backbone of Manhattan Island. It would be possible to take a stranger from the Battery to Harlem River by way of Broadway and the Avenue, and he would think New York one of the best-avenued, best-lighted, and best-cleaned cities in the world. If the next day you were to escort him up the West Side, taking in Thompson Street, "Hell's Kitchen," and Eighth and Ninth Avenues, and then bring him down the East Side by Avenue A, Tompkins Square, and the Bowery, he would think he had struck another town. And so he would.

New York differs from London or Paris in another point—its hotels. They are perfect. The first-class hotels, while high-priced, give you the worth of your money. They are well ventilated; the windows are canopied; electric fans and pumps force artificially cooled air into the buildings; the bath-rooms are good; there is hot water night and day; the plumbing is modern; there are mail chutes, telephones, and telescopes; there are numerous swift elevators; the service is good; there is plenty of clean ice, made from distilled water; cold things are served cold, and hot things hot—in short, the restaurants are admirable. Neither London nor Paris compares with New York in hotels. As for restaurants, Paris has fine ones, but I think New York's two leading restaurants are as good as any in the world.

Even New York, skillful as her people are in mitigating the heat of midsummer, is not a pleasant place during the dog-days. Gasping citizens, collarless and waistcoatless, toil up the steep stairs of the Elevated. Fat ladies, bursting from their shirt-waist cerements, wave umbrellas at unseeing Broadway car-conductors. Perspiring tramps sit in Union and Madison Squares, and gaze steamily at the passing throng. Further up town mournful people sit in rows in Central Park, the men without coats and the women in diaphanous shirt-waists, all of them perspiring. I had almost said sweating, but I remember the anecdote of the boarding school mistress, who heard one of her pupils say that she was "all of a sweat." "Dear me!" said the shocked preceptress, "Miss Blank, never use that word again." "But what shall I say?" inquired the offending maiden, pertly. "Say?" said the school-mistress, "Horses sweat; men perspire; ladies glow. You may say glow, Miss Blank." Whatever may be the correct term to use, there is no doubt that the ladies in New York are all of a glow. But they look cool in their light network shirt-waists; so cool, that the men envy them. So at present there is what is known as the "shirt-waist man" infesting the city, to the great perturbation of hotel-keepers and restaurant men. He persists in appearing in public resorts without his coat. But this matter will soon right itself. Very thin men and very fat men can not afford to go without their coats, particularly fat men; when seen sideways the fat man's torso presents the general appearance of a pear.

In Central Park, in the late afternoons of these Gotham dog-days, you see rows and rows of people—white and black, old and young—sitting upon the municipal benches gazing with lack-lustre eyes at the gay throng of Milwaukee and Chicago "buyers" with their wives, who whirl through the park in hansoms, and who look at one another and speculate as to whether the other buyers they meet are Astors or Vanderbilts. Sprinkled among the people on the benches are men in very *négligé* conditions, the only rule of etiquette in Central Park apparently being that the visitors shall not sleep there. Many a slumbering gentleman is awakened by one of New York's "finest" tapping on the soles of his brogans to arouse him from a sweet slumber. New York's great park has asphaltum walks. Why? A park is supposed to be an urban imitation of nature. Why, then, walk on asphalt instead of God's earth? Judging from the way the pedestrians navigate on the edges of their feet, the asphalt foot-paths in the dog-days must be warm walking. Along the Mall goggle-eyed nurse-maids allow their baking kids to become overdone as they pour over penny papers with "HORROR!" "AWFUL!" "GORY!" in gigantic headings in red ink. Through these ranks of perspiring people there lounge New York's "coppers," swinging their big "night-sticks," and with their tunics flapping plaintively over concave abdomens. For many of them are losing their "bay-windows."

Dr. Weir Mitchell, poet, physician, and novelist, once had occasion to make a study of the aggregate-weight of Philadelphia's police officers. He found they fell off heavily between June and August, and slowly regained their normal weight toward October. The average loss was apparently about seven pounds. I was struck by the somewhat wan look of the police torso in New York, when these figures of Weir

Mitchell's came to my mind. There are 6,500 policemen in Greater New York. I made a slight calculation, and I found that if they lose as much per cop as the Philadelphia cops, there has been an aggregate loss in New York of 45,500 pounds of policeman during the dog-days. How this lost adipose tissue must have larded the lean earth as they walked along.

I do not personally know how hot it is in New York in the summer. I have never had to work hard with my hands while here. Once when I was here in summer they were changing the Broadway road into a cable system. Now, they are changing it into an electric. On both occasions I watched the men laboring under the midsummer sun, its fierce rays beating upon them while they worked, and I wondered how human beings could stand such heat.

By the way, when the Broadway road projector, Jake Sharp, was railroaded to Sing Sing, all New York was proud of the "triumph of justice." I rather wondered at it myself, because I have noticed that in New York, as elsewhere, that naked lady, Truth, and that blind lady, Justice, seem to have rather a hard time of it. But I afterward learned that the reason Mr. Sharp went to Sing Sing with such rapidity was not owing to an outraged community, but to an outraged syndicate. Mr. Sharp had failed to "whack up" with some railway millionaires, and they determined to get even. They did. Hence, Mr. Sharp's little journey to Sing Sing.

The cable is disappearing in New York, as elsewhere. It is not many years since this Broadway cable was laid. It is at least fourteen years since electric railways have been operated in the United States. The first one I ever saw in this country was, oddly enough, in Mobile, Ala., in 1887. The Broadway company must have hesitated before putting so much money into a cable trench. Doubtless, it was done on the opinion of an expert engineer. That expert cost the Broadway company a good many millions. His work is now all being undone, and must be done again.

I read with some wonder in the dispatches recently that a Mexican lady, wife of the minister of railways, who died on a train in New Jersey, had been sent North by her physician to get "cool air." The day she died, the thermometer in New Jersey was nearly one hundred degrees. Why seek the North for coolness in the tropic summer of the Atlantic Coast? I once was in Montreal in August, and it was hotter than I ever expect to find it again—at least in this world. Why did they not send the unfortunate lady to San Francisco? It is nearer than New York, and very much cooler. For curiosity I looked at the Weather Bureau statistics the day the Mexican lady died, and found the temperature in San Francisco was fifty-two degrees. This same Weather Bureau said that for New York the weather next day would be "fair and warm." "Warm," quotha! The weather men may know all about the weather, but they do not know much about words.

Here is the official temperature record of one August day and night in New York:

	Degrees.		Degrees.
12 Midnight.....	82	3 P. M.	95
2 A. M.	80	3 15 P. M.	95 1-10
4 A. M.	80	4 P. M.	95
6 A. M.	78	5 P. M.	94
7 A. M.	79	6 P. M.	93
8 A. M.	79	7 P. M.	90
9 A. M.	87	8 P. M.	88
10 A. M.	86	9 P. M.	86
11 A. M.	90	10 P. M.	84
12 Midday.....	92	11 P. M.	82
1 P. M.	94	12 Midnight.....	81
2 P. M.	95		
Number of heat prostrations	50		
Number of deaths.....	15		

This with a high humidity rate. Fancy a midnight temperature, in a so-called temperate clime, of eighty-two degrees!

Sometimes the climate of San Francisco has made me cross. Sometimes I have thought that the winds in summer were too cold, that the fogs in summer were too thick. But whenever I have crossed the continent—when I have emerged from New York at ninety-five degrees, and entered Chicago at one hundred degrees—when I have escaped from the Eastern frying-pan to plunge into the Western fire—as I have toiled painfully over the scorching plains and plateaus of our great arid region—when I have been breathing the dust of alkali deserts and the fiery air of sage-brush plains—as the train has crept along those topsy-turvy Nevada rivers which begin in a lake and disappear in a squirrel hole—as I have looked from the car window upon the fast dwindling Humboldt, and reflected that I would give a hundred dollars to jump into the river before it dried up—these are the times when I have always been buoyed up by the anticipation of reaching Port Costa and the salt air of San Francisco Bay.

I think if ever a wanderer was glad to get back to his native land, it is I, returning to my native fog. Like that prodigal Hebrew youth who returned to his home and filled up his insides with husks, so I yearn to return to mine, and fill myself up with fog. Not a thin, insignificant mist, but a fog—a thick fog—one of those rich, pea-soup August fogs that blow in from the Pacific Ocean over San Francisco. Oh, how I wish I had one now! The thermometer sticks at ninety-four, the humidity is awful, and the Weather Bureau says, "To-morrow will again be fair and warm."

If ever I get back uncoked I shall offer up a thank offering to Santa Niebla, Our Lady of the Fogs. Out near the Presidio, where Don Diego Arellanes, the old *commandante*, revisits the glimpses of the moon, clad in rusty armor, with his Spanish spindle-shanks thrust into tall leather boots—there shall I erect a chapel to Santa Niebla. And I shall vow to her as an ex-voto a silver fog-horn, which horn will be wound by the winds of the broad Pacific and will ceaselessly sound through the centuries the litany of Our Lady of the Fogs.

NEW YORK, August 24, 1900. JEROME A. HART.

THE PHANTOM PINTO.

An Adventure with the Ghostly Guardian of an Enchanted Cañon.

"We'd jest as well throw up our hands, pardner, an' take th' back track fer Tucson; I've led yuh on er rainbow-chase, I reckon."

It was Lew, my partner, who said this, as we gazed gloomily down the hill upon which we were standing. Lew was a child of the desert, innocent of book-learning and the ways of civilized man, but a crack shot with rifle and revolver, and a skillful prospector; he was blue-eyed, tow-headed, and the sun and wind of the desert had given his face the color of leather. I took him to be about twenty-five years of age. Our acquaintance began in Tucson. I was going along the main street one day, when he stopped me to ask for the loan of the price of a meal; he was broke and hungry, he added. His was not the whining plea of the beggar, but the manly request for momentary aid of the self-reliant frontiersman who expects to return the favor at some future time, and so I gave him a dollar, although I had never seen him before.

Later in the day he hunted me up to tell me of a valley a few hundred miles away, where placer gold was to be found, and ended by proposing that we go prospecting in partnership, I to buy the supplies and outfit, and be to lead the way to the valley. I agreed, and we set out the next morning, our effects packed on the back of the "blamedest, kick-in'est" mule, as Lew described him, that I have ever known. For two weeks we tramped across the blistering deserts of Arizona, and at last arrived where we could see down into the valley, but only to find it the ghost of a gold-field; it had been worked out by somebody else. Along the dry bed of the little creek that marked the valley's centre were a thousand boles and trenches, and as many heaps of sand, which told us that we had come too late; in the blaze of the setting sun the place looked utterly desolate, which but added to our gloom and disappointment.

"I'm mighty sorry," Lew went on, "but yuh c'n see 't I didn't lie 'bout it, I reckon. 'Tain't no use ter beef over milk we ain't never had ter spill, though, an' we'd better start back—!" He broke off and was silent a few moments, then brought his hand down on his thigh, with a hearty slap. "Pardner, have yuh got th' nerve ter give Ghost Cañon er try?" he exclaimed. "There's gold there, an' lots of it, they say; I've got th' grit ter tackle it if yuh have. What d'yuh say?"

"I'm willing," I answered; "better go there than empty-handed back to Tucson."

Lew seemed surprised, and silently looked me over a few moments. "Ever hear o' Ghost Cañon before, pardner?" he asked, finally.

"No," I said; "but that cuts no figure, I'll take your word for it that there's a chance to find gold there."

"Maybe yuh've heard of it by its Mexikin name, 'Cañon Encantada'?" Lew persisted, his voice sinking almost to a whisper.

"No, I think not," I replied. "But why do you ask?"

"W'y, 'twas right there 't th' Morris party was wiped out by 'Paches, three years ago; yuh've heard o' that killin', I reckon," he answered. He referred to the murder of Tom Morris and four companions by Apache Indians.

"Oh, yes, I've heard of it, but I didn't know just where the killing took place," I said. "Are you afraid some of the Indians are still there?"

"No, that ain't what bluffs me," he replied; "it's th' pinto pony—th' cañon's haunted."

"Haunted!" I exclaimed, derisively. "Well, if we find gold in the cañon we'll rout the ghost out, eh? What about the pinto pony?"

Lew slowly shook his head. "Th' pinto's jest where th' ghost comes in—he's th' ghost," he said, seriously.

I looked Lew in the face and laughed heartily.

"Laugh if yuh want," he said, solemnly, "but it's straight goods I'm givin' yuh. Ain't never been er man yet as went in that cañon an' come out again, excep' jest one, er greaser, an' it plumb locoed him; ever since then he's done nothin' but mouth an' mouth 'bout th' pinto pony what don't leave no trail. I'd rather be dead than crazy like that. I seen th' pinto myself once, but I didn't have th' nerve ter foller 'im in th' cañon."

"Then how is it that you want to go now?" I asked.

He grinned sheepishly, and his face flushed in spite of its tan. "I'm—I'm kinder figgerin' on gittin' married soon's I git er stake ahead," he stammered. "Th' little girl's said she'd bave me; she lives up in Prescott."

"Ho! So that's the way the wind sets!" I laughed. "Well, if you are ready to brave the ghost for the little girl's sake, I'm ready to do it for the gold."

"Then it's er go!" Lew said, reaching out and shaking my hand. And that was how we came to decide to go prospecting in Ghost Cañon.

We camped where we were that night and started for the cañon early the next morning, following a broad valley lying between two ranges of mountains. It was after nightfall when we arrived in the neighborhood of our destination; all day the mountains had come nearer to us with every step, and were now towering above us close at hand on either side, their rocky sides and pinnacles gleaming white and ghostly in the bright moonlight. Except our own, there was not a movement or sound to break the death-like stillness of the desert. As we neared the scene of the massacre of the Morris party, a creepy sensation went up my spine, and I shivered in spite of myself at sight of the rough stones, each bearing in rudely chiseled lines the tell-tale crossed arrows, that marked the graves of the murdered men.

"This is th' place, pardner," Lew said in an awed whisper. "Th' red devils was up in th' rocks there, on both sides, an' th' pore boys didn't have no more show fer their lives 'n er rabbit. Ugh! but ain't things here ghosty-lookin'?"

Ghostly looking they were, without a doubt; I no longer

wondered that even a harmless spotted pony had given such a place the reputation of being haunted. "It can't be anything but a pony," I thought, "and if the gold is still in the cañon, be has my thanks for scaring others away from it."

We camped where the valley narrowed into the cañon, and I am not ashamed to admit that, amid such surroundings, my sleep that night was not entirely unbroken. Sunrise the next morning found us busily cooking our breakfast, and that eaten, we at once packed up and started into the cañon. We went perhaps half a mile when Helen, our pack-mule ("Helen Damnation" Lew had christened him immediately after receiving a kick from the animal), showed a decided objection to going farther; stopping short and whistling as though in fear, he planted his forefeet in the ground and would not budge another inch.

"Maybe it's er hunch, pardner," Lew said, wrathfully surveying the stubborn animal; "at any rate we'd jest as well try fer gold here as anywhere else."

We unpacked Helen, and Lew took a pan and went to the edge of a pool, remnant of the torrents that poured through the cañon in the rainy season, where he filled it with sand, and began washing, while I picketed Helen in a grassy place where he could graze.

Presently a cry from Lew carried me running to his side; he was pointing into the pan, and looking there I saw perhaps a spoonful of gold dust, gleaming dull yellow.

"We've struck 'er rich, pardner!" Lew cried, trembling with excitement. "If that ghost of er pinto 'll jest keep away, we'll get our pile right here."

"Nonsense! There's no such thing as a ghost, Lew," I returned; "not here, at any rate."

Lew stared at me as though he thought I had lost my senses. "Not?" he cried; "yuh ain't seen that, then." And he raised his arm to point to the opposite side of the cañon.

Where we stood the cañon was about three hundred yards wide, and the mountains on both sides rose almost perpendicularly, something like a thousand feet above us. Looking where Lew was pointing, I was startled to see a village of half-ruined cliff-dwellings nestling in a great niche high up the side of the opposite mountain. Silent as the grave, and without a sign of human occupancy, it was a strange, weird sight that, although it was in broad daylight, sent another creepy sensation writhing up my back.

"There's ghosts a-plenty round that place, pardner," Lew said, earnestly. "I ain't never seen one o' them dead-an'-gone Injun towns yet, but what was haunted; I'll bet 'twas right round here somewhere 't pore old Dominguez saw th' pinto pony."

I saw that Lew was intensely in earnest, that his belief in ghostly manifestations was too deep-rooted in ignorance to be overcome by anything I could say. "Well, there may be ghosts here, as you say," I answered, "but if I had a nice little girl waiting for me, all the ghosts in Arizona shouldn't stampede me from rich dirt like this; they're not going to do it, as it is."

I did not misjudge my man. "I'm with yuh there, pardner!" Lew said, with determination. "These here guns o' mine was made fer biz."

I was still gazing at the village, and suddenly saw something that caused me to raise my hand to the brim of my hat so that I might see better.

Lew instantly hushed and looked where I was looking. "What's th' matter? What'd yuh see?" he presently asked, swallowing hard.

"Oh, nothing; just a shadow, I guess," I answered, carelessly. At the moment I had thought it a human face peering above a crumbling wall, but so great was the distance, and so quickly did the object disappear, I was far from sure what I had seen, and I deemed it best not to arouse Lew's superstitious fears to a higher pitch; I did not relish the idea of being left alone in the cañon, and I was determined to stay there and get the gold.

Lew said nothing more, but I could see that he was not entirely satisfied; he hitched his revolvers around to where they would be convenient to his hands, and set to work again. All of that day we worked hard, and at its close had something like a pound of gold-dust to show for our labor. Naturally I was jubilant and excitably talkative, but Lew had grown unusually silent with the coming of night, and answered me only in monosyllables. When he finished eating his supper, he carefully examined his revolvers, and, making his bed under an overhanging rock close by, crept into his blankets.

I made my bed on a bit of smooth ground on the opposite side of our fire—that nearest the ruins—and stretched out on it to smoke another pipe; I was not the least bit sleepy. As I lay there gazing with wide-open eyes at the stars above me, suddenly, from not far away, came the gibbering howl of a coyote; instantly the mountain walls took it up, tossing it back and forth until the cañon rang as though all the fiends in hades had broken loose. Scarcely realizing what I did, with my every nerve tingling and twitching, I sprang wildly to my feet and fired a shot in the direction I thought the mangy little beast to be, and the cañon roared with the echo.

Slowly the uproar died away, and then I collapsed as a chuckle came from Lew's direction, and he remarked, "Reckon yuh wouldn't have much show with er ghost, pardner, if er pore little cuss of er kyote c'n start yuh ter shootin' wild like that."

I made no answer. I was indignant with myself for losing my nerve so easily. I lay down again, but not to sleep; I was quivering with nervousness. The coyote did not howl again—my shot had scared him away—but the wind rose presently, and began wailing in a most nerve-distracting way in the rocks above me. "S-w-i-s-s-s-h, oo-oo-oo, r-a-h-h-h," a stronger gust would go sweeping past, and then from across the cañon would come a series of faint, mournful sounds, such as sorrowing ghosts might be expected to utter. I began to understand how Dominguez came to lose his mind through his experience in the cañon, and to wish that I were anywhere else, when the wind died

away as suddenly as it had risen, and there was absolute silence. I fell to watching the stars again; the hours dragged slowly by, and at last I fell into a half sleep.

Suddenly I awoke and sat bolt upright, straining my ears for a repetition of the sound that waked me. Soon I heard it again; it was Helen whistling and plunging in fright. He was picketed behind a point of rock where I could not see him. Hastily I felt under my pillow for my revolvers, but could not find them. Helen's snorting and plunging grew more violent with every moment, and at last, fearful lest he break his rope and we lose him, I gave up hunting my revolvers and started running toward him. The moon was now shining brightly, and when I came to where I could see the mule, I saw something else just beyond him, something that brought me to a sudden standstill, and that seemed to freeze the blood in my veins—a beautifully marked piebald pony, its legs moving naturally, but its feet seeming not to touch the ground. And it was moving directly toward me!

Paralyzed with terror, I stood as though grown to the spot; nearer came the pinto, and I tried to yell to Lew, but a harsh rattle was the only sound my throat would make. Quivering with fear, Helen was standing as close to me as he could get, his rope stretched to the breaking point. Now the pinto was passing close beside him, when he suddenly wheeled around, giving a wicked squeal, and, like a streak of lightning, his heels flashed in the moonlight, striking the pony with a surprising crash fairly in the side. Giving a strange grunt, for a pony, the pinto staggered and fell on its side, floundering helplessly; the next moment, however, its side burst open, and a naked Apache Indian sprang out and ran at me, a long-bladed knife glittering in his hand. Instantly my superstitious fears vanished and my muscles regained their power. Unarmed, I turned to run; but my foot tripped, and I fell with the Indian sprawling on top of me. I realized that it was a struggle for my life, and, yelling to Lew at the top of my voice, I grappled with the Apache. Back and forth we rolled and tumbled, I trying to obtain possession of the knife, and be to put an end to my struggling with it, neither gaining any advantage over the other. Minutes seemed hours. Would Lew never hear, I wondered, my breath coming in sharp gasps, my strength almost gone.

How long we fought I can only conjecture; the Indian's powers of endurance were greater than mine, and at last he forced me over on my back, his one hand clutching my throat, his other, grasping the knife, raised to strike. I saw the steel flash and glitter in the moonlight, and a sickening fear shot through me; the knife was in the act of descending, when two shots rang out in quick succession, and it flew to one side, while the Indian sank down on me, quivering in death. The sudden reaction from utter hopelessness to a sense of safety was more than my tortured brain could bear, and I fainted where I lay; the next thing I knew Lew was pouring water on my face, and I saw that day was breaking.

When I recovered sufficiently we made an examination of the pony's hide, finding it partially stuffed with grass which rounded it out, giving it a life-like appearance, though the deception would have been readily detected by daylight. Later in the day, following a faint trail, we climbed up to the cliff village, and found that the Indian had made his home in one of the houses. Scattered about the room were numerous articles taken from the men he had murdered; among these were several rifles and revolvers, but there were no cartridges, which explained why the Indian had made use of his disguise to get near enough to attack with his knife instead of shooting us at long range.

We were not again disturbed in our work, and when we at last exhausted the sands of Ghost Cañon, we left it with a sack of dust that amply paid us for having dared the phantom pinto. Two months later I danced at Lew's wedding.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1900. BOURDON WILSON.

The Government of Colombia has issued a decree abolishing all its legations except those at Paris and Quito, Ecuador. The decree, which went into effect on August 15th, also includes all of the Colombian consulates but those in New York, Paris, Havre, and Liverpool. About twenty consulates are abolished in the United States alone. The campaign of economy has been begun by the Colombian Government for the purpose of collecting sufficient money to defend itself against the revolution, which is by no means ended. Colombia is a rich country. There are several mines being worked by foreign companies with satisfactory results, and prominent Colombians urge the government to dig the gold for the benefit of the people. They also advocate the encouragement of immigration, for the development of the industries of the country. Many freely express their hope for intervention by a foreign power, preferably the United States, and believe that will be the fate of all the South American republics some day.

The Dead Sea, which for thousands of years has been a forsaken solitude in the midst of a desert, is to have a line of motor boats in the future. Owing to the continued increase in traffic and the influx of tourists, a shorter route is to be found between Jerusalem and Kerak, the ancient capital of the land of Moab, and a little steamer, already built at one of the Hamburg docks, is to be put on the Dead Sea. This steamer is said to be one hundred feet long and capable of carrying thirty-four passengers, together with freight of all kinds. The promoters of the new enterprise are inmates of a Greek cloister at Jerusalem. The management of the line is entirely in German hands. The trade of Kerak with the desert is to-day of considerable importance. It is the main town east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The merchants of Hebron are among the chief frequenters of the markets of Kerak.

The largest tunnel in the world is almost completed. It is on the Great Northern railroad through the Cascade Mountains, in Montana, and cost \$4,000,000.

WARWICK CASTLE AND STRATFORD.

Geraldine Bonner Writes of a Flight from London into Rural England—A Countess and Her Guests—Kenilworth and Amy Robsart's View—At Shakespeare's House.

When a hot wave strikes London it is a serious matter, for London is not used to hot waves, and does not know how to cope with them. The ambulance service is as leisurely and dignified as most other things in England, and when an omnibus horse falls down in the street a crowd gathers round, gaping in mute amazement at the singularity of the spectacle. All things considered, the best thing to do in London when a hot wave is on, is to get out with the greatest dispatch possible.

This I did, and after an hour or two's rush in a blazing hot train through a dreamfully rural country, I brought up at Leamington, where all good Americans go to make a pious pilgrimage to Shakespeare's birthplace. Incidentally, there are the ruins of Kenilworth, and Warwick, and Warwick Castle to see, and the Countess of Warwick—who is as well known in the United States as Queen Victoria—to catch glimpses of as she drives a four-in-hand through the demure serenity of Leamington streets. The good Americans appear to have done just what was expected of them, for the hotel register is full of their names, with an occasional English one sandwiched in at long intervals. They have come from all over the republic, and from the Hawaiian Islands, and everywhere else where the Stars and Stripes waves over a restless and energetic people.

On my arrival, yea, even as I alighted from the train, one of the most interesting sights of the locality met my eye. This was the Countess of Warwick, sitting on the driver's seat of a coach, waiting for her guests to drive to the castle. The guests had come down on the train with me, and while we waited at Paddington I had been interested in watching them. They were two pretty women—very gayly dressed and with a good deal of handsome jewelry pinned on their chests and round their necks—and followed about by a little tiger in livery who carried an eider-down cushion in a fitted leather case. The ladies, who made a good deal of disturbance, could not find a suitable carriage, and the little tiger, hanging on to his leather-cushion case, was sent frantically up and down the platform peering into the windows. They did not get in till the train was almost moving, and I found myself in quite an agony for fear they would get left.

The countess was waiting for them just outside the depot railings, perched high upon the box seat of her coach, and holding the reins over the backs of four superb horses. She was dressed in gray, with a large pink hat wreathed with pink roses on her head and some magnificent jeweled brooches at her neck. She is stouter than the average Englishwoman, has a set of fine, clean-cut, handsome features, blonde hair much waved and curled, and is made up as so many fashionable Englishwomen are—almost as openly and naively as a Mexican belle would be. She is undoubtedly very handsome, but would strike an American as looking rather too showy and too brilliantly pink-and-white to be quite in good taste.

But she is a fine whip. The coach loaded with its brightly dressed freight rolled away, the countess gathering up the reins in the most scientific manner, and the two grooms skipping along behind and then scaling up to their places. Away it swung under the great arching trees, the sun spilling down in sudden splashes on the vivid hues of the women's dresses and gaudy parasols, and gleaming on the sleek flanks of the horses. The leaders pranced a little, but finally settled down to work, and the huge, lumbering vehicle went tooling out of sight through the patches of shade and splatterings of sun.

The two days following this were full of a series of beautiful and rare impressions—of pictures, of a rich, still country, lapped in a sense of fullness and ease, of golden fields where the seeded grain was heavy with promise, and the hedgerows emerged from it in thin, green lines; of lazy villages, where little windows squinted out from beneath projecting eaves of thatch and small gardens bloomed riotously; of the stately iron gates of parks and manor-houses that seemed to shut out care and to close fearfully on the storm and stress of the world; of velvety, walled-in gardens, where fruit-trees were trained on the sun-warmed bricks, where strange, sad cedars of Lebanon stretched their jagged branches, and wicker chairs were drawn up in sociable semicircles round despoiled tea-tables.

And above and beyond there were wonderful steppings-back into the old, majestic past—the days of the castle and its little huddling town, of the feudal lord, with his banner stretched over his vassals. A great deal of Warwick Castle is said to be new, but its effect is of a hoary antiquity, and in portions of it the original Norman structure remains. From the exquisite, dreamy placidity of the Avon, its massive walls and grim turrets rise straight, projecting above the bushy, rounded trees that grow thick about its base. To an American, the sight of this stern fortress, rising abruptly from the brimming, dimpling river, with some of the old, twisted streets of the old mediæval town following the lines of its grim battlements, is an inspiring one.

Here time seems to have been arrested. There is no hint of the modern to spoil the picture and the dream. The river, with its faint, blue distances and its slow, teeming current, laps lazily about the austere walls, and makes a sleepy eddy where the old mill still stands in which since the Middle Ages the Earls of Warwick had their corn ground. In the little street that crouches close under the castle's battlements stands a row of antique houses, with high-pitched roofs, windows of tiny leaded panes, and sagging fronts where the great timbers, centuries old, cross and recross the plaster. Gardens run down behind them to the water, and fringe the river's lip with a growth of flowers. Vines shroud them that here and there are cut for small, arched windows to peer through on a world that has changed little since they were opened upon it.

Go a few miles further on, and on a green hill, commanding a noble sweep of country, stand the ruins of Kenilworth. There is nothing new or no affectation of restoration about Kenilworth. Its gaunt red walls rise roofless and bleak. Through the windows where Amy Robsart once looked for Leicester's return ivy grows. The floors where she walked in the long, lonely days when he left her to pursue higher game, have fallen away. The surrounding country must be much the same as it was to her eyes when she gazed through the rows of pointed windows in the hours of her uncertainty and desolation. Only the gate-house at Kenilworth is in repair. And this is kept in some sort of condition and rented. Amid all the grim ruin of its surroundings it stands, a barbaric, rude-looking place, clothed in ivy, with two formidable round towers, and in its windows little frivolous white-muslin curtains that the present lessee has put up. Fancy living in the gate-house of Kenilworth Castle! That is just the sort of thing an enterprising American would love to do.

The day set apart for the pilgrimage to Stratford was ideal. The hot wave had died a natural death a short time before, and the atmosphere had cleared itself with several vigorous thunder-storms. The drive to Stratford, which is ten miles each way, is taken on a coach, drawn by four horses nearly as handsome as Lady Warwick's, with a gentlemanly driver "holding the ribbons"—that, I believe, is the correct phrase—and a guard in scarlet livery and a very long-napped, gray beaver hat, blowing a horn on the back seat.

It was a crystal-clear day, with a soft, fresh breeze blowing. All the country was washed clean by the thunder-storms, and was green and blooming. In the keen, sweet-smelling breeze we bowled along the level English roads, streaked with the shadows of mighty trees, and hard and dustless after the rains. We entered Warwick with a thunder of hoofs, buffeted back from the castle walls, and a long, exhilarating tooting of the horn, upon which our guard was quite a master-player. Through the Old-World quiet streets we rolled, calling little children to doorways, and women to the narrow, leaded casements through which they looked like the bisected figures on stained-glass windows. We swept by the East Gate, with its hoary chapel squatting on top of the gate, rattled down the main street, and drew up spiritedly in a flourish of champing horses and fanfaronades from the horn, at the Warwick Arms. Here we took on two trim American gentlemen, with eye-glasses and straw hats, squeezed them into the back seat, and, with a shrill blast, once more took the road.

That morning drive was a thing to be remembered. The rich, level country, with its air of tranquil fulfillment, brooded in the sun on either side. Hedge-rows crossed and recrossed it, and hugh trees, irregular in outline, old and solemn, threw disks of shade on the cropped meadows. The whole scene suggested the still somnolence of a country that has reached its climax. The rural English landscape has the air of resting after centuries of work, of taking the long, slow breathing spell that comes when age is advancing and the heat and burden of the day are over.

From the country we dashed through little villages, starting the echoes with the call of the horn. Women drew aside the curtains and looked over the ramparts of geraniums in tiny windows that jutted from beneath the thatch. Men paused in work in the fields. The bunches of birds that sudden breezes seemed to catch and scatter about the tops of trees had the appearance of concentrating in agitated throngs over the path of the coach. From our perch we looked into small, overgrown gardens, and here and there, across the sun-burned fields, caught glimpses of the sun on a reach of the sleepy little river.

It was over an hour's drive before we came to the park of the Lucys—Charlescote Hall. This is the same park and house of which the Sir Thomas Lucy of Shakespeare's day was master. The centuries have left no mark on it. The deer crouched under the great oaks and beeches as they may have done when the boy Shakespeare stole after them at night and was caught and sentenced. As we swung by the iron gates, with stone pillars surmounted by the boar's head of the Lucys, an avenue of gnarled old trees opened before us, and at its end we saw the manor-house. That one glimpse of it, its long front and wings flung far on either side of the approaching avenue, left upon one's mind an impression of mellow antiquity, of something crusted over with the deposit of centuries, silvered with lichen and softened with a fine hoar of moss. Its red stone walls showed a bluish bloom, and the casings of yellow stone that held the groups of high, narrow windows seemed to be rusted with the corroding touch of time.

It was mid-day when we came to Stratford, and rolled over its bridge into a town that at the first glimpse was startlingly modern, with the rows of deadly brick houses, as like as peas, that make the modern English suburb. The river threaded its way through these in a few fanciful, shining loops, slid by the new theatre—an exceedingly ugly building—and glimmered away into a blue distance of meadows and trees. The coach rumbled over the bridge, down some birch-lined streets, then suddenly into a main thoroughfare that seemed to have come to life from one of Caldecott's drawings, and drew up at the Red Horse Inn. We were in Stratford, at Washington Irving's inn; and, peering through the arch that led from the street, we could see the litter of a picturesque stable-yard, with hostlers standing about chewing straws.

Stratford is a place to spend a week in. There is too much to see for one visit, unless one has the tourist habit very bad. The tourists are a great trial. They want to see everything in five minutes, and are always determined to crowd to the front. They all carry red Baedekers, from which each one has read something which they desire to impart to anybody who will listen. They are inclined to deride everything they see, and to understand few things. And the worst thing about them is that you never can get away from them. They are everywhere, always pushing into the front, and always looking at their watches to see if

they can squeeze it all into three minutes instead of five. They were thick upon the ground in Shakespeare's birthplace, which we were taken through by a custodian who had not even the slightest bowing acquaintance with the letter A. He had us well in hand, however, for he kept collecting us in a sort of herd, rounding us all up in one room, then locking us in, and escape being impossible, delivering his little speech with solemn deliberation. He made the tourists lose fully three minutes in their tour of the premises, and would have evoked their wrath, if the way he dropped his A's had not roused their mirth. In fact, before we had finished, we were all consumed with laughter.

Even the tourists could not take away the impressiveness of that strange old house, with its uneven floors, its raftered ceiling, and its narrow windows, criss-crossed with tiny lines of lead. The last occupant had been a butcher, who had invited his visitors to inscribe their names on the walls. This they had done with good will, every square inch of the walls and the ceiling being covered with penciled names. In the living-room and the birth-room, above it, are two large fire-places—rude in the extreme—inside which there is place for a small seat, where one might sit and quietly scorch. Here the child Shakespeare may have sat and dreamed his first dreams, while the fire smoldered at his feet, and from the room above the sound of the wool-staplers at work have come and gone as the door was opened and closed.

From Stratford there is a walk of a mile or so before one comes to Shottery, where Anne Hathaway once lived. It is a walk through quiet fields, intersected with hedgerows and shaded by deep-leaved trees. The tourists do not all take it, and one may pass unmolested along its green length, brooding on the thought that it may have been by this very path that Shakespeare went courting the woman with whom it was said he was afterward not happy. But Anne must have presented herself in most attractive guise to the eyes of the youth who was so much her junior. If the house she lived in was then anything like what it is now, it could hardly have failed to be a becoming background.

It looks out on a tangled garden, threaded with little irresolute paths and full of wild growths of fragrant old flowers. A great roof of thatch projects like a hat over its face, here and there cut away to allow a tiny window to open its leaded lattice on the sweets of the garden. Everything about it is irregular—the broad beams that cross its front, the windows that bulge out suddenly in unexpected places, the careless trailings of vines that creep about these sagging casements. Inside, in a low-roofed kitchen, with lines of the primitive small windows, they show you a worm-eaten settee, polished by the use of centuries, which, according to tradition, is the settee upon which Shakespeare wooed the not unwilling Anne. And upstairs, in a room under the thatch, lit by a window like a slit in the wall, they have a carved four-post bed upon which—this statement is also tradition—Anne Hathaway was born. I asked the girl—who claims to be a descendant of Anne's—if it was not the second-best bed that was all Shakespeare left his wife in his will. But she said no; it was Anne's before Shakespeare ever entered her life, which may have been possible, as Mistress Hathaway was a woman of means.

GERALDINE BONNER.

LEAMINGTON, August 2, 1900.

Constructor Richmond P. Hobson has asked for the command of a marine detachment in China, and is ready to assume the duty at once. His request does not meet with much favor in the Navy Department. Rear-Admiral Remy has cabled that he is opposed to the detailing of Hobson for any such duty. He adds that if the constructor is able to undertake active work in the field, he is in a position to return to Manila or Hong Kong, where the services of a constructor are required in making repair work. With Admiral Remy's protest against Hobson's detail for military duty on shore, and the prejudice which exists against Hobson in Washington, he is not apt to have his wishes gratified. He is still at the naval hospital in Yokohama, under treatment for his eyes, and will probably return to this country.

According to the *Chautauquan*, it costs fifty-seven thousand dollars a year to maintain all of the Moody educational enterprises, over and above receipts from hymn-book royalties and tuitions. The latter are low, even below cost, because Northfield is intended to help those students who are compelled from financial considerations to help themselves or go without an education. Every year many sons and daughters of well-to-do families are denied admission. This year the deficit has nearly all been made up, and receipts for the endowment fund are coming slowly but steadily.

The City of Mexico is afflicted with a perennial plague of canines. The *concessionaire* for the killing of vagrant dogs has informed the city council that during the months of May, June, and July last he poisoned 1,527 dogs, and gave them to be incinerated in the San Antonio Tomatlan crematorium. The *concessionaire* recently asked for the renewal of his concession for a period of ten years, and after consultation with the board of health, the city council acceded to the request.

The dignity of Mrs. Caroline Fitzgerald, of Hawk Point, Mo., was subjected to a tremendous strain a few days ago. Mrs. Fitzgerald, who is quite stout, was standing on a barrel while training some vines, when the top of the barrel caved in. In vain her husband tried to extricate her, and he was finally compelled to roll her to the blacksmith-shop, about a quarter of a mile. There the iron hoops were removed, and Mrs. Fitzgerald regained her freedom.

The extensive arid regions of Northern Mexico are to be irrigated by canals from aid extended by the federal and state governments.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

A New Edition of Mrs. Gaskell's Biography of the Novelist, with an Introduction and Notes by Clement K. Shorter.

The "Haworth Edition" of the Brontës, published in six volumes, with preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward, is fully supplemented by a new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's charming "Life of Charlotte Brontë," the most famous of the sisters. The editor, Mr. Clement K. Shorter, does not hesitate to name Mrs. Gaskell's work as worthy to be classed with Boswell's *Josiah* and Lockhart's estimate of Sir Walter Scott, the foremost achievements in English literary biography, and adds in his introduction:

There are those among the critical writers of to-day to whom the name of Charlotte Brontë conveys no magical significance, who have not been thrilled, as Thackeray was thrilled in one generation and Mr. Swinburne in another, by the extraordinary power and genius of the writer, the pathetically dramatic career of the woman. With these it may provoke a smile that any comparison should be instituted between the biography of Charlotte Brontë and the biographies of *Josiah* and of Scott. Her range of ideas was so much more limited, her influence so trivial in comparison, her work, in quantity at least, so far less significant. When this is admitted, the fact remains that Charlotte Brontë wrote ovals which more than forty years after her death are eagerly read; ovals which have now taken an indisputable place as classics, and classics out of a type that is limited to a handful of readers, but which still sell in countless thousands and in edition after edition. Whatever may have been the sorrows of her life, Charlotte Brontë was so far fortunate in death in that her biography was written by the one woman among her contemporaries who had the most genuine fitness for the task. The result was to solidify the reputation of both. Mrs. Gaskell will live by a number of interesting novels, but also by the memoir of her friend. Charlotte Brontë would have lived in any case by her four powerful stories; but her fame has been made thrice secure through the ever-popular biography of her life from the pen of Mrs. Gaskell.

Mrs. Gaskell's book has not failed of a large sale, and, Mr. Shorter admits, does very well as it stands. But he does not find it difficult to justify an annotated edition. He says:

Mrs. Gaskell, writing within a year or two of Miss Brontë's death, was compelled to reticence many of which have long ceased to have weight. Documents have been withheld in many quarters which have since been handed to the present writer, and a number of Miss Brontë's admirers have written books in which they have supplemented in one form or another Mrs. Gaskell's narrative.

The letter in which Mr. Brontë definitely requested Mrs. Gaskell to undertake a biography of his daughter has just been unearthed, and it is published here for the first time. Charlotte Brontë had died on the third of the previous March:

HAWORTH, NEAR KEIGHLEY,
June 16, 1855.

TO MRS. GASKELL, MANCHESTER.—My Dear Madam: Floding that a great many scribblers, as well as some clever and truthful writers, have published articles in newspapers and tracts respecting my dear daughter, Charlotte, since her death, and seeing that many things that have been stated are untrue, but more false (*sic*), and having reason to think that some may venture to write her life who will be ill-qualified for the undertaking, I can see no better plan under the circumstances than to apply to some established author to write a brief account of her life and to make some remarks on her works. You seem to me to be the best qualified for doing what I wish should be done. If, therefore, you will be so kind as to publish a long or short account of her life and works, just as you may deem expedient and proper, Mr. Nicholls and I will give you such information as you may require.

I should expect and request that you would affix your name, so that the work might obtain a wide circulation and be handed down to the latest times. Whatever profits might arise from the sale would, of course, belong to you. You are the first to whom I have applied. Mr. Nicholls approves of the step I have taken, and could my daughter speak from the tomb I feel certain she would lend our choice.

Give my respectful regards to Mr. Gaskell and your family, and, believe me, my dear madam, yours very respectfully and truly,
P. BRONTË.

From the moment that she received Mr. Brontë's request, the author of "Mary Barton" set to work with enthusiasm:

She wrote letter after letter to every friend connected with the Brontë story—to Mr. George Smith, the publisher; to Mr. Smith Williams, that publisher's literary adviser; to Eliza Nussey and Mary Taylor, Charlotte Brontë's old schoolfellows at Roe Head; to Margaret Wooler, her old schoolmistress; and to Laetitia Wheelwright, the friend of her Brussels life. . . . But Mrs. Gaskell's energy did not confine itself to obtaining correspondence. She went to Haworth again and again, staying at the "Black Bull" with her husband. She visited the Chapter Coffee House in Paternoster Row, where Charlotte and Anne Brontë took up their abode on that first hurried rush to Looe. She went to Brussels and had a prolonged conversation with M. Hégar, "and very much indeed I both like and respect him." Never, surely, was a more conscientious effort to produce a biography in which thoroughness and accuracy should have a part with good writing and sympathetic interpretation.

At first, indeed, it seemed as if a perfect success crowned Mrs. Gaskell's efforts. The book was

published in two volumes, under the title of the "Life of Charlotte Brontë," in the spring of 1857. It went into a second edition immediately, the addition of a single foot-note concerning Tabby being the only variation between the two issues. Not only the public but the intimate relatives and friends appeared to be satisfied.

Mr. Brontë was greatly pleased with Mrs. Gaskell's work and, in a letter expressing his gratitude, said:

"With a tenacity of purpose usual with me, in all cases of importance, I was fully determined that the biography of my daughter should, if possible, be written by one not unworthy of the undertaking. My mind first turned to you, and you kindly acceded to my wishes. Had you refused I would have applied to the next best, and so on; and had all applications failed, as the last resource, though over eighty years of age and feeble, and unfit for the task, I would myself have written a short though inadequate memoir, rather than left all to selfish, hostile, or ignorant scribblers. But the work is now done, and done rightly as I wished it to be, and in its completion has afforded me more satisfaction than I have felt during many years of a life in which has been exemplified the saying that 'man is hoarse to trouble as the sparks fly upward.' You have not only given a picture of my dear daughter Charlotte, but of my dear wife, and all my dear children, and such a picture, too, as is full of truth and life. The picture of my brilliant and unhappy son is a masterpiece. Indeed, all the pictures in the work have vigorous, truthful, and delicate touches in them, which could have been executed only by a skillful female hand. There are a few trifling mistakes, which, should it be deemed necessary, may be corrected in the second edition."

Mr. Brontë's satisfaction was not shared by all Mrs. Gaskell's readers, especially those who happened to be personal friends of Mr. Brontë himself, and who resented Mrs. Gaskell's unfavorable portrait of him and her comments on his conduct. For instance, in her third chapter, she wrote of him:

To the days of the Luddites he had been for the peremptory interference of the law, at a time when our magistrate could be found to act, and all the property of the West Riding was in terrible danger. He became unpopular, then, among the mill-workers, and he esteemed his life unsafe if he took his long and lonely walks unarmed; so he began the habit, which he has continued to this day, of invariably carrying a loaded pistol about with him. It lay on his dressing-table with his watch; with his watch it was put on in the morning; with his watch it was taken off at night.

In a note on this passage, Mr. Shorter says that Mr. Nichols, the son-in-law of Mr. Brontë, who is still living, declares that Mr. Brontë, "with some hasty temper, was a good husband and father," and that the pistol-shooting was "merely the harmless recreation of a country clergyman, and that after the fashion of most of his contemporaries he frequently carried a pistol or gun for his protection at night."

As interview with Nancy Garr, one of the Haworth servants, reported in the *Hackneyed* *Herald and Courier*, on September 22, 1882, said:

"Those who have read Mrs. Gaskell's book (and who in this locality has not?) will remember the extraordinary stories she tells of Mr. Brontë's inoffensive temper—of his tearing into shreds a silk dress belonging to his wife, which he did not approve of her wearing; of his sawing off chair-backs and firing off pistols in the back-yard in his tremendous fits of passion. They will remember also her account of the more than Spartan rigor with which he ruled his household, and his cold and unsympathetic conduct toward his gifted children. It is rather singular that Nancy denies nearly all the sensational stories told by the imaginative lady, and maintains strongly that Mr. Brontë had a calm and even temperament, and, though somewhat of a recluse, regarded with the most affectionate solicitude every member of his family, and was always kind and considerate to the humblest of his household. The story of the cutting of Mrs. Brontë's silk dress into shreds, which is repeated by Mr. T. Wemyss Reid's book, is stoutly denied by Nancy, who lived in the house at the time, and therefore, as she energetically observed to us, knew 'all about it better than any book-writer.' The story given by this eye-witness is as follows:

"Mrs. Brontë had bought a huff prior dress, which was made up by her dressmaker in the then fashionable style, with halloo sleeves and a long waist. When Mr. Brontë came in to dinner and saw this new article of dress, which would doubtless strike his unsophisticated mind as being fearfully and wonderfully made, he began to hanker his wife good-humoredly concerning it, commencing with special awe and wonder on the marvelous expanse of sleeve. Mrs. Brontë took all his rallery in good part, and the meal passed off pleasantly enough. In the afternoon the dress was changed and left in the room. In going into the apartment soon after, Mrs. Brontë found the offending garment where she had left it, but, alas! the beautiful halloo sleeves had disappeared. Remembering the hadioage which had passed a few hours before, she was quite aware who had done the ruthless deed, but she does not appear to have bewailed the departed glories of her dress very much, for she soon re-appeared in the kitchen with it, and laughingly held it out to view, exclaiming: 'Look, Nancy, what master has done! Never mind, it will do for you,' and so she handed the beautiful huff print to the delighted Abigail, who would doubtless find the absence of the halloo sleeves a decided advantage. 'Soon after, Mr. Brontë entered the kitchen with a parcel containing a new silk dress, which he had been over to Keighley to buy, and which he presented to his wife in place of the one whose moor-

strous development of sleeve had so strongly moved to action his organ of destructiveness, and thus the tragic business ended, in a manner that would, no doubt, be pleasing to all concerned. Our readers, we are sure, will agree with us in thinking that Nancy's version is decidedly more pleasing than Mrs. Gaskell's, and as she actually saw the occurrence, which is more than that writer or her informant can say, we are inclined to think it more probable, also."

"All the notices I have seen have been favorable," wrote Mrs. Gaskell to a friend on April 15, 1857. "and some of the last exceedingly so. I have had a considerable number of letters, too, from distinguished men, expressing high approval. Mr. Brontë, too, I am happy to say, is pleased."

But within a few weeks Mrs. Gaskell found herself in a veritable "hornet's nest," as she expressed it. She visited Italy the moment her task was completed, and during April and May, of the year 1857, her publishers had to bear the brunt of a considerable number of lawyers' letters. Mr. Carus Wilcox commenced an action about the Cowan Bridge School; Miss Martineau wrote sheet after sheet regarding the misunderstanding between her and Miss Brontë. A Lady Scott (Mrs. Robinson of Thorp Green), whose name had been unpleasantly associated with Brantwell Brontë on the strength of statements in his sisters' letters, wrote through her lawyer demanding an apology. . . . A comparison of the third edition with its predecessors, while it reveals on the one side omissions amounting to a couple of pages, shows also the addition of new letters and of much fresh information.

Mrs. Gaskell sums up her aims in preparing this book so well in a letter to a friend, written in 1857, that she may well be allowed to speak for herself:

"I did so long to tell the truth, and I believe now that I hit as near the truth as any one could. I weighed every line with my whole power and heart, so that every line should go to its great purpose of making her known and valued as one who had gone through such a terrible life with a brave and faithful heart."

The new edition of the "Life" contains a Brontë chronology, an index (for which Mr. Shorter expresses his obligations to Mr. Roger Loggen), a facsimile of the title-page of the first edition, and numerous interesting illustrations, including a portrait of Mrs. Gaskell, views of the Hégar Peasmoat at Brussels, and views of the Haworth of the present day, reproduced from recent photographs, as well as views of the moor, showing Charlotte Brontë's chair and the Brontë Bridge.

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OLD FAVORITES.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 22, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you kindly republish "Dorkins' Night," a poem of some eight or ten verses, telling of an old comedian who seemed to be a "little off" one night, and, after being hissed, made a short speech and asked to be excused, saying: 'I've a little one dying at home'?

Yours truly, JOHN F. ENGLISH.

Dorkins' Night.

The theatre was full, it was Christmas night,
And Dorkins was going to play
A character new to himself and the stage
He'd trod for so many a day.
By eight the theatre was perfectly jammed,
All waiting a pleasant surprise,
For they knew that they'd laugh till their sides
would ache;
And they longed for the curtain to rise.
The curtain arose, the play soon began,
And eagerly watched each eye
For Dorkins to make his first entrance, and then
To give him a cheerful hi! hi!

At length he appeared amid loud applause,
But something was wrong, I could see,
Why "Dorkins is playing quite badly to-night,"
The people said, sitting 'round me,
A hiss! Yes, it was, I saw Dorkins start,
As if stung by a serpent's fang,
And cast a beseeching look around
While his head on his breast he did hang.
He's drunk! some one said, and I thought so
myself,
For to me it was painful at times
To see how he'd struggle along with his part,
And constantly stick in his lines.

At length to the footlights he slowly approached,
And, "Ladies and gentlemen," said,
"If I have not pleased you to-night, my dear friends,
The fault's not the heart, but the head.
There's many a time I've made you all laugh,
When so ill I could scarcely well stand,
When every moment was pain to me, yes!
If even I'd raise but my head.
You've hissed me to-night, and think that I'm
drunk."
From his heart came a sob and a moan,
"I'll tell you the reason, I know you won't laugh,
I've a little one dying at home."
—Bobby Newcomb.

By the death of the Duke of Wellington the English pension list will be eased by \$20,000 a year. That sum included two separate pensions granted to the Iron Duke. The first was in 1810, a pension of \$10,000 a year on account of "the brilliant and decisive victory obtained" by him at Talavera on July 12, 1809, and was given "to Lieutenant-General Lord Viscount Wellington" by George the Third. The second pension of \$10,000 also, was granted in 1812 on Viscount Wellington's advancement to an earldom.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The famous bull-fighter, Lagartijo, a rival of Fraseuelo, Angel Pastor, and Guerrito, and one of the most brilliant *toreros* of his generation, has just died at Cordova.

Sir Thomas Lipton has started a new enterprise. He is trying to organize the Australian wine trade with a view to pressing the colonial wines on the British public, as he did the Ceylon teas.

Henry Guy Carteret is not only a playwright, but also the president of an electric company that does business in a large Broadway office building in New York. The company is devoted to the manufacture of certain of Mr. Carteret's own inventions which are designed to serve a multitude of useful purposes.

The well-known Spanish painter, Joaquin Sorolla, has been awarded a first-class medal in the Paris exposition, and all those who admire his works are pleased at his success. The Madrileños call Sorolla "the painter of the sun," because no one can surpass him in those wonderful scenes of outdoor life painted in full sunshine, brilliant light everywhere, quite dazzling to the eyes, with heavy shadows lying where the light can not penetrate.

Professor Herman V. Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, has just added another to his many discoveries in the archaeology of Babylonia. He has uncovered a library of seventeen thousand tablets which belonged to the great temple of Nippur, one of the oldest seats of religion and civilization in Babylonia. For ten years the University of Pennsylvania has been excavating the ruins of ancient Babylonia, and its collection of those antiquities is the finest of its kind in the world.


Winston Churchill has probably made a better thing out of the Transvaal war than anybody else. He has drawn a larger salary than has ever been heard of before for a war-correspondent. He has accepted an offer of fifty thousand dollars to lecture in this country. His book on "Loodoo to Ladysmith via Pretoria" has had an enormous sale. He has made a journalistic reputation that is worth a big income, he has gained a position as a public man, and he has earned a safe seat in Parliament. All this in his twenties!

The Infanta Eulalia de Bourboon of Spain is completing arrangements with her lawyers and the government to carry out the deed of separation which was agreed to by her and by her husband, Prince Antonio de Mootpensier, in Paris, a short time ago. This separation, which has been arranged without the intervention of the courts of justice, and by mutual consent, will allow the Infanta Eulalia to fix her residence in Spain, and to travel abroad to visit her mother, Queen Isabella, and her sister, Princess Paz, at Munich. She will continue to receive thirty thousand dollars annually, voted by the Cortes, and her marriage settlement allowances.

Countess von Waldersee, the wife of the famous German field-marshal, who is now en route to Chioa, is an American princess not by marriage but in her own right. She is one of the most successful women of America who have married abroad. Her first husband was Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein. To marry her on terms of equality the prince sacrificed his title and royal rights. The emperor of Austria made him Prince of Noer and his wife Princess of Noer. The princess was Miss Reade, of New York, daughter of a wholesale grocer. Her husband was very old at the time of the marriage, and died during the honeymoon, leaving his immense fortune to the widow, who after two years' mourning married the Count von Waldersee. He is one of the most brilliant courtiers in Europe, and has powerful influence with the Kaiser.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Romance of Western Life.

The title of one of the notable books of the summer—"The Girl at the Halfway House," by E. Hough—is not a fair indication of its quality or purpose. The sub-title, "A Story of the Plains," adds little to the phrase that has been chosen to catch the reader's eye, and could have been spared. Many will wonder if this is a case where the publisher has insisted on giving a new name to the author's work—for one who can write with the art and imagination to be found in this book could easily frame a title more in keeping with its varied scenery and changing moods.

The girl at the "halfway house" was a Beauchamp of Virginia, tall and slender, but as fair as any of the daughters of the Southland, and when the war came on it took away her family, her fortune, her home, and her lover. On a morning after a battle a young captain, wearing the uniform of the North, watched the sorrowing people of the captured town going across the field among the dead, seeking for familiar faces, and among them two women—one old and one young—who found what they sought, with tears. The beauty and grace of the younger woman, even among the terrible sights of the battle-field, impressed the young officer, and he did not forget them. Years had passed when the strange course of events brought the two faces to face again, this time away out on the edge of civilization, on the plains of the Great West. The soldier, now a civilian, taking his chance among others who had come from North, East, and South to make a home in this new country, recognized the face and form of the Southern girl, and it seemed to him that a kind fate had brought her once more before him. But the woman was not easily won, for her hope and faith had been buried long before on the field where Southerners met their foes and were outnumbered.

This is the thread of romance that runs through the book, but there are many related interests, other characters worth knowing, many unusual incidents of life, many pictures of strange scenes sketched with a free hand. There is a wealth of accessories in the story, but they are never too much in the foreground. The freedom and the bondage of a region being subdued by pioneers are shown as few have had the power to depict them, and the artist wins the audience from the story-teller with seemingly little effort. The story will be read with appreciation by those who know the West and its most picturesque aspects, and to those who have never seen the country it may be recommended as a study. Its figures are not imaginative, its colors are true to life. It is a more attractive work than Mr. Hough's earlier book, "The Story of the Cowboy," and this is high praise.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Trend of National Politics.

It is no easy task that Paul S. Reinsch has attempted in "World Politics at the End of the Nineteenth Century, as Influenced by the Oriental Situation," but he has acquitted himself with credit. The multiplicity of significant facts and considerations to be examined in such a study make it impossible for the author to do more than suggest them, and even in this the effort to stifle prejudice and refrain from premature conclusions is not to be sustained with ease. His view is comprehensive, his summaries are well digested, his reasoning is clear, and his deductions are stated with no show of partisanship.

The plan of the work, as stated in the preface, is a recommendation, and suggests the practical methods of the author. The first part is an introduction, under the title, "The Transition from Nationalism to National Imperialism," in which the political methods of the new national imperialism, the consequences of the policy, the great powers as colonizers, and the connection between colonization and imperialism, are examined. The opening of China is the subject of the second division of the book, and the social and political characteristics of the Chinese are noted, and the actual interests acquired by foreign nations and their political influence stated with precision. The consequences of the opening of China, German imperial politics, the position of the United States as a factor in Oriental politics, and the influence of imperialism on home affairs in the United States, are treated in the chapters following. Figures and tables are presented in some instances, but there is no forbidding frequency of dry statistical work, though exact statement is aimed at throughout. The work is readable from cover to cover, and this is of itself a mark of excellence.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Friendly Critic of California.

A volume which bears every mark of sincerity, yet holds many biting criticisms of California institutions, methods, and people, is "Why a Rich Yankee Did Not Settle in California," by Addison Aves, Jr. It contains a score or more of sketches and essays, each one filled with admiration for the blessings of nature to be enjoyed in the Golden State, but frankly condemning the manners and mores of classes and individuals with whom the

author has come in contact. Corruption in politics, even extending to officials and courts, is the chief cause of offense, in his view, but there are other faults, some regarded as certain marks of degeneracy frequently recurring.

In spite of its pessimistic tone and repeated warnings, there are some pleasing pictures in the book. The writer finds men and women, as well as scenery and climate, that are really worthy of his praise, and his heart warms to them. There are a number of illustrations, scenes of natural beauty, and the volume is well printed on heavy paper.

Published by Cubery & Co., San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Early this month D. Appleton & Co. expect to publish the long-interrupted "Life and Letters of Huxley," edited by the naturalist's son, Leonard Huxley. The letters are so voluminous and cover so great an extent of Huxley's long career that they make an almost complete autobiography.

The new book by Henry James, "The Soft Side," which the Macmillans will bring out within a few weeks, is not a novel, as has been reported, but a collection of the author's typically long short stories.

It is reported that Mrs. Stephen Crane will finish the novel on which her husband was engaged at the time of his death. Robert Barr was supposed to have accepted the task, but it is said he has too much work on hand of his own just now to be able to do so.

The dramatization of popular novels seems to be a feature of the coming theatrical season. That managers are keen for material for good plays is indicated by the fact that the publishers of the *Century Magazine* have already received applications for dramatic rights in "The Helmet of Navarre," of which only the first installment has been printed.

Gilbert Parker has lately completed the first novel he has written in more than two years. It is called "The Lane That Has No Turning," and, like so much of his work, it deals with life in Quebec.

Cubery & Co. have just published a volume entitled "Why a Rich Yankee Did Not Settle in California," by Addison Aves, Jr., son of a Revolutionary sire.

Emile Zola's new novel, "Work," will probably be ready for publication early next spring, if no unforeseen difficulties arise over the translation. This is the second of the series which the novelist calls "Les Quatre Evangelis."

Richard Marsh, who is still best remembered as the author of "The Beetle," has written a new story entitled "The Goddess."

London papers are beginning to note the fact that there seems to have been a decided fall in the market value of first editions of Kipling's early works. Four months ago the "United Services College Chronicle" for the years 1878-94 fetched, approximately, \$145, and it is not so very long since "Schoolboy Lyrics" sold at auction for upward of \$675. According to the *London Mail*, these same volumes sold in London, a few days ago, for £5 7s. 6d. and £3 5s., respectively.

Rider Haggard's new story, "Lysbeth: A Tale of the Dutch," will run as a serial in the magazines before appearing in book form.

The Century Company will issue in October "The Golden Book of Venice," a romance by Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, of Baltimore. It is a story of Venice at the time of its greatest glory.

A volume by Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool," will soon be brought out by D. Appleton & Co. It consists of a collection of short stories, entitled, "Some Women I Have Known."

Another religious novel is soon to appear. It is called "A Woman of Yesterday," and it comes from Caroline A. Mason, author of "A Minister of the World," "The Minister of Carthage," and other novels.

Morley Roberts's latest book, "The Fugitives," which is now being serialized in the newspapers, will be issued in book-form at once. The escape of Winston Churchill from Pretoria is one of the many episodes of the Boer war that Mr. Roberts has utilized in his latest novel. It may be remembered that the central figure of his last story, "The Colossus," was none other than Cecil Rhodes.

Some time ago the proprietor of one of the magazines wrote to a number of newsdealers, asking them to find out why people bought the magazine, and why they did not; what they liked, and what they did not like; and here are some of the answers he got: (1) Confederate veteran, found inaccuracy in war story. (2) Answered an advertisement on the back pages and got swindled. (3) It has too many pictures. (4) It has not enough pictures. (5) It contained a story that made fun of the Irish. (6) It never prints anything about New Orleans. (7) It refused one of my jokes. (8) It comes on Friday, and am afraid it gives me bad luck. (9) Our preacher says he did not think much of it. (10) It has too many love tales; can not get it away from the women folks. (11) Do not like the color of the cover.

INTAGLIOS.

What is Life?

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark-brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face and fair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate, and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within his laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time fashioned store.

A little family gathering round;
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his soil,
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair;
A little stool and easy-chair;
A little night of earth-lit gloom;
A little cortege to the tomb.—Anon.

"Ashes to Ashes."

I would not vex thy quiet sleep
Nor hurt thee with my tears,
Who liest silent through the sweep
Of downward rushing years.

The stillness wraps thee well around,
And massive halls of Death
Enclose thee where there breaks no sound,
Of downward rushing years.

O, brother of the shadows drear,
Brave aspirant to light,
No yearning, quivering zeal shall bear
Thy thoughtless, dreamless night.

Thy wounds all covered in with earth
Thy heart sealed up in mold,
Thy fitful, fitting day of dearth
Is pitifully told.

I would not vex thy quiet sleep,
Through downward rushing years;
Yet for my loneliness here, I weep,
And for my tears, shed tears.
—Clarence Wellford in East and West.

The Deserted House.

Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving doors and windows wide—
Careless tenants they!
All within is dark as night;
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.
Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark, deserted bouse.
Come away. No more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.
Come away—for Life and I thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!
—Alfred Tennyson.

When at the Last.

When at the last I lay me down to sleep,
And of the morrow's dawning reckon not,
When night no more, no more may vigil keep,
And love's brief noon is but a dream forgot,—
Back to the Past, its sad and variant ways,
Be Thou the warder of my yesterdays.

Amid the paths long lost, or sought too late,
Where waywardness hath wandered, love been blind,
If there be one that lieth clear and straight—
Unseen, perchance forgot—Thou mayest find
Even in that perverse, perplexing maze,
The white thread shining 'mid my yesterdays.

So oft hath love's torch wavered, love's feet failed,
Were the vain reckoning mine 'twere but to weep;
Blind Thou the sight by memory assailed,
When at the last I lay me down to sleep,
And through Time's deep and labyrinthian ways
Crown Thou some moment in my yesterdays!
—Virginia Woodward Cloud in the Bazar.

Max Pemberton has written a romantic novel full of "Russian social and political intrigue," called "The Footsteps of a Throne."

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LITERARY NOTES.

An American Who Played with Garrick.

The romance of a girl who grew to womanhood in a secluded home in the Central New York of King George's time, and then went to London to study for the stage with Garrick, and later to play Juliet to the old actor's Romeo, fills the volume by Pauline Bradford Mackie which is named "A Georgian Actress." There are mysteries of birth and inheritance in the story, and tangles of desire and interest that are not straightened until the reader reaches the closing chapters, but the greatest charm is found in the ways and words of winsome Ann, the daughter of Sir William Johnson. The dreary days of her childhood, in a house in the forest, cared for and educated by stately old Mme. Van Vrankin, surrounded by negro and Indian servants, and never seeing a white man beside her father, are described with thorough knowledge and appreciation of a girl's fancies. When the scene changes to England there are telling pictures of the manners and fashions of the time, portraits of the king, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and other eminent personages, and some pleasing reminiscences of early theatrical history.

The ending of the story is as it should be, for the lover who was left to grieve in the New World comes across the sea and takes to his arms the actress who has grown weary of her triumphs. The romance holds the reader's interest from the first, for the author has written with skill and no little power. It is distinctive in the scenery of its opening chapters, in the color that brightens its pictures of early days, and in its intimate acquaintance with the language and modes of the English world of fashion under George the Third.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Thomas Jefferson's Opinions Classified.

Nearly ten thousand extracts from the writings of Thomas Jefferson on important topics of permanent interest are presented in "The Jeffersonian Cyclopaedia," a solid volume of a thousand pages, just from the press. This work, which has been prepared under the editorship of John P. Foley, represents a vast amount of thoroughly informed labor, and its value is far beyond that of any ordinary collection of writings. The quotations given have been carefully authenticated, and they are arranged alphabetically by topics and allow of ready reference to any opinion of Jefferson, with full credit to the document from which they are taken, and with cross references to all related statements in his papers or letters.

Such a cyclopaedia has long been desired. It not only renders immediately accessible all the stores of learning and wisdom that the sage of Monticello left to the world, but rescues from obscurity many opinions and passages that otherwise might have lapsed from all memory. The editor's work is worthy of sincere commendation. His references are full and exact, and the cross notes practically exhaustive. In addition to the opinions, which include almost everything that Jefferson ever wrote, there is a chronology giving the dates of all the important events in the great statesman's life, seven fine engravings of portraits by celebrated artists, of two statues, and a view of Monticello. The volume is invaluable to students of American history.

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$7.50.

New Publications.

A worthy addition to the New Century Series is "Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene for High Schools," by Henry F. Hewes, A. B., M. D. There are a number of new features in the work. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Mary J. Safford has translated from the German of Wilhelm Walloth a romance of the reign of Nero, entitled "Empress Octavia." The story has many well-drawn pictures of old Rome, and its portrait of Nero, his empress, and their intimates is striking. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

In the Day's Work Series of thoughtful, inspiring essays, some of the recent issues are, "Making the Most of Social Opportunities," by Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead; "Now," by Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie; and "On the Training of Lovers," by Austin Bierbower. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, 35 cents each.

In the Temple Classics Series the latest issue is "Tully's Offices, Turned Out of Latin into English by Roger L'Estrange," reprinted from the first edition of 1680. The vocabulary and notes at the close of the volume are rich in biographical references. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

There are eight stories of Western life in "The Jimmyjohn Boss, and Other Stories," by Owen Wister, and each one is racy, swift in movement, and terse in expression, like the characters it presents. The first relates the experience of a boy superintendent sent to take charge of a ranch belonging to Vogel & Lex, the cattle kings of Oregon, Nevada, and California, and it is worthy of its place

at the head of the list, though the reader will not miss willingly any of those that follow. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

The adventures and observations of a lady who traveled without a white companion from the mouth of the Zambezi to the great Lake Tanganyika, are set down in "A White Woman in Central Africa," by Helen Caddick. The author's courage and endurance outrank her descriptive powers, but the book is not uninteresting, and its illustrations are of novel scenes. Published by the Cassell Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Trusts: What Can We Do with Them? What Can They Do for Us?" is the temporizing title of a volume by Hon. William Miller Collier, which is not even a good argument from the trust standpoint. The author has avoided the difficulties of his subject, though with little skill, and his assumptions are stated with such weakness that they invite denial. Published by the Baker & Taylor Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The First Book of Birds," by Olive Thorne Miller, is a handsome, entertaining, and instructive volume. Its author is known as one of the best-informed and most enthusiastic of bird-lovers, and all her stories and essays are attractive to those who have feathered friends. In this, the school edition, there are eight beautiful colored plates and twelve plain engravings of the birds described. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 60 cents.

Eleven volumes of the Larger Temple Shakespeare have come from the press, six of which have been noticed in these columns. Volume VII. contains the second and third parts of "King Henry VI." and the tragedy of "King Richard III." The frontispiece is a fine engraving of Richard from the picture in the National Portrait Gallery. Volume VIII. is made up of "King Henry VIII.," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Coriolanus." A portrait of King Henry ornaments the volume. Volume IX. contains "Titus Andronicus," "Romeo and Juliet," "Timon of Athens," and "Julius Caesar." The frontispiece is a portrait of Francis Bacon. The tenth volume holds "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "King Lear," and a fine portrait of Philip Massinger. Volume XI. presents "Othello," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Pericles," and has a portrait of Samuel Daniel. The editorial and typographical excellences of this edition are noteworthy. The type is large and clear, the margins wide, the paper opaque and strong. There are numerous illustrations, notes, and glossaries. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, per volume, \$1.50.

A Practical Joke.

By way of practical joke, says the *Academy*, in telling a fable about American publishers, a type-written copy of Scott's "Ivanhoe" was recently sent round to the publishers under the title "When John Was England's King." It was returned in every case, among the letters of rejection being the following:

"Messrs. Macmillan & Co. regret to have to return 'When John Was England's King'; but they fear that interest in historical fiction is diminishing. Their reader's report of the story is in the main favorable, but be points out that the charge of imitating 'The Forest Lovers,' one of Messrs. Macmillan's recent publications, might, perhaps, be difficult to rebut. In his opinion, the author of 'When John Was England's King' would, perhaps, have made a better and more readable book had he studied Mr. Hewlett more carefully."

"Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton must decline 'When John Was England's King' in its present form, but if a few modifications were made, they feel that the story might be very popular and profitable. The author, they would suggest, might advantageously substitute a Christian girl for the Jewess Rebecca, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton having noticed, in their long experience, that there is more money in Christianity than in Hebraism, at any rate in books. They would also recommend an infusion of Scotch dialect; and a pathetic scene between Ivanhoe and his mother—if it could be arranged—would, they feel convinced, add to the story's vogue."

"Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. would willingly publish 'When John Was England's King' if the author would make a few alterations. They beg to bring to his notice the accompanying works by Mr. Guy Boothby, an acceptable writer in their employ, and to suggest that he should adapt the story to the minds of Mr. Boothby's numerous readers. By giving Ivanhoe more dash and address, by modernizing and accelerating the style, and removing much of the antiquarian padding, this effect would, they feel sure, be attained."

"Mr. John Murray begs to return the manuscript of 'When John Was England's King,' and to quote a passage from his reader's report thereon: 'I do not recommend this novel, although it is painstaking and thorough. The author would, I think, have been wiser had he chosen another name for his hero. Ivanhoe has already been used by Sir Walter Scott.'"

"Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. thank the author of 'When John Was England's King' for the offer of his story as a serial for the *Cornhill Magazine*, but are obliged reluctantly to return it, having made arrangements for a number of serials by Mr. S. R. Crockett."

P. S.—The foregoing correspondence is, of course, absolutely fictitious.

ALFRED AUSTIN ON DANTE.

"The Loveliest Single Passage in Poetry."

Alfred Austin, the English poet laureate, in a paper read lately before the Dante Society of London, finds one of Dante's chief titles to fame in his marvelous realistic treatment of the ideal, so that we yield credence wholly and absolutely to the magic of his imaginings. "Read where you will in the pages of the 'Divina Commedia,'" he remarks, "you will find this is one of the main causes of its hold on the attention of the world." But of all its wondrous passages, remarks the poet laureate, the love-story of Paolo Malatesta and Francesca da Rimini, "told in such exquisite accents, so veiled in music, so transfigured by verse, that even the sternest moralist, I imagine, can hardly bring himself to call it illicit," is the most alluring. Concerning this passage in the fifth canto of the "Inferno," he writes in the *National Review*:

"I confess I think it the loveliest single passage in poetry ever written; yes, lovelier even than anything in Shakespeare, for it has all Shakespeare's genius, and more than Shakespeare's art; and I compassionate the man or woman who, having had the gift of birth, goes down to the grave without having read it. There is no such other love-story, no such other example of the *lacryme rerum*, the deep abiding tearfulness of things. Nothing should be taken from, nothing can be added to it. To me it seems sacred, like the Ark of the Covenant, that no one must presume to touch; and I own I tremble as I presume, here and there, to attempt, unavailingly, to translate it. It was my good fortune to be in Florence in the month of May, 1865, when the City of Flowers, the City of Dante, which then seemed peopled with nightingales and roses, was celebrating the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of her exiled poet; and those of us who loved him assembled in the Pagliano Theatre to hear Ristori, Salvini, and Rossi repeat, to the accompaniment of living pictures, the best-known passages of the 'Divina Commedia.' One of those supreme elocutionists, who still lives, recited the story of Paolo (*sic*) and Francesca; and from her gifted voice we heard of the *tempo d'edolci sospiri* and *i dubbiosi desiri*, the season of sweet sighs and hesitating desires, the *dilatato riso*, the longed-for smile, the trembling kiss, the closing of the volume, and then the final lines of the canto:

"Mentre che l'uno spirito questo disse,
L'altro piangeva sì, che di pietade
To venni men così com' io morisse:
E caddi, come corpo morto cade."

"While the one told to us this dolorous tale,
The other wept so bitterly that I
Out of sheer pity felt as like to die;
And down I fell, even as a dead body falls."

"This unmatched tale of tender transgression and vainly penitential tears almost reconciles us to the more abstract description of punishment that precedes it, and the detailed account of pitiless penalty that follows it, in succeeding cantos; and the absolute fusion of the ideal and the real in the woe of the story imparts to it a verisimilitude irresistible even by the most unimaginative and incredulous. Rimini, Ravenna, Malatesta, are names so familiar to us all that any story concerning them would have to be to the last degree improbable to move our incredulity. But who is it that is not prepared to believe in the sorrows of a love-tale?

"Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

"It is the greatest of all masters of the human heart, the greatest and wisest teacher concerning human life, who tells us that; and Dante, who in this respect is to be almost as much trusted as Shakespeare himself, makes Francesca, with her truly feminine temperament, say:

"Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,
Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,
Che come vedi, ancor non m'abbandona."

"Love that compels all who are loved to love,
Entangled both in such abiding charm,
That, as you see, he still deserts me not."

"As we hear those words, it is no longer Rimini, Ravenna, Malatesta, Paolo, Francesca, that arrest our attention and rivet it by their reality. We are enthralled by the ideal realism, or realistic idealism, call it which you will, of the larger and wider world we all inhabit, of this vast and universal theatre, of whose stage Love remains to-day, as it was yesterday, and will remain forever, the central figure, the dominant protagonist."

Julian Ralph, who is now at his home in Kensington, West London, although still suffering from the injuries received in South Africa, is glorying in the fact that his misfortunes give him plenty of time for literary work. At present he is engaged upon the collection of all his later war letters for a second volume, which will probably be called "Scenes and Stories of War." He is also writing a novel, which will deal with what women are doing and can do in America; and, finally, he has in preparation a book for those who wish to enter journalism, which will bear the title "The Delightful Art of Writing for the Papers." Mr. Ralph recently wrote to a friend in this city:

"I am quite as proud of having received the M. A. degree from Middlebury College as of anything that has ever happened to me. The Civil War, which broke up my father's fortune, rendered it impossible for me to go to college, and for a college to grant me one of its honors is a delight, and would be a supreme one were I quite certain that a lifetime devoted to the study of English and to conscientious work of a modest character entitled me to it."

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Care of the Face, the Hands, the Feet, the Hair, the Teeth, the Eyes, the Ears.
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If Henry Arthur Jones were to rewrite "The Silver King," his first care would be to combine a number of incidents bearing directly upon the plot of the play, to dispense with others that in no way help on the action, and so do away with the frequent changes of scene which mark the crudity and youth of his playwright-hood. There are fourteen scenes and five acts in the melodrama, which could easily be condensed into nine curtain changes and four acts. But Henry Arthur Jones is engaged in doing better things. "The Silver King," to judge by its reception at the Grand Opera House this week, will still be accepted enthusiastically, despite all its faults, and the sins of his artistic adolescence, of which playwright Jones long ago repented, will, like the dead abolitionist's soul, still go marching on.

Though "The Silver King" develops entirely along melodramatic lines, with no particular attention given to character-drawing, Jones has given a hint, in the little scene before the inn, at the rural railway station at Gaddesden, of the perception of characterization which is used very effectively in the drawing of Blenkarn's younger daughter and her bucolic lover in "The Middleman." Parkyn, Binks, and Jennings are the touch of art which makes the two sorts of audiences, which the Grand Opera House attracts these days, kin. There is humor and differentiation of character in these three quaint villagers. In the hurry and rush of his fourteen scenes, with their burden of stolen jewels, of false charges of murder, of robbers who lead a gentleman's life when unoccupied with crime, of desperate characters, of great-hearted hero and white-souled heroine, the one literary touch in Mr. Jones's improbable drama is lost. Apart from this, there is nothing in "The Silver King" that could prophesy the successful dramatist Mr. Jones is to-day, except a skillful bit of construction in the earlier part of the play, which leaves the hero's guilt or innocence a thing of doubt in his own mind, and fixes his murderous intention in the minds of those about him.

The character which stands out most nearly like nature in the garish, lime-lit world of this melodrama is that of Jaikes, the old servant. Even at the time Henry Arthur Jones wrote "The Silver King" there was nothing novel in the idea of the "faithful retainer." It is a captivating bit that appeals to the gallery in its exploitation—the loyal, honest serving-man. But Jones has given Jaikes some of the few good lines in his play to speak, and has added a touch or two of mild, grandfatherly humor which rescues the character from the crude indefiniteness of melodrama. It will seem an odd circumstance, to those who have seen Henry Roberts only as the rather wooden *jeune premier* during this engagement with the Frawley Company, to hear that his is the success of the "Silver King's" presentation. The faults of his interpretations, the stiffness, the incompleteness, were noticeably absent in his impersonation of Jaikes; and in the scene of the threatened eviction, in which he was surrounded by all the unblushing crudities of faulty melodrama, he seemed a quite real and human figure as he ambled forth in his quest of a shilling to buy food for his starving mistress and her traditional sick child. In Harry Corbett, the clerk of the man whose murder furnishes the motive of the play, there is another bit of naturalness. In the first act, particularly, this tipsy young weakling, who yearns to prove that he can "spend his money like a gentleman," is a convincing character as embodied in the good-looking youth, Clarence Chase.

Old Tabitha Durden, who has buried three husbands and yet would like another, is a worthy little sketch, and Phosha McAllister plays the one-act part carefully and quaintly, bringing out all that it has in it of humanness. Harrington Reynolds, Mathieu, and Duffield could do no more with the "Spider," Geoffrey Ware, and the detective. Theirs are ungrateful, stereotyped rôles, cast hard and unyielding in a mold that could turn out but one pattern, and that a very bloodless one. "Father Christmas," Cripps, the heroine, and Olive, the wife of the arch villain, are underdone in the play and overdone in the performance. Wilton Lackaye, who plays the part of the sinning and sinned-against hero, performs his task in a manner to astonish those who admired the artistic excellence of his work in "Tribby," "The Children of the Ghetto," and "The Middleman." Were Mr. Lackaye a member of a stock company whose star was a fire-engine, or a sawmill, or a life-like train of cars, or a steamboat warranted to explode in full view of the audience, he could not have made a worse Wilfred Denver. To be sure, no one could put life into a mechanical suit for stage purposes only, such as is the hero of "The Silver King." The part is

merely a peg on which to hang impossibilities. But by exaggeration of facial make-up and melodramatic posing, Mr. Lackaye amazed and disappointed those among his audience who know his excellence when attempting better things. The one praiseworthy feature in his impersonation is his voice. The voice was the voice of Lackaye, but the face and the figure and the lines, whose were they? Some melodramatic scarecrow's, to whom Lackaye would do better to leave the field altogether. The man who could play Reb Shemuel, Svengali, and Cyrus Blenkarn is too good for "The Silver King." By keeping that fact in mind, Lackaye's friends may in time forgive this excellent actor for the unpleasant impression which his last impersonation has made.

With the exception of the great Wagnerian song-dramas, an opera has never been written so full of expressive, characteristic music, so replete with melody, every line of which develops the story, as Verdi's "Masked Ball." And yet, when the tragedy comes at the end of the fifth act, it leaves one utterly unimpressed. The reason must be that the composer has so steeped incident and situation in the champagne of sparkling melodies as to intoxicate one's emotions, and so render the tragic plot comparatively innocuous. One's musical sub-consciousness holds fast the storm of music in which the wronged husband's jealousy breaks forth; and the impression left by the sombre, half-grotesque mystery of the songs of the sorceress is vivid and strong. But what are these two grave notes in a musical story bubbling over with mirth, permeated with the spirit of the light, frivolous court of a petty prince? The very conspirators and their murderous designs upon the life of Count Ricardo are lost to one's musical memory long, long before the sound of their mocking laughing-song (when the identity of the count's sweetheart is discovered) ceases to haunt one's ear. Even the delightful trio and quintets in the second and fourth acts are less one's composite song-picture of "The Masked Ball" than the tripping, saucy gayety of the page's song.

The Tivoli's production of the opera is the artistic success of its grand-opera season. Not once does it touch the high-tide mark of Salassa's Iago, but for an even-balanced, thoroughly charming performance, not on the heights of operatic production, but in the pleasant upper musical levels, this year's "Masked Ball" will linger as a gracious memory. The choruses are excellent. The orchestra is working these days as one man, and a very musical man.

None of the Tivoli's alternatives is great. But it is a very capable band of stars of lesser magnitude that twinkle every other night, when Salassa's and Avedano's names are not on the programme. If to the charm of a voice surprisingly fresh and sweet, a graceful little figure, and a manner piquant and pleasing, the fairy god-mother who watches over singers had added a beautiful face, Signorina Italia Vittoria Repetto's personality would have been one of the most irresistible on the stage to-day. But the fairy god-mothers of singers rarely add the last gracious gift of facial beauty. It may be that they themselves are form and color blind, and so unable to do their god children more generously. As it is, Signorina Repetto makes of Oscar, page to Ricardo, Count of Warwick and Governor of Boston, the delightfully light, agreeable stage picture Verdi intended when he wrote his most charming melodies, airy, golden bubbles of music for the page to sing. In the scene at the masked ball, particularly when the page is disguised as a woman, the unacknowledged quality of Repetto's voice furnishes precisely the note required. She sings with an air of enjoyment of the coquettish melody that relieves the strain of the approaching tragedy. And if there be a personal success where it is the *ensemble* rather than overtowering, disproportionate individual merit that pleases, Repetto carries off the honors of "The Masked Ball." Perhaps it is Russo's lack of physique that makes his audience take the death of Count Ricardo so philosophically. Of course it is a death, a stage death, but such a small one! The little tenor has a delightful voice, round, full, mellow, most effective in *pianissimo* and *staccato* passages. When he fills his little chest and sends a forced, unmusical note straight at the head of the unconcerned, spectacled lime-light man who sits aloft in serene unconsciousness; when he strikes a false color note, wearing purple with his deep-blue costume; when greed for the fullest conception makes his audiences wish that Russo were bigger, physically and temperamentally, they have but to wait a moment before the easy, full-throated song of the tenor regains all its charm. Signorina Lia Polletini sings the expressive, almost cabalistic music of the sorceress in a clear, strong contralto, true and resonant. Ferrari's voice, whose powers are taxed by the difficult rôle of Renato, was firmer and surer in the fourth act than in the first. The *tremolo*, which detracts from the effectiveness of Miss Lieber's voice, and in a less degree from Ferrari's, has the same fatiguing quality to the ear that bad animatograph pictures have to the eye. Yet Ferrari does some excellent work in "The Masked Ball," considering the unusual amount of singing Renato has to do. Nicolini's fine basso found its opportunity at the close of the third act. But it is in the rendering of the charming quintets that Repetto, Russo, Lichter, Ferrari, and Nicolini most delight their audiences.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Clay Clement in "A Great Obstacle."

The farewell performance of Henry Miller and his excellent company in "The Only Way" at the Columbia Theatre to-night (Saturday) promises to be a gala occasion, for the entire house is sold out, and standing-room will be at a premium. Next week Clay Clement and L. R. Stockwell will produce Charles Dickens's "No Thoroughfare," which has been carefully adapted by these popular actors, and renamed "A Great Obstacle." Mr. Clement will have an excellent opportunity to do some strong acting as Jules Ohenreizer, the scoundrelly Swiss, who is scheming for a fortune and who does not disdain to do murder in the accomplishment of his purpose, while Mr. Stockwell will appear as Joey Ladle, a humorous rôle, which he created many years ago when he was a member of Charles Fechter's company. Two picturesque stage-settings are promised, one a striking scene in the Alps and another representing a well-stocked wine-cellar.

Wilton Lackaye's Farewell Week.

The last week of Wilton Lackaye's engagement at the Grand Opera House is to be devoted to a revival of the two plays in which he has scored his greatest successes in recent years. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and at the special Labor Day matinee he will, be seen as Reb Shemuel, the rabbi, in "The Children of the Ghetto," and on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and Saturday and Sunday matinees he will repeat his powerful impersonation of the hypnotic, Svengali in "Tribby." Mary Van Buren will appear for the first time as Hannah in Zangwill's play, and in the title-rôle of "Tribby."

The Frawleys are making great preparations for an elaborate production of "Quo Vadis," a different version from the one already presented in this city, in which Adgie and her lions will be a feature of the arena scene.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Among the new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Howe, Wall, and Walters, instrumental musicians and comedians, who will introduce a novel skit; Gertrude Mansfield and Caryl Wilbur in George H. Emerick's legitimate comedy sketch, "A Bird and a Bottle"; Westman and Wren, who will appear in a rural playlet entitled "In Hayin' Time"; and little Frances Keppler, a child-artist, who has made a hit in the East with her clever character impersonations.

Those retained from this week's bill will be the Tobins, Lavendar and Thomson, the Biograph, the Joscary Troupe, and Lew Hawkins, the droll monologist, who is far ahead of any humorist who has been seen at the Orpheum in a long time. His song, "I Don't Care If I Never Wake Up," and his parody on "The Blue and the Gray" are enthusiastically applauded, his fish and card stories are capital, and told in an especially fetching manner, while his budget of jokes and gags are up-to-date and without the usual sprinkling of vulgarity.

"Ernani" and "Carmen" at the Tivoli.

The sixth week of the grand opera season at the Tivoli Opera House is to be devoted to Verdi's "Ernani" and Bizet's "Carmen." The cast for "Ernani" will include Russo as the bandit chief, Ferrari as Don Carlos of Spain, Nicolini as Don Silva, Zani as Don Ricardo, and Effie Stewart as Elvira.

In "Carmen," which is to be the bill on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights and Saturday matinee, Frances Graham and Lia Polletini will alternate in the title-rôle; Anna Lichter and Italia Repetto will alternate as Michaela; Salassa will be Escamillo, the *toreador*; and Barron Berthald, who joined the company during the week, in "Tannhäuser," will be heard as Don José; William Schuster, Quinto Zani, and A. Mesmer will have the minor rôles.

Grand Opera at the California Theatre.

The California Theatre will re-open its doors on Saturday, September 8th, when the Azzali Opera Company will make its first appearance in this city. The *personnel* of the company, which has been touring South America with success, will be given next week. Among the operas to be produced are Giordano's "Fedora," Massenet's "Manon Lescaut," Boito's "Mephisto," Puccini's "La Bohème," Verdi's "Falstaff," and "Forza del Destino," as well as "Ruy Blas," "Favorita," and "Fra Diavolo."

Ocean travel, notwithstanding the attraction of the Paris Exposition, has seemingly run itself down to low-water mark. The booking by the North German Lloyd liner *Aller*, for Southampton, Cherbourg, and Bremen was so small that the company transferred the passengers to the Cunard Line, and they helped to make up the complement of the steamship *Campania*. As a result of this deal, the North German Lloyd Liner simply crossed the Atlantic as a freighter.

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MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE

The New Frawley Company. Last Two Nights of "The Silver King." Next Week, Beginning Monday, Sept. 3d. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday Matinée, "Children of the Ghetto." Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and Saturday and Sunday Matinees, "Tribby." Farewell Week of Wilton Lackaye.

Next Play—"Quo Vadis." Prices—10c, 25c, 50c. A Few Front Rows in Orchestra, 75c. Matinees—10c, 25c, 50c. Branch Ticket-Office, Emporium.

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STUART ROBSON'S REMINISCENCES.

Anecdotes of William E. Burton, Laura Keane, Mrs. John Wood, and ex-President James Buchanan.

People of this generation will never understand what a terrible prejudice there was against the theatres in this country in the early 'fifties, says Stuart Robson, the popular actor, who is contributing a series of papers to *Everybody's Magazine* entitled "Fifty Years of My Life." Even the most daring were a little bit timid about being seen in one of those "sinful" places of amusement. Some of them, particularly venturesome, would say, "If you'll go, I'll go." The theatrical managers, noticing this disposition on the part of the Puritanical public, tried to help on the movement by calling their theatres museums. In order to carry out the deception they would have a hall with a few paintings and some stuffed animals. This began to bring the people, but when a manager would change the name of his place, say, from the Globe Museum to the Globe Theatre, the religious people would stay away.

A traveling company then had an unlimited repertoire:

"A few there were with but one play, like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' but the ambitious young actor preferred the repertoire. During the latter part of '57, I joined one of these 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' companies, and a curious affair it was. It was conducted after the manner of a circus. We had a large tent and a big band-wagon, and all the members of the company wore dress-suits. Two or three miles outside of the town in which we were to play, we would put on our fine clothes, get into carriages, and be driven in. It was 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' by the way, that did more even than the museums to bring the religious people to the theatre; but not even that very good moral drama would have brought them at first if the theatre had been called anything but a museum, or if it had been produced in any other place except under a tent."

It was during the early 'fifties that Mr. Rohson came to know the greatest comedian the English-speaking stage has ever seen—William E. Burton. Says Mr. Rohson:

"It is very easy for the comedian to provoke a laugh, but he must labor very hard to bring tears to the eyes of his audience. I shall always remember with what art he would deliver the line in 'Captain Cuttle,' on hearing of his favorite Walter's drowning. 'Poor Waller's drowned,' he would say in that wonderfully burlesque voice of his, his large eyes bulging from his forehead and his lips pursed up in what afterward became the comedian's stock manner. The audience would laugh. 'Poor Waller's drowned,' he would repeat, and the audience would laugh again, but this time not quite so freely, and with apparently some feeling that there was something very pathetic in this very humorous delivery of the lines. 'Poor Waller's drowned,' a third time, and the audience wouldn't laugh—they cried."

Coarse and vulgar things were said on the stage then which would not be tolerated now. Anecdotes of this, Mr. Robson gives an incident that shows several sides of Burton's character:

"Burton was a great student of Shakespeare and a stickler for adhering to the text, even though in those days unlimited license was the rule. 'I was playing Sir Andrew Aguecheek to his Sir Tny one time, and he told me before he went out that when he should say, 'Sir Andrew, Sir Andrew,' I was not to reply until he finished his 'Where are you?' no matter how long he paused between the words. After the comic duel I took refuge in a tree and waited. 'Sir Andrew,' he cried, and then paused for quite a long time. 'Sir Andrew,' he said again, then again, and though I did not know what was coming, I was greatly tempted to reply; but I waited, and finally he yelled and thundered out, as though carried away by his own anger, 'Sir Andrew, where in hell are you?'"

Mr. Rohson was engaged for the season of '56 as second line comedian by Wayne Olwyne for the little museum in Troy:

"Before going in Troy I called on the editor of a Philadelphia paper, the *Item*, the leading theatrical paper of the day, and told him of my engagement. Colonel Fitzgerald was, in those days, a man of importance; he received me kindly, and after listening to my story, said he would be very glad to help me along. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he said; 'when you go in Troy write me a letter on the theatrical matters once a week, and I will let you say anything about yourself that you write, provided, of course, it is in moderation.'"

"I was only too glad to avail myself of the opportunity to become one of the correspondents of the *Item*, and I sent my letter regularly. Reviewing the performances, I naturally put in a good word—in fact, many of them—for myself; and as I grew more accustomed to seeing my own performances praised—by myself—I grew bolder. Toward the latter part of the season Mr. Burton came to play an engagement with our company, and after the first performance I wrote my notice as usual. I praised Burton's work warmly, and concluded with something in this effect:

"Brilliant as Mr. Burton's performance was, it did not succeed in eclipsing the work of several of the local favorites. Indeed, all the people of this town concede to that talented young comedian, Stuart Robson, superiority to Burton himself. Strange to say, the notice appeared as I had written it, and I never could find out whether this was a joke on Colonel Fitzgerald's part or whether the

proof of the article failed to reach his eye. Probably the latter is the explanation. I told Burton the story several years after, and he enjoyed it very much."

One of the most intelligent women Mr. Rohson ever met was Laura Keane, with whom he appeared in 1862-3. However, she was superstitious to an absurd degree:

"On one occasion we were playing a farce called 'The Lady and the Devil.' An important scene was when she was seated at a writing-table preparatory to composing a letter. I, as her servant, was standing at the back of her chair. 'Take your right hand away from the chair,' she said, in a stage whisper. This rattled me a trifle. The stage dialogue proceeded:

"'You are sure you can find Don Rafael at his lodgings?'"

"'Yes, madam; his servant tells me his wound will confine him to his bed for a week.'"

"'Is this the only paper we have? Where is the ink?'"

"'Here, madam,' and I bent forward to place the ink-urn within her reach, when in my confusion at her reproof the vessel was upset, and its contents trickled into the lap of her white-satin dress. The ink was blood-red. The ghastly look that came over the lady's face I shall never forget, and I was so frightened that I never knew how the scene ended. The next morning at rehearsal she told me I would never have any luck as long as I lived, and that my trouble in the world beyond would be endless. She called the company together, gave them a detailed account of the awful scene of the night before, occasioned by the stupidity of the unfortunate young man who would never make an actor. 'She told of a terrible dream she had had, in which some great personage—to her unknown—had been foully murdered before her eyes; how she had attempted his rescue, but without avail; how he had fallen dead at her feet, his head resting on her lap, from which his life's blood slowly oozed.'"

"Two years after this occurrence in a day, Miss Keane was playing at Ford's Theatre, Washington. In the third act of the play, a sharp shot was heard in the stage box, from which a man leaped, brandishing a smoking weapon, and shouting, 'Sic semper tyrannis!' The audience and actors were paralyzed. Miss Keane seemed to be the only person who realized the situation. She ran to the box, and in a moment the head of a dying man was in her lap, the red life's blood oozing from a ghastly wound. The assassin was my old boyhood's friend, John Wilkes Booth, his victim Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States."

Here is an incident which he recalls in which Mrs. John Drew, the famous Mrs. Malaprop, was the central figure:

"Mrs. Drew was an actress who knew her business more thoroughly than any woman I ever met, except Laura Keane. She commanded universal respect, though her rather sarcastic vein of humor did not make her many friends. An example of her idea of humor, and one that lingered in my mind, especially as it was her last appearance on the stage together, occurred when John Wilkes Booth came in the Arch Street Theatre to appear as a star. He had risen very suddenly, his previous appearance in Philadelphia having been in a very unimportant rôle, and Mrs. Drew did not take very kindly to the idea of his coming to her theatre and appearing in a leading rôle. Like all of us, Booth had the greatest respect and fear for Mrs. Drew, and she would rattle him by pretending to look to him for advice and suggestions as to what to do during rehearsals."

"Where do you want me to stand, Mr. Booth?" she would say, very sweetly.

"Why-er, where-er-ever you have been accustomed to, Mrs. Drew," he would say, somewhat abashed.

"Mr. Forrest used to want me to stand here, but not all great actors agree, Mr. Booth," very sweetly.

"Well, you might—"

"Yes."

"Come here—"

"Yes, yes."

"A-a, and if you—"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes—"

"At this point Booth became entirely rattled by her sweet 'yeses,' began to stutter, got excited, and broke down completely."

Of another occasion, which introduced him agreeably to ex-President James Buchanan, Mr. Rohson writes as follows:

"In the summer of 1864 I took a small company in Lancaster, Pa. The short season was not profitable. In fact, had it not been for a kind-hearted landlord, who not only charged us half-price for board but made up a purse for our benefit, we should have been forced to walk back to Philadelphia. One night we were doing 'The Golden Farmer,' in which I was playing Jimmy Twitcher, a ragged tramp, whose professions of honesty did not prevent him from stealing eggs, chickens, and anything he could lay his hands on. The little theatre was almost empty—probably twenty people on the first floor and as many more in the gallery. Among the scanty audience—seated on the front bench—was an old gentleman in a light linen duster, no vest, and a profusion of shirt frill, who laughed immoderately at the crude efforts of the comedian, while he cooled himself by the wielding of an enormous palm-leaf fan. The performance over, I retired to my dressing-room, feeling rather gloomy over the ghostliness of the house, when the door was opened without ceremony and the same old gentleman stood before me."

"Well, sonny," he said, 'they didn't treat you very well to-night, did they? Too bad! Never mind, all player people, I hear, have to go through the same experience. Better luck will come in you later on. Do you like the country? I have a snug little place about two miles from town. Come out to-morrow and see me. It will brighten you up a

bit.' Of course I gladly accepted the invitation. The old gentleman gave me the location of his house, and, slapping me pleasantly on the back, took his leave."

"Who was he? James Buchanan, ex-President of the United States."

"To say that I was proud of this event but faintly expresses the fact. The next day I drew largely on the company in the matter of clothes. James A. Herne loaned me a black velvet coat—a little too long for me in the sleeves and amply liberal in the back—Louis James a green double-breasted vest, and Lawrence Barrett a flaming red necktie. Thus 'accounted' I took the road for Mr. Buchanan's house, swelling like a shirt bleaching in a high wind."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Rural Obituary.

Ended—life's story—
For life is but vapor.
His soul is in glory;
He paid for his paper.

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Miss and a Kiss.

Tho' a kiss be a-miss
She who misses the kisses
As Miss without kiss
May miss being a Mrs.
And he who a-miss
Thinks both Misses and kisses
Will miss Miss and kiss
And the kisses of Mrs.—Puck.

The Laureate on His Pensioo.

[The appearance of the name of Alfred Austin in the civil list, as the recipient of a pension of one thousand dollars a year, leads London *Truth* to publish what it calls the Poet Laureate's "answer to the comment in the press."—Ens.]

"Of course, I like my crown of bays,
Right proud am I to call it mine;
I like the custom which conveys
To me an annual cask of wine;
But still, on mere prosaic grounds,
I much prefer two hundred pounds."

"Folks do not me 'Sir' Alfred call,
But don't suppose for that I care;
What is a title after all?—
An empty trifle, light as air!
How much more tangible it sounds—
'A pensinn of two hundred pounds!'"

"Seek not the poet's snail to grieve
With idle talk of knightly rank!
A prefix does not, I believe,
Increase the balance at his bank,
But in my 'credit' it redounds—
My pension of two hundred pounds!"

"The crown of bays may wither—(ah!)
My own is looking somewhat sore—
And what is fame?—a bubble. Pah!
If picked 'twill surely disappear;
Whereas two hundred pounds—well, 'Zounds!
They always are two hundred pounds!"

—Truth.

In Arkasos.

The typical girl of Arkansas
Can chaw more tobacco than her pa can chaw,
She can sling a little ink,
She can take a little drink,
And saw ninnr wnnnd than her ma can saw—
This typical girl from Arkansas.—Ex.

The Battle of San Juan.

Pain's great military spectacle, "The Battle of San Juan," will be presented for the first time in this city to-night (Saturday) at the Sixteenth and Folsom Streets grounds, and, judging from the success which it had in the East, it will draw crowds of spectators during its two weeks' run. A stage 300 feet wide has been built, 10,000 feet of scenery has been brought from the East, and seats for 10,000 spectators have been prepared. We are assured that the production will be an exact duplicate of the one which created such a furore at Manhattan Beach last year. Over 500 people will appear in the charge up San Juan Hill, including two complete military companies, and, in the fire-works which follow, many novel surprises will be introduced. Monday will be Labor Day night; Tuesday, ladies' night; Wednesday, Republican night; Thursday, Olympic Club night; Friday, children's night; and Saturday, Democratic night. Appropriate fixed pieces of fire-works will be a feature each night.

—JESSE MOORE "A.A." WHISKY IS USED AT all the principal hospitals in the United States. Why is it?

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VANITY FAIR.

Our temperate climate has prevented the "shirt-waist man" from putting in an appearance in San Francisco, but judging from the newspapers all over the country, it looks as if he will have spread himself over quite a bit of territory before the summer is over. In New York there are shirt-waist men galore, and it is said to be a truly novel sight during the middle of the day to see many prominent men in the Chamber of Commerce and bankers and brokers of Wall Street transacting their business, walking and riding around town, and dining at high priced restaurants in negligé shirts, minus their coats. In Baltimore, however, during the torrid weather a few weeks ago, a large number of members of the Chamber of Commerce got up a petition to the executive committee of the board of directors requesting that members be given permission to go without coats between 11 A. M. and 2:15 P. M. This request was denied. The advocates of "coatless comfort" got mad, but were not discouraged. Another petition to the same effect, signed by over seventy-five members, was presented to the executive committee. As before, the request was immediately denied, on the ground that if it was granted "there is no telling where innovations would stop." Secretary Long has also officially frowned on the male shirt-waist idea which has taken something of a hold in Washington. In the Navy Department, at least, he has nipped in the bud the growing sentiment in favor of giving men the same rights as women in the matter of hot-weather clothing. A few days ago a Navy Department clerk of the male sex, properly and neatly attired in all respects but for the absence of his coat, stepped into one of the Navy Department elevators, and said: "Third floor, please." But the car did not move, and the conductor politely but firmly told the young man that it was the Secretary's orders that no one should be allowed to ride in the elevators with his coat off. The same rule applies to sitting at desks in public offices of the department or in private offices liable to invasion by visitors.

A novel plan to introduce the shirt-waist in Richmond, Va., was inaugurated a few weeks ago. A club, consisting of some of the most prominent society and business men, was formed, and all who were willing to adopt the new style were requested to leave their names at headquarters. When a formidable array of representative people were enrolled, a day was set for discarding coats, and the style was adopted. New Orleans did not take so kindly to the shirt-waist man. On the morning of August 17th, one was ordered out of the main *cafés* of the St. Charles Hotel and the Hotel Grunewald, but on the same afternoon a young man connected with a well-known retail store, and especially known in sporting and athletic circles, sauntered into Antonie's restaurant, and took a seat at a table. He wore gray-striped trousers, tan shoes, Russia leather belt, and a negligé shirt, with a tall turn-over collar and a colored silk cravat. Except for the absence of the coat and waistcoat, he was attired as any well-dressed man. The restaurant was crowded, and the advent of the new-comer was followed by a buzz of excited comment. He was served, after some parleying in the absence of the manager. The restaurant episode was not the only shirt incident of the day. A large dry-goods house on Canal Street put a lot of the new garments in one of their windows during the afternoon, and issued an order to all the clerks in its furnishing department to adopt the style until further notice. The manager said that about two dozen were sold before closing time. It is doubtful if it will gain much of a foothold in New Orleans, however, as the club men have all said the shirt-waist is suitable for the sea-side, but not for the city.

The differences of opinion in regard to the propriety of the shirt waist in the court-room is illustrated by two amusing cases. In the municipal court of Syracuse, N. Y., on August 17th, Judge Cody forced a young lawyer from Madison County to put on his coat, while on the previous day, in Camden, N. J., Justice Garrison himself appeared in the supreme court and took his seat on the bench attired in a shirt-waist of the approved pattern, and without a coat. To a friend who was bold enough to ask him why he had adopted the garment, he said it was because he thought it very comfortable and sensible in hot weather. He had expected, he said, that some comment would be made, but he thought he could stand that in consideration of the comfort he derived from wearing the shirt-waist. Sheriff Sell and Mayor Hatch, of Camden, next became converts, and now, during hot weather, the police force appear on duty clad in shirt-waists of all the colors of the spectrum. In Boston, where the shirt-waist man is increasing with great rapidity, and in Philadelphia, where he is struggling along toward recognition, the printed accounts of him are more or less of a gaudy nature. He is held up as an object of ridicule, and is accused of being a Miss Nancy. Maybe that's what he is in Boston and Philadelphia, but he certainly is not looked upon in that light in Camden. And speaking of policemen, it may not be amiss here to say that certain thieves of Chicago have also adopted Fashion's latest decrees, for only the other day two gentlemanly rob-

bers, faultlessly attired in the new raiment, held up a Nebraska stockman and relieved him of a watch and a purse containing twenty dollars.

Revived croquet is reaching a critical point in England. So great has been the progress that players in the first rank have made that they now find the game is practically in the hands of the person who first secures the balls. There are numbers of players who can run right out when they once hit an opponent's ball. The champions are asking, as a remedy for this state of affairs, that the width of the hoops shall be still further reduced, although they are narrower now than they have been during any period in the history of the game; but those who watch over the interests of all classes of players protest that if the width of the hoops was reduced the ordinary garden party player would find it impossible to take part in a game. But there seems to be no objection to the use of special championship hoops, as in the case of billiards a championship table is used. It is also urged that the introduction of india-rubber capped mallets has considerably facilitated play, and that they place the users of them in a position which is not fair to those who play with the ordinary mallet. "In this case," remarks the *London Court Journal*, "there seems to be no ground for complaint, as it is open to all players to use rubber-capped mallets if they choose, and it is certainly surprising to find how greatly they assist players who are weak in the wrist, and unable to hit the ball perfectly truly."

According to the *New York Sun*, the dog who is having his day just now is the bull-pup. Fashion has crowned him, and the pug, the poodle, and all other kinds of dogs that have found favor with femininity in the past have given away to the homely, bat-eared pup with bowed legs and a bad eye. The formidable English dog, he of the heavy jaw and set expression of countenance, is the favorite, and, at the coming bench-show at Saratoga, many of these dogs, including the high-priced Rodney Stone, will be exhibited. Many of the bull-pups are owned by women. One reason why the bull-dog has found favor with women is that his admirable ugliness makes a foil for the prettiness and grace of his mistress. Beauty looks best with the Beast in the background, and so well is this fact established that fashionable photographers are kept busy by the girl who wants to be pictured with her dog beside her. Beyond his mere ugliness the bull-dog possesses a serious and solid personality. Freshly brushed and washed, with a large, crisp bow of violet or rose beneath his ear, he looks the expensive luxury he is. Blood shows in every curve of his forelegs. The English dog has practically displaced the French in the favor of the doggy woman. The fact is that the French pup is by nature just the little, consequential, frivolous, and unfaithful creature he looks. He has none of the large instincts of his British relation. His character really calls for the whip, which is so prominent in his owner's outfit during a walk on the avenue. Besides this he is subject to various physical infirmities, a tendency to catch cold, and an invalid's querulousness of manner that does not add to his personal attractions.

American women going to England should carry ample supplies of hosiery with them if they want to be certain of having stockings that will fit. In an official report to the State Department, Consul Marshal Halstead, at Birmingham, tells about the difficulties which American women encounter in finding satisfactory hosiery. "The type of hose in general use," he says, "is short—knee length only—as side-garters are little known or used, though a few of the better-class stores now keep the 'velvet clasp,' but there is positively no shaping for foot or ankle." Hosiery is not the only source of trouble that Consul Halstead has found. "American ladies living in England frequently write home for underwear," he says. "Sometimes they have them made here with their old garments as models, but even then are seldom satisfied with either the fit or the needlework." Mr. Halstead is certain that by a well-planned campaign, American manufacturers of all garments for ladies' underwear could simply take command of the market and furnish shop-keepers with articles which would be a revelation to their customers. He also tells the State Department that he finds it impossible to buy in the English shops men's black cotton socks with the tops at all elastic. Much of his interesting report, however, is devoted to the discussion of American shirt-waists in England, and to pointing out the methods which American manufacturers must adopt if they wish to retain the trade which they have built up. He says the phenomenally backward season in England has had an injurious effect on the business of jobbers and shop-keepers who had stocked up with summer fabrics and clothing, and American-made ladies' shirt waists have been a source of particular anxiety, as the best shop-keepers had this year very heavy stocks of them.

The failure of the Magasin du Louvre, one of the largest dry-goods stores of the French capital, came as a surprise to the majority of Parisians, who could not imagine that the staid, respectable old shop had ever been anything but prosperous. And now they say that its failure is due to the fickle Americans, who have deserted the shop of late years, in spite of

the fact that some years ago many changes were made there to suit the demands and peculiar needs of foreigners, changes that rendered the place less attractive to French people, and therefore less patronized by them. The management of the Louvre had hoped that exposition year would pull things up (says the Paris correspondent of the *New York Tribune*), but the shop has really been little patronized, and the foreigners especially have preferred to pass it by to cross the river to the more popular Bon Marché. The Louvre has now passed into the hands of Dufayel, and is to be converted into a smart edition of the popular Dufayel shop, which is situated in a cheap quarter of Paris, and where everything is sold at the cheapest prices, with free admission to a vaudeville performance included. The managers of the Louvre say that it has been the pension fund that has ruined the business. Bouicault, the original founder of the Bon Marché, was the first dry-goods merchant to start a pension fund, which was to benefit employees of over twenty years' standing in the firm, and the Louvre was forced to follow his example. This, with the privilege of investing money in the business at a per cent. larger than that paid by banks or as investment on real estate, has been the great inducement held out to the faithful employees of these firms, and, while the Bon Marché seems to have prospered under such a régime, the Louvre has gone to pieces.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, August 29th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.				
	Shares.		Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	2,000	@ 108 3/4	109		
Contra Water 5%.....	3,000	@ 107	107	107 1/4	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 108-108 1/4	108		
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	5,000	@ 118 1/4-118 1/2	118 1/2		
Oakland Transit 6%.....	5,000	@ 117 1/2	117 1/2	118	
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	13,000	@ 107	107	107 1/2	
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%.....	27,000	@ 99 1/2	99 1/2		
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 119 1/2	119		
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	8,000	@ 104	104		
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912.....	2,000	@ 120 1/2	120	122 1/2	
S. V. Water 6%.....	6,000	@ 115 1/2	115		
S. V. Water 4%.....	1,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2		
S. P. Branch 6%.....	25,000	@ 132 1/2-132 3/4	132 3/4		

	STOCKS.				
	Shares.		Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	120	@ 68 1/2-69 1/2	68 1/2	68 3/4	
Spring Valley Water.....	586	@ 95-95 1/2	95 1/2	95 3/4	
Gas and Electric.....					
Equitable Gaslight.....	250	@ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3 3/4	3 3/4	
Oakland Gas.....	65	@ 49 1/2	49 1/2	49 3/4	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	110	@ 51-51 1/2	51	51 1/2	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	385	@ 53-53 1/2	53 1/2	53 3/4	
S. F. Gas.....	50	@ 5	5	5 1/2	
Banks.....					
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.....	20	@ 105	105		
Street R. R.....					
Market St.....	30	@ 64 1/2-64 3/4	64 1/2	65	
Powders.....					
Giant Con.....	456	@ 83-84 1/2	84 1/2	85	
Vigort.....	1,200	@ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3 3/4	3 3/4	
Sugars.....					
Hawaiian C. & S.....	25	@ 87	89		
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,115	@ 29 1/2-30 1/2	30 1/2	31	
Hutchinson.....	1,130	@ 23 1/2-24 1/2	24 1/2	25	
Kilauea S. Co.....	80	@ 20 1/2-21	21	22	
Makaweli S. Co.....	405	@ 43 1/2-44 1/4	44	44 1/4	
Onomea S. Co.....	200	@ 28	28	28 1/2	
Pauahau S. P. Co.....	380	@ 30-30 1/2	30 1/2	30 3/4	
Miscellaneous.....					
Alaska Packers.....	130	@ 118 1/2-119	118 1/2	119 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.....	175	@ 94	93 1/2	94 1/2	

Equitable just a shade firmer, with but few sales. San Francisco Gas and Electric a half-point raise on less than four hundred shares dealt in. Contra Costa Water had a drop of over a point and almost no trading. Spring Valley Water no change and some trading in it every day. Giant has advanced a point, with about five hundred shares sold, quite a difference from its condition during the previous week. Honokaa has advanced one point, although it is reported that it will reduce its dividend from 35 cents to 30 cents a month. Over 1,100 shares have changed hands. Hutchinson has also gone up one point on sales aggregating 1,130 shares. Kilauea remains stationary, Makaweli the same. Onomea shows a gain of one point and Pauahau a half-point. The mayor, since his return, has, in his many interviews, promised to wage war upon the Spring Valley Company by endeavoring to discover a better source of supply and obtain it for the city as a public utility; if he should succeed he will be an aquatic Columbus. Dividends will be paid on September 5th on Onomea, 25 cents, and Pacific Light Company, 30 cents.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

James McNeill Whistler was once painting a portrait of a distinguished novelist, who was extremely clever but also extremely ill-favored. When the portrait was finished, the sitter did not seem satisfied with it. "You don't seem to like it," Whistler said. The sitter confessed that he did not, and said in self-justification, "You must admit that it is a bad work of art." "Yes," Whistler replied; "but I think you must admit that you are a bad work of nature."

Among all the horrors of war, humorous situations often occur. An English army surgeon in South Africa tells an amusing story of an Englishwoman of high rank who was engrossed by the charms of amateur nursing. One morning, on approaching the cot of a soldier to whom she had given especial attention, she found him with his eyes tightly closed and a piece of paper pinned on the sheet, on which was written: "Tno ill to be nursed to-day. Respectfully, J. L."

The late John J. Ingalls was employed by certain flash newspapers to write accounts of all sorts of events and sign his name to them. In the course of his contact with the sporting fraternity the ex-senator made the acquaintance of John L. Sullivan, and one day, after examining the pugilist's muscles and beating a tattoo on his chest, he asked: "Sullivan, why don't you enter the ring again and try to win the championship from Corbett?" "For the same reason," answered Sullivan, "that you didn't enter the race for senator; I consider one knock-out enough."

When a certain old Dominican father, after forty years of honest service in the Philippines, had arrived at such an advanced age that he knew his time for this world was short, his brother *padres* asked him to write a book detailing his experiences. He consented, but added: "No one shall see it while I live, but when I am gone you will open my private chest and there you will find the manuscript." Recently the old man died, and, after he was buried, the Dominican fathers opened the chest and found therein a vast bundle of manuscript sewed together in the form of a book. On the cover were these words: "The Characteristics, Habits, and Customs of the Filipino People. By Father —, D. O. M. Prepared as a Result of Forty Years' Careful Study and Observation of the Race." They opened the book to the second page and found it blank. They opened it to the third page and it was blank. There were three hundred blank pages. On the very last sheet was written these words: "This is all I know, after forty years' study, of the Filipino people."

Just after the close of the Florida war, General Jackson was one day standing in front of Tension's Tavern, a famous old hestery in Washington, D. C., engaged in conversation, when a stout little man stepped up to him and held out his hand, which was at once grasped in the general's strong, sun-bruined fingers, though his eyes wandered over the portly person with a puzzled expression. The little man, a tailor (whose *role* in life it was to be on terms of seeming intimacy with all the political, military, and naval celebrities of the day), saw that he was not recognized by the great man, and, standing on tip-toe to reach the tall soldier's ear, he whispered: "I made your breeches." Imperfectly catching the sound of the words, and supposing the man to be some outlandish officer of militia, who had, perhaps, served under him against the Senioles, General Jackson turned to his friends and said: "Gentlemen, permit me to introduce my friend, Major Breeches." It is scarcely necessary to add that to the end of his days the Poole of Washington was known to all army men as "Major Breeches."

Once (says the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*), when he first came to London, and was laying the foundation of his great career, the future Lord Chief Justice of England went to the pit of a theatre. The piece was popular, the pit was crowded, and the young advocate had only standing room. All of a sudden a man at his side cried out that his watch was stolen. Mr. Russell and two other men were hemmed in. "It is one of you three," cried the man minus the watch. "Well, we had better gn nut and be searched," said Mr. Russell, with the alertness of mind that did not fail him at a trying moment amidst an excited crowd. A detective was at hand, and the suggestion was accepted. As Mr. Russell walked out, the idea flashed through his mind that if the man behind him had the stolen property he would probably try to secrete it in the pocket of his front-rank man. Quick as thought he drew his coat-tails about him—only to feel, in his hnmr, something large and smooth and round already in his pocket. While he was still wondering what this might mean for him, the detective energetically seized the hindmost man, exclaiming, "What, you rascal! at it again?" To Mr. Russell and the other man he apologized, and bade them go free. But Mr. Russell, before he had taken many steps, reflected that he could not keep the watch. He went back to the box-office and ex-

plained, with a courage on which he afterwards said he rarely experienced greater demands, that though he did not take the watch, he had it. So saying, he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out—a forgotten snuff-box.

MR. DOOLEY ON CURRENT EVENTS.

The Chinese as a Nation of Liars—Why Anarchists Continue to Flourish—The Negro Problem.

In a recent article in *Harper's Weekly* on "The Future of China," F. Peter Dunne's wise philosopher, Mr. Dooley, pays this glowing tribute to the Chinese as a nation of liars:

"Th' westren civilization, Hinnessy—that's us—is a pretty good liar, but he's a kind iv rough-an' tumble at it. He goes in head down, an' ivry lie he tells looks like all th' others. Ye never see an Englishman that had any judgment in lyin'. The correspondint iv th' *Daily Pail* is out iv his class. He's carryin' lies to Lieville. How in th' wuruld can we compete with a country where ivry lah-rer's cottage projooes lies so delicate that th' workmen iv th' west can't understand thim? We make our lies be machinery; they turn out theirs he hand. They imitate th' best iv nur canned lies to deceive people that likes that kind, but fr artists they have lies that appeals to a more refined taste. Sure I'd like to live among thim an' find out th' kind iv bouncers they tell each other. They must be grand. I only know their expert lies now—the surplus lies they can't use at hme. An' th' kind they send out ar-re better than our best. Our lies is no more thin a contradiction iv th' truth; their lies appeals in th' sinse iv honesty iv anny civilized man."

The delay of the allied forces in starting n'r march to Pekin is thus accounted for by Mr. Dooley:

"Th' minishers ar-re as comfortable as they can be on a dite iv polo ponies an' bamhon, an' they have exercise enough dodgin' cannon halls to have n' fear iv indygitstion. They se no need iv haste. Th' allied forces must make no step forward while wan armed foe survives. It was reported last week that th' advance had begun, but on sindin' nut scouts 'twas discovered that th' asphalt r-road in th' capital was not r-ready, an' th' gallant sojer boys was afraid to risk their bicycles on a defective pavement. Thin th' parlor-cars ordered be the Rooshan admiral has not arrived, an' wan iv th' Fr-rinch gin'rals lost an omlette, or whatever 'tis they wear on their shoulders, an' he won't budge till it can be replaced fr'm Pahr's. A strong corps iv miners and sappers has gone ahead fr' to lo-cate good restrhans on th' line iv march, but th' weather is cloudy an' the silk umbrells haven't arrived, an' they se supposed to be four hundred millyon Chinymen with pinwheels an' roman candles blockin' th' way, so th' advance has been postponed indefinitely. Th' American forces is r-ready fr' to start immediately, but they ar-re not there yet. Th' British gin'rals is waitin' fr' th' Victorya cross before he does anything, an' th' Japanese an' the Rooshan is dancin' up an' down, sayin' 'After ynu, me boy.'"

Mr. Dooley thinks that kings are indiscreet in mingling too freely with their subjects and declares:

"If I was king ne'er an organ-grinder'd get near enough me to take me life with a Hotchkiss gun. I'd be so far away fr'm th' multitud, Hinnessy, that they cud on'y distinguish me rile features with a spy-glass. I'd have polismen at ivry tur-rn an' I'd have me subjeks retire to th' cellar when I took me walk. Divve a hit wud ye catch me splattherin' meself with morthar an' stickin' newspapers in a hole in a corner-sthone to shaw future gin'rations th' progress iv crime in this cinchry. They'd lay down their own corner-sthone fr' all iv me. I'd communicate with th' pop'lace be means iv gin'rals orders an' I'd make it a thing worth tellin' about to see th' face iv th' gr-rear an' good King Dooley."

As for the anarchists, he says:

"They don't want anything, that's what they want. They want peace n' earth, an' th' way they propose to get it is be murderin' ivry wan that don't agree with thim. They think we all shud dn as they please. They're down n' th' polis fnnce an' in favor iv th' pop'lace, an' whin they've kilt a king they call n'r the polis to save thim fr'm th' mob. An' between ynu an' me, Hinnessy, ivry anyehist I've knowed, an' I've met many in me time, an' quite, law-abidin' citizens they was, too, had th' makin' iv a thra-deegian in him. If they was no newspapers they'd be few anyehists. They want to get their pitchers in th' pa-apers, an' they can't do it be wheelin' bananas through th' sthreens n' milkin' a cow, so they gn nut an' kilt a king. It's this vanity that makes anyehists—vanity an' th' habits kings has n'wadays iv bein' as common as life-insurance agents. The anyehists will be kilt n'f as fast as they're caught, but killin' thim is like wringin' th' neck iv a mickrbe."

Commenting on the negm problem, Dooley confesses that he is "not so much troubled about th' naygur whin he lives among his npprissors, as I am whin he falls into th' bands of his liberators":

"Whin he's in th' South he can make up his mind to be lynched soon n' late an' give his attention to his other pleasures iv c'mposin' rag-time music n' a banjo, an' wurrukin' fr' th' man that used to nwn him an' now n'y owes him his wages. But 'tis th' divvle's nwn hardship fr' a coon to step n'f th' mams iv th' Society fr' th' Brotherhood iv Ma-an, where he's been a-readin' a pome n' th' 'Future iv th' Moke,' an' be pursooed be a nimb iv Abolitionists till he's driven in seek polis p'ection, which, Hinnessy, is th' polite name fr' fracture iv th' skull. I was fr' sthrikin' n'f th' shackles iv th' slave, me la-ad. 'Twas thurc I didn't vnte fr' it, bein' that I heard Stephen A. Douglas say it 'twas onconstitootinnal, an' in thim days I wud go to th'

flure with anny man fr' th' constitootion. I'm still with it, but not so strong. It's movin' too fast fr' me. But no mather. Anyhow I was fr' makin' th' black man free, an' though I shud be th' South as a sportin' proposition I was kind iv glad in me heart whin Gen'l Ulyss S. Grant bade Gin'rals Lee an' th' rest iv th' Union officers captured Jiff Davis. I says in meself, 'Now, I says, th' coon will have a chanst fr' his life,' says I, 'an' in due time we might injie him,' I says.

"Faith, now I don't knw what's goin' to come of th' naygurs, an' th' naygurs don't know, an' be hivins, I think if th' lady that wrote th' piece we used to see at th' Halsted Street Opry House come back to earth she wudden know. I used to be all broke up about Uncle Tam. I freed th' slave, Hinnessy, but, faith, I think 'twas like tur-rnin' him out iv a panthry into a cellar."

A MAN UV PEACE.

I do not hold with war myself, I think it's bad an' wrong, An' would not prod my frens in strife wi' fiery speech an' song, I'd sooner see 'em till the soil, an' sow, an' reap, an' build, An' die o' somethin' nat'ral, 'stead uv goin' an' gettin' killed; But if my country does git roused, I plunges inter sin,

An' don't care whut she's fightin' for—I want to see her win! It isn't zackly whut you'd call a real angelic plan, But man is not an angel—an' he won't be while he's man!

Some like to sing them pooty songs uv victory an' deth, But while yer hands air full uv work ye'd better save yer breth;

The pnits keep on gettin' up, afore the fightin's thru, Tew strut an' flap their wings an' whoop a cock-a-doodle-do!

But let us hev some peace, says I, until we've licked the foe, An' when there's nothin' else to du, the time hes come to crow.

I stud out ded agin the war, but once it was begun I thrilled ter read each gallant deed my country-men hed done;

An' n'w, I git that warm within tew see the en'my scout,

I itch tew take a gun myself an' go an' hev a shoot! There's other peaceful men like me to prove my wrath an' frown, But when my country's dander's up, mine won't keep lyin' down.

Es long es airth is simply airth, an' men ain't more than men,

It seems tew me there's bound to be smne fightin' now an' then, Fer whut is wrng er right depends upon yer point uv view,

The en'my's alwis quite convinced be's just as right as you,

An' so, in sech a sinful world, there ain't no kind uv doubt

Ye've got tew fight fer whut ynu want, or want an' go without!

It isn't zackly whut you'd call a real angelic plan,

But man is nat an angel—an' he won't be while he's man!

—Hosea, Jr., in the *Spectator*.

A Cruel Plutocrat.

"Mister," said the large, strong man whn inherited his pride fr'm a long line n'f noble ancestors, "I hate to ask you for it, because I never done a thing like this before. I've been around lookin' for wrnk all day. I wouldn't lie to you about a thing like this, mister. But if you ever tried to find a job in a bank, or some place like that, and nobody would offer to give you any kind of work except drivin' a team n' shovelin' coal, you knw hnw it is yourself. I ain't no common beggar, mister. I've been used to better things. I was brought up refined, I know I ain't gn't no right to ask you for help, but I'm ashamed to gn home lookin' this way, and if I can only get a little assistance n'w I'll show you some day that you done right when you let your heart be touched. If you can let me have twenty-five cents to get a clean collar and a—"

"Well," the man whn was about to step into his carriage interrupted, "I'm like the German emperor in-day."

"Hnw's that, mister?"

"I've decided to give no quarter. Drive ahead, John."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

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SOCIETY.

The Macondray-Richardson Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Madeline Richardson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Graham Richardson, to Mr. Robert Arthur Macondray, son of Mrs. Prentiss Selby, took place at Trinity Episcopal Church on Tuesday evening, August 28th. The ceremony was performed at half-past eight o'clock by the Rev. Edgar J. Lion, rector of St. Stephen's Church. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father, Mr. William Graham Richardson; Miss Dollie Fritz was the maid of honor, and Miss Sadie Palmer, of New York, Miss Elsie Maxwell, Miss Mabel Hogan, and Miss Fannie McKinnon acted as bridesmaids; Mr. Oscar Cooper was the best man, and Mr. Henry Beckley, of Honolulu, Mr. William Cooper and Mr. John Moore, of Santa Barbara, Mr. William Fulton, Mr. Harry Gilmore, and Mr. Harry Rooney served as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 109 Frederick Street, on Ashbury Heights, and on Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Macondray sailed for Hong Kong on the Japanese steamer *Hong Kong Maru*.

The Friedlander-Cheever Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Cheever to Mr. T. Cary Friedlander took place at the home of the bride's mother, 1812 Van Ness Avenue, on Thursday afternoon, August 30th. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by the Right Rev. Bishop Nichols, and the bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her uncle, Mr. James C. Pennie. The wedding was a quiet one, owing to a recent bereavement in the groom's family, and only the immediate relatives and a limited number of friends witnessed the ceremony.

Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Friedlander left for a two weeks' honeymoon trip in the Sierras.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Mary V. B. Cheever and granddaughter of the late Judge Pennie. Mr. Friedlander is the secretary of the San Francisco Produce Exchange, and as a token of the esteem in which he is held by his business associates was presented early in the week by the members of the Exchange with an artistic vase of solid silver and cut crystal, accompanied by a check for four hundred dollars.

The Crothers-Benjamin Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Gertrude Benjamin to Mr. Thomas G. Crothers took place in the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. James Scott in the Hotel St. Nicholas on Thursday afternoon, August 30th. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by the Rev. S. D. Hutsinpiiler, of the Central M. E. Church.

A wedding breakfast was served at the Palace Hotel, and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Crothers departed for New York, en route to Europe. They expect to be absent until the holidays.

The bride is the daughter of the late C. J. Benjamin, an Oregon pioneer, who was at one time editor of the *Plain Dealer* in Roseburg, Or., and served in the legislature and in the United States Land Office at Portland. Mr. Crothers is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Crothers, of San Jose, and a nephew of the late Senator James G. Fair. He was in the first graduating class of Stanford University, and later went through the Law School of the University of Michigan. He is now a member of the law firm of Crothers & Crothers, and is one of the executors and trustees of the Fair estate.

Notes and Gossip.

The marriage of Miss Neeltje Lyon, known on the stage as Camille d'Arville, to Mr. Ernest Willard Crellin, took place at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Arthur Crellin, on Jackson Street, Oakland, on Monday, August 27th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert Ritchie, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Sutherland, daughter of the late Surgeon-General Charles Sutherland, U. S. A., to Mr. Royal Church Thurston, of Zanesville, O. The marriage will take

place at noon on Wednesday, September 5th, in St. John's Church, Washington, D. C. The young couple will come to California, and make their future home in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore gave an informal reception on last Saturday at their home in East Oakland in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Landers, who are soon to leave for Europe.

Mr. R. M. Eyre and Miss Eyre arrived in New York last week from Europe, bringing with them the body of their mother, Mrs. Mary Tutt P. Eyre, who died in Paris about the beginning of July. Mrs. Eyre was the widow of Colonel E. E. Eyre, of this city, and a daughter of Mr. Calvin Luther Perry, of Charlottesville, Va.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs has entered the ranks of "gentlemen farmers," having recently purchased the Sandy Point farm in Portsmouth, about eight miles from New York City. This is an extensive and well cultivated farm, exceeding one hundred acres, on the east shore of the island, and has lately been devoted to chicken and fancy stock-raising, under the direction of its owner, Mr. Benjamin Weaver. It is in the immediate neighborhood of the fancy farms in Portsmouth now owned by Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Mr. Henry A. C. Taylor, Mr. William R. Hunter, and Mr. William H. Mayer.

Mrs. H. C. Taft, of Oakland, recently gave a farewell reception at her home on Harrison Street, in honor of Mrs. Frank L. Brown, who leaves soon for Chicago, where she will reside hereafter. Mrs. Taft was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughter, Miss Christie Taft, Miss Florine Hayden, Miss Bessie Gage, Miss Rowena Moore, and Miss Edith Selby.

General Nathaniel Harrison Harris, of San Francisco, a brigadier-general on General Lee's staff, and formerly of Mississippi, died at Malvern, County of Worcester, England, on August 22d. Mrs. John Hays Hammond is his niece.

Golf Notes.

The local golf links will soon begin to take on a more lively appearance now that the summer is coming to an end. The Oakland Golf Club has issued the following schedule of proposed events for the coming season:

September 8th.—Mixed foursome handicap, club members, match play, 18 holes, for silver medals.

September 10th and 11th.—Open handicap, match play, 18 holes, for silver trophies.

September 22d.—Team play, six on a side; captains will be appointed, who will select by alternate choice their men; play will be for holes or score as captains may decide.

October 6th.—Qualifications for captain's cup, 18 holes; medal play; best eight scores to qualify; open to members only.

October 13th.—Tournament for captain's cup; third contest; medal play, 18 holes.

October 20th.—Men's foursome handicap for club members; match play, 18 holes, for trophies.

November 3d.—Tournament for ladies' cup for club members; handicap; match play, 18 holes.

November 10th.—Bogie contest for club members, 18 holes, for trophies.

November 24th.—Men's foursome handicap, medal play, 18 holes.

There will be a great deal of golf at San Rafael during the first two weeks of September. The qualifying rounds for the Council's Cup for men and for the Ladies' Cup will be played on Monday, September 3d, prizes being offered for the best gross and the best net score. The eight lowest scores among the men and the women will in each case enter the competition for the cups. The first round of the cup contest will be played on the afternoon of Saturday, September 8th, the semi-final round on September 9th, and the final round on the following day.

The Ladies' Tennis Tournament.

The eighth annual tournament of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association for the ladies' singles championship of the Pacific Coast was held at San Rafael on Friday and Saturday of last week. The contestants included Mrs. G. F. Kincaid, Mrs. M. Haslett, Miss Emma Hunter, Miss Alice Hoffman, Miss Miriam Hall, Miss Bessie Bowman, Mrs. Charles A. Elston, and Miss May Bramhall.

In the opening match Mrs. G. F. Kincaid beat Miss Bessie Bowman, 6-4, 6-3; Miss Miriam Hall beat Mrs. Monte Haslett, 6-3, 6-1; Miss Emma Hunter beat Mrs. Charles A. Elston, 7-5, 6-8, 7-5; Miss Alice Hoffman beat Miss May Bramhall, by default. In the semi-finals Miss Alice Hoffman beat Miss Emma Hunter, 6-2, 6-2; Miss Miriam Hall beat Mrs. G. F. Kincaid, 6-2, 8-6. On Saturday Miss Miriam Hall beat Miss Alice Hoffman, 6-2, 6-3, thereby winning the Coast Championship Cup, which must be won three times to be retained permanently, and the all-comers' prize, a silver-mounted cut-glass vase. Miss Violet Sutton, last year's champion, did not appear to defend her title. Miss Alice Hoffman received a silver vase for the runner-up prize.

Saturday morning a mixed double tournament was played, in which Mrs. G. F. Kincaid and Mr. Kane beat Miss Emma Hunter and Mr. A. Powers, 10-8, 6-1. Mrs. M. Haslett and Mr. H. W. Crowell then defeated the winners, 7-5, 6-4, winning the tennis rackets offered for prizes.

In the Hawaiian Islands the flowers bloom all the year round, and the country is more deserving than China of the title "Flowery Kingdom."

A NOVEL HARVEST BALL.

Never in the history of Newport as a summer resort has anything more elaborate and spectacular in the way of an entertainment been given than Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's "harvest ball" on Wednesday, August 22d. Mrs. Fish is a most popular hostess, and has a charming faculty of introducing novelties at her entertainments. Her ball of last week was resplendent with novelties. It was preceded by a dinner at Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs's new villa, "Rosecliffe," which was attended by one hundred and twelve guests. At midnight the Oelrichs dinner-party was driven in carriages, automobiles, and other traps to "Crossways," Mrs. Fish's beautiful villa, each of the guests in costume, hearing as a gift a domestic animal, such as pigs, ducks, geese, chickens, or various kinds of vegetables.

The whole place had been transformed into a country farm. Outside, along the stone walls and flower-beds, were masses of wild flowers; surmounting the massive stone posts of the gateway were huge jack-o'-lanterns, pumpkins, each about twelve feet in circumference and weighing not far from eighty pounds, illuminated by calcium lights within. High arches of lanterns were placed along the driveway at intervals of six feet, making a canopy of light to the *porte-cochère*. Amid the trees, shrubbery, and rocks shone tiny electric lights, like fire-flies. The outlines of the house and of the stable were also picked out with lights. The lawn had been transformed into a harvest-field, sheaves of wheat standing all about, while at one side stood two large haystacks and three yoke of oxen quietly grazing.

Tall sheaves of wheat and corn lined the *porte-cochère*, while the entrance way was a bower of greens and wheat, with cat-o'-nine-tails. The hallway was wainscoted seven feet deep with wheat, dotted with clusters of sunflowers and poppies, over which were panels of agricultural implements, vegetables, and fruits. At intervals stood large sheaves of corn and wheat straw, tied with wide red ribbons and filled with poppies. In the drawing-room, which was the scene of the dance of the peasants, the decorations were of palms, garden and field-flowers, poppies and corn-flowers.

Mrs. Fish received her guests seated upon a dais made of plows, reapers, and other farming implements. The thirty-two peasants approached with much ceremony and deposited their gifts of animals at her feet. This function over, Mrs. Fish gave the signal for the dance. For the two quadrilles of sixteen each the participants were attired in the prettiest of the peasant costumes of Europe, the women in short skirts, blouses, and large head bows, and the men in knee-breeches, wide collars, and peaked hats. Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont was in charge of one of the quadrilles and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs of the other, having as partners Harry Lehr and Elisha Dyer, Jr.

Small tables were set up in the dining-room for the supper, and in the eastern piazza, which had been transformed into a country grape-arbor scene with old vines in fruit, was placed a long table for the guests who had performed the peasants' dance. The setting of this table was a decided novelty as to detail and effect. Large centre-pieces were piled up with fruit and vegetables, while over the tablecloth, made of the material that potato-sacks are made of, were vines of the squash and pumpkins, with all sorts of farm produce. For dishes, the first course was served in improvised soup dishes made of squashes, with knives, forks, and spoons made from crooknecked squashes and carrots. The guests seated at this table had a jolly time, as did all the others, but these were seated on common hoard benches and conducted the affair in true country fashion, without reserve or formality. Each of the other tables held a novel device symbolic of the season. Sheaves of wheat, with large hoes of ribbons, high-handled haskets, unique flower holders, pumpkins with faces cut in them and illuminated, and miniature haystacks were some of the things used.

After supper the rooms were cleared and prepared for the cotillion, which was extended through the drawing-room, hallway, and dining-room. The cotillion was led by Harry Lehr, and during its progress calcium lights were thrown on the dancers as was done in the peasants' dance. Many interesting articles were used as favors, such as hay rakes, forks, scythes, flowers, and little haskets of growing plants, miniature agricultural implements, a golden wheelbarrow, sickles, water-pots, reaping-machines, and cultivators, all in reduced sizes. There were many other very attractive features of the hall worthy of mention, among which were the arched doorways done in autumn flowers; the thatched roof recess under which the musicians played behind a screen of wheat; grape vines full of ripe fruit forming a complete frieze in the several rooms, and panels of sunbursts of flowers in conspicuous places.

One of the most important industries of the Bahama Islands is the gathering of pink pearls. It is the only place in the world where the pearls are found. The pearls, when perfect, bring exceedingly high prices, it is said, ranging from fifty to five thousand dollars.

—BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not exoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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ROYAL
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Makes the Biscuit,
Griddle Cakes
and Doughnuts

Sweet, Delicious and
Wholesome

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan, and the Misses Ella and Thérèse Morgan returned on Friday from a month's sojourn at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul Duval (*nde Tobin*) left last week for New York, where they expect to spend the fall and winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Clans Spreckels arrived in New York from Europe on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vandergilt, Jr., (*nde Fair*) will go to Hempstead early in October for the autumn.

Mrs. Genevieve Martin, Miss Maenie McNutt, and Mr. Manrice McNutt left on Saturday last for a short visit to the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and the Misses Wilson are en route home after passing the summer abroad.

Mr. Harry Holbrook departed for New York, en route to Europe, on Saturday last. In New York he will meet his sister, Miss Olive Holbrook, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, who will accompany him on his trip abroad.

Mr. Walter S. Martin arrived in New York on Wednesday from Europe and is expected to reach here about the middle of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle and Mr. and Mrs. Will Gerstle have returned to San Rafael after a two weeks' visit to Del Monte.

Among the Californians who were at Lucerne, Switzerland, on August 11th, were Mr. George A. Hickey, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Fitzbugh, Mrs. Charles E. Tripler and Miss Louisa Tripler, Mrs. G. L. Bradley and Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. A. Weill, Mr. and Mrs. David Neustadter, Mrs. Woolworth and Miss Helen Woolworth, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Stone (*nde Havemeyer*), Mr. J. A. Keeney, and Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Von Rhein.

Mrs. George H. Howard and son have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto is expected to arrive from his European trip in a few days.

Mrs. Charles Wyndham, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins for some months, will return to London about the fifteenth of September, accompanied by Miss Alice M. Mullins.

Mayor James D. Phelan returned from his trip abroad on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood will occupy the Freeborn home on Jackson Street on October 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer arrived in New York from abroad on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs have returned from Del Monte.

Miss Bernice Drown is traveling in the East, the guest of Miss Stubbs.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mr. Bert R. Hecht, and Mr. Summit L. Hecht sailed from New York August 25th. After visiting the exposition they expect to travel in the Orient.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and Miss Redding have returned from a long visit to Del Monte, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Elise Clarke has returned from a two months' visit to Miss Florence Josselyn at Woodside.

Mr. Bernard C. Peyton, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Engenie Peyton, returned on Sunday last after eight months spent at Carlsbad, Germany, where he took the waters.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Loewe have returned from a week's visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Butler and Miss Emma Butler have arrived from the East, and are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Chabance S. Truxett and family, of New York, have returned from Yosemite Valley, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Jerome Case Bull is a guest of the California Hotel.

Mrs. H. A. Butters was in New York on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrit P. Wilder, of Honolulu, were at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Sir Michael Foster, the eminent British scientist, has concluded his series of ten lectures at Lane Medical College, and left on Saturday for the East. Before returning to his home in London, Sir Michael will make a tour of the Middle West and Eastern cities.

Count von Gromatzki, who arrived from Australia early in the week, is at the California Hotel. He is completing a tour around the world, and is en route to Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing visited the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. Richard J. Tobin was at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse G. Gobeys are at the California Hotel.

Mr. Charles Sootag enjoyed a pleasant trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Professor A. V. Babine and Professor M. A. Aldrich, of Stanford University, were at the California Hotel for a few days during the week.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Kincaid and Miss Kincaid, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Meyer, of Petaluma, Miss Kate Curley, Miss Louise Curley, and Mr. William T. Argeler, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Elstou, of Honolulu, H. I., Mr. M. D. Slattery, of Napa, Mr. F. D. Blanchard, Miss Nellie Riley, Mr. T. J. Staotou, Mrs. Gerrett Lansing, Miss Rose Elliot, Mr. Percy Crain, Miss O'Connor, Miss D. Andrews, and Mrs. S. Carsoo.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. F. H. Kennedy, of Stockton, Mrs. A. E. T. Smith, of San José, Conot Walter von Musil, of Apia, Samoa, Mr. Hugh MacLuskie, of Scotland, Mr. Frank N. Griffin, of Orville, and Mrs. J. R. Roberts, of Shanghai, Mr. H. A. Cohen, of Salt Lake City, Mr. A. H. Schultz, Mr. and Mrs.

S. A. Kennicott, of Acacooda, Mr. J. G. Scott, of Agnews, Mr. E. G. Thomas, Miss K. C. Phelps, Mrs. E. R. Hortoo, Mrs. S. A. Floyd, and Mr. Herbert S. Wilsoo, of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Raymond, of Napa.

Among the week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. L. L. Merrill and Mrs. T. L. Merrill, of Oakland, Mrs. S. E. Kilburn, of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Carmichael, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Collins and Miss M. E. Pattison, of Troy, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Webster, of New York, Mrs. E. Strobbridge and Miss Evelyn Strobbridge, of San Bernardino, Mr. W. B. Peacock, of Melbourne, Mr. and Mrs. D. Ghiradelli, Mr. W. H. Kinoo, Mrs. S. Wageheim, Miss Aolia R. Stern, Mr. A. M. Speck, Mrs. William Rader, Miss Mabel L. Ayres, Mr. W. S. Thorne, and Mr. D. W. G. Thorne.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Maroo P. Maus, inspector-general, U. S. V., has been on a tour of inspection of the United States camps near Three Rivers, Tulare County, and other points in the Sequoia and General Grant National Parks.

Captain J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Coghlan are at Manitou, Colo., where they will remain until October 1st, when the captain's leave of absence expires.

Colonel J. G. C. Lee, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Lee, from Chicago, have been the guests of Mr. Vanderlynn Stow. Colonel Lee is well known here, having been depot quartermaster some years ago. Previous to his retirement he was depot quartermaster in Chicago.

Mrs. Lindsay, wife of Captain J. R. Lindsay, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has received word from Manila that Captain Lindsay has been sick with typhoid fever, but that he is now out of danger.

Captain George Cowie, U. S. N., recently retired, formerly of the Engineer Corps, who recently arrived in San Francisco from the Orient, will shortly go to Rahway, N. J.

Passed Assistant Surgeon Richard G. Brodick, U. S. N., Lieutenant Henry L. Roosevelt, U. S. M. C., and Ensign Orin G. Murfio, U. S. N., were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Commander Charles C. Cornwall, U. S. N., who has been under medical treatment at the Mare Island Naval Hospital, is now in New York on waiting orders.

Lieutenant John Carriogton Raymond, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has been visiting his father, Colonel C. W. Raymond, in the East, is rapidly regaining his health and strength, and will shortly start for this city, en route to China, to join his regiment.

Lieutenant Frank A. Wilcox, First Infantry, U. S. A., registered at the California Hotel early in the week.

Chief-Engineer W. D. Dunning, U. S. N., who has been given a three months' leave with permission to go abroad, retains as his address 530 California Street.

Lieutenant Miles C. Gorgas, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island on Monday, and was at the Occidental Hotel for a short stay.

Lieutenant D. Peacock, U. S. N., retired, is now staying at 720 W. Lake Avenue, Los Angeles.

Captain Melville S. Jarvis, First Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Jarvis were at the Occidental Hotel early in the week.

The following naval changes have been made in the Asiatic station: Lieutenant-Commander W. S. Hogg, U. S. N., detached from the *Monterey* and ordered to the *Bennington*; Lieutenant S. E. Moses, U. S. N., detached from the *Celtic* and ordered to the *Bennington*; Lieutenant E. H. Scribner, U. S. N., detached from the *New Orleans* and ordered to the *Monadnock*; Ensign M. H. Brown, U. S. N., detached from the *Monadnock* and ordered to the *Brooklyn*; Ensign W. C. Davidsoo, U. S. N., detached from the *Monocacy* and ordered home; Medical Inspector J. R. Waggoner, U. S. N., transferred from the naval hospital, Cavite, P. I., to the naval hospital, Yokohama, Japan, for treatment; Surgeon G. Pickrell, U. S. N., detached from the naval hospital, Yokohama, Japan, and ordered to the Cavite naval station; and Surgeon O. D. Norton, U. S. N., detached from the *Monocacy*, and ordered to duty with the marine regiment in China.

A Request from the Fruit and Flower Mission.

The Fruit and Flower Mission begs that at this season of the year, when all fortunate housekeepers are putting up jellies, jams, marmalades, and preserves, they will not forget that there are many invalids among the poor who crave these delicacies but are unable to procure them except through the generosity of interested friends. A glass or two of jelly will scarcely be missed from the larder of our readers, and we hope that as many as can will send or bring what they can spare to the Fruit and Flower Mission, 631 Sutter Street, who will see that some invalid is benefited by your kindness. If you can contribute only a single glass, do not hesitate to forward it, for every little aids these charitable ladies in carrying out their good work.

The summit of Mt. Tamalpais is a vantage ground for the sight-seer that can not be equalled, far or near, yet the trip is made easily by the crookedest railroad in the world, and the new Tavern of Tamalpais is an ideal place of rest and refreshment.

The number of rooms in a house, of windows or doors to a room, even of rungs on a ladder, in Siam must always be odd. Even numbers are considered unlucky.

COMMUNICATIONS.

In Favor of the Nicaragua Canal.

1151 MAPLE AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.,
August 29, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of the twenty-seventh inst. you have an article under the title "Once More the Nicaragua Canal," interesting as your articles usually are, in which the dark side only is alluded to. I have never doubted but that the great Atlantic commercial cities would take the lead and hold it, so far as direct shipments are concerned; perhaps not always, but for many years. The coastwise trade of this State will, however, be more than anticipated soon, as belonging to us in the Orient. The great advantage to the Pacific Coast by the completion of the great enterprise will accrue to the farmer and the fruit-raiser. The grain of the farmer will be as valuable to him as if he raised it in New York—perhaps more. The fruit, both deciduous and citrus, especially the latter, will enhance in value by the trip more than the expense of carrying—lemons a great deal more. We all know that the fruit business is out at its height, still there have been nearly twenty thousand car-loads shipped East from this part of the State alone this year.

Now, you will say, "See the reason why Mr. Huntington was opposed to the canal!" Exactly. Mr. H. has always taken that view, and, as I believe, wrongly. While the revenues to his company have been very considerable from this traffic, as he undoubtedly tried to get all it would bear (and who would not?), his company and all others connecting at ocean ports on the Pacific will get a better proportionate rate on the short haul than on the long, through-business.

The railroads never have known what prosperity is, comparatively speaking, to what they will when the farmer has the increased prosperity he is sure to have after the completion of the canal. Then your city, and this city, and every city on this coast, will prosper, because the farmer is doing well. Business will be revolutionized by the opening of that new communication. Ocean craft may be loaded at Memphis for the Orient, and very likely from Chicago, for a similar destination, and for points on this coast as well. I have understood that Mr. Towne always took a similar view, antagonistic to Mr. Huntington and Mr. Stubbs. The latter may be right, still I don't believe it.

Very respectfully yours, HENRY HATCH.

Miss Kalisher's Concert.

Miss Clara Kalisher, the popular contralto, who has been speeding the summer with her relatives in this city, will give, before her return to New York, a recital at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, on next Tuesday evening, September 4th. She has arranged an excellent programme, including selections by Carissimi, Haendel, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Henschel, Von Flieitz, Chaminade, Massenet, Arthur Foote, and Liza Lehmann, and, by special request, Meyerbeer's aria, "Ah Mon Fils," and Granier's "Aurore."

The society formed to re-open La Scala, in Milan, and attempt to restore the former glories of that institution, has not met with success. Its capital amounted originally to only \$60,000, which has now melted away to only one-third of that sum. The deficit on the second year amounted to more than \$15,000. The municipal subvention of \$30,000 is not accessible, and it is declared that the opera-house requires at least \$50,000 in addition to the \$30,000 given by the box-holders. The doors would have had to be closed long ago if the Duke de Madroce had not advanced \$20,000 with which to continue the season. It is thought that the \$20,000 on hand may enable the association to run the establishment for one more season, but no further possibility of its career as an opera-house is held out by the association.

It used to be supposed that a perfect sapphire must be of a dark, rich, blue tint. Now the discovery of a new sapphire mine in the Rocky Mountains, where stones were found varying in their shades of color from a light steel-blue to the deep-blue tint, and again from a lovely amethyst to a ruby red, has changed all that. These new sapphires have become the rage. They touch the whole color scale of blue, red, and purple.

The little Grand Duchess Olga of Russia may be said to be the richest baby in the world. The week she was born five millions of dollars was settled on her, and it is said that this huge sum was safely invested in British and French securities.

Khaki Stationery.

The newest fad in writing papers is style and color of Khaki, with white border for Infantry, red border for Artillery, and yellow border for Cavalry. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, show this in some very catchy new shapes.

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ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT
CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS

Gold Medal for Walter Baker & Co.

The judges at the Paris Exposition have awarded a gold medal to Walter Baker & Co., Limited, Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., for their preparations of cocoa and chocolate. This famous company, now the largest manufacturer of cocoa and chocolate in the world, has received the highest awards from the great international and other exhibitions in Europe and America. This is the third award from a Paris exposition.

In Vienna recently a prize was offered for the most original suggestion for a charity entertainment. The prize was won by a young countess, who suggested a "composite at home." A large ball was engaged, and the hostesses had separate booths, arranged according to individual taste, but with reference to a general color scheme. Admission was charged, and fruits, boobons, and artistic trifles were sold. The guests were all invited, and every hostess received in her own booth, afterward taking her friends to the other booths.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment.

To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

—DO NOT GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A jar of California Strawberry Cream for the skin. Made from the fruit juice, at Greenbaum's, 200 Post.

—After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 214 Post St.

—WITH ARMY OFFICERS JESSE MOORE "AA" Whisky is a very popular drink.

Moët & Chandon

By strictly adhering to the conservative traditions of the old, honored custom of the ancient house of Moët & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn out immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs, by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world.—Wine Review.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,
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Palace Hotel

To these hotels belong the distinction of having entertained the notable travelers who have journeyed from every portion of the world to San Francisco.

It is universally acknowledged that they possess the attributes that appeal to particular people—undoubted luxury and comfort, unsurpassed cuisine and service, and superior appointments and location.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC TRAINS ARRIVING
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rates, dates, and full particulars.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)
Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	From Aug. 12, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmaria, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*11.45 A
*8.00 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*9.45 A
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marys- ville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.45 P
*10.00 A	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Men- dota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*11.00 A	Livermore, Sanger, Gosben Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations Sacramento River Steamers.....	*5.00 A
*1.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Knights Landing, Woodland, Sacramento, Marys- ville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sausalito for Santa Bar- bara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A
*5.00 P	Stockton.....	*9.45 A
*5.05 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Dem- ing, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.45 A
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*12.15 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Sta- tions.....	19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sac- ramento, Marysville, Redding, Port- land, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street).		
17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Fel- ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	12.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	18.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	18.50 A

CREAK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—		
*7.15	9.00	11.00 A. M., 11.00
*4.00	15.00	*6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—		
10.00 A. M.	12.00	12.00
10.00 A. M.	12.00	12.00

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	16.30 P
17.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
17.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José, San- ta Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Princi- pal Way Stations.....	18.35 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	12.36 A
13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
15.00 P	San Mateo, Redwood, and Princi- pal Way Stations.....	19.00 A
5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	18.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	18.00 A
6.11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
a Saturday and Sunday. c Monday only.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

In the lunatic asylum: "Keeper—" "This poor
fellow used to be a famous musician." "Visitor—
" Ah! and now he's a wandering minstrel."—
Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

The grip on emergencies: "What's the difference
between knowledge and wisdom?" "Well, it takes
knowledge to build an automobile, but it takes wis-
dom to run it."—*Chicago Record.*

Settled his hash: *Sissy Summergirl* (lazily)—" I'd
like a good novel." *Harold D'Kygools* (the erst-
while "clubman," absently)—" Third floor—second
counter to the right."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Edith—" Uncle George, is it a painful operation
when a man has his leg pulled? And do they take
anything?" *Uncle George*—" Gas is usually admin-
istered, I believe."—*Boston Transcript.*

Old lady (in car, reading advertisements)—" By-
thinia water; Bythinia water; law sakes, why do
people want to buy thinner water than they now use,
and get from Spring Valley Company?"

" That old fellow coming was carried from the
railroad accident all smashed up, and he wouldn't
even acknowledge he was hurt; must be a Christian
Scientist?" " No; president of the road."—*Life.*

First traveler (cheerily)—" Fine day, isn't it?"
Second ditto (haughtily)—" Sir! You have the
advantage of me. I don't know you!" First
traveler—" Humph! I fail to see the advantage."
—*Ex.*

Good suggestion: " I wonder why they don't
name one of the new ships the *Mayflower*?"
" What for?" " Why, so that future generations
can say their ancestors came over on it."—*Phila-
delphia Bulletin.*

" Why, I ask you," vociferated the calamity-
shrieking orator, " are they having bread riots
in Honduras?" " Maybe they've got tired of
bananas," bazzard an earnest-looking auditor.—
Chicago Tribune.

The prevailing passion: *Young lady*—" Mercy
me! When fast in the jungle, you came face to
face with a tiger. Ooo! What did you do?"
Modern traveler (proudly)—" Photographed it."—
New York Weekly.

" Pa, why do they formally notify a man that he
is nominated for President?" " Well, mainly, I
think, so that he can't get up after he fails to be
elected in November and vow he wasn't in politics
at all."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Brushe—" Who is that solemn-looking individ-
ual?" *Penn*—" That's Graves. He writes patent-
medicine ads. A clever chap he is, too. He can
describe a disease so that the healthiest man alive
will think he has got it."—*Tit-Bits.*

Time, 2 A. M.—Husband arrives from lodge
(second meeting in one week): *Wife*—" I'm just
past speakin' tae ye!" *Husband*—" Od! Jean, I'm
g-g-gled tae hear that; I'll ken when tae come home
after this."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

Campaign arguments: *The Democrat*—" Did you
notice that the steamer *M. A. Hanna* went ashore a
few days ago? There's an omen for you!" *The Re-
publican*—" Omen, nothing! It merely showed
that the *M. A. Hanna* wanted the earth."—*Indian-
apolis Press.*

That was all: " Did you bear what happened to
Mrs. Dinsmore yesterday while she was bathing?
A valuable diamond ring slipped from her finger
and a fish swallowed it." " Then what?" " Noth-
ing, only the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty
to Animals had her arrested for feeding indigestible
food to the fish."—*Bazar.*

Repartee: Observing the manager of the drug de-
partment, the woman accosted him in a spirit of
badinage. " I have kleptomania," she said; " what
would you advise me to take?" " The elevator, by
all means!" said the manager, wittily. " And not
something just as good?" exclaimed the woman,
affecting great surprise.—*Detroit Journal.*

" Boy," said the wealthy man, beaming with
gratitude, " you have done me a great service, and I
am going to reward you." " Oh, thank you, sir!"
gasped the small boy. " Here in this small case,"
continued the millionaire, " is the first dollar I ever
made. You may look at it. And here is a recent
copy of the *Clap-Trap Magazine*, which contains
my article telling how I made it. Read it, and may
heaven bless you!"—*Ex.*

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he is not very interesting, but he is mighty convinc-
ing."—*Life.*

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People who have an idea that the duties of the President are light can have but vague knowledge of the strenuous routine, the multiplicity of demands to be met, and the weight of responsibility. These, together, are sufficient to tax the strongest physique and to be a weight upon the mind such as only executive tact, unswerving courage and zeal, and firmness of purpose would permit to be borne. Under it the weak would break down and the timorous give way to despair.

A Washington correspondent recently made the statement that the job of being President was the hardest in the world, and he was nearer right than the thoughtless who deem it a position merely of honor, with ample emolument and sure

reward. It is work of the severest kind, unremitting, required to coincide with certain policies and necessitating a vast knowledge of detail. Questions arise on which may depend the future of the nation, and the answer must be ready. There are departments and bureaus, a Cabinet and a Congress, but all of them look to the President. He is the centre and front of government. Yet he can not conduct matters with a wisdom so absolute as to be above adverse criticism. He knows that whatever decision he may make will be misconstrued, subject him to abuse, he employed by unfair partisans as a means of demeaning his administration. This circumstance renders more difficult a task already stupendous. To proceed without regard to assured misrepresentation requires strength of character and a capacity for ignoring artificial conditions.

The time of the President is so occupied that for him to acquire by ordinary means the information he must have is impossible. It is seldom he can read the papers, but he must rely upon the advisers he has about him. Commander-in-chief of the army and navy, he is forced to direct these two departments through their respective secretaries. They are men of his personal choice, and yet they might easily fail to occupy his point of view as to any given situation. If he is misled, the onus of the error falls upon him. The matter of international relations, at times particularly delicate, rests with him alone.

There are thousands of offices for him to fill. How to do this without giving offense unwittingly, to select the best material, is in itself a serious consideration. The President is not alone the head of the nation, and, before all else, bound to subserve its good, but he is the incarnation of one party's policy. Chosen to carry out a certain course, there may be emergencies unthought of which embarrass him. He may be subject to friendly pressure which duty demands he shall not heed. Thus within his own following he recognizes the chance of making enemies, and were this not to add to his load of care he would be more than human.

There are social obligations to be met. Diplomatic functions as imperative as attention to state papers are parts of the regular programme. The President gets no rest. Into his vacations are projected all sorts of important problems requiring immediate adjustment. The correspondent is right; the President has a hard job.

San Francisco's population as revealed by the census was less than had been hoped, and yet it was not so had when the peculiar conditions prevailing here are taken into consideration. San Francisco can not, owing to the intervening bay, take advantage of the suburban population. According to the methods prevalent in New York or Chicago, all of Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, Sausalito, Belvedere, Tiburon, and even San Rafael would be counted with this city. It is to be remembered, also, that San Francisco furnishes a large share of the commercial hosts invading the islands and Alaska, and that many hundreds of young men have been contributed to the army. All of these are lost to the census-taker.

An interesting feature of the census returns is the showing they make of the shifting of residents. Situated on the point of a peninsula, San Francisco can grow in only one direction. It may acquire denser population, but on three sides its expansion is stopped by the bay and the ocean. That the trend of population for ten years had been toward the west was evident even to the casual observer. What a decade ago was a waste of dunes is now covered with homes and gridironed by electric lines. During that space the Richmond district has come into existence, and so have many other thriving adjuncts.

But this growth, healthful as it has been and satisfactory in that it bespoke the founding of new homes, has been in a measure a draft upon the down-town area. Sunset, Sunnyside, and Lakeview could not have increased as they have without causing elsewhere a measure of decrease. The Western Addition also gained heavily. The same is true of the section bounded by Broadway, Market, Kearny, and

Mason Streets, but north of Market and east of Kearny there was a decided loss. The latter section has not been progressive. The streets have fallen into comparative decay, buildings already antique have not been renovated. In fact, no effort seems to have been made to encourage people to remain. Moreover, the locality is adapted to wholesale trade, and to this it is given almost wholly. The trade embodies vast material interests, but it does not maintain a steady population. It is not suitable for homes because the structures once devoted to lodgings have either gone to rack or become more valuable for trade purposes.

Between Stockton and Larkin Streets there has been a gain which must be at least partly ascribed to the family hotels which mark all that region. There are comparatively few homes on some of the intervening thoroughfares, but on almost all a plentitude of large hotels. Many families find life at these hotels cheaper than the more desirable method of keeping house, and so the caravansaries thrive and population finds an anchor. The Mission, lying west of Ninth and south of Market, has steadily gained. This is due to many causes. Out there rents are cheap, property held at a reasonable figure, the climate free of fogs, and warm. Moreover, the extension of electric lines so as to render remote territory accessible has been a potent factor. This extension, whether regarded wholly as cause or partly as effect, has had much to do with the prosperity of the Mission. South of Market and east of Ninth the gain could not have been expected to be so great. That is not purely a residence quarter, but the erection of large hotels, notably along Third Street, has had a decided effect. They are unlike the family hotels of a portion of the town deemed more aristocratic, but they house many, a large share of whom are stationary. In much of the district, as in that north of Market and between Kearny and the bay, space is given up to factories, mills, lumber-yards, and warehouses, enterprises of importance, supporting hundreds of men, but these with their families may live in a distant part of the city, and, indeed, are apt to live in the Mission. That such is the case may be discerned by a glance at the Mission cars at a few moments after the time of quitting work. They will be found crowded to the outmost step with a homeward-bound dinner-pail brigade.

San Francisco has no reason to feel discouraged. It can look forward to greater things in the way of growth than it has accomplished, or, rather, than have been accomplished for it; to a large extent it has remained supine, glad of development, but not seeking it. Circumstances point to stimulation in every direction making for expansion of trade and of population. It can help this along, or it can simply accept it, being rewarded by a notification ten years hence that it has advanced fourteen and one-half per cent, when it should advance at least twice this much.

While Cuba is yet a dependency, its people are so confident of being given full control of their own affairs that the presidential candidates are in the field in force. To most of them politics is a new game, but they are playing it with zest, striving not to appear in the amateur class. With some of them intrigue and plot are familiar vocations, but these callings have been followed more with the purpose of forwarding a cause than the interests of any one person.

So far as developed there are twenty-five candidates with so pronounced a following as to give them standing in the lists. First of these comes Maximo Gomez, before whom there looms the prospect of winning in a walk. Gomez is a fighter, but since the declaration of peace has become a writer and talker, saying much more in either capacity than tended to redound to his own credit. He has upbraided the United States for interference, and, being called to task, has hacked down, using too many words both ways. Notwithstanding all this, he leads in popular favor. A recent vote taken by a Cuban journal resulted in the casting of 2,730 ballots, of which 1,132 were for Gomez. Bartolome Masso, the one next to him, had only 304. Masso, president of the Cuban republic at the beginning of

with Spain. Masso is an avowed aspirant, working with all his might for the coveted honor.

Tomas Estrada Palma, well known as a representative of the revolutionists, received 242 votes, and the rest were scattered among twenty-two others. Dr. Luis Estevez, distinguished as being the husband of the richest woman in Cuba, who had been in the cabinet of General Woods but resigned to visit the Paris Exposition, scored a total of 174. Cisneros Betancourt, bearing the title of Marquis of Santa Lucia, but in reality a republican, while proud of his title, received the next highest number. Betancourt is an agitator, his character marked by fearlessness. His willingness to become involved in a controversy has kept him before the people. Ruis Rivera was given 150 votes, not easily accounted for. He is a Puerto Rican, held office under both Brooke and Woods, being dismissed from each. His strong point is his indiscretion, coupled with a lack of tact. He will be remembered by his demand that the government of the United States arbitrarily set a day for its own retirement from the affairs of the island.

Then follow those who received less than 100 votes, this class being headed by Manuel Sanguily, with 64. Sanguily is not a soldier, but known as a worker for independence. He writes editorials for *Discussion*, and is brother to the romantic cavalier, Julio. Manuel is an attractive personage, full of the quality known as magnetism. The brothers Rodriguez appear next, Mayia with 64, and Alejandro with 59. Both are major-generals, and Mayia bears scars of many wounds. He is now administrator of Beneficencia, an institution for the care of children. The other is mayor of Havana, having been elected over Estrada Mora. Enrique José Varona, secretary of education, is another with ambitions, and 55 votes. He is a journalist, handicapped by lack of a war record. In similar predicament is Diego Tamayo, secretary of state. His votes number 53. Other than these are Rafael Montor, Fedel Pierra, Juan Gomez, Gonzalez de Quisado, Domingo Mendez, Lacret Morlot, José Aleman, Quintin Bandera, and Carlos Manuel de Cespides. Of these, Gomez is a negro, and rascal, and the same may be said concerning Bandera. But at present the other Gomez seems to be so in the lead that the rest hardly count.

Some months ago there was considerable discussion over the proposal of one of the supervisors that the street-car companies should be allowed to charge one-half of the regular fare only when they were unable to furnish a seat as well as transportation. The proposal struck at a real and notorious grievance of the traveling public, but it has been allowed to sink into obscurity. As was pointed out by the *Argonaut* at the time, the proposed remedy was impractical. A passenger might board a crowded car and pay one-half fare for the privilege of standing up. After he had gone several blocks, a number of passengers who had occupied seats might get off the car, and he would have an opportunity to sit down. Would he be obliged to continue standing, which was the only privilege he had paid for, or to pay another one-half fare for the privilege of sitting? If the latter rule obtained, the duties of the conductor would be increased at least one-half, with a corresponding reduction of one-third of the time he could devote to attending to persons desiring to get on or off the car. The result would necessarily be decreased efficiency of service, with increased dissatisfaction on the part of the traveling public.

While the proposed remedy was defective, however, the overcrowding of street-cars is a nuisance that should be remedied, and an unnecessary menace to the safety of passengers. The same difficulty has been encountered in other cities. In New Haven, one of the street-car companies has made a voluntary effort to abate the nuisance. The Winchester Avenue Railroad Company has instructed its conductors that when all the seats in a car are filled no other passengers shall be allowed to board the car. Only when a passenger who has occupied a seat alights shall another be permitted to occupy his place. This is a simple act of justice, and it will remove the difficulty of overcrowding. It is a question, however, whether its general result will not be a decreased efficiency of service. In many cases a man can not spare the time to wait until a car with vacant seats comes along. A man and his wife could not board a car on which there was but one vacant seat, and if they wished to attend a theatrical performance they would be compelled to walk or stay at home. During the afternoon hours of congested traffic, resulting from the closing of business houses, one-half of those who now ride home would be compelled to walk, for at least that percentage of those who are now carried on the cars during those hours must go without a seat. It is not probable that the street-car companies here would voluntarily adopt such a regulation as that of the New Haven company, and, as has been pointed out, it would afford but slight relief if they did. The remedy lies in increased accommodations. The gen-

eral adoption of "trailers," such as are in use on the Kearny Street line, would materially relieve the situation. The increased power necessary would cause an increased expense, but not enough to balance the loss resulting from a reduction of fare, or a material reduction in the number of passengers carried.

Underground electric roads as a medium of travel in crowded cities is receiving quite a boom from the opening of the new subway of that character in London. The first month's use of new road has brought out all sorts of favorable verdicts from London people and papers. The public very quickly discovered that they were to be agreeably disappointed in not realizing the horrors and unpleasantness naturally to be anticipated from traveling through a "drain-pipe" or "a hole in the ground." The consensus of opinion now is that the innovation is to be credited with brightness, comfort, speed, noiselessness, and a delightful coolness and freedom from disagreeable odors and smoke. It is thought to be the death-knell of the ancient and lumbering omnibuses, since the traveling public are so well pleased that they are already clamoring for a complete and ramifying system of underground electrics.

The road is built in two single-track tunnels, at a varying depth of from sixty to one hundred feet below the surface, and is reached by both stairways and "lifts," the latter large enough to carry several hundred passengers each. The route is from the vicinity of the Bank of England to Shepherd's Bush—a distance of very nearly six miles. The construction has occupied a period of just four years, and the cost has been \$17,500,000—or nearly \$3,000,000 per mile. The carrying capacity is estimated at more than 50,000,000 passengers a year, with the present accommodations, while the additional facilities to be furnished by new tracks now under construction is expected to raise the daily carrying capacity to at least 250,000 people. The running expenses are now about \$750,000 a year. No effort or expense seems to have been spared to make the line pleasant and popular. Indeed, much of the success of the experiment—for it was an experiment upon the public which was already familiar with the noisy, smoky, dirty subways in London—has depended upon the elaborate care expended to secure both comfort and convenience. The equipment includes 190 upholstered vestibule cars, all cheerfully lighted by electricity, and costing \$5,000 each. The motors are torpedo-shaped, and were built at a cost of \$15,000 each. Each car is designed to seat about fifty people, seven of these are made up into a train, and the trains are started at intervals of two and one-half minutes.

The management as well as the public have had an agreeable surprise. They calculated on running at a loss for the first year, while the public was discovering the benefits and beauties of the system, and making up its mind that the underground electric is what it wanted. On the first day the trains carried 83,000 passengers, which increased to 91,600 on the second, dropped off a little on the third, and rose to 93,000 on the fourth, since which time travel has been steadily increasing, indicating that the period of curiosity is over and that the people have taken to the new line as a pleasant and permanent convenience far beyond any method of city travel heretofore offered. The company will reap a fair profit from a patronage of 40,000,000 passengers a year, and that stage of prosperity has been attained in the first month of its operation.

It is gratifying to Americans to know that the system of electric roads which originated in this country is taking such a hold in the British metropolis that not only is the new underground subway an instant success, but Londoners now confidently predict that the surface trolley lines of American pattern will displace the 'buses and horse-car lines in the city streets. It is also a matter for pride to know that American ideas and methods are followed in the arrangements of stations, that the ticket chopper is used and voted an immense convenience, and that the elevators and electric motors were all made in the United States. The inventive and constructive genius of America is making thus further inroads upon British conservatism. They have laughed at our hurry and bustle and our overhead straps, but they are rapidly accepting the same conditions and cry for more.

The rapid-transit problem in New York is being solved in the same manner, and with more completeness. While London is rejoicing over local trains covering six miles in twenty-five minutes, including thirteen stops, the New Yorkers propose, by means of a four-track tunnel for a trunk line as far as Ninety-Seventh Street, to run express trains which will cover the thirteen miles from the City Hall to the northern termini in less than twenty minutes. The London road is a great advance for London, but its present capacity would hardly measure up to the ideal of rapid transit in New York.

With its growing population and the increasing congestion of travel on its main thoroughfare, San Francisco is becoming

an excellent subject for the installation of such a system of underground electrics. The main point of entrance and egress of travel continuing at the ferry must in time render it necessary to relieve Market Street. Such a system, with a trunk line under Market Street and branches north and south, would prove a wonderful advantage and convenience, and the experience of London indicates that such lines would prove pleasant, popular, and profitable.

In reckoning in figures the cost of war, the circumstance must be remembered that many elements properly to be considered can not be reduced to numerical expression. The value of a life may not be set forth; the violence done to industry, the retarding of production, can only be estimated, and this with little assurance that the estimate will be correct.

Another cost that, under the liberal policy of the United States is certain to grow to stupendous proportions, is that of the pension-roll. So great has been the fear lest one worthy fail of getting his due that the rolls growing out of the rebellion are cumbered with the names of pretenders, bogus widows, sutlers, even deserters. These truths may be stated without in any manner reflecting upon the genuine old soldier or begrudging him the moiety he receives for services rendered.

The pension-rolls of the United States have swollen enormously, and were supposed to have reached a climax, but the war with Spain, the ensuing turmoil in the Philippines, and now the hostilities in China, give promise of keeping it up to its highest standard. From July 1, 1865, to June 30th of the present year, there was paid out on account of pensions \$2,600,000,000. During the twelve years of the Grant and Hayes administrations the total was \$375,000,000, while during the three years under McKinley the total has been \$420,000,000. In view of this, the occasional protest that the old soldier is not getting fair treatment is difficult to understand.

This year's pension-roll shows 40,645 additions, with 4,699 restored, a total of 45,344. There were dropped, principally owing to deaths, and in many instances to remarriage, 43,334, the increase being 2,010. Notwithstanding this increase, however, expenditures have been lessened, the amount for the fiscal year closing with June, 1899, having been \$131,617,961, and for that closing with June, 1900, \$131,534,544, or a difference of \$83,417. But the probability of a change in the other direction is manifest. Since 1864, 742,787 persons have been pensioned, and of these nearly 60 per cent. under the law of 1890. Out of these vast sums a class of attorneys, known as pension lawyers, have thriven notably.

In France, Germany, and Russia 22 per cent. of the revenues go for war purposes or in preparations for war. In this country 24 per cent. of the revenues for 1900 were paid out for pensions, and 33 1/3 per cent. for the support of the army and navy, leaving for all other purposes 42 2/3 per cent. This is paying high for war, whether of the past, the present, or the future. The first session of the present Congress made appropriations aggregating \$710,000,000, an increase over the preceding session of \$33,169,840.59, due to the existence of war. This money was divided as follows: Army, \$114,220,995; fortifications, \$7,383,628; navy, \$65,140,916—altogether, \$186,744,639. To meet the demands of the pension-list there was set aside \$145,245,230. Thus of the entire \$710,000,000 nearly \$332,000,000 was for military operations, national defense, or to pay for war long fought.

The end of the fiscal year found in the bands of pension agents certificates issued by the bureau which had not been paid. First payments on these will amount to \$1,291,588.58, so that this much may properly be added to the official statement. The fees exacted by lawyers during the year, these being paid by withholding from the amount handed over to actual claimants, were \$517,376.32.

There are now, in round numbers, 100,000 soldiers in the army. Many of these are in the Philippines, subject to frightful climatic conditions as well as to attack from a subtle foe. More are losing health through disease than through wounds, and yet, disabled in line of duty, they are entitled to pensions. In China, while the number of soldiers is far less, the conditions are far more disastrous, and there is a grim possibility that regiments by the score may be needed there. All of this means not only liberal expenditures now, but in years to come. The cost of war, clearly, is not the sum required for the immediate needs of the army; to meet these needs is only a beginning.

Nevertheless, there is no tendency to advocate a policy of parsimony. The pension list, so that it be fairly constituted, is met with uniform cheerfulness. The feeling is common that the veteran deserves all he gets. Animosity is only for the pretender, and especially for the special pensioner, who often receives enough to support a family in comparative ease, and gets it not through merit but by influence. As a rule, these fancy pensioners are rich men who not only do not need the sums they draw, but pos-

sessed of ordinary pride would be ashamed to receive them. They wrong the country at large—but more, they wrong the old soldier, the man who carried a musket and slept in a trench.

Out of Europe came the leaping, long-eared rodent that multiplied and overran the island empire of Australia, and now in these later but seemingly uninformed days the same pest, with a more resounding name, has been brought into the United States to breed like flies at the shambles and threaten the destruction of plant and shrub and vine. These from Northern Europe; but from the south, from sunny Italy and dreamy Spain, came earlier another pest to these hospitable shores. The scientists dub him *Pulex irritans*, and no Belgian hare can boast a longer pedigree or surer marks of straight breeding than the flea that bops and crawls by millions in this land that would be more delightful without him. Six-limbed, agile, saltatorial, he is omnipresent, keen of scent, a tireless hunter of his prey, an assailant whose weapon has drawn the blood of the proudest of men. No dignity repels him, no vigilance securely guards against his approach. In the sanctuary or the theatre he creeps or bounds upon his quarry, inducing furtive and vain thrustings in reprisal. Living statues, posed for admiration, have been startled from immobility into sudden action by his stealthy yet fierce assaults. Humanity is helpless under this affliction.

From our new possessions in the Orient a more lusty and no less rapacious breed of this pest has immigrated, but there is little of promise in the introduction. Crossed with the strain that has become native, there may be a slight gain in size that will tend to make his presence more quickly apprehended and his capture less difficult; hence, the old variety will survive. Through necessity the rabbits in Australia developed claws and became tree-climbers. Fleas have rudimentary wings—two scales that mark the degeneracy of once useful members. Perhaps by care in selection and breeding, those who delight in the cultivation of the seemingly useless might produce a full-winged, ether-cleaving flea. And then the air as well as the teeming soil might bold new terrors. Tales have come down from ancient times of trained fleas whose feats of imitative skill and strength were marvelous. At a display before royalty the exhibitor suddenly proclaimed the loss of the star performer of his troupe, and not until a princess had sought seclusion briefly was the escaping acrobat found and returned to its owner. Wide possibilities are easily suggested to the patient pest propagator who may turn his attention to fleas. Certainly not less than appear in the breeding of rabbits. The fecundity of the insect is equal to that of the animal, and only thirty days are required to bring the second generation to maturity. And there are no problems in the food supply. In time, some scientific and successful breeder may be able to exclaim proudly, pointing to a cage: "This is Lady Alice, great-granddaughter of Lady Maud, who was sold for four hundred dollars."

A number of those Democrats who refused to support Mr. Bryan four years ago on account of his crude ideas regarding national finances are now declaring their intention of supporting him, because there is now no danger of remonetizing silver. The Senate is now Republican, they argue, and there will not be a sufficient number of vacancies during the four years of the coming Presidential term to turn the majority to the Democrats. With a Republican Senate, no legislation repudiating the gold standard can be enacted, and therefore Bryan, even should he be elected President, would be powerless. Carl Schurz, who has always displayed remarkable flexibility with regard to his party allegiance, is one of those who, having supported McKinley in 1896 on account of the financial issue, now proposes to support Bryan because the financial issue is dead, and, following a well-established habit, he has been airing his opinions on the subject in print.

In reply to this, Mr. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury and a financier whose experience and ability command weight, has issued an open letter. Mr. Gage takes issue with Mr. Schurz, and presents his views in a manner that should receive the attention of every voter. As showing the uncompromising attitude of Mr. Bryan on the silver question, he quotes from a speech delivered at Knoxville, in Tennessee, as follows: "If there is any one who believes that the gold standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I warn him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it." This is the doctrine of the man who now aspires to the highest executive position in the United States. He has pledged himself to use all of his power and all his authority to debase the currency of the country and to repudiate the nation's financial obligations. Mr. Gage points out that no more serious disaster could

overtake this country than the breaking down of the gold standard and the adoption of that principle of money for which Mr. Bryan contends, and in 1896 the people of this country registered their agreement with this opinion.

But how could Mr. Bryan, if elected, enforce his views? It is possible that the Senate might for a time block any legislation adverse to the sound financial system that now obtains. But should Bryan be elected there is every probability that the next House will be Democratic, since the votes for congressional candidates and for Presidential electors will probably go together. The indorsement of Mr. Bryan's views at the polls would justify the House in continuing the agitation in favor of silver, and this would cause continued uncertainty in financial circles. This would upset business and destroy the condition of prosperity the country is now enjoying.

RELIGION AND THE PHILIPPINES.

Devotion of the Filipinos to the Roman Catholic Church—State Bounty to the Priests—Fear of a Missionary Movement—Exclusive Powers of Friars.

Among the serious problems confronting us in the Philippines there is none more important than the religious question, which at this time is a menace to American relations with the island people. Interested observers have called attention to this fact in widely published articles, written while they were on the ground and in touch with the conditions described, and while their conclusions do not agree in all cases, their recognition of the threatening aspect of affairs through the intimate relation of church and state in the islands is thorough and unchanging. Last February the *Independent* printed a contribution from Albert Gardner Robinson, then in Manila, from which the following is taken:

"The question which is, more than all others, most pregnant with menace is undoubtedly the religious question. The islanders are not to be classed as heathen, ignorant and untaught savages who 'bow down to wood and stone.' They are no more heathen than are the people of the West Indies. In Puerto Rico and in Cuba the religious problem was a comparatively simple one, so far as its complication with political affairs was concerned. The relation in those countries between the church and the state was intimate. But the relations of the church to the people presented no such features as those which exist in the Philippines. In the West Indies the spiritual guidance of the people was in the hands of the Roman Catholic Church, distinctly as a church organization. In the Philippines that guidance is in the hands of the monastic orders, the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Augustines, and, in a more limited area, the Jesuits. In this connection one point is clearly noticeable. The West Indian's religion meant little to him; the Filipino's means a great deal."

It is not alone the practice of a few devotees, close observers of rites and ceremonies, of feasts and holy days, but the attitude of the masses of the people:

"Men, as well as women, are faithful in their attendance upon church worship, not only on Sunday but as well upon the prescribed holy days. Stand for an hour by a church door in Manila at any time of day during the week. The majority of the men who pass will be seen to lift their hats as they pass the portal. Go to any church during the earlier hours of Sunday. It will be found well filled, often uncomfortably so, with worshippers. A few seats are provided. The greater space of the marble-tiled floor is covered with men and women, all well and cleanly, though often cheaply dressed, standing and kneeling as they follow the service. There is no sign that it is a light or trivial thing to them, no sign that they are bored by it. They seem to be there because they want to be there."

This being the fact, as it undoubtedly is, it is somewhat curious that Filipino revolt against the power of Spain should have found its real ground in protest against the powers of the church:

"Both in what is good and in what is bad, it is the church which has made the Filipino people what they are. The church has educated them, and has trained them in religious observance. The monastic representatives of that church have, directly and through their domination of the political and military authorities, robbed and oppressed them. I find here no protest of the people of the island against the church. The cry is, and has been, '*Abajo los frailes*' ('Down with the friars'). An emphatic desire is for native friars, for priests from their own people, priests who will understand them, be in sympathy with them. There are Filipino priests, but they are comparatively few in number, and have been placed only in subordinate positions. Some of the Spanish priests are earnest and worthy men. Many, according to commonly accepted evidence, are not. With such of the Filipino priests as I have met I have been most favorably impressed."

The property holdings of the church are so vast that attention was early diverted to this condition:

"It now seems most probable that the bone of contention will be the question of ownership of property now held by the friars. There are large and valuable interests in Manila proper and in the surrounding wards of Tondo, Binondo, Santa Cruz, Malate, and others, also in all towns and cities of any note. Some of this consists of church edifices, chapter-houses, and various institutions, religious and educational. Besides these, it is asserted that the various orders claim much city property and vast tracts of land throughout the country districts. It is held by the friars that, beyond the sum of nearly a half million dollars in gold derived from the state treasury, the income from these outside holdings is requisite for the maintenance of their institutions. Their opponents assert that much of their property has been obtained through force and fraud, and that, as their income and the funds for the construction of church buildings came from the state, the property is owned by the state and not by the orders."

According to Mr. Robinson, the difficulties in the way of a satisfactory adjustment are not insurmountable:

"While the pathway to a solution of the problem would doubtless prove thorny and devious, the solution itself would appear to be reasonably simple. The determination of property ownership must rest with competent courts, or with commissions duly authorized to pronounce a final judgment. An acceptable priesthood and system

should be provided for the people. The basis must, of course, be the same as that in the United States, religious freedom, and the maintenance by each organization of its own institutions. These facts should be recognized by Pope Leo, and his influence and power thrown upon the side of the people, even if there be some cost of property to particular monastic orders. Churches, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, exist for the salvation of souls and the uplifting of men, and not for the maintenance or enrichment of priestly orders."

In a long and serious study of "Church Problems in Luzon," published in the *Outlook*, the special commissioner of that paper, Phelps Whitmarsh, made the following arraignment of the system in control:

"By means of which no records have been kept, and which will, therefore, always be a sealed book to the prying eyes of the world, the religious orders became possessed of much real estate, particularly in the provinces round about Manila. In one province, Laguna de Bay, half of the entire acreage is said to be church property. By extortionate fees, moreover, particularly for marriage and burial services, by the sale of blessed candles (a monopoly in itself), scapulars, pictures, missals, rosaries, holy medals, indulgences, masses, and the like; likewise by collections, begging, and assessments, some of the orders became so wealthy that they invested their Philippine gains in other countries. Aided by the short-lived and ill-paid Spanish officials, they systematically drained the pockets of the people and enriched themselves. And this in spite of the law that moneys not used for parish purposes were to be turned into the common church exchequer, and not into the coffers of the communities. As the friars grew in riches, influence, and power, so did they grow in arrogance and tyranny. In their greed for gain they extorted money from the people on all sorts of pretenses; they engaged in business, broke their vows of chastity and poverty, and in many cases led lives of open licentiousness. I have heard from scores of natives that until recently no wife or daughter was respected by the friars, and I have met not one but many of their children. Any opposition to their demands was followed by the most relentless persecution; and the few men who dared to raise their voices in protest were either banished, imprisoned, or silenced by assassination. They played on and embodied the native superstitions; they monopolized the trade of the rice provinces, buying produce at their own prices; they fought the building of the railroad tooth and nail, because they knew it would destroy their monopoly; and since the American occupation they have threatened excommunication to those who desired to give their children an English education in Singapore. In a paper of this kind I am obliged to confine myself to broad statements, but, if necessary, details and proofs can be given to substantiate my assertions."

Summing up, Mr. Whitmarsh presents the decision be has been forced to make in a few words:

"The last, the most important, phase of the Philippine church problem is, What shall America do to give these islands a religious reconstruction? If the deductions I have made in this paper are sound, we can neither allow the friars again to dominate the people, even though the latter be willing, which they are not, nor can we leave their spiritual welfare in the hands of the present church incumbents—the native priests. We can not, moreover, allow the whole nation to drift into a state of religious indifference."

General Thomas M. Anderson, U. S. A., who commanded the first expedition to the Philippines, wrote to the *Independent*, in May last, to present at their request a statement in behalf of some influential Filipinos, from which this paragraph is taken:

"There are many good priests in the Philippines, and some, unfortunately, who are licentious. The Catholics of America will make a great mistake if they condone or defend the bad. Let us give them all credit for the good they have done in the past. They have certainly been more successful in civilizing the Filipinos than we have been in civilizing our Indians. But as an unfortunate result of state bounty they have given their support to an administration unjust and cruel in a superlative degree."

A danger which had not been pointed out by others is thus brought to attention by General Anderson:

"We, of course, all know that our government does not interfere in religious controversies or contentions. Yet it seems hard for the Filipinos to believe this. They can not understand that there can be any movement without government initiative. Just as soon as a missionary movement is set on foot to convert the Filipinos from Catholicism, so soon will the Filipino people jump at the conclusion that our government has directed the crusade. The idea will be spread by professional revolutionists and fanatical friars. This may seem absurd to us, but not to a people accustomed to a union of church and state and to a dominance of church influence."

It was the apprehension of the Filipinos, who feared a possibility of added bitterness in the strife, should the present conflict take on the aspect of a religious war, that induced General Anderson to publish the statement.

Former Judge Sommerville, as chairman of the board of classification of the United States appraisers, recently handed down a decision of interest, establishing the status of American women artists who have married aliens abroad. The decision is the outcome of protests of dealers against taxation on the work of American painters abroad whose paintings were sent to the United States. Charles H. Wyman & Co., of St. Louis, to whom four paintings were consigned from Paris, France, the work of Mrs. Mattie Dulle, of Helena, Ark., brought the case. Mrs. Dulle went abroad in 1887, leaving a studio in New York City, which she declared she intended retaining. In 1888 she married Theodore Dulle in London. He is a Canadian, who never resided in the United States. Mrs. Dulle returned to New York later, and occupied her studio until she went back to Paris. The decision declares:

"It is a settled principle of international law that a wife's political status follows that of her husband, and that her nationality and domicile for business purposes must always be deemed that of her husband. Mrs. Dulle, by reason of her marriage with an alien, must be presumed by operation of law to have lost both citizenship and domicile in this country, and she can not be considered any longer as residing temporarily abroad within the meaning of this phrase."

The new marriage law in Cuba which went into effect August 13th, directs that the ecclesiastical ceremony shall be recognized as on a basis of legality with that in the United States, thus revoking Governor Brooke's former decree putting the ecclesiastical and civil ceremonies on equal

THE MOVING SIDEWALK.

A Romance of the Paris Exposition.

"The Company of the South-East has the honor to inform its many patrons and the public in general that during the holidays of Whitsuntide it will issue, from all the points along its line, return tickets to Paris, good from Friday, May 25th, to Monday, June 4th, inclusive."

Having read the above advertisement in the morning paper of Chantenay-lez-Vaucluse, where he resided, M. Maruis Cambois, the son and successor of a worthy father in the silk and wool business, began to figure up, half-aloud, in the silence of his private office, the cost of the trip to Paris for himself, his wife, and his charming daughter, Mlle. Eugénie. Three first-class tickets, 234 francs and 90 centimes; with incidental expenses, 250 francs; charge for lodgings, "for when I go to Paris," remarked M. Cambois, "I usually pay 4 francs a day—but, of course, during an exposition, the Parisians must grow rich at the expense of the visiting strangers." So, with a deep sigh, M. Maruis Cambois dotted down 6 francs as the price per day for a room. Three persons, 18 francs—20 with attendance—therefore, for nine days, 180 francs. So much more for meals, carriages, theatres, etc. Total, 790, with incidentals, about 800 or 900 francs—perhaps a thousand.

Yes, the trip was quite possible, and the kind-hearted merchant began to enjoy in advance the pleasure which he knew his estimable wife, Elise, and his charming daughter, Eugénie, would take in this visit to Paris and the wonderful sights of the great exposition. Indeed, since Eugénie was seven years old, he had promised her a trip to Paris, and now that she was twenty-one he determined the promise should be fulfilled. Besides, the year had been an unusually prosperous one, for the new silks received from the house of Legeay & Co., of Lyons, had sold remarkably well, and during the first five months of the sale had brought him almost an ordinary year's profit. Hence he could well afford the expense of the journey, and without further reflection, M. Cambois opened the door of his private office, which communicated with his residence, and announced to the surprised Elise and Eugénie a trip to Paris. "Pack your trunks immediately," said he, in his good-natured way, "for we shall start on the twenty-fifth for the exposition."

Two exclamations of joy greeted this announcement, and Mme. and Mlle. Cambois began at once their preparations for the journey. M. Cambois simply boasted when he said, "When I go to Paris," for, as a matter of fact, he had visited the capital but once in fifteen years. Traveling was not the particular forte of M. Cambois, and, on seeing him, one easily understood the reason why. Burdened with an obesity which was almost unbearable, he had long ago said farewell to his feet, which at present he could only view in his mirror, and if he was not a distinguished member of the "Cent-Kilos Society," it was simply because the "Cent Kilos" had no branch at Chantenay. Usually, however, the people of Southern France are extremely thin, but M. Cambois was an exception to this general rule; hence when there was question of putting his enormous body in movement he hesitated long before making up his mind to do so; and in the present instance only his tender affection for his wife and daughter, and his great desire to afford them pleasure, induced him to undertake this journey to the exposition.

Mme. Cambois presented a striking contrast to her worthy husband, for she was as thin, small, and delicate as he was round and heavy, while her shrinking, timid, and reserved manners were directly opposed to the expansive and noisy *ensemble* of M. Cambois. In Chantenay they were laughingly referred to as "the Cask and its Faucet," an innocent pleasantry which did not prevent them from being greatly esteemed, for Cambois *pire* was held in high regard by his brother-merchants.

The lovely Eugénie, their daughter, united in her own charming person the physical strength of her father with the delicate gracefulness of her mother. Her figure was simply perfect in its Trilby-like proportions, and would have satisfied the most fastidious sculptor; add to this an extremely pretty face, crowned by a wealth of golden hair, large, expressive, dark eyes, a rosebud mouth whose smile disclosed a superb set of teeth, and you have a picture of the "Beauty of Chantenay-lez-Vaucluse," a title which was bestowed upon Eugénie by her friends and admirers.

It is a great occurrence to travel when one is not accustomed to do so, hence the departure of the expansive M. Cambois for Paris was attended by unusual excitement, and until the very last moment, notwithstanding the exhortations of his wife and daughter to be calm, M. Cambois remained in perpetual motion, transformed, as it were, into an ambulating fountain, much to the amusement of Eugénie, whose affection for her father did not prevent her from appreciating the ludicrous side of the paternal character. And, even after M. Cambois had entered his compartment, his excitement did not subside until he had counted and recounted his small bundles, verified the presence of his portfolio, his watch, his keys, his handkerchief, and purse, when he finally wiped the perspiration from his massive forehead, heaved a sigh, and settled down in his seat. His desire had been fulfilled, for they had the compartment entirely to themselves. Of course M. Cambois himself occupied fully a quarter of it, and, without fear of inconveniencing anybody, spread himself comfortably.

At the end of three hours they were approaching Lyons, when the amiable Cambois decided to take measures which would insure the compartment to himself and family until they reached Paris, and with this end in view he adroitly scattered his bundles over the cushions, and when the guard opened the door and announced "Lyon-Perrache! fifteen minutes' stop!" M. Cambois stationed himself before the door, obstructing the view with his enormous person, and the travelers who were venturesome enough to approach the Cambois compartment withdrew in fear before the stalwart fortifications. This soldierly manoeuvre would have been entirely successful had M. Cambois remained only a few

moments longer at his post; but just before the train started, feeling sure of his triumph, he threw himself back on the cushions, and just at that moment a traveler appeared at the door.

"The compartment is full!" angrily cried M. Cambois. "Not entirely, I believe," was the imperturbable reply of the new-comer; "there are still, I think, four or five places," and, without paying further attention to the irascible Cambois, the late arrival, who was a tall, handsome young man of distinguished bearing and faultlessly attired, tranquilly installed himself in the last corner of the compartment, directly opposite to Eugénie. He then took out from his elegant traveling-bag a package of newspapers and began to read, apparently as oblivious of the Cambois family as though the estimable trio had remained at Chantenay-lez-Vaucluse.

The position assumed by the handsome young traveler, *vis-à-vis* to the Cambois family, would probably have lasted until they reached Paris, had not the mass of bundles placed above Eugénie's head fallen suddenly to the floor, when the beauty of Chantenay-lez-Vaucluse gave a pretty, little scream like the cry of a frightened bird. The young man came gallantly to the rescue, and, after gathering up the bundles, inquired with polite concern if his fair neighbor had been hurt. He then resumed his seat, but he did not resume his reading, for the accident had drawn his attention to the beautiful Eugénie, and he evidently decided in his own mind that it was far more interesting to study this pretty *tableau-vivant* placed before him than to plunge again into the study of political questions.

M. Cambois, touched by the obligingness of his traveling companion, which had permitted him to remain tranquilly in his place without even disturbing himself, suddenly felt his anger subside, and, giving way to his ever expansive nature, began an animated conversation with his new-found friend. The young man listened with polite attention, responded when occasion required, but kept his eyes fixed on the daughter. Before the train reached Dijon, M. Cambois had informed his new acquaintance where he resided, his occupation, his name, and many other minor details. At each announcement the traveler simply said, "Ah!" and even when M. Cambois announced, with a certain amount of pride, that he represented at Chantenay-lez-Vaucluse the important house of Legeay & Co., of Lyons, the announcement was followed by the usual exclamation. Though the young man was extremely amiable and polite, he confined his conversation to generalities, and never once did he allude to his place of residence or his occupation.

At Auxerre, M. Cambois confided to his new friend that he was going to Paris with his family to visit the exposition, and for a while the exposition became the principal topic of conversation between them, and, as the young man had already visited many of its wonders, he was able to give the Cambois family some valuable pointers.

"I," said Mlle. Eugénie, "am anxious to visit the Palace of Costumes."

"And I," timidly echoed Mme. Cambois, "the Hall of Festivals."

"And I, the moving sidewalk," exclaimed the diffusive M. Cambois. "To think of circulating about without the trouble of moving! Ah, *mon ami*, what a marvelous invention! To-morrow morning at ten sharp we will take this wonderful sidewalk in."

This bit of information was evidently most welcome to M. Cambois's young companion, who began at once to explain to the enthusiastic old gentleman the mechanism of the moving platform, indicating, with great *finesse* the precise route which it was best to follow, and designating a particular station which he assured him was the best point to start from. The guileless Cambois listened with profound attention, thanked the young man for his disinterestedness, and assured him that he would certainly follow the route traced out.

Arrived in Paris, the Cambois family and their new acquaintance parted the very best of friends.

"*Sapriste!*" exclaimed M. Cambois a few moments after the young man had said good-by, "I forgot to ask him his name."

"How unfortunate," said the timid Mme. Cambois. Eugénie made no observation—on some occasions, however, silence is more eloquent than words.

M. Cambois started in pursuit of his late companion, but returned exhausted. "Alas!" he exclaimed, as he rejoined his family, "we shall never see him again. What a pity! He seemed to be such an excellent young man."

Mme. Cambois appeared equally regretful; Eugénie seemed to be less moved. But young girls have a way of reading the eyes of young men, and perhaps—well, perhaps Eugénie had read in the eyes of her opposite neighbor that they were not destined to lose sight of each other altogether.

She was not mistaken. The next day, when the Cambois family arrived at the moving sidewalk, precisely at ten and at the very station indicated, the first person they saw was their companion of the evening before, who played the rôle of the surprised to perfection—the hypocrite!—when he had waited for them more than an hour. The guileless Cambois fairly bubbled over with joy and surprise, Eugénie blushed furiously, but appeared equally delighted.

The first effusions over, the young man, to give the example, stepped lightly upon the first platform—the one which moves at the rate of four kilometres an hour; then upon the second, which turns with redoubled rapidity. Eugénie followed with the same agility, but the feat was too difficult for the unwieldy Cambois, while his wife, seized with fear, dared not place her foot on the sidewalk. Eugénie threw them a kiss, and a moment later she and her handsome escort disappeared, while M. and Mme. Cambois stood paralyzed on the immovable part of the machine, looking after their daughter and asking each other if they would ever find her again.

"Happily," said the good-natured father, with the *naïveté* of a child, "she is in good hands. Besides, Bonbonne,"—a

pet name he often bestowed upon his timid spouse—"the walk moves incessantly, so they will pass here again!"

At the end of a quarter of an hour the anxious parents heard a familiar voice exclaim, "Oh, how delightfully amusing!" and turning, they perceived Eugénie, leaning against the balustrade by the side of her amiable guide. Neither of them appeared to be in the least fatigued, and, judging from their animated conversation, they were evidently enjoying each other's society.

At last M. and Mme. Cambois took courage, and both valiantly advanced upon the first platform, but once there neither of them dared to budge or take a step upon the walk, which was constantly moving. Each clung desperately to the supporting posts, and, though they followed in the wake of Eugénie and her handsome escort, they remained always at a great distance behind them. Finally the young couple went to their rescue, and, being sure-footed, escorted M. and Mme. Cambois to the stationary platform. Evidently M. Cambois had had quite enough of the moving sidewalk, though he still stoutly maintained, possibly through principle, that it was a marvelous invention. Meanwhile the young couple had become very well acquainted—indeed, their understanding seemed quite perfect, for they now promenaded hand in hand—possibly to maintain their equilibrium.

The Camboises and their traveling companion now dined, breakfasted, and supped together, and together they visited the palaces and pavilions, and when they said good-by in the evening, it was with the understanding that they would meet again the next morning.

"How extraordinary," exclaimed M. Cambois, as he entered his hotel; "I forgot again to ask that young fellow his name. To-morrow I shall certainly do so."

But to-morrow came and went, and again the question was forgotten. M. Cambois never thought of it again until four days later, when the Cambois family and the young man had grown so intimate that they never separated until the hour of retiring. It was Eugénie, however, who answered the question, as she playfully introduced her father to M. George Legeay, of Lyons. Both gentlemen were equally surprised, for the young man had never revealed his name even to the pretty daughter.

"But how in the world, mademoiselle, did you find out my name?" he asked.

"Quite simply," replied the young girl, "I read it on your traveling-bag when you entered the compartment at Lyons."

"Which goes to prove—" said the young man, laughing.

"That a woman can keep a secret," interrupted Eugénie, before he had time to finish the sentence.

"Pardon me, sir," said M. Cambois, removing his hat with profound respect, "but are you connected with the house of Legeay & Co., of Lyons?"

"I am one of the partners," coolly replied M. Legeay; "my eldest brother is the other."

"Then you are my principal furnisher!"

George Legeay bowed. "And your son-in-law," he said, in an undertone, "if you and Mme. Cambois will permit."

The fair Eugénie blushed, for she had overheard the conversation; but as she did not protest, M. and Mme. Cambois offered no objection to the marriage.

Since the engagement the Cambois family, accompanied by M. Legeay, make a daily pilgrimage to the moving sidewalk, but M. and Mme. Cambois allow the young couple to make the tour alone, and remain quietly seated on the quay until their return; for, according to M. Cambois—and having been a devoted lover he is good authority—when one is engaged to be married there are always so many things to be said. But he still maintains that the moving sidewalk is a marvelous invention and a wonderful place for courting. —Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of S. Boucherit by Katharine Marshall.

Significant facts concerning *la grippe* have recently been made public. Mortality records covering fifty-six years' experience of one of the largest American life insurance companies, prepared for the insurance exhibit at the Paris Exposition, contain the results of an investigation of 46,525 deaths, varying with different periods, and showing the havoc wrought by different epidemics that have caused general alarm. While small-pox and cholera have had little effect, *la grippe*, or influenza, has reached the first ranks among the individual causes of disease. Thirty years ago only one death was ascribed to influenza. Then the disease disappeared from the mortality tables altogether until 1890, when 22 deaths were reported. In 1892, when *la grippe* was epidemic, 133 policy-holders died from its effects. Since then the disease has attacked with fatal results from 20 to 41 policy-holders a year, 364 deaths occurring during the last ten years. Influenza is described as "a disease of all ages," the largest number of deaths, however, being reported among policy-holders between sixty and eighty years old. These figures show only approximately the true importance of the disease as a source of mortality. While on the one hand the term has often been erroneously employed, on the other very many deaths due to influenza have been recorded as from pneumonia, because of the evident local lesion. On the whole, the figures understate rather than overstate the true mortality.

The census returns for the city of Chicago are a sore disappointment to the citizens of that town, who were expecting a population of 2,000,000 or more. According to the official count, Chicago contains only 1,698,575, an increase of 598,725, or 54.44 per cent. since 1890. The real increase in population is not as great as this, for the reason that the figures given include several populous suburbs which have been annexed to the city since 1890. There are 1,738,627 more persons in Greater New York than there are in Chicago, or, in other words, Greater New York is more than twice as populous as Chicago, the figures for the metropolis being 3,437,202.

ECHOES OF THE WAR IN CHINA.

Stories Told by Soldiers Who Were Wounded at the Battle of Tien-tsin—Scenes in the Besieged British Legation at Peking on the Day of Its Relief.

The first trustworthy news which has reached us of the part the ill-fated Ninth Infantry played in the bloody Battle of Tien-tsin is the graphic accounts of our wounded soldiers who returned from the seat of war on the transport *Thomas* on Friday, August 31st. Most of their stories give flat contradiction to the tales published that the Chinese soldier does not want to fight and does not know how to shoot. The officers and privates invalided home are nearly all veterans who have fought in Cuba and the Philippines, but they declare that the Battle of Tien-tsin, on July 13th, was the nearest thing to war, as they have read of it in history, that they have yet encountered.

Major James Regan, who was shot through both hips and the left arm, gives this vivid account of the fighting of the allied forces:

"I went through that little charge at San Juan Hill, and I have seen some queer fighting down in Manila, but I never before saw war as it is in these modern days until I went out against those 'untutored' Chinese round Tien-tsin. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when we started out, the Americans, the Japanese, and the British. The Russians were round on the other side of the city. We scaled the first mud wall and got over into the rice paddies and flat lands, which were lined with ditches and covered with water, making the work the hardest. We had got only fairly started through the mud and slush when the Chinese opened upon us with a fire like of which I had never experienced. Our men dropped like flies, and we had to hunt the shelter of one of the small trenches. Behind this we lay and fought for nearly ten hours. I was directing the men when I was struck and rendered unconscious. When I came to I examined myself and found that I could use my body and started to get up. The moment I showed myself I was shot again. I thought a cannon-ball had taken off my left arm. For the rest of the day I lay there without attention. The firing was so hot and so well directed that even the Hospital Corps could not get out to do its work."

"It was a picturesque sight to see the Japs, Americans, and British all attacking a wall or a trench together," says Major Regan:

"They seemed to understand each other's method of fighting, and each were superbly brave. They were invincible from the start. At the same time give all credit to the French. They waited for our lead, but once we showed them what we were intending, they were with us to the finish, and they showed the same splendid fighting qualities as did our other companions. The way those Japs fought was a revelation. A regiment of them acted as one man. The Chinese might shoot them down by dozens, but those that were left did not even waver. They were after victory, and they always got it. As fighters, the Chinese, once properly trained, show remarkable ability. They are utterly fearless of death; they are good shots, and their artillery was suspiciously well served. However, they will run in the face of disaster. Let one or a half-dozen of them become panic-stricken and start a stampede and the rest will follow like a lot of sheep. Up to the time of the stampede, however, they will take all the killing we can administer to them."

Of the atrocities of which so much has been said and written Major Regan had seen nothing. He declared, on the contrary, that each nation seemed to vie with the other in the soldierly conduct and bearing of its men. The sensational tales of wholesale death by the bayonet, of raids and loot, he said were greatly overdrawn.

Captain E. V. Bookmiller, of Company G, Ninth Infantry, which was kept hard at the fighting all during the engagement, was the first officer to fall. In relating his experiences, he said:

"The enemy had a very strong position. They were entrenched behind the walls of the mud village; they peppered us from the fort and the outer walls. It was our business to dislodge them. The first battalion of the Ninth led the way with a ringing cheer, and behind them pattered our battalion with Company G in front. We were all on the double-quick, and as soon as we got into the clear ground the bullets from the Chinese position seemed to fall among us like drops of rain. There was quite a space between me and the end of the first battalion—plenty of space to give us leg-room and the bullets a chance to find resting-places somewhere else than in a soldier's body. I doubt if anybody thought of the danger of the situation. There was no time for that. The dust began to rise and we could see the dots in the dirt where Chinese bullets were striking. Soon men began to fall, and I felt a sharp twinge in my right side, near the hip. I was in front, leading my men, and involuntarily my hand went to my side, but it was in the air again. I tried to run on, but my limbs grew heavy and began to drag, and I fell on the field. As I fell I saw other men go down around me. As I struck the ground I was conscious of another pain in my left leg near the ankle, and I knew that another Chinese bullet had found a mark. Two of my men ran to my assistance and held me while the advance was continued. When the troops had passed, the soldiers picked me up and carried me on a run for a ditch two or three hundred yards from where I fell. The plowing up of the ground about us showed that the Chinese saw us and wanted to complete their work, but a good angel was watching over us, and we reached the ditch without a scratch. I could hear the troops getting farther and farther away as I was borne along, but hardly had I been safely deposited in the ditch when the rattle of musketry grew louder, and I knew that our side was returning the fire of the Chinese. There was not much to be seen of the enemy, but our boys fired at the whites of their eyes, for next day numbers of the yellow soldiers were found dead behind the walls. The firing was kept up all day without intermission, and at dark the Chinese evidently realized that they had been up against something vastly different than anything they had ever encountered before. I lay in the ditch for three hours, and was fortunate to be picked up as soon as I was. In an engagement like that everybody was needed at the front. It was no time to think of the fellows who were left behind. There were too many of them, and they stretched over considerable territory. Some of the wounded lay where they fell all day long. It was only when the battle was over that attention could be directed to them. We had temporary hospitals set up in available buildings as near the field as we dared make them. Here our paraphernalia was placed, and, practically under fire, the operations of the surgeons had to be carried on. But it was all over that night. The Chinese stole away from the mud village under cover of darkness, and were, I guess, well on the way to Peking before morning. In the morning our troops entered the village without resistance."

Sergeant J. A. Dorey, of Company C, who was within fifty feet of Colonel Emerson H. Liscum when he was struck down while attempting to save the regimental colors from dragging in the mud, pays this tribute to his commander:

"Colonel Liscum's brave deed will never be forgotten by the boys. We were all pretty well seasoned, most of us having been through the Cuban campaign and for about fifteen months in the Philippines; but it took a tremendous amount of nerve to lead in the face of that terrific fire. Colonel Liscum was in the front line, urging us forward in a way that gave us all courage. When Color-Sergeant Gorman hung back a little, the colonel thought that he was getting scared and ordered him up. I could see them, but could not hear what was said.

Poor Gorman could not obey, for he was shot through the body, and he was pretty near gone when the colonel grabbed the flag and started ahead. We all cheered and went on. It must have been five minutes afterward that I happened to look around and saw the colonel down. There were four or five fellows around him, so I did not go back. I think he had the flag all the time, for one of the boys near him had it when he was down. The Chinese fought with the greatest bravery. In order to better concentrate their rifle fire they got outside of the walls in plain view, and fired volley after volley. If our ammunition had not given out we would have made them stop that. Had they attempted to charge us across the river it is not likely they would have been enough of us left to talk about. We thought they would even minute, and for that reason kept about a dozen shells apiece to be ready to meet them. I don't think any of our fellows ever thought of going back. After Colonel Liscum was killed, Major Lee took command and acted with great bravery. He went right to the front and stayed there, and the boys cheered him. He was a surprise to us all, although we all thought a lot of him."

Under date of August 14th, the *San Francisco Chronicle's* correspondent paints a vivid picture of the British legation at Peking on the day it was relieved by the allied forces:

"In the grounds of the British legation, where a handful of men withstood the millions of the Chinese capital for fifty-six days, a memorable celebration is in progress to-night in vindication of that principle. Missionaries assembled about Bell Tower are singing the Doxology. Rockets are blazing. Soldiers and civilians of all nationalities are fraternizing. The women are applauding the sound of the cannon that are smashing the yellow roofs of the Forbidden City. The tired Sikhs are planting their tents on the lawn, and the American and Russian contingents are lighting camp-fires along the stretch of turf extending beyond the Tartar wall. Only the Japanese, who have earned the first place, are absent. Resident foreigners welcome the luxury of walking about and immunity from bullets. The new-comers are anxious to inspect the evidences of an historic defense. These barricades are, after all, the most wonderful sight in Peking. The barriers hedging the British legation are a marvel of stone and brick walls and earthworks. Sand-bags shield every foot of space. The tops of the walls have niches for the riflemen, and the buildings at their porticos and windows have armor boxes, bags stuffed with dirt, and pillows, too. Back of the United States legation is a work named 'Fort Myers,' which the marines held, completely screening both sides of the walls, with steps leading to it. There is a loophole in the barrier across the wall which faces a similar Chinese work a few yards away. Another wall bars Legation Street in front of the German legation; and confronting the enemy's barricades within those limits are yet more walls, enabling the foreigners to contract the area of defense if pressed. The tops of the American and British buildings were badly torn by the Chinese shells. The shells fell during the first three weeks of the bombardment at the rate of four hundred a day. Bucketsful of bullets were gathered in the grounds. Four hundred and fourteen people lived in the compound through the greater part of the siege. Three hundred and four marines, assisted by sixty-five volunteers, commanded by the English Captain Poole, defended the place. Eleven civilians were killed and fourteen wounded. Fifty-four marines and sailors were killed and one hundred and twelve wounded. Gilbert Reid, who was wounded in the foot, was the only American civilian injured. Two foreign ladies were wounded."

The reception which the survivors gave the army was worth the hardships the troops had undergone. The entrance was not spectacular:

"General Alfred Gaselee, with his staff and a company of Sikhs, waded up a bed of sewage in the canal under the Tartar wall. The besieged removed the barricades, and when the gates swung inward and the British colors appeared there was a great cheer on both sides. Generals, soldiers, and correspondents scrambled up the banks through the filth, elbowing to be first. Men and women surrounded the rescuers, and shook the hands of the Sikhs. Everybody was hustled excitedly along into the legation grounds, where the colors were planted. The soldiers surrounded the wall which had been the salvation of the besieged. The ministers and officers demanded the latest news on both sides. An hour afterward General Chaffee, riding at the head of the Fourteenth United States Infantry, marched to the Tartar wall. An American marine, who was on top of the wall, shouted: 'You are just in time. We need you in our business.' 'Where can we get in?' asked General Chaffee. 'Through the canal.' The British entered two hours ago, was the response. The American general looked disappointed. Although the Americans entered behind the last of the British forces, their reception was just as enthusiastic as if they had been first. When the Stars and Stripes emerged into view, Mr. Tewksbury, the missionary, cried: 'Americans, cheer your flag!' Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and the soldiers cheered."

On entering the grounds of the British legation the American troops stared in amazement, for it looked as if there was a lawn-party in progress:

"They had expected to find the relieved in a worse condition than themselves, whereas the contrast between the appearance of the rescued and the rescuers was surprisingly in favor of the former. The British minister, Sir Claude MacDonald, was shaven and dressed in immaculate tennis flannels. Mr. Conger, the United States minister, was equally presentable. The assemblage of ladies was fresh and bright in summer clothing. Only a few civilians were carrying arms. On the other hand, the rescuers were haggard and rough-bearded. They dragged themselves along as if ready to drop, their khaki uniforms dripping with perspiration and black with mud. But a second glance showed that the rescued were pale and thin. They looked like a company of invalids. Every part of the inclosure testified to their tragic experiences. There was a plot of new graves headed with wooden crosses, including the graves of five children. The second secretary's house was the hospital, and it was filled with wounded. French nuns ministered there. At one time all but four men of the Japanese contingent had been in the hospital wounded. There were several caves, roofed with timbers heaped over with earth, which served as bomb-proofs. The bulletin board was covered with significant notices. For instance: 'As there is likely to be a severe dropping fire to-day, women and children are forbidden to walk about the grounds.' Here is another: 'Owing to the small supply of vegetables and eggs the market will be open only from nine to ten hereafter. All horse meat is inspected by a physician.'"

The relief of Peking was a notable achievement, chiefly for the forced march of four independent armies over a single, difficult road and in sickening weather:

"The last five days' marching was the worst. It was a terrible strain. The thermometer kept near one hundred and was sometimes above that figure. The country was deep with sand and the route lay through shadeless fields of tall corn. The Japanese possessed the greatest endurance, and, being provided with the best transport, they made the pace. The Russians held second place most of the time. The Americans and English were pushed to the utmost to keep up. General Fukushima said the Japanese might have reached Peking two days before. He probably spoke the truth. They seemed never to rest. Their cavalry and scouting parties were threshing the country ahead and on their flanks, and their outposts kept in constant contact with the enemy, pressing the latter so closely that they threw away their pots, sleeping-mats, and clothing. Several hundred Americans dropped out from the heat each day, and came straggling into camp in the evening. Even the native Indian troops suffered almost as much. The army could be tracked by dead horses. The soldiers drank continually from the muddy river and wells by the wayside, with the result that an epidemic of dysentery set in. The Americans marched during the hottest hours of the day, causing great dissatisfaction among officers and men who had wished to move in the cool of the morning and evening, like the Japanese and Russians. But, with four armies following a single road, the more enterprising got the right of way, and the others had to follow when they could."

The army transport, when it reached Peking, was a unique spectacle. Miles of animals, vehicles, and coolies trailed behind, everything imaginable on wheels, from farm-wagons to fashionable equipages.

TOD SLOAN'S LATEST VICTORY.

Winning the Great Futurity Stake at Sheephead Bay—William C. Whitney's Colt, Ballyhoo Bey, in the Lead—The Rider Justifies His Recall from England.

There is no room for doubt that it was a good investment for William C. Whitney to pay Tod Sloan five thousand dollars to come over from England and ride for him in the race for the Futurity, the richest stake of the American turf. Sloan won handily, bringing his mount in a length and a half ahead of his nearest rival, and Ballyhoo Bey, the great two-year-old, son of Kingston, proved his worth by equaling the best record for the event, flying over the six furlongs in 1:10, the time made by Ogden in 1896. It was a great triumph for the Whitney stable in more than one way, as the race was expected to go to the Keenes, who had three entries and felt secure in their position as leaders on the turf. And the prize was won only by the peerless riding of the American jockey.

The weather was warm to-day, and the wind came from the wrong direction to cool the flushed faces of the thousands in the grand-stand at Sheephead Bay course. The crowd, as usual, was a feature, but society was not strongly in evidence. There were any number of women present, and they were remarkably well-dressed, but the throng was more than usually a Saturday holiday meeting, good-natured and enthusiastic at all times. Even in the cheaper races the winners were applauded with a fervor that would have done credit to the great events of the season.

Sloan was a centre of attraction from his first appearance, as his coming had been heralded, and many were curious to see how he carried the honors which he has won abroad. It was to be expected that his success on the race-track in England would produce a noticeable change in his deportment, but he gave his detractors little opportunity for adverse criticism to-day. He wore a suit of unmistakable English cut, and a straw hat with a red band, when he first walked out on the lawn, and he shook hands rather nervously with the friends who greeted him. His first mount was Jean Beraud in the third race, the first of the autumn handicaps, and, greatly to his chagrin, he found that the horse was unable to get anywhere near the front. After this race there was a half-hour of nervous waiting on Sloan's part, and he showed that he was disturbed.

The Futurity was the fourth race, and it was nearly half-past four when the twelve starters for this event came out of the paddock. Unreasoning admirers had placed their bets on Sloan's mount in the preceding race, and some were disposed to waver in their loyalty when he failed to win, but as he rode slowly down before the thousands in the field, club, and grand-stands on Ballyhoo Bey, oblivious of the applause and cheers, every waverer returned to his allegiance. Ballyhoo Bey, the brown, handsome, symmetrical, easy-moving colt, looks the crack two-year-old that he is, and with his rider drew the eyes of all spectators. J. R. and F. P. Keene had Cap and Bells, Olympian, and Tommy Atkins in the race, and professional race-goers were positive that one of the three would win the stake, but those who believe in Sloan's lucky star, and there are many, needed no coaxing to build confidently on the combination before them.

It was a close and exciting struggle. Cap and Bells took the lead early, but Ballyhoo Bey was soon at her flank, with Olympian nearly at his side, and Tommy Atkins following within reach of his mate's heels. At the half, Ballyhoo Bey showed in front and the filly lost all her courage and dropped back into the rack, while Olympian and Tommy Atkins pressed on and kept their places. Sloan rode all the way, and his intention to strive for as good a margin as was safe was evident. He kept the colt's pace fast and steady, and within twenty yards of the winning post called on him for a last great effort, which was responded to instantly, and Ballyhoo Bey shot past the mark with more than a length of clear space dividing him from Olympian. It was a Sloan victory, for Ballyhoo Bey carried only 112 pounds to the 129 carried by Tommy Atkins, and it was the universal opinion that with the little wizard of the turf on his back the game colt of the Keene stable might have taken the prize. It is a custom at the Futurity to seat the winning rider in a horse-shoe chair, covered with flowers, and raise him up before the crowd to receive the cheers in honor of his victory, but at this demonstration Sloan balked. He shook his head and walked away, decided objection showing in every movement.

Relations between Mr. Whitney and the Keenes have been a little strained since the bear operations of Mr. J. R. Keene and his allies last winter in connection with Boston Rapid Transit stock, which cost the Whitney interests some millions of dollars, and it may be that this turf victory will serve to reconcile past differences. Mr. Whitney can not fail to appreciate the glory Sloan has won for him, although, strange to say, he is on the Atlantic, homeward bound, and could not attend the race. His trainer, John E. Madden, was in charge of the stable, and undoubtedly whispered into Sloan's ear the advice required to make his method sure. If Sloan receives \$5,000 and his expenses, it is not unlikely that Madden will be presented with a check for more than twice that sum. The Futurity Stake is \$30,000, which means that Mr. Whitney will receive \$33,830, and \$2,000 will go to J. W. Forsyth, the breeder of Ballyhoo Bey. Mr. Keene can well afford to offer congratulations to his successful rival. Kingston, the sire of Ballyhoo Bey, is one of the possessions of the Keene stable, and the honors won by the colt are reflected upon him.

Sloan will return to England early next month, riding two or three more races for Mr. Whitney before he goes. It is not surprising that he prefers racing abroad. He was the first successful American jockey in England, and his riding has revolutionized the ideas of owners and trainers there. His percentage of winning mounts is much larger than that of any English jockey, though it is not above that of several successful riders on the American turf.

NEW YORK, August 25, 1900.

FLANE

TEA-TIME IN ENGLAND.

A Universal Custom with Britons—Five o'Clock Tea Never Omitted—Simple Yet Sustaining Repast—Along the Thames from Kew.

A friend of mine once told me that her idea of England—which had been gained from the reading of many novels—was that all the men were either curates or guardsmen, and the main occupation of the people was drinking tea.

But no one who has not lived in England has any idea of the prevalence of the tea-drinking habit. The novels give you only a faint perception of it. It is as important as dinor, and as necessary as breakfast. It is one of the functions of the twelve waking hours; and not the least remarkable aspect of it, is that it is not confined to the wealthy or well-to-do classes, but is just as common among the laboring people. At five o'clock the whole English nation ceases in its labors, or its amusements, and takes a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter.

Afternoon tea is not unknown among us, but we only suffer it as a concession to fashion. Few of us enjoy it. We do it because we think we ought, conscious that we are spoiling our dinner, and that, in nine cases out of ten, the beverage we are drinking is going to create havoc in our nervous system, and probably keep us awake all night. Moreover, I am forced to admit that the tea is not so good nor so well served as it is here. I think with a shudder of the many times I have had to empty a costly cup which has been filled with a tepid, pale-yellow liquid, bitter with long-standing, and strong enough to lift the lid off the tea-pot. With this a hiscuit of a cast-iron consistency has been offered me on an equally costly Sevres plate, and while I have politely tried to look as if I enjoyed my rations, a gorgeous hostess has sat and surveyed me with an air of calm encouragement.

Tea in England is too serious for such trifling as this. Besides, it comes off every day, not with the unfamiliar, society air of a company function that only happens once a week. At five everybody assembles. In fine weather, out-of-doors, maids or men-servants carrying out the entire paraphernalia of tables, chairs, tea-pots, urns, and cushions. In dull or wet weather in some general gathering-room in the house. You are not summoned to this repast by gong or menial. You are supposed to know that at five it will be there, and to come home for it if you are out, or to come down-stairs to it if you happen to be in your room.

Then the family and such guests as may be there drop in during the following half-hour. The tea is never made and brought in on a tray. The servants arrange the table, light the spirit lamp, and set forth the stand with the bread and cakes, and disappear. The tea-making—which is an arduous task—is done by one of the women of the household, and the men do such waiting as is necessary. There is no hurry and no formality about the occasion, and what one might justly call the meal is apt to continue, with its long interruptions of conversation and anecdote, for nearly an hour. In its course one certainly manages to eat a good deal, for tea in England is a very appetizing affair. In the well-conducted houses the stand upon which the plates fit on small, branching shelves contains thin brown bread and butter, thin white bread, some form of hot muffins in a covered silver dish, and several different varieties of cake. But there is only one form of tea, black tea with milk or cream. Russian tea, or simply clear tea with lemon, I have never seen served in England, even in London. And some days ago, at a large house in a smaller town, where I was staying, I happened to mention this sort of tea, and several of the people present had never even heard of it.

The impossibility of living without tea has inspired the British mind to prodigies of invention. No matter where you may be, when five o'clock strikes you must have your cup of tea, and as it is not always possible to go forth and get it, the tea-basket has been made to fit the necessity. This is, on the outside, a simple, neat-looking basket. Inside, however, it is arranged in compartments like a dressing-case, and in each compartment is fitted some article necessary to the making and serving of the national beverage. There is a kettle, a lamp, a tea-pot, two cups, a place for sugar, a glass bottle for cream, and a tiny flask for alcohol. Armed with his tea-basket, the wandering Briton feels himself secure, and whether he be hunting, picnicking, or traveling, he can hrew a cheering cup whenever he pleases.

During the hot weather I spent a Sunday with friends at Richmond, and in the late afternoon we went out on the river. One of the most delightful things about these English rivers is that one can live with one's front-garden jutting into them and never get malaria. The Thames from Kew on is lined with an unbroken series of country places with their lawns falling off sharp into the water. But to return. This particular Sunday being hot, holiday-makers were out by the hundred, and in the gardens that sloped down so greenly to the water's edge, people were sitting in wicker-chairs, idly fanning themselves. The river was a scene of activity, and skiffs, boats, and canoes of all kinds were skimming along its glassy surface. Women with hot, red faces were rowing; pretty, flushed girls were rowing; men were rowing; boys were rowing; children were rowing. The water was dimpled and streaked with the unceasing dip of oars. And every now and then a youth would raise his voice in song.

Presently five o'clock struck, and a calm fell upon the face of the waters. Every boat was run into shore and moored under the drooping boughs of trees, or by the side of wooden bulkheads. All the tea-baskets were opened, all the little kettles set up, and all the alcohol lamps ignited. As we—almost the only moving boat on that reach of the river—drifted by, I could see a long line of kettles standing on the top of the bulkhead, with the blue flicker of flame beneath them. In the boats other preparations were in progress. Some people carried a form of table that opened out and opened on either side of the gunwale, and on this were set out a varied repast. Others simply had their cups

and a single plate of sandwiches or cake. Some of the skiffs were manned by young lads in boating-flannels, and it was odd to see these stalwart-looking fellows brooding over their steaming urns.

Looking up past the shore we saw the same preparations in progress on the lawns of the houses whose grounds ran down to the water. There were no tea-baskets used here, but a table would be set forth with the glint and glitter of silver and china, topped a snowy fall of damask cloth. In one of these places lives Henry Lahouchère, editor and owner of *Truth*, and his wife, who was once a well-known actress. As we slid down the river, gleaming like a silver ribbon between its lofty green banks, we passed the Lahouchère house, and here upon the lawn was quite a large tea-party. Gentlemen were handing cups to ladies, who reclined in the wicker chairs with their white, frilly skirts spreading like a foam on the grass. The house, behind them, is covered in ivy, cut out in squares along the balcony, and it is just as well, for it is a very ugly house. Its claim to public notice is that it stands on the site of Pope's famous villa at Twickenham. Here the bitter little man, who was so loved and so hated, lived laborious days, and here, too, he entertained many of the most beautiful, the wittiest, and the best of his day and generation.

One of the most remarkable things about tea in England is that at the cheapest, the most unkempt-looking places—in which a meal would probably half kill you—tea and its adjuncts are always excellent. One afternoon, seized by a sudden spirit of adventure, I sallied forth, hoarded a small river steamer that had a funnel which tipped over whenever we passed under a bridge, and in this plebeian conveyance went to Kew. At the dock a damsel accosted passengers of promising appearance and asked them if they wanted tea. I said no; thought better of it when I saw none of our fellow-voyagers was going, and with my companion followed the damsel, who led us off in triumph as the spoil of the afternoon.

We approached a row of decrepit-looking cottages, every one hearing somewhere on its face the legend that tea was procurable there. In a strip of garden that projected from each front door there was a primitive table and bench. Some of the gardens were fairly neat and attractive; others were hopelessly overgrown and slatternly. An air of poverty pervaded the whole line, and my heart sank. Our conductress, who, by the way, had one of those exceedingly sweet voices so noticeable in the British lower class, opened the gate of a particularly dejected-looking place, and led her captives into a yard in which the most noticeable object was a large, fat, pink baby, sleeping in a perambulator. We looked uneasily about, sat down charily on a rough, wooden bench, looked at one another, then at the baby, who had very few clothes on, and those very dirty, and then hurst simultaneously into a resounding peal of laughter. This woke the baby, who lifted up its voice and wept, and called us both, in a state of trepidation, to the side of the perambulator, in which we found a bottle half full of milk. Thereupon began an animated discussion as to whether it would be wisdom to choke off the baby's cries by giving it the bottle, or whether it was not an established fact in natural history that a cold bottle gave a baby cramps in its stomach. We were arguing hotly over this, the baby shrieking between us, when a man dressed in white duck issued from the house bearing the tea-tray.

He had quite the air and manner of a gentleman, and I have since come to the conclusion that he was a poor nobleman earning his bread by selling tea to tourists. He set down the tray, arranged the cups and spoons on the table, then took up the baby, who was by this time crimson in the face and hoarse with screaming, and bore it away, hushing it with a practiced hand. We turned hopelessly to the table, fearing what we were to find. The feast was, however, most appetizingly set forth. There was the invariable coarse brown china tea-pot, which is the correct thing for making tea, and which I saw used in London at a stately mansion in which men and maid-servants were thick as grasshoppers and everything was of the most gorgeous completeness. There was a loaf of fresh, crusty bread, a square of that excellent sweet butter one gets so constantly in England, a saucer of jam, and a head of the crispest, cleanest, most delicately green lettuce.

We sat down and found that things tasted as good as they looked. The brown china tea-pot made a fine brew of tea. The bread and butter were of the best quality. Sitting in the little overgrown garden, sipping contentedly, we could hear the baby's last sleepy sobs, and on the road outside our rural inn a man singing the latest patriotic song on the subject of the Irish Fusiliers. "You said that we were traitors and Irish agitators, but what do you say to us now?" he caroled, as we broke apart our lettuce-leaves and brushed them in the salt. Taking it all in all, that was one of the best teas that I have had anywhere.

The absolute necessity for something to eat between lunch and dinner has established the five-o'clock tea as an institution. In England dinner is late. Nobody who has a room to dine in or a chop to dine on has dinner before seven, and most people who live well have it from half-past seven to eight. This makes a long stretch from one-clock lunch, especially in a country where much exercise is taken. After a walk, or a ride, or a round of shopping, afternoon tea becomes a necessity—it would be very trying to go for three hours longer without sustenance of some kind.

And among the working classes tea is even more important. Their régime is not the same, but has an even longer stretch from the midday meal to the evening one. They have a hot dinner at noon, and a supper just before they go to bed, at nine or thereabouts. This makes a prodigious foodless expanse, which, with work to be done, has got to be broken by some kind of nourishment. Tea is to them of vital importance, no more to be missed than dinner. It is a heavier meal than with the upper classes, but its staple is the same—the cup of black tea, with milk or cream, and the slice of bread and butter.

BATH, August 8, 1900.

GERALDINE BONNER.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Grace McKinley, niece of the President, who was graduated from Holyoke College a year ago, is to teach in that institution.

Bresci, the anarchist who shot and killed King Humbert at Monza on July 29th, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life. In Italy the penalty of death is abolished, so the regicide will suffer penal servitude, aggravated by ten years of solitary confinement.

The new Queen of Serbia, formerly Mme. Draga Maschin, was a lady of honor to Queen Natalie, the present king's mother, who, however, dismissed her, in 1897, upon hearing reports of intrigues alleged to have been carried on by the fascinating lady of honor with her youthful sovereign. The present queen is thirty-six years old, whereas the king only attained his twenty-fifth birthday on August 2d. Queen Draga comes of a respectable, well-to-do Serbian family, and several of her relatives are officers in the Austrian army.

Major Thomas Marchand, the French soldier and explorer who is going to China to join the allied troops there, is chiefly famous for the work he did in Egypt two years ago, which brought France and Britain to the verge of war. In March, 1897, Marchand left Brazzaville, the capital of the French Congo, and steamed up the M'homu River, hauling his boats over the mountains between the Nile and the Congo basins. In July, 1898, he reached Fashoda, and then hoisted the French flag. After Lord Kitchener had broken the power of the Mahdists at Omdurman, he sought out Marchand and notified the explorer that he was on Egyptian territory. But Marchand pluckily refused to hudge. There he stayed, in fact, until his government ordered him to move.

Sir Robert Hart, the inspector-general of the Chinese imperial maritime customs, not only created and directed the customs service, but also the light-house department, the revenue-cruiser service for policing harbors, the imperial postal system, and the customs service in Corea, while he was frequently called upon to negotiate foreign treaties. His apartments in Pekin were spacious and his hospitality was generous. A curious feature of his dinners was the excellent music of his own Chinese orchestra trained by a foreign director. Yet he himself is in manner modest and in disposition retiring, while, being under the average size, he is in appearance far from impressive, and does not look the man he is. What his salary was no foreigner in Chioa ever knew. Rumor had it that it was two hundred thousand dollars a year.

The note issued by the Vatican authorities against the prayer of Queen Margherita, written by her majesty after the assassination of King Humbert, heseeking the Almighty to be merciful to him because he was merciful, and to forgive him because he always forgave and loved his people, has set going a violent discussion in Italy. Its prohibition has evoked sympathy for the queen, and has strengthened the young king in his inherited controversy with the church. The *communiqué* (note) was the personal act of the Pope, and its avowal as such was meant to rebuke those representing the Pontiff as an aged man and as a tool in the hands of Rampolla (Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal secretary of state), the truth being that Rampolla is as clay in the masterful hands of the Pontifical potter, and bends like a reed before the imperious will of Leo. The Pope, in spite of his years, is still the soul of the Vatican, and rules his *entourage* with a rod of iron.

Since the death of General Joubert and the imprisonment of Cronje at St. Helena, the chief command of the Boer forces in the field has fallen to General Christian de Wet, and he has proved a worthy successor of those brave and capable men. With a comparatively insignificant number of men, De Wet defied Methuen and other veteran English generals in the mountains of northern Transvaal, and kept them busy dodging about in vain efforts to corner him. Later, he made a bold dash near Honingspruit, and for the second time succeeded in cutting Lord Roberts's communications, both by railway and telegraph, and captured one hundred Highlanders. Pretoria was thus, for a time, isolated from the world. De Wet is dividing his forces up into small hands and prosecuting a guerrilla warfare which promises to be one of indefinite duration. Reports come frequently that he has been "cornered" or "trapped," but these stories are as often denied.

Frau Cosima Wagner and her son Siegfried, as Richard Wagner's heirs, have just lost an important action at law. On November 20th, last year, Director Hans Gregor performed the third act of "Parsifal" at a concert in the Town Theatre, at Elberfeld. The singers were in evening-dress, and sat on chairs, as at an oratorio. The orchestra was placed on the stage, which had no scenery connected with "Parsifal." Thus it will be seen that the restrictions of a concert performance were strictly adhered to. Frau Wagner and her son then brought an action against Director Gregor, demanding five thousand marks damages. The Elberfeld court gave judgment against them, condemning them to bear the costs. Herr Gregor had obtained the music from Wagner's publisher, Schott's Sons, of Mayence, and at the same time received permission from them for the performance. In 1881 Wagner conceded to Schott permission to allow concert performances of "Parsifal," but on November 29, 1883, Wagner's heirs restricted the power to giving leave for the performance of fragments. The judgment in addition proves from Wagner's own works that the music is not the determining factor in his music dramas, but that "at the same time, besides the music, there must be acting and scenery." It is improbable that Frau Cosima Wagner will accept this decision without appeal, as, should she do so, the third act, with its "Charfreitag-sauber," would at once be much in demand by large orchestras for their concert programmes.

ANECDOTES OF HUNTINGTON.

How the Great Financier Made His Start in Life—The Obstacles Surmounted in Building the Pioneer Overland Railroad—Some Personal Characteristics.

Collis Potter Huntington was the last of the great quartet of millionaires who made fame and fortune in the construction of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads. Of the four, Leland Stanford will perhaps be longest remembered by reason of his public life and the splendid institution of learning, the Leland Stanford Junior University, which he founded as a memorial to his son. Huntington confined his energies to the great properties which he and his three associates built up, thereby becoming one of America's wealthiest citizens.

Huntington was born in Harwinton, Litchfield County, Conn., on October 22, 1821:

"During his early youth he attended the district school in the winter, and in the summer helped about the farm until he was fourteen, when he cut loose and began life for himself. During his first year he earned eighty-four dollars in money and his board and clothes. Of the eighty-four dollars he spent not a cent. At the end of the year he had it all with which to begin business for himself. Mr. Huntington was always very proud of this fact, and he never omitted to mention it in talking of his success in life. 'At the end of the year,' he once said, 'I was as much of a capitalist as I have ever been since. Start two young men upon the road of life. If one earns seventy-five dollars the first year and saves fifty dollars, and the other, earning the same amount, saves nothing, it seems an easy problem to figure out the probable difference at the end of twenty years. Nothing is more surprising than the result, for while in the second instance the twenty years will have produced no growth, in the other, the habit of economy and of saving the pennies becomes the most finely tempered and useful tool in his possession, and the growing capital is a servant which, from a child, grows into a giant for his master's advantage.'"

This was the keynote of the financier's success:

"With his eighty-four dollars he purchased a supply of clocks and peddled them around in little Connecticut towns with great shrewdness, thereby increasing his capital. At the age of twenty-one he came to New York, and making more purchases in general merchandise he peddled his goods through the surrounding country until he had got together enough money to start a general store in the town of Ocoona, N. Y., when he went into partnership with his brother Soloo, and his friends supposed that he had settled down to the life of a rural merchant. The year 1848, however, found Mr. Huntington's neighborhood wildly excited over the news of the discovery of gold in California. Company after company was formed to go to the new El Dorado, and Mr. Huntington's reputation for business sagacity made him the recipient of many offers of leadership, but he declined them all, preferring, if he should go, to go as an independent spirit. In 1849 he drew out twelve hundred dollars from his business, and on March 15th of that year sailed for the Isthmus on the steamer *Crescent City*."

Arrived at the Isthmus, a long period of waiting ensued before the steamer came that was to take Huntington and the other passengers to California:

"Mr. Huntington, during his stay on the Isthmus, walked across it twenty times, making the twenty-four miles by starting early in the morning, resting in the middle of the day, and finishing his trip in the evening. He lost no time in buying commodities that could be readily sold. His mind was kept healthfully occupied and his body in good condition, and he gained two pounds in weight. When he finally took passage on the old sailing-ship *Humboldt* to San Francisco, with four hundred others, his little capital of \$1,200 had grown during the three months' detention on the Isthmus to \$5,500."

Huntington, when he reached California, was not attracted to the mines, as most immigrants were, but he saw that mining was the controlling industry, and he selected Sacramento for his headquarters on account of its location as a distributing point for mining supplies:

"He soon became known as one of the shrewdest and most successful merchants and traders of the State. He seemed to know always when to buy and when to sell. He dealt in everything, and might have been regarded as a speculator, but his transactions were always based on his judgment as to the necessities of supply and demand. In perhaps the most fluctuating market ever known he made scarcely a single bad investment. He always had, however, strict ideas of probity in business, and it was never said of him that he was unfair or indirect in any of his dealings. In May, 1854, Mr. Huntington associated with himself in the hardware business Mark Hopkins, under the firm name of Huntington & Hopkins. Their partnership lasted for twenty-five years, and was terminated only by Mr. Hopkins's death."

The great feature in Huntington's history is the part he took in the building of the pioneer overland railroad:

"The practicability of building a railroad across the mountains to connect the Pacific States with the Eastern States had been urged upon California for several years by T. J. Judah, a civil engineer, without any apparent result. The great problem of getting across the Sierra Nevada was so gigantic that only those who were called in those days 'Pacific Railroad crazy' had faith in the possibility of such an undertaking, which involved not only the surmounting of the mechanical difficulties, but, what was a much greater task, the raising of the enormous capital necessary. Finally, one day in March, 1859, Leland Stanford, when passing Mr. Huntington's store, in Sacramento, saw a huge freight wagon, drawn by twenty mules, pull out for the Comstock mines at Virginia City. He went into Mr. Huntington's counting-room and broached the subject of building a railroad which would be able to transport heavy merchandise to the mines of Nevada, and which might eventually be extended across the mountains to connect with roads coming from the East. That night Mr. Huntington went to Mr. Stanford's house, and they talked about the matter, paying particular attention to the transcontinental idea. They decided to give active support to Mr. Judah in his agitation of the subject. The legislature was induced to pass an act recommending united action by the people of the Pacific Coast, and in September, 1859, a convention was held in this city. A petition for aid was drawn up and sent to Congress."

As for the Pacific Coast's own part in the undertaking, it was proposed that California create for its benefit a debt of \$15,000,000 and Oregon one of \$5,000,000:

"In the spring of 1861 Mr. Judah called a meeting in Sacramento to make another appeal for money with which to prosecute the survey of the Sierras. The breaking out of the Civil War had thrown much discouragement on the scheme, for the San Francisco capitalists, mostly at that time Southern men, withdrew their support. Without them it was not easy to raise the \$15,000,000 needed to begin the work. Mr. Huntington finally offered to become one of eight or ten to bear the entire expense of a careful and thorough survey. Six men joined with him, and the great enterprise was at last fairly under way. On June 23, 1861, the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California was organized, with a capital of \$2,000,000. The stock was subscribed for in small blocks, among the heaviest holders being Messrs. Huntington, Stanford, Judah, Crocker, and Hopkins, who took one hundred and fifty shares each. Mr. Stanford was elected president and Mr. Huntington vice-president, and such was the confidence reposed in the latter by his associates that they gave him power of attorney to do in their name anything necessary to buy, convey, borrow, or lend without any let or hindrance whatever. Mr. Huntington then came East, and taking up a temporary residence in Washington he determined to look after the Pacific Railroad bill until it should have been passed and signed."

The great importance to the nation of a transcontinental road that would more securely unite the East and the West had long been advocated by such men as Webster, Benton, Fremont, and others who manifested interest in Pacific Coast affairs in pioneer days:

"The question was agitated not only on account of the financial benefits to be derived, but also because it was deemed highly politic to cement more closely the interests of the Pacific Slope to those of the ocean, and especially to add its area to that of the States opposed to the South. The Southern leaders held that a railroad across the plains, opening a direct communication with the free States, would operate to the disadvantage of their plans by giving in the North additional political strength and the control of the mineral wealth of California. The growing conditions of the Western slope demonstrated, however, the absolute need of having a more direct and speedy communication with the Atlantic States. The necessity of passing through and being subject to the uncertainties of a foreign country and the thirty days required for letters and business advices to reach their destination caused California to be in comparative isolation from the world; and so, by degrees, a railroad across the continent began to be earnestly talked about and its feasibility considered. The general government foresaw that in the event of war the Pacific Coast would be at the mercy of foreign fleets, and in 1854 Congress instituted a commission to survey the probable field for a railway in the uninhabited country west of the Missouri River."

The first Pacific Railroad act was passed by Congress on July 1, 1862, largely through Huntington's instrumentality:

"It provided for the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, a distance of about two thousand miles, crossing the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains. The central division was given to the Union Pacific Railroad Company, while the construction of the Western division, or that portion between the Pacific Coast and the eastern boundary of California, and thence eastward until a connection should be formed with the road in course of construction from the east, was assigned to the Central Pacific Company. By this act the latter company was required to complete and have accepted forty miles of railroad before the government gave its aid. Subsequently the statute of 1864 changed this to twenty miles, and there was also given to the company each alternate section of unappropriated land for a distance of twenty miles on both sides of the road. The government agreed to loan to the company its own thirty-year bonds, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. These were to be delivered as follows: On the first seven miles east from Sacramento, at the rate of \$16,000 a mile; on the next one hundred and fifty, being over the mountains, \$48,000 a mile; and on all the road built further east at the rate of \$32,000 a mile."

It took Congress some time to make up its mind to this, but at last Huntington was able to telegraph to Sacramento: "The bill has passed, and we have drawn the elephant. Now let us see if we can harness him!"

"Armed with facts and credentials, he immediately set out for New York to raise from doubting capitalists the many millions of dollars necessary. He reached there full of hope and resources, and with unlimited faith in what he had undertaken to do. He was promptly told that his Central Pacific bonds would have no value until after some part of the road should have been built. The stock subscriptions came in slowly, too much so for practical purposes, and, of course, the government bonds could not be issued until a certain part of the road had been completed. It was now that all of Mr. Huntington's qualities of persistence, courage, financial ability, and knowledge of men were brought to the test. He refused to deal with speculators, or to pledge bonds for material, but boldly announced that he would sell his bonds only for cash, and that he would not sell any unless \$1,500,000 were taken."

His boldness won, for finally the whole amount was subscribed for:

"He then called all the bidders together and explained in detail the full importance of the enterprise, and as a security for the purchasers Mr. Huntington and his four partners became responsible for the money received, pledging their own fortunes until the bonds could be exchanged for government bonds. It was thus that the Central Pacific bonds were taken, which built fifty miles, the first, and, fortunately, the easiest section of the road. Some of the minor investors in Central Pacific became timid before success came, and Mr. Huntington and his associates, knowing that they had a valuable concession, worked quietly but energetically to get them out of the company. When the restriction process became complete there were only five men left in the company—C. P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford, and the Crockers. These formed the Credit and Finance Company. As directors of the Central Pacific, they made a contract with themselves, as the Credit and Finance Company, to build the Central Pacific road, giving therefor \$27,000,000 of government bonds (which they received as a subsidy), \$27,000,000 of the company's first mortgage bonds, and about \$5,000,000 of land bonds, which they issued on their grants. This, of course, came piecemeal as the work was done, but the sum named, together with about \$27,000,000 more of bonds on unsubsidized road which the company afterward bought, was paid to the Credit and Finance Company for building the road."

Meanwhile, in 1862, Judah returned to California from Washington with the welcome news that the Pacific Railroad bill had been passed by Congress and had become a law:

"The company accepted the government's proposition and filed its acceptance with the Secretary of the Interior on December 1, 1862. From that time two years were allowed for the completion of the first fifty miles. Now came the severest test of the courage and endurance of 'Central Pacific' Huntington, as he was sometimes called. Months must pass before he could get the government bonds for the completed and accepted part of the road. These bonds had in the mean time gone down from 1 1/2 per cent. premium in gold, where they stood when the charter was accepted, to 39 cents on the dollar. Railroad iron in the same period went up from \$50 to \$135 a ton. The price of all other materials, locomotives, cars, etc., rose in the same proportion; insurance for an eight or nine months' voyage around Cape Horn, which every pound of the material of the road-bed and rolling stock had to make, rose from 2 1/2 to 10 per cent.; freights from \$18 to \$45 a ton. Work was begun on January 6, 1863, when Mr. Stanford deposited with his own hands a load of sand and gravel at the K Street terminal in Sacramento. When Mr. Huntington, after long and trying labors in New York, returned to Sacramento, he found the treasure chest so low that it was necessary to diminish the labor force or at once to raise more means. He was again equal to the emergency. 'We have no time to lose,' said he, 'and we must do it ourselves. My house can keep five hundred men at work for a year at our own expense. How many will the rest of you undertake?' And it was then agreed that the five associates should maintain out of their private means eight hundred men on the road for one year. That resolution eased their troubles, for before the year was over they had received their government bonds."

But the most difficult and costly part of the line had still to be built:

"Material had still to be transported by the tedious and expensive route around the Horn; many trials, difficulties, and obstacles in the shape of lawsuits, opposition, ridicule, evil prophecies, and losses had yet to be encountered; long tunnels had to be drilled; that spring sixty feet of snow had to be shoveled off seven miles of track; saw-mills for the dozen had to be set up in the mountains to saw ties; a dozen locomotives had to be hauled by ox teams across the Sierras; water and wood for construction trains had to be hauled forty miles across alkali plains; costly snow-sheds had to be built, and ponderous snow-plows of various patterns had to be constructed, some to push the snow off on one side, some on the other, some to fling it off the tracks on the plains, where it was often necessary to harness eight engines to 'buck' the snow and throw it from twenty to sixty feet away—all this

had to be accomplished chiefly by the master mind that directed the great enterprise. The last spike was driven at Promontory Point, Utah, on May 10, 1869, seven years earlier than the date fixed in the contract with the government, after a race with the Union Pacific, the most exciting in the annals of railroad-building. On the last day Crocker laid the rails on more than ten miles of track. The tremendous and unceasing labor, the extreme difficulties of all sorts that had to be overcome, the anxiety and protracted mental strain incident to the mammoth undertaking have never been appreciated by the mass of those who enjoy the fruits of this struggle against natural and artificial odds. That the great road-builders ever survived the ordeal is a marvel. Mr. Crocker, indeed, never fully recovered from the effect of the terrible strain, although he lived until 1883. Mr. Hopkins died twelve years before him, in 1876, and Senator Stanford died in 1893."

Huntington was fond of telling the following story of his railway building days:

"Our company employed fourteen or fifteen thousand Chinamen on the construction of the Central Pacific, and every day as soon as their work was done the little fellows would hurry off to a branch half a mile away to fill their tin pails with water for a bath. Returning to camp, the whole army would strip and wash before sitting down to supper. I have seen them do this in the coldest weather. If our white laborers washed once a week they thought they were doing well. Imagine fifteen thousand Chinamen on the march to and from the branch, swinging their little tin buckets in their hands! And imagine them on the wash, each with half a gallon of water and the palm of the hand for a sponge!"

Of the shrewdness and thrift of the Chinaman, he related this amusing anecdote:

"Up in the hills we had about three hundred men cutting cord-wood. They were divided into two companies of one hundred and fifty each, one being composed of white men, the other of Chinese. One day, when the weather was cold and bitter, the Chinese refused to turn out. They had crawled into their huts, and there they remained all day, huddled up like so many sheep. When remonstrated with by the foreman they shook their heads and said, with one accord: 'Weather too cool. Chinese workers eat cheaper; Chinese workers, Chinese eat more.' They had come to the conclusion that it was more profitable to hibernate than face the biting winds."

In the famous suit brought by the widow of General Colton to recover millions which were alleged to have been appropriated by Mr. Huntington, the correspondence between him and the deceased lawyer was introduced:

"There were hundreds of confidential letters which revealed Huntington's methods as a congressional lobbyist, and gave his frank opinion of his partners and other conspicuous people. The letters, when printed, make a thick volume."

"In one letter he sneered at the social display made by his partners at a time when the public was on fire over the exorbitances of the Central Pacific. 'Folks,' wrote Huntington, 'don't mind your being richer than they are so much if you don't rub it into them. They can stand seeing a man climb a pole, but if he paints the broadest part of him red before going up they're sure to get mad at the insult.'"

"The letters as presented were all right as to orthography, but as written they were wondrous. One of Mrs. Colton's lawyers went about telling how Huntington spelled diamonds d-i-a-m-o-n-d-s, and the like."

"Why didn't you print them *verbatim*?' he was asked."

"Because," the lawyer answered, 'Colton was as bad a speller as Huntington.'"

Huntington was an accessible man in his office during business hours, but he was intolerant of visitors who wasted his time. His opinion was frequently sought by the newspapers, and whenever he thought that it was proper to express it, he would talk for publication rapidly and to the point. When he had finished his statement, the most adroit cross-examination by the interviewer could add nothing to it:

"When the big bull movement in stocks was at its height a little more than a year ago a man who seldom speculated in stocks told a broker that he knew Mr. Huntington very well, and that he thought that Mr. Huntington would give him inside information about one of the companies in which he was interested."

"If you can get this information," said the broker, 'it will be worth thousands of dollars to you. But I know Mr. Huntington's reputation so well that I do not believe he will say anything to affect the market price of his stock.'"

"The man was confident, however, and when Mr. Huntington received him in a friendly manner he began to figure his profits."

"I have come to ask you about such-and-such a stock," he said, 'and I will be very much obliged to you for a pointer on it.'"

"If Mr. Huntington was amused at this request, he did not show it."

"You may have my opinion of it," said Mr. Huntington, 'but you must consider it confidential.'"

"Certainly," said the occasional speculator."

"Well, then, I may tell you that I would not buy it at twenty-five, nor would I sell it at sixty. Good afternoon."

"It was not until this man had reached his broker's office, repeating Mr. Huntington's words all the way that he might not forget them, that he discovered the lack of point in Mr. Huntington's confidential pointer."

When the "Countess Hatzfeldt," who has appeared in this city at the Orpheum, appealed to Mr. Huntington for aid some three years ago before going on the vaudeville stage, she received a very chilly reception:

"Her mother had married and divorced a hard-up Count Hatzfeldt, and re-married without bettering her lot. She was known as Mrs. Green. Huntington's adopted daughter is Princess Hatzfeldt. Mrs. Green went to see the millioaire, thinking that he might do something to keep the family name off the hill-borders. He referred her to Mrs. Huntington, who contributed ten dollars. Theo Countess Hatzfeldt burst into roof-garden soot."

"To a reporter Mr. Huntington said:

"I don't know whether this girl is a Countess Hatzfeldt or not, and I don't care. It is nothing to me."

"But she is very poor," urged the reporter. 'She and her mother live in three rooms out at Harlem.'"

"Very poor, you say?"

"Yes, poor as poverty."

"And they live in three rooms?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, that's just two rooms too many," declared Mr. Huntington, indignantly."

Huntington was a man of unusually good habits, and although a tremendous worker, he maintained his physical and mental strength to the very end. This he attributed largely to his manner of living. He never tasted tobacco in his life, and he boasted that he was over fifty before he knew what the taste of wine or liquor was.

Austria is the one country in the world which never puts a woman in prison. Instead of giving a female criminal so many months in jail, she is sent, no matter how terrible is her record, to one of the convents devoted to the purpose, and kept there during the time for which she is sentenced. The convent is not a mere prison in disguise, for its courtyard stands open all day long, the only bar to egress being a nun who acts as portress, just as in other convents.

Five thousand honey-bees, as they leave the hive, weigh about one pound, but when the insects return from their visits to the flowers, freighted with honey, they weigh nearly twice as much.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Romance of a Musician.

There is no strained conceit, no ostentatious knowledge of art in Elizabeth Godfrey's musical novel, "The Harp of Life." The story is a quiet one, more concerned with the slow development of a woman's nature, the gradual realization of a great mistake, than with any subtlety of plot or startling change of scene, though it holds several dramatic situations. The prominent figures and many of the less important characters are musical people, but their artistic peculiarities are not heightened to disturbing eccentricities, and their inclinations and desires are sane. The love of two men for a woman, the rupture of a long and sincere friendship, the disappointment of the man who won, the sorrow of his deserted home, and the final lesson of repentance and reconciliation—these are the themes, and they are worked out with skill. It is a story of life, written with a sure hand, yet graced with touches of romance here and there that give it a distinctive charm. The earlier works of the author, which won high praise, deserve no better than can be said with truth of this volume.

The scene of the novel is an English sea-side resort, with a town concert-hall where an ambitious and capable director after years of faithful endeavor had built up an orchestra that was known even in London. Associated with Graham Knowles, the conductor, was Roger Redway, his first violin, a man whose life had been one of lonely, cheerless effort until the two worked together. They were true friends, singularly helpful to each other, until a young singer, dreaming of triumphs on the concert stage, was brought to Pinecliff and fascinated the leader and his aid. The first violin won and married the singer, but at the cost of his friend and his position, but he was secure in his ability to earn a living, and happy in the possession of the woman who had charmed him. Soon he discovered that with all her alluring cleverness his wife was cold and self-absorbed, and had little love to give him or the daughter that came to them. There was a quarrel, a hasty desertion of the home, and then long months of bitter resentment, crushing disappointment, and unavailing sorrow.

Some of these experiences, in less skillful hands, might seem hackneyed and conventional, but the art of the author has made them new and effective. Rose Alha is not a thoroughly winning heroine in the beginning, but the reader feels that her faults are not past remedy. Roger Redway is a manly figure, and his sorrows lead to a recompense he had not imagined. Among his friends are some well-drawn, attractive figures. Lady Gilderdale is one whose portrait is most convincing, and her words and actions are in harmony with the picture. The little circle of Pinecliff people is a pleasant one all round, and none of the figures is shadowy.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Masters of Painting.

A series of monographs on artists, richly illustrated, and edited and written jointly with other authors by H. Knackfuss, professor at the Royal Academy of Arts, Cassel, has been made serviceable to English readers by Campbell Dodgson, assistant in the department of prints and drawings at the British Museum. His translation leaves nothing to be desired, and the publishers have given their best efforts to producing volumes that should be acceptable to art-lovers. When complete the series will form a history of the great periods of art, yet each volume is complete in itself.

The first issue of the series is devoted to "Raphael," and it contains no less than one hundred and twenty-eight illustrations from pictures and drawings, printed in black and brown. The biographical portion of the work is noteworthy, and the catalogue of the master's works is interspersed with critical observations.

"Holbein" is the subject of the second volume, and more than one hundred and fifty of the artist's paintings and drawings are illustrated in the book, some of the more striking being printed in colors. There are many portraits of King Henry the Eighth's time among the engravings.

Volume III. is especially rich in portrait work, as it is devoted to "Rembrandt," and one hundred and fifty-seven specimens of his art are illustrated. Among the pictures are a number of fine reproductions of noted etchings.

There is not such a wealth of illustration in the fourth volume, "Van Dyck," but the pictures given are very happily reproduced for the most part, and the book is one of the thoroughly attractive issues.

"Durer" is presented in the fifth volume, and both engravings and letter-press are especially attractive. The author writes simply and clearly, but his thoroughness is remarkable.

Published by Lemcke & Buechner, New York; price, \$1.50 each.

A Single-Volume Encyclopedia.

What may well be noted as a concise and comprehensive dictionary of general knowledge is "The Nutta," Encyclopedia," edited by Rev. James Wood. Its subjects cover in a general way biography, history, geography, legend and fable, literature, science, and art. The space given to each topic is necessarily limited to the least proportions, yet no fact of im-

portance is omitted in the treatment of the subjects. Many of the biographical notes are models of terse expression, though editorial opinion and criticism has crept in occasionally. The peculiar value of the work is its economy of space and time.

Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Maurice Hewlett's recent illness, from which he has not yet completely recovered, will probably delay the publication of the descriptive volumes on the city of Florence, with which the Macmillan Company is to follow his new novel, "Richard Yea and Nay." At last accounts Mr. Hewlett was to proceed to Norway in search of rest and recuperation.

Richard Mansfield has accepted a dramatization of "Monsieur Beaucaire," and will produce it in New York in January. The stage version of Booth Tarkington's novel has been made by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, a Boston newspaper woman.

The title of Winston Churchill's new book will be "Ian Hamilton's March," and the volume will contain the author's letters to the London *Morning Post*, as well as other matter relative to the South African struggle.

Charles Major, the author of "When Knight-hood Was in Flower," has written a series of stories that deal with the pioneer period in Indiana, which he has named "Blue River Bear Stories."

The copyright of Balzac's novels expired on Saturday, August 18th. Messrs. Lévy, of Paris, paid sixteen thousand dollars to Balzac's widow for this copyright in 1865, thirty years after Balzac's death, and for thirty-five years they have enjoyed the monopoly.

"The Girl at the Halfway House," E. Hough's successful new romance, is appearing also in a Canadian edition.

Dr. Conan Doyle has returned to England from South Africa, bringing with him the manuscript of his "History of the War." The volume is to be published promptly, and will, no doubt, make picturesque material for the future unprejudiced historian.

Richard Whiteing's new novel will deal with the life of the British farm laborer. The author is again at work, though slowly, as he is not entirely recovered from his recent severe illness.

A queer biography of Goethe is in contemplation in Germany. It is to be "colossal" and is to be done by a sort of literary syndicate.

Mrs. Voynich, who made such a hit with her first novel, "The Gadfly," has completed a new story entitled "Jack Raymond."

The Ruskin exhibition at Coniston has been a notable success, and the raising of an architectural monument to Ruskin's memory in the form of a museum is now assured. The Ruskin sketches presented by Mrs. Arthur Severn have all been sold, bringing something over three hundred dollars.

D. Appleton & Co. are to publish "The Private Life of the Prince of Wales," by a member of the royal entourage.

Three notable novels to be published in the autumn, and which have been running as serials, are Mrs. Ward's "Eleanor," Mr. Zangwill's "Mantle of Elijah," and Mr. Stockton's "A Bicycle of Cathay."

"The Brass Bottle," the new romance by F. Anstey, which is said to be in the brilliant "Vice Versa" vein, is to be published this month by D. Appleton & Co.

An unusual plan for securing a monument for the Southern poet, Henry Timrod, has proved successful. An association for that purpose published a very large memorial edition of his poems of four thousand copies, announcing that the entire profits would be applied for the erection of a monument in Charleston, S. C. After fifteen months they have all been sold and a new edition is promised, and the monument will be dedicated next May Day. Timrod had been dead thirty-two years, and his poems, printed in 1872, had been unpurchasable for many years. The monument will include a bronze bust.

"Impossible" French Literature.

"We are apt to imagine that because the French novel is more often than not impossible, and the French newspaper is better written and worse informed than those others, both are faithful expressions of French thought," says R. Davey in the *Fortnightly Review*. "In the first place, the novels with illustrated covers, which figure so conspicuously in the windows of the French libraries in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, are rarely if ever found in respectable French families. *La famille*, unfortunately, reads very little, especially in the provinces, where you may enter a hundred houses and scarcely see a book that would not edify a convent of nuns by its innocence and its orthodoxy. Although the French produce perhaps more novels than any other nation, they are the people who read them the least. I once took the trouble when in Paris to interview the principal publishers, so as to ascertain for myself how it was possible for them to sell so much—well, to put it mildly—pornographic literature and pay the authors their fees. It was

proved to me beyond all question that the vast majority of these objectionable works are sold in Germany, Austria, Italy, England, Spain, the United States, and especially in the South American republics. Comparatively few are sold in Paris and in the large provincial cities. In the cathedral towns, such as Orleans, Amiens, Rouen, Rheims, Rennes, etc., it is not easy to find a single copy of these pernicious hooks. The booksellers would be boycotted for dealing in them.

"Therefore, while it is perfectly true that France produces the most corrupting and disreputable literature, on the other hand, and by reason of her conservative tendencies, she corrupts not so much herself as her neighbors. The evil is in a sense none the less great, but surely the neighbors should protect themselves! They have only to stop buying these books, and a visible diminution of their production in Paris will at once ensue."

Disagreeable Modern Heroines.

Are the heroines of modern novels usually ill-bred and disagreeable? An aggrieved correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* complains that they are certainly most disagreeable specimens of the human race, and adds:

"Heroines in the days of Scott and Dickens, Miss Edgeworth and Jane Austen, were lovable women, endowed with many charming qualities, and possessed of but few vices. During the past fifteen years this type of heroine has seldom graced the pages of our novels. The creature who has so roughly shouldered her aside is perfect only in her vices. She is, as a rule, vulgar and commonplace; more likely than not she is repulsive and ugly; had manners and bad temper she regards as the necessary accomplishments of a lady. She may dress well, for she is vain; but of charm or grace she is as innocent as the babe unborn. She looks down with supreme contempt upon all those finer qualities which are the peculiar prerogatives of women. In short, the modern heroine is the holed-down essence of all that is unpleasant. No doubt she is occasionally to be met with in real life, but happily she breathes more freely in the realms of imagination, and finds greater nourishment in ink and paper than in commonplace bread and butter. . . . What is the reason of this strange predilection for a disagreeable heroine? Is she a portrait, or is she a caricature? Has the average girl of Anglo-Saxon parentage become ill-mannered and had-tempered? Has the stress and strain of modern life lowered and degraded our ideal of womanhood? These are interesting questions which each reader can answer according to his own observation and experience. One thing, however, is beyond dispute. The modern heroine is a most unattractive companion on a rainy holiday."

The New York *Evening Post* thinks that "perhaps the English public is worse treated in this respect than the American; certainly Miss Cholmondeley, Miss Fowler, and others have in the main hardly magnified their sex. But it may plausibly be urged that the average fiction of the day does its heroines even a sorer wrong in making them too unsubstantial and unreal to excite emotions of any sort in a reader beyond the bread-and-butter age."

The Bishop of London has been making an interesting statement concerning which further details would be welcome. He is reported to have said that the happiest years of his life were the ten during which he kept to a resolution that he would read no books which were written after 1600.

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The serial story which began in the *August Century*, is a capital novel of adventure, the scene laid in France three hundred years ago. The *August Century* is entirely out of print, but the *September Century*, now ready, contains a synopsis of the opening chapters, with the second installment.

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—*Boston Transcript*.

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—*The Critic*.

"A fresh, vivid, satisfying, and fascinating story. . . . The interest is so keen that you think of nothing but the story."
—*Boston Herald*.

"Promises to be full of fine 'color' and riotously rich in exciting incident."
—*Chicago Interior*.

"Judging by the present installment, will prove a brilliant success."
—*New York Examiner*.

"Leaps into action with all the 'go' of a field day in track athletics."
—*Daily Advertiser, Boston*.

"Bids fair to be a fascinating story."
—*Pioneer Press, St. Paul*.

"Promises to be of much importance in the world of letters."
—*Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

"Bids fair to be intensely interesting."
—*Times-Star, Cincinnati*.

"The 'Helmet of Navarre' is magnificent in its full flavor of chivalric adventure."
—*Boston Beacon*.

"It will not disappoint high expectations."
—*Hartford Courant*.

"The action is remarkably brisk and the color perfect."
—*Philadelphia Press*.

"It is dramatic, well conceived, and well connected. There is singleness of interest, there is lightness of touch, and facility of expression."
—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

"Certainly the quality of the story is as high as anything we have had in a long time."
—*Boston Record*.

"The narrative is spirited in the extreme."
—*The Book Buyer*.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Western Knight.

The girl who comes from the East to visit relatives living on a Western ranch, and there meets her fate, is not a new figure in fiction, but Mrs. Mary E. Stickney, in "Brown of Lost River," finds her heroine in such a visitor, and amply justifies her choice. The girl from the East, in this instance, is a woman of charm and depth of feeling, and this is realized from her speech and conduct more than from the author's description of her personality. Well-poised and self-reliant, in the beginning, she is soon halting between two opinions, and if the result is what has been foreseen from the first, it is no less satisfactory to those whose sympathies have been won for the hero.

And the hero, after all, is the one whose fortunes are followed with the greatest interest. He it is who has made the title, "Brown of Lost River," a synonym for courage, perseverance, and dexterity, and if he turns out at last to be a college man, also from the East, and self-exiled for family reasons, his derivation is forgiven him for his chivalry and dash, and Western feats of strength and daring. He is a rider of the plains, who sits in his saddle like a conqueror, and not boastfully, for the most untamable of horses soon recognize his power and give up a hapless struggle against him. Of course he makes up his mind at once that the girl from the East is the one being an earth won could arouse his dormant ambition and make him again a real figure in the world, but his method in winning her consent is not so masterful as in his every-day concerns. The girl is haughty, then condescending, then angry, and then loving. And the man in the East who is waiting her answer to an important question is left to wait.

There are some exciting events graphically described in the novel. A night ride across the plains alone, to save a man's life, a narrow escape from death in an experience with a runaway team, and a futile effort to telegraph important evidence, but the strength of the story does not come from these. The pictures of ranch life, of the loneliness and desolation of the cattle ranges, of the quick response to human sympathy and companionship, of the half-humorous, half-pathetic occurrences of the prairie home and among those whose interests are bounded by their range of vision—these are real attractions. Few have brought to their readers truthful impressions of Western life so fresh and so lasting as Mrs. Stickney gives in this story.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Tales of French Chivalry.

The frontispiece of G. Hembert Westley's volume of short stories, "At the Court of the King," is the figure of a French courtier in the costume of olden time, and it is inscribed "the gay, the handsome, the bold Bassompierre." This alone would serve as a key to the ten stories that follow—old romances of France—but in addition the author has written a metrical introduction which promises "happy and desponding lovers, clever schemes to win fair maids, deeds of chivalry and glory, and bold adventures," and the promises are kept. Each tale has a personal interest, for among the characters appear some of the great figures of French history, and the art of the author has restored the color and atmosphere of the times in which they moved. All the stories are worth telling, and several rise above the standard of later-day romances. Mr. Westley modestly claims only to have edited the tales, but from whatever source they have been derived his work has been well done. They are ingenious and entertaining without exception.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

E. Hershey Sneath has attempted to interpret and systematize the thoughts of the poet on God, freedom, and immortality in his volume, "The Mind of Tennyson." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Eighteen famous legends and folk-stories, abridged and simplified for young readers, are given in "The Book of Legends Told Over Again," by Horace E. Scudder, the latest issue in the Riverside Literature Series. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 25 cents.

A thin, brilliantly decorated volume is offered under the title "XXIV Quatrains from Omar," F. York Powell, M. A., is the translator or versifier. The quatrains are not striking. The decorations by Blanche McManus are better. Published by M. F. Mansfield, New York; price, \$1.00.

In the Casy Corner Series for young readers two recent issues are "A Little Puritan's First Christmas," by Edith Robinson, and "Farmer Brown and the Birds," by Frances Margaret Fox. The stories are entertaining and instructive. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents each.

A volume of special interest to iron manufacturers and foundrymen has been compiled at the expense of an little time and trouble by Seymour R. Church, under the title "Analyses of Pig Iron." It gives many important tables of statistics relative to production, as well as the analyses of pig iron in the

United States and Europe, and is handsomely illustrated and well printed. Published by the Hicks-Judd Company, San Francisco; price, \$2.50.

Ranuseville Wildman, consul-general at Hong Kong, has prepared a volume on Chinese life and history, with the title "China's Open Door." The book compares favorably with the many on the same subject that have preceded it from other pens. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

Material for a year's study is offered in "A Brief Course in General Physics, Experimental and Applied," by Professor George A. Hoadley. The book will commend itself to students who seek a reliable text, practical questions and problems on the applications of stated laws, and personal experimentation in the laboratory. It is fully illustrated. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.20.

From Great Danes to toy terriers nearly every variety of the canine species is described and illustrated in "All About Dogs," by Charles Henry Lane. The author is not a master of exact statement, and many of his descriptions are weak in details, but nearly all have entertaining features. The volume contains nearly four hundred pages and ninety engravings. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$2.50.

An analysis of the operations of government and a consideration of their interrelations, together with a study of the position of the political party, and of its leaders, are offered in "Politics and Administration," by Frank J. Goodnow, professor of administrative law in Columbia University. The author offers concrete remedies for the evils that have attracted his attention. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The latest novel from the pen of "Annie Thomas" has an up-to-date freshness, as it makes much of the imperial volunteers, army nurses, and the Boers, and is as patriotic as the songs of the music-halls. A young fellow who suddenly falls heir to a title and a fortune is the hero, and there is no lack of heroines. There are a number of picturesque features in the romance. Published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Crisis in China" is a volume confidently presented as "an exposition of the present situation, its causes, and its results," as it contains twelve essays by as many writers on the various phases of the Chinese question. One of the authors is the Chinese minister, and the others are American, English, and Russian officials and travelers, and several of them have already published volumes on this much-written-about subject. These papers originally appeared in one of the reviews. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

Among guide-books there was none intended especially for women until Mary Cadwalader Jones thoughtfully collated her notes and suggestions and presented them in a volume of convenient size under the title "European Travel for Women." The work is practical and a model of condensation. It describes necessary preparations for a journey, and the actual needs when on the way, from directions about meeting customs officers to a statement of the proper amount of tips to be given in various circumstances. England, Germany, France, and Italy are given chapters in the work, and lists of helpful books and convenient phrases in three languages appear. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

The September Century.

"The Influence of the Western World on China" is the title of a timely article in the September Century, the writer being the Rev. D. Z. Sheffield, D. D., for thirty years a missionary in the Middle Kingdom. One can learn much about the Boxers from a paper by R. Van Bergen on "The Revolution in China and Its Causes." A second installment of Jean Schopfer's notes on "Amusements at the Paris Exposition" treats particularly of theatres, panoramas, and other spectacles. Professor Sterrett gives an account, with photographic illustrations, of his visits to the cave-dwellers of Turkey in Asia, and primitive conditions are also described by John Burnhugh in the second and concluding paper of his notes on the Harriman expedition to Alaska and Behring Sea. Lovers of personalia will enjoy Theodore Bentzon's sympathetic sketch of the late Père Didon, the great pulpit orator of the Madeleine, and the third budget of Dr. William Mason's "Memories of a Musical Life," in which the principal figure is the Abbé Liszt. Mr. Marley brings us to the period of the military dictatorship in his life of Cromwell, and Sir Walter Besant's illustrated paper on East London is taken up with "The Thames from Wapping to Blackwall." To the second installment of Bertha Runkle's historic romance, "The Helmet of Navarre," two spirited illustrations are furnished by Castaigne. The other fiction of the number, apart from Dr. Mitchell's "Dr. North and His Friends," is in the form of two short stories, one by John Luther Long—a pathetic tale called "The Prince of Illusion"—the other a negro-dialect story, "The Calling of Cairo," by Annie S. Winston.

"In Lighter Vein" contains some amusing English signs from shops in Japan, contributed by the Rev. Francis E. Clark, president of the Society of Christian Endeavor.

THE SULTAN'S CAREER.

On New Year's Night, in Baghdad, walked our King:

Omar Ibn Al-Khattab, Khalifa he,
Commander of the Faithful, just and mild;
With Abu Zeyd, his Minister. And bread
Was dear, and poor folk suffered, since the rains
Held off, till, in their grain-pits, dealers hid—
Like gold and silver—all the corn and rice;
Yet this the Sultan wist not, wandering
Full of rich meats, and rosy with good cheer—
And Abu Zeyd, behind him, fresh from feast—
At night, in garments such as merchants wear,
Hither and thither, up and down his town.

So spied they presently a twinkling fire
Under a garden wall, wherein they drew
A mind to find what wight on such a night
Might lading on the chilly waste. They see
A woman, woe-begone, in hanging rags,
Who blows, with pinched lips, at the leaves and sticks

Under an earthen pot, where something boils—
Or should boil, if that feeble flame would take—
But while she strives, it dies; and, at her side,
Two wailing, hungry children moan anew.

Then spake the Sultan, "Peace be unto thee!
My sister! what is this thou dost here
In the hard darkness, and the bitter cold,
With thy twain babes?"

"My lord!" the woman said,
Fain would I make a drink of water hot
To warm the bellies of my little ones
Who die of cold and famine; but some day
Allah shall settle this with him who rules,
Omar the Sultan: he will answer for't
That my pot boiled not, and we died like dogs."

And answer gave the Sultan—sorely moved—
"Think'st thou, O woman! Omar knoweth this,
Or, knowing, had not succored?"

"Sir!" said she,
How darest he be a King, and rule our land,
Holding the place of Allah over us,
And not be ware how these, his mean ones, pinch
In sight of lavish comfort of his Court,
In smell of his kah'abs?"

Then the King cried,
To Aslam Abu Zeyd, "Come we away!
I have a thing to do! So parted these
Quick for the palace, where they turn anon
Into a store-room. Here our lord dislodged,
From loaded shelves, a bag of wheat flour,
And, from another part, a close-sealed jar
Of sheep's fat; and some salt, and cinnamon;
Next, a dry kindling faggot. "Load thou these,"
Quoth he, "upon my shoulders, Minister!"

"Allah forbid!" cried Abu Zeyd. "But I
Will hasten and carry. What! a barmal thou!
The Emir of Believers!"

"See now, Friend!"
Replied the Sultan: "When comes Judgment
Day
Is it thy back will bear the heavy sack
Which holds thy Sovereign's sins?"

So Abu Zeyd
Piled on his master mutton-fat and flour,
And salt, and cinnamon, and faggot-sticks;
Which tidily conveying, while the sweat
Beaded the royal brow, the Sultan bore
Back to the wall. There were these three forlorn,
Mother and babes; and there our lord knelt
down,
And laid the wood fair underneath the pot,
And set good blaze aglow; then spread his skirt—
Of silk, with pearls and turkis round the seams—
To mix the flour and fat, and knead them in
With salt and spice and sprinkled water—so
As ye roll dumplings. Then he thrust them deep
To bob and bubble in the goodly broth,
Watched by those three; while, full solicitous,
Omar—Crowned King of all the shining East—
On hands and knees blew hard to fan the flame,
Scorching his golden beard; till, aptly cooked,
With point of jeweled sword he spited each
And laid it in their laps. So those did eat,
And eat, and eat again, of mutton-cakes;
Then, joyful, wandered home, with sack and jar.

But backward pacing by his master's side,
Quoth Zeyd: "Naw by His name, Who is the
Truth!
The fire hath scorched great holes in beard of
thee
That art the Lord's vicegerent!"

Omar said:
"Peace! It is nothing, Minister! that flame
Singeing my beard hath lighted up my heart."
—Sir Edwin Arnold in London Telegraph.

Stephen Phillips's new play in verse will be called "Herod the King," and not "The King of the Jews," as has been announced in London. Mr. Phillips is said to have received a request from Gabriele d'Annunzio asking permission to put "Francesca and Paula" into Italian, presenting it with certain modifications which will make it acceptable to the Italian stage.

Frank R. Stockton is at his home in Charleston, Jefferson County, W. Va., working upon a new serial story, which is to be a sort of sequel to "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander," taking the adventures of that fantastic and interesting person into the realm of the future.

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In these dark days, when every playwright who is not adapting society to the stage is a melodramatist, the analytical playgoer finds himself, much to his surprise, detecting a difference between melodrama and melodrama. Earlier in his playgoing career, the varieties of improbable drama were fewer, and the distinctions, which have since become apparent to him, were not so clear. Now he is able to differentiate at least half a dozen sorts of morganatic drama, so to speak; plays which have a left-handed connection with dramatic art; which are no more like life than comic-opera is; and to which one listens with his ears only, his reason and his judgment, and sometimes his artistic appreciation too, safely slumbering, hibernating till brighter, sunnier days shall come again.

There is the *melodrama characteristique*—to give the classification the musical phraseology—a play like "Trilby," say, the best of its kind, which is frankly opposed to probability or even possibility and asks with confidence the lever of your perfect credulity before it shall move the world of your emotions. That lever one does well to grant, of course. If cold reason had to be thoroughly satisfied, if the censorial judgment had to be placated before art were permitted to indulge in fanciful reverie, the stage might be lifted a notch, but the world of art would be immeasurably poorer. But the characteristic melodrama, once given its irregular franchise, proceeds upon strictly legitimate lines. It develops character. It produces a plausible and interesting plot. Its story and its end are logical. Its women are human and its men are alive. The greater liberty it takes in extorting your consent to its first untenable and untruthful axiom, the greater is its care to develop its artistic theorem according to propositions clearly put and instantly recognized as lawful. The author of the characteristic melodrama would scorn the devices of him who writes the *melodrama romantique*, for instance; that lurid fairy tale written about an impossible She, the sum of all virtues, the acme of all beauty, whom the villain pursues steadily and relentlessly, and whom the hero loves madly, devotedly—all without the author's condescending to recognize the fallibility of humanity, morally and physically, and the every-day experience of his auditors—which goes to prove that "If she be not fair for me, I care not how fair she be," is latter-day man's philosophical creed. The romantic melodrama must have a heroine; its hero is a secondary consideration. It is the everlasting womanly that appeals surest to the gallery, for at heart, man—particularly adolescent man—is sentimental; and woman never outgrows the adolescence of sentiment. The romantic melodrama is plentifully besprinkled with tears. The young, the old, the soft-headed, the hard-hearted—all have tears to shed, and feel happier for the shedding. The romantic melodrama is sound morally. Never a faulty heroine will you find in these streets sketched in stiff whites and deep blacks. Never a lovable villain will weaken your right-angled conception of conscience and duty. Such a villain, say, as you meet in "The Bells," the best type of the *melodrama classique*—a sinner whose exquisite suffering long, long after the commission of his crime attains almost to the dignity of repentance and expiation. In the *melodrama mechanique* the play is built about neither hero nor heroine. Superlative feminine charms and the excellence of masculine chivalry yield to an unhuman rival—a real, live locomotive, a steamboat warranted to blow up in full view of the audience, a mill, a sea, a thing of mechanism whose attraction lies not in its being, but in its being upon the stage; its very commonness in real life adding to its piquancy when seen behind the footlights. The mechanical melodrama borrows from its romantic brother a second-best distressed heroine and a time-worn hero; but these flesh-and-blood stage attractions are subsidiary to the vital interest in the mechanism mothered by the stage-carpenter and fathered by the scene-painter. The youngest of all the children of unreal drama is the *melodrama societique*, a difficult child with a complex temperament, due to the odd union of qualities with which her author has endowed her. She must have the manners, the air of society, in whose cynical atmosphere intense feeling is the one unforgivable sin. Yet she must have an undercurrent as strongly melodramatic as any of this passionate family. She shows the product of this peculiar juxtaposition of opposites in "Jim the Penman" and in "The Middleman." But it requires consummate skill on the part of the playwright and the perfection of histrionic art on that of the actors to realize to the audience the happy medium in which this rare and delicate stepdaughter of drama is seen at her best.

"A Great Obstacle," which Clay Clement and L. R. Stockwell are presenting this week at the Columbia Theatre, belongs to none of these classes. Its style may be called that of the *melodrama antique*, in which the old-fashioned costuming plays quite a part, in which there is none of the smart up-to-date sort of villainy, but a persistent steadiness of idea on the part of the wicked one, and a simple, almost rudimentary heroine of the older English school. But there is method in the melodramatic madness of "A Great Obstacle," which was "No Thoroughfare" before it was dramatized. There is a reason for the villain's villainy. There is a double purpose in the crime he meditates. And the plot—though it is strained hard to bring all the characters into the Alps, where they have no business to be, just in time to rescue the hero and to insure a full cast for the last act—proceeds on regular lines. The combination of Dickens's character-study with Wilkie Collins's keen sense of dramatic situations ought to have produced a better play than "A Great Obstacle." But there is a lack of action and too many curtains without a climax in this adaptation, which a reader, carried on by the intense atmosphere of the book, would not observe.

Clay Clement puts into the part of Jules Oberreizer all that clever mispronunciation of English with which his foreign characterizations have made us familiar. Unnecessarily, perhaps, for we are told that the Swiss villain speaks English perfectly. But the rolling r's and the quaiot accent make the part picturesque, and help Clement to a more unusual sort of portrayal. In several scenes Mr. Clement does excellent work. In that in Vendele's room at the Swiss inn, where Oberreizer tries repeatedly to kill his companion, he imparts to his audience all that thrilling interest which few writers since Collins have been able to conceive and sustain. If it were not for an undue prolongation of "business" on Clement's part, and an uncertainty of touch in Mr. Canfield's acting, this scene would be as artistic as it is effective. In the last act, Mr. Clement's departure from legitimate theatrical methods is even more marked. His last words, the short sentence, full of undying hate and unrepentant loathing for his successful rival, he delivers with force and taste; but he mars the death-scene by a long-drawn-out agony which comes painfully near the ridiculous at times. Yet, despite these lapses, his Oberreizer is a character well sustained, with some originality of conception, and, here and there, a touch of something even better. Mr. Stockwell's Joey Ladle is a quaint character-bit that would please Dickens himself. Nature gave Stockwell a ready-made mask. He was born with his make-up on. No actor, except Coquelin, has such a face, which should be a comedian's fortune. Yet here is Stockwell, at the end of his career playing Joey Ladle—a part in which a beginner might make his first "hit."

The costuming of the middle of the century is better adapted to comedy than to serious drama. No one is so pitiless as my lady of fashion—herself a slave to ridiculous and fleeting fancies in dress—to the outgrown modes of yesteryear. Crinoline and tragedy are incompatible. To this is partly attributable Mrs. Clement's failure to make the part of Marguerite all that the young and lovely heroine should be. She was charming in her antiquated gown of silk and lace in the third act, but she is merely an ineffective martyr in the abbreviated skirt of the golf girl of '59. Besides, Dickens sketched all his heroines but one or two after one type—an insipidly pretty, uninterestingly virtuous type, not to the taste of the present generation of men and women.

An ardent disciple of the symbolic school, who is also an artist of some note in Paris, obtained permission some time ago to paint a picture in the old cemetery of Boulogne, situated along the Sèvres road facing Longchamp race-course. The picture was to be symbolical of the Resurrection. As the cemetery is surrounded by high walls, the artist concluded to make himself thoroughly at home, so he brought his models, and for the purpose of the composition placed them in appropriate attitudes on a tombstone, as they were to symbolize the rising from the dead. These models were not burdened with clothing. In fact, like Lady Godiva, their only covering was a wealth of golden hair. All would have gone well had not some prying urchins, like Peeping Tom, discovered a tell-tale chink in the wall. It took very little time for a crowd to assemble. The walls of the cemetery were quickly black with spectators, and soon a meddling representative of the law tapped the artist on the shoulder and forthwith arrested both artist and models.

—THE RAPID ENCRoACHMENT OF THE HABITATIONS of the living upon our city cemeteries would seem to suggest the selection of burial plots in some suburban locality. Mount Olivet Cemetery near Colma is a modern lawn-plan cemetery, non-sectarian, and easily accessible, with city offices at 916 Market Street.

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PATRIOTIC VERSE.

Of Liberty.

What magic have our shores, that men repair
Hither on every ship that threads the seas,—
The Russian from his snows, the Piedmontese,
The dweller by the banks of Po and Ayr?
Are not the stars as bright, the skies as fair,
That glass themselves in Volga's wave and Dee's?
Hath spring no singing flocks? Doth not the breeze
In summer evenings waft sweet odors there
As it doth here? Ay, but a spirit dwells
Within our land that long ago hath fled
Those ancient countries. Liberty! 'tis she
That paints with wonder all our woods and dells,
And with an aureole rings each mountain's head,
And writes a morning freshness on the sea.

Within this land a spirit sleeps of might,
And will not wake, though it has slumbered long.
Would it were mine to rouse it with a song!
Alas! not such my hope, to touch with light
That darkened brow, to win those eyeballs sight.
For more melodious tongues and souls more strong
Before those listless ears have suffered wrong,
And vainly sung and vanished into night.
Yet men in former days, remembered well,
Beheld those orbs as with twin lightnings glow,
And that great brow illumed, when Sumter fell
Or Lincoln spoke. Dear God, what voice must be,
What iron trumpet of war or hate must blow,
To wake again the soul of Liberty?
—William Prescott Foster in September Atlantic Monthly.

"The Name of Old Glory."

[Read by the author at the banquet of the Iron Brigade in Chicago, August 28, 1900.]

Old Glory! I say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere,
As you cast yourself free through the rapturous air
And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to?
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night
Their delightful light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!
Who gave you the name of Old Glory? Say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?
The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

Old Glory, speak out! we are asking about
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild, breezy way—
We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you that—
We—Tom, Dick, and Harry—each swinging his hat
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,
When—Lord—we all know we're as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you humor us all
And wait us your thanks as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone—
And this is the reason we're wanting to know—
(And we're wanting it so—where our own fathers
went we are willing to go).

Who gave you the name of Old Glory—oh, ho!
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?
The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.

Old Glory, the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were—
For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear—
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always—or die.
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the stars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?
Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last—
And it spoke, with a shake of the voice; and it said:
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,
My name is as old as the glory of God.
So I came by the name of Old Glory.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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DAVID BELASCO'S PLANS.

Some of the Plays He Secured in Europe—Mrs. Carter in "La Du Barry"—Crane's Posthumous Work.

David Belasco, the playwright, returned to New York from Europe a fortnight ago, bringing with him many new plays and contracts for many more. He has been abroad for nearly five months, having traveled through the Continent with Mrs. Leslie Carter after the completion of their theatrical season in London. In speaking of his plans for the coming season Mr. Belasco said:

"After Mrs. Carter's season had fairly been launched, my next two months were devoted entirely to the plays that are to demand her attention in the near future. Jean Richepin came over from Paris and brought me the completed manuscript of 'La Du Barry.' This will probably be Mrs. Carter's next play. Mme. du Barry, who is history was the capricious, fascinating, brilliant mistress of Louis the Fifteenth, will present an altogether new figure to the American stage. The story of her meteoric career, so dramatic in its incidents and so envied by her rivals at the court, offers a wonderful combination of comedy, pathos, and tragedy, for she rose from the people, leaving her little millioer's shop to become the favorite of royalty, and, after literally having held in her hand the destinies of France, the death of her kindly lover precipitated her downfall, and she died under the guillotine.

"An interesting point, and one of historical correctness, too, is the fact that La Du Barry was noted for her beautiful eyes and her glorious red hair. So that of all the ladies of the court she alone was allowed to appear with her natural hair—a favor that eventually set a new fashion in the Paris of that day. You will see that it is both its personal and theatrical characteristics the part is eminently suited to Mrs. Carter. And I am of the opinion it will offer the best opportunity she has ever had.

"A few weeks after M. Richepin's return to Paris, I visited him in his charming home, and while there met M. Chaineux, the leading artist of the Comédie-Française. Through M. Richepin's influence with the directors of that institution, M. Chaineux is allowed to undertake for me the designs of scenes and costumes for the new play. This is the first time such a courtesy has been granted to any manager outside of France, and, although it will make the expense of production unusually heavy, I believe the artistic result will justify the cost. My own work on the play has been begun, and I expect to have the English dramatized version ready by next winter."

Other plays that Mr. Belasco said he was planning to arrange for Mrs. Carter are "The Red Mouse," which he is writing with Henry J. W. Dam, and another that he is preparing in collaboration with John Luther Long, from whose story he adapted "Mme. Butterfly" last year.

"For this season," said the playwright, "Mrs. Carter's play will be Ibsen's 'When We Dead Awaken.' I am a great admirer of Ibsen, and hope that the translation of this celebrated production will be a worthy one. When in Berlin I contracted for copies of the original scenic models and costume plates. If nothing prevents, New York can see Mrs. Carter in the play next spring.

"My own new drama is called 'Carmela,' and it is, I think, the best piece of work I have ever done. I shall reserve its production for the opening of my new theatre. A comedy that I have written for Mrs. Carter, which I had first planned to bring out this season, will also be withheld for a time.

"Egerton Castle has entered into an extensive co-partnership with me, our agreement including the dramatic rights to 'The Bath Comedy,' his latest book, and the English rights to 'The Pride of Jeoico.' I shall also have the rights to a book he is now writing, of which I have seen the outline. It is to be a masterpiece.

"Stephen Craoe, the brilliant young author, whose unfortunate death removed one of the best and more forceful of the younger writers, left a posthumous work called 'The O'Ruddy.' I had the good fortune to see the proof-sheets just before sailing, and was so impressed by the extraordinary dramatic value of the work that I at once made a contract with his widow, by which I control the dramatic rights of both 'The O'Ruddy' and 'The Red Badge of Courage.' 'The O'Ruddy' is poor Crane's chief bequest to his widow, and I doubt whether the young author knew how great was the work which ended his earthly career, for I truly believe that in 'The O'Ruddy' Stephen Craoe has left a book that will make him famous. As a valuable heritage it will equal, if not indeed surpass, 'David Harum,' with which successful story, appearing after the death of its author, it may be said to bear a sentimental resemblance.

"Among other plays I have secured is a strong melodrama, 'Thou Shalt Not Kill,' by Scudamore. Every act is thrilling in its novelty, and although there are many mechanical situations, the great scene is so thoroughly human that it could not fail to carry the play by the very force of its passionate heart-interest. Another melodrama on my list is entitled 'Hearts That Beat as Trumps,' which I have arranged to be first done in Paris, at the Ambigu Theatre. I have secured for Blanche Bates the mystical comedy, 'Nicandra,' which I think will be

found a thorough novelty—quite unlike anything New York has ever seen. This piece, written by Russell Vaun, and secured through Willie Edouin, has a weird witchery about it, with elements of both laughter and sentiment that seem to me peculiarly adapted to Miss Bates's ability.

"With Klaw & Erlanger I have contracted for a new play for Ada Rehan during next season. I am working on a play for George Alexander, the English actor, and Beerbohm Tree has just accepted one of my scenarios. While in England I tried to copy-right my lately finished play, 'The Queen's Drawing-Room,' but the copyright was refused on account of the title of the piece and a scene in it that depicted the English court.

"My projects in America include the writing of a play with Mrs. Burton N. Harrison, the production of a drama by Lee Arthur, and one by Vance Thompson. 'The Heart of Maryland' has been turned over to Eugene Morand, author of 'Izelyl.' He has arranged with me to translate the play and adapt it to the Franco-Prussian War."

Mr. Belasco told of numerous other enterprises. "Naughty Anthony" will be continued, Charles E. Evans playing the principal part. As soon as David Warfield's contract with Weber and Fields shall have expired, Mr. Belasco will put him into a play called "The Only Levy," which he has written for the purpose. As to the theatre he plans to build, Mr. Belasco said nothing definite.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Quo Vadis" at the Grand.

Wittoo Lackaye will make his farewell appearance at the Grand Opera House on Sunday night as the hypnotic Svengali in "Tribyh," and next week the Frawleys will be seen in an elaborate production of "Quo Vadis," dramatized from Henryk Sienkiewicz's masterpiece. Mary Vao Buren will be the Lydia; David McCartney, who has just arrived from the East, will appear as Caus Hasta; and Carl Koenig, a Californian who is said to be nearly seven feet in height, will impersonate the faithful Ursus. The arena scene, in which Adgie's lions will figure, should prove especially effective, for the large stage of the Grand Opera House will lend itself admirably to a proper presentation of the massive setting called for, which was decidedly lacking in the Jeanette Gilder dramatization seen here some months ago.

"Blue Jeans" is to follow.

"The New Dominion."

The second week of the engagement of Clay Clemeot and L. R. Stockwell at the Columbia Theatre is to be devoted to "The New Dominion," the most successful play which Mr. Clemeot has produced since he became a star. It is a delightful romance of the South, and affords him an excellent opportunity to the rôle of Baron von Hobeostausen, the German nobleman, who has a penchant for collecting botanical specimens. The peculiar charm about the play and the unique character of the ooble-hearted and refined German that forms so large a part of it, is the treatment given the rôle by Mr. Clemeot. The character as presented by him has in it nothing of the traditional stage German. It is neither burlesque nor buffoonery, but comedy to the highest sense of the word, and the laughs it evokes come from the delicate humor that pervades the clever lines and the situations rather than from horse-play.

The Tivoli's Double Bill.

"Ernaoi" will be sung at the Tivoli Opera House to-night (Saturday), and to-morrow "Carmeo" will be given for the last time.

The ever-welcome double bill, Mascagoi's "Cavalleria Rusticaa" and Leocavallo's "I Pagliacci," will be offered each eight next week, with casts which will include Avedao, Salassa, Berthold, Ferrari, Russo, Schuster, Greece, Zani, Arthur Boyce, Effie Stewart, Polletini, Frances Graham, and Aona Lichter in the leading rôles.

Jessie Bartlett Davis at the Orpheum.

The leading attraction at the Orpheum next week will be Jessie Bartlett Davis, the popular contralto, who for many years was one of the leading members of the famous Bostonians. She has only recently succumbed to the tempting offers of the vaudeville stage, and will surely receive an enthusiastic welcome on her first appearance, Sunday night. Among the other new acts this week will be the Young American Quiotet, a clever musical combination; Querita Vioceot, the California girl who has just returned from the East, after establishing herself as a charming character impersonator; and Johnson and Deans, comedians, who are the originators of a novelty they call the "Kinetoscope Rag Dance."

Those retained from this week's bill are Howe, Wall and Walters, Mansfield and Wilbur, West-mao and Wreo, Frances Keppler, and the Biograph.

The Azzali Opera Company.

The opening of the Azzali Italian Grand Opera Company at the California Theatre has been postponed from this (Saturday) evening until Sunday, September 16th, on account of the non-arrival of the organization at Vera Cruz, and the impossibility of their reaching here in time.

Among the principals of the company are Niel Barbareschi, dramatic soprano; Angelioa Turcooi-

Bruni, lyric soprano; Estefania Collamarini, contralto; Vittorio Emanuele Castellano, dramatic tenor; Louis Alghissi, lyric tenor; Lorenzo Bel-lagamba, first baritone; Cesare Allessandroni, second baritone; Louis Lucenti, first bass; and Egidio Garavaglia, second bass. Angelina Rizzi Baccarini, Pio Facci, and Julio Cortesi are lesser artists, and Augusto Azzali is the impresario and musical director, his assistant being Alfredo Gore. Of all these singers, Estefania Collamarini is the only one who has ever been heard in this country. Two years ago her Carmen created a strong impression in the East.

The opening production is to be "Otello," and the regular California Theatre popular prices will prevail.

The Military Spectacle a Big Success.

Paine's magnificent open-air military spectacle, "The Battle of San Juan," has proved a great drawing card at the Sixteenth and Folsom Streets grounds, and far exceeds anything of the kind seen in San Francisco. The entire southern side of the big lot is taken up with huge scenery, depicting Sao Juan Hill in the centre, with the several block-houses and the tents of the Spanish officers on either side. The reveille is sounded and reinforcements march in. The field-hospital, with two Sisters of Charity, is shown, together with the burial of a soldier and the salute over his grave. After the arrival of General Linares, sports of camp life are enjoyed until the arrival of a courier with news of the intended attack by the Americans. The Spanish troops get ready and are attacked by the American force, which storms the outposts and captures the small blockhouse on the hill. Theo follows a terrific bombardment and cannonading, which lasts several minutes. After a hand-to-hand encounter following the charge of the Americans up the hill, the Spaniards surrender to the tune of "Dixie," played by the park band.

While preparations for the fire-works are going on the audience is treated to a number of clever turns by a host of tumblers, balancers, bar performers, and acrobats. Theo the electric lights are turned off and the brilliant pyrotechnic display of rockets and set pieces follow. To-night will be Democratic night, when pictures in fire of Bryao and Stevenson will be shown. "Niagara Falls" in electric fire-works will also be repeated by request. To-morrow (Sunday) will be Native Sons' night, when Grand President Rust's portrait will be shown, and Monday the fire-works will be in honor of the Native Daughters. The programmes for the remaining nights will be equally attractive.

The Tanforan Carnival of Sports.

During the week from September 24th to October 6th, Tanforan Park will be the scene of a great fair, which promises to be a notable success, judging from the lively interest which is now being manifested in it both by the participants and the public at large. One day will be devoted to amateur athletic sports and pastimes, under the management of the Olympic Club. Henry J. Crocker, who is a prominent member of the club, has given three splendid trophies to be competed for. One of the cups will be given to the athletic team that scores the greatest number of points in competition. The second cup is offered for competition between the relay teams of the Academic League, and the third cup is to be competed for by the wheelmen who will enter teams for a bicycle relay race. Apart from the contests for the Crocker prizes there will also be sprinting, middle-distance running and long-distance racing, pole-vaulting, etc., between the athletes representing the different clubs and colleges of the coast. Imitations have been sent by the secretary of the Olympic Club to the Stanford University, University of California, Reliance Athletic Club of Oakland, Pomona Athletic Club of Los Angeles, Multnomah Athletic Club of Portland, Or., Young Men's Christian Association of Portland, Or., Tacoma Athletic Club, and, in fact, all of the athletic clubs of the North-West in good standing in the Amateur Athletic Union, to send representatives to participate at this meeting of athletes, which will be held on September 29th.

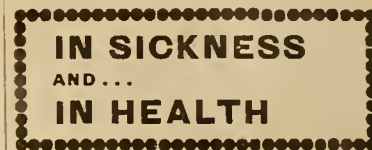
Among the other attractions will be a high-class, open-air horse-show, a complete exhibition of swine, sheep, goats, poultry, and Belgiao hares, extraordinary show of dogs, racing, polo games, and grand musical concerts.

The biggest find of ancient treasure ever made in England was 1,299 gold pieces of King Cymbeline, B. C. 55, in Whaddon Chase, Buckinghamshire.

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VANITY FAIR.

A correspondent writing to the New York *Evening Post* sounds a note of warning against the tendency that has arisen lately to send young men to Paris to study. "It may be that for art students it is not possible to get elsewhere what one gets in the studios of Paris," he says, "but for nearly all other subjects, Germany offers a wider and a more intensely cultivated field of learning than can be found in any other country. Even if it did not, the difference in the effect that can not but be produced upon the character of a young man by three years of life in vigorous, healthy Germany and effeminate, sickly Paris is unspeakable. The worst things of Paris a young American man, who is going in for a life of strenuous learning and who is the son of an American mother, is surely safe from. But, even so, the moral *tonus* (to use the physiological word), the fibre of character, can not but be let down by several years of life in that atmosphere. If it is not—if one preserves a constant attitude of resistance to the view of life that stares one in the face—then it is at least a very painful three years' experience. No good American can be other than unhappy in Paris. It is a place where the joy of student life, as the healthy young American understands it, can not be had. In saying this, one need not commit himself to any judgment as to the precise statistics of vice in one country or another. What is certain is that nowhere else is it so open and blatant and all-pervading as in Paris. Let those wise and good men who are urging on a movement to deflect young men from the German universities and to send them to the Paris schools consider carefully within themselves if they are doing well. It is to get sensations, to study the psychology of pleasure, to know what is meant by 'la vie de Bohème,' that all the world goes to Paris. It is to her we take our materialism, our appetite for good dinners, our love of the footlights, our extravagance, all the catalogue of our vices, and she does her best to satisfy our expectations. Above all, she creates about her an atmosphere which makes the puritanical person feel a strangely easy conscience. She has known many who came to pray remain to scoff at the sad-faced moralities. The metamorphoses that take place in her visitors might be set down as one of the sights of Paris."

What is the charm of China—that is, for Europeans? Why is it that not infrequently they prefer living there to remaining at home in civilized America? The *Outlook's* "Spectator" tells of a young woman, the daughter of wealthy parents, whose husband was an official of the Chinese imperial customs service under Sir Robert Hart. Her father, while making her a prolonged visit some four or five years ago, was struck even then by the signs of hostility to foreigners; for example, the natives would spit at Europeans, where they dared to, in the less frequented parts of Tien-tsin. He was so much impressed by the danger of life in China that he made his son-in-law a fine business offer, to remove any financial objections to returning to America. The son-in-law's consent was easily obtained, but the daughter yielded only out of regard for her father. Life in China seemed then to her far more attractive than life in America, because, for one thing, they have no "housekeeping" problem there. In speaking with his friend, the son-in-law, the "Spectator" found that the perfection of the Chinese domestic service goes far toward making life there "very comfortable" for Europeans. "You see," he explained, "giving a dinner in China means simply telling your major-domo that you want to give one. You don't have to bother about it further. So dinner-giving, formal and informal, is a feature of the life. The pick of a very good market—I refer to the treaty ports—is at your disposal, and what in America might be called 'high living' is a commonplace. The foreign residents, leading, of course, an isolated life, draw close together as a community, and form a charming social circle. They are, as a rule, true cosmopolites, well educated, well bred, representing all nationalities (twenty are represented in the Shanghai colony), cultured by travel, careful of etiquette, fond of sport, in short, people of the world, delightful to meet in their variety, all more or less on an equality, without the very rich to arouse envy or the very poor to excite pity. Then there is no pressure, no 'hustle,' such as we have here. All business stops at four o'clock in the afternoon, and from then until seven o'clock, the dinner hour, you have your choice of your favorite sport or diversion—riding, driving, boating, tennis, and cricket."

The source of fashion always seems as much of a mystery as the facility with which dress hideously unbecoming is universally adopted. No single woman makes the fashion to day, as the ex-Empress Eugénie did in the days of her greatness. No actress determines styles now. It would be interesting to discover the fountain-head of some recent modes and pillory in their lack of taste the persons who imposed on womankind such garments, for instance, as the so-called "Mermaid" skirts, which in their revelatory seamlessness were as unbecoming to thin women as to stout ones. No greater tribute to the power of fashion was ever noticed (remarks the New York *Sun*) than the blind acceptance of this skirt by women who unobtrusively made themselves ridicu-

lous by wearing it. Only its brief existence showed that the common sense of the sex finally asserted itself, and the few folds which marked the disappearance were a relief, even to persons who make no note of styles and merely observed that women were once more recovering their gracefulness, or, at all events, no longer revealing their lack of physical shapeliness, which might not have attracted attention when draped with less fiendish ingenuity in showing what had hitherto been skillfully concealed by dress. The Parisian tailors, who were responsible for this extremity in tightness, are said now to waver between two styles of dress which are nearly as pronounced in the opposite direction. It is said that the small plaits at the back of women's gowns are to be extended to the flowing Empire or the expansive hoop-skirts. Either is enough to cause serious apprehension to admirers of beauty, as one style is in its way as bad as the other. Yet of the two evils, the temporary restoration of Empire fashions is probably less to be deplored. Certain types of femininity look well in these garments. The tall, slender girl and the woman who has acquired only becoming plumpness may find that the loveliest curves in her figure are only suggested if not actually concealed by the flowing lines of the Empire. The stout woman, who must make up her mind to be unbecomingly dressed in nearly every change of fashions, will probably find that she looks worse in an Empire gown than in any other. Contrasted with the discomfort that the Empire gown will cause the short, stout woman, who will be in the style, is the delight that the renaissance of the mode must cause the thin one. She will be seen at her best. The boniest figures can be attractively draped in the folds of these pseudo-classic garments. Yards of stuff that would be impossible under any other dictate of fashion make the Empire gown a disguise for thinness not to be excelled.

The crinoline, impending as a possible disaster in styles, is nearly as favorable to her style of beauty, although the restoration of this fashion in anything like its original form seems an extravagance not seriously to be contemplated. But the European dressmakers are said to contemplate seriously a return to this balloon-like fullness, as a contrast to the snake-skin tightness of the modes during the past few years. Some medical evidence has been quoted to show that the old hoop-skirt is healthful, because it relieves the women who wear it of the burden of sustaining the weight of their skirts on their hips. But no such uncertain sanitary advantage could be urged in favor of this bideous development of fashion, so long as women wear high-heeled shoes and lace tightly without compunction. No fashion of contemporary woman's dress goes so far back as the crinoline, and that in itself is enough to prove its unfitness for wear to day. It dates from the middle of the seventeenth century, and in its greatest period of popularity lasted for about fifteen years, beginning the middle years of this century. In an age that has known the freedom of the short skirt and other emancipations from the inconvenience of woman's dress, it seems incredible that unimaginative tailors in Paris should attempt to impose such a clumsy antique on femininity. But success with the tight mermaid skirt must have emboldened them to undertake anything.

Women who do not look lovely in a wet bathing-suit will eagerly adopt a notion which is being advocated by a society of hygienists in London. This is that, generally speaking, a sun or air bath is much better for health than an ocean dip. "The truth is," says an English doctor, "the popular idea of sea-bathing is absurd. It is so far from being everybody's tonic that in many cases it is a menace to life. The 'dip' that even frail women heroically force themselves to take, believing it is the right thing to do, is too severe a shock to nerves and systems unaccustomed to sudden or violent exertions." In place of sea-bathing, the London hygienists recommend air or sun baths, taken lying on the beach in the lightest possible attire compatible with the proprieties. It is a fact established in medical science (says the *Bazar*) that mere exposure of the body to the air produces physical changes that go far toward counteracting the degenerating effects of civilized life. The course recommended, therefore, by this latest health fad is to lie at ease on the sand, bathed in sunshine and fresh air, and afterwards have a thorough rubbing down, which process further invigorates a worn body. Happily for those who are poor in purse as in health, this fresh-air cure may be taken without the expense of traveling to summer resorts.

There is a battle royal on between fashion and religion in the parish of St. Liborius's Church in St. Louis. The direct issues involved are net-work shirt-waists and the Holy Communion. Three hundred pretty Sodality girls are on one side, while on the other is the Rev. G. A. Reis and nearly all the older members of the parish. The trouble started when the rector of St. Liborius's Church announced to the members of the Young Ladies' Sodality that they must either abandon those "jigamaree" waists, with the "funny businesses" on the arms and shoulders, or he would refuse to serve them Holy Communion. In scoring the net-work shirt-waist, the priest said: "The young ladies of this Sodality will have to quit wearing those jigamaree waists, with the 'funny businesses' around the arms and

shoulders, or I will refuse to serve them communion. The fashions are becoming entirely too vulgar. No self-respecting lady would appear in public in such immodest costumes. I intend to set an example to the young ladies of this parish, and if it's necessary to refuse you the sacraments I will do it to stop this vulgar fashion." The girls say that the "jigamarees" and "funny businesses" referred to by Father Reis are no other than those latest style shirt-waists, with net-work attachments, which are so universally worn nowadays, and that the end of August is a tardy date to begin a propaganda against a fashion which has contributed so largely to the comfort of femininity during the hot summer months.

In the course of a game of golf at Ranelagh, one of the players directed his caddie to drive away some lambs which were in the line of fire, and when this had been done he played his stroke in comfort. His surprise was great when his adversary promptly claimed the hole, on the ground that the lambs were "growing," and according to the rule that "before striking the ball the player shall not move, bend, or break anything fixed or growing near the ball" the penalty for removing anything growing was the loss of the hole. An old hand might easily smile at this claim, but it might disconcert a younger player and prove sufficient to win more than one hole by putting him "off his game." Such an instance actually occurred once in the East Lothian Country Cup competition (says the *Scotsman*), when a young North Berwick player, who had innocently removed a growing worm from the line of his put, was accused by an elderly opponent of breaking this rule. The thing was done in jest, but the blush of the youth and the erratic nature of his play for some time after showed that the joke had quite unintentionally done mischief.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 5th, were as follows:

		BONDS.					
		Shares.			Closed.		
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 108- 108½	107½				
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	6,000	@ 117½	117				
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	1,000	@ 118½					
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	15,000	@ 107½	107				
Oakland Transit 6%.....	3,000	@ 117½-117¾	117¾				
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%.....	27,000	@ 99½-100					
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 119½	119½	120			
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	8,000	@ 111½		112½			
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905.....	11,000	@ 110- 110½					
S. P. Branch 6%.....	10,000	@ 133					
S. V. Water 4%.....	1,000	@ 112½	112½	112½			
S. V. Water 4%.....	2,000	@ 103	103	103½			
		STOCKS.					
		Shares.			Closed.		
Contra Costa Water.....	270	@ 68½- 69½	68½	69			
Spring Valley Water.....	330	@ 95½	95½	95½			
		Gas and Electric.					
Equitable Gaslight.....	82½	@ 3½- 4	4	4½			
Mutual Electric.....	30	@ 10½	10	11			
Oakland Gas.....	260	@ 49½- 50	50½	51			
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	210	@ 51½- 52	52½	53			
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,642	@ 54- 54½	54½	54½			
S. F. Gas.....	66	@ 5	5	5½			
		Street R. R.					
Market St. R. R.....	80	@ 64½- 65	65				
		Powders.					
Giant Con.....	350	@ 84½- 85½	86	86½			
Vigorit.....	3,350	@ 3½- 3½	3½	3½			
		Sugars.					
Hana P. Co.....	80	@ 8	7¾	8			
Honokaa S. Co.....	710	@ 30½- 30½	30½				
Hutchinson.....	480	@ 24½- 25	25	25½			
Kilauea S. Co.....	380	@ 21½- 21½	21½	22			
Makaweli S. Co.....	1,390	@ 43½- 44½	43½	43½			
Onomea S. Co.....	40	@ 28- 28½	27½	28			
Paauhau S. P. Co.....	300	@ 30½- 30½	30½	30½			
		Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers.....	10	@ 119	119½				
Oceanic S. Co.....	30	@ 94	93½	95			
Pac. C. Borax.....	15	@ 150	150				

A better feeling is prevailing, more business is being transacted, and traders who have been for months inactive are again taking flyers. Buyers seem to have no fear of the acquiring of public utilities by the city. Both water and gas are strong. Giant has awakened and is stretching itself. Bonds were dealt in to a considerable extent and at good prices. The following dividends will be paid on the tenth: Giant Powder, 75 cents; Pacific Gas Improvement Company, 35 cents; Paauhau Sugar Plantation Company, 30 cents. On the twelfth: Alaska Packers, 75 cents. On the fifteenth: Oakland Gas, 25 cents, and Kilauea Sugar Company, 25 cents.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

While the Cuban teachers were attending school at Cambridge this summer, a boy was engaged to distribute tickets to the teachers for an approaching concert. President Eliot, standing by, thought he might possibly attend, and extended his hand for a ticket. The boy gave a glance at him and remarked, scornfully: "You ain't no Cuban!"

A few days ago, a resident of this city, while traveling in the Willamette Valley, wanted to cross the river at a place where it was about four hundred yards wide. The only boat in the neighborhood belonged to an old Irishman, and it was a very cranky-looking one. "Would I be safe in crossing in it?" asked the traveler, pointing to the boat. "Ye'll be just as safe," responded the Irishman, good-naturedly, "as if you were in God's pocket."

The American soldiers in the Philippines see some strange sights. Lately a crowd of them attended a church service in their honor. There was much praying and singing. The image of an old saint drew their attention. Above the image was the picture of an eagle. On the banner which streamed from the eagle's bill was the following legend: "The Old Reliable Condensed Milk." The artist had copied the eagle from a milk can. The padre explained that he thought it was an American motto.

On one of his voyages from England to South Africa, Rudyard Kipling was pestered by a flock of passengers who wished to gush over him and hero-worship him. One forenoon, while walking the deck, hand in hand with his little daughter, one of the gushers, seeing an opportunity to flatter the father and so make friends with the author, threw himself in the way of the couple. "Oh, Mr. Kipling," he gushed, "is that your child?" Kipling grunted a non-committal "Yes," and tried to pass. But the fellow was not done with him. Still standing in the way, he exclaimed: "What a delightfully beautiful and healthy child she is?" Kipling greeted a stony gaze at the man, and saying, with great emphasis on the personal pronoun, "I'm reasonably satisfied with her make," he shouldered past the bore and tramped on.

"Uncle Tom," an old negro of Lexington, Va., who saw a great deal of General Lee during the Civil War, having been employed as a cook at headquarters, confessed that only once had he heard anything disrespectful said about the idol of the South. In relating the incident, he said: "One night, erbout de middle ob de war, I seed a cur'us man go inter de gin'l's tent. He cum out, en whin he got up ter whar I wuz he wuz er-rippin' en er-roarin' en er-snootin'. 'Whut's de trouble?' I sez ter 'im. ' 'Tribble,' sez he, 'I jes got orders ter ride forty miles ter-night wid er messidge, en here 'tis er-snowin' en er-blowin' en er-sleetin' lak all hell persessed. I'm darned ef I know whar Gin'l Lee's er-thinkin' erbout. Well, sir, I jes' looked at 'im fer a minnit en then sez ter 'im: ' 'Fo Gawd, I doan' reckin yer does know whar Gin'l Lee's er-tbuakin' erbout. Man, sir, ef one er Gin'l Lee's thots wuz ter get inter yer haid 'twould bus' it open."

Many of the newspaper biographers of the late Prince Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, overlook the fact that he was one of America's small list of royal guests. Several years ago, while a midshipman in the British navy, he made a brief stop at Vancouver's Island, and was entertained at a ball given by the governor. He was very much struck by the appearance of a girl who seemed to be the belle of the assemblage when he entered the room, and learned by inquiry that she was the daughter of the governor, whose wife was a full-blooded Indian. The prince asked the honor of a dance; but the girl, having been educated at a finishing school in Portland, Or., held her head very high, and, not knowing the prince's social station, responded that the governor's daughter was entitled to dance with officers of higher rank than midshipmen. The prince took the rebuff good-naturedly. His time for revenge came when one of the governor's suite, not knowing of what had happened, begged his royal highness's permission to present the governor's daughter as a partner for the next waltz. The prince politely declined, remarking that "his mother would be deeply mortified to hear that he had danced with a squaw."

An interesting story is told apropos of a reporter's zeal to obtain news from the Chinese legation in Washington, D. C., regarding affairs in Peking. He was an enterprising young fellow sent by his editor to take the place of the regular Washington correspondent who was away on his vacation, and he had spent the whole morning in the vicinity of the legation endeavoring to pick up something, not knowing that the most direct way would have been to see Minister Wu himself, who is invariably kind about granting interviews. He was about to abandon his project when an intelligent-looking and well-dressed Chinaman came down the steps of the legation and responded so pleasantly to his greetings that he bombarded him with a whole list of questions, to

which the polite Celestial repeatedly answered: "Dun know, dun know." Finally, quite desperate at his inability to make something out of what he looked upon as a rare chance, a walk with one of the legation's secretaries, he asked, appealingly: "Well, surely you know something of the dowager empress; what do you think of her?" "Me no think," responded the Chinaman, "me washee," and with this parting announcement he disappeared into a laundry near by, of which he turned out to be the proprietor.

HUMORS OF IRISH LIFE.

An Irishman is naturally devout, and, as a rule, accepts the decrees of providence without a murmur. His climate is as changeable as he is himself, but you rarely hear him grumble. Anything short of a deluge is "a grand day, glory be to God," or, if he is completely wet through, "a fine soft day for the country."

"On one occasion, when it had rained incessantly for weeks," says a writer in *Cornhill Magazine*, "I said to a man: 'What do you think of the weather, Flannagan?' 'I think,' said Flannagan, looking round at the dripping hedges and soaking fields—'I think, miss, if I was to be makin' weather, an' made the likes of this, there'd be grumblin' at it.' It was wrong out of him, and surely disapprobation was never more delicately expressed.

"As might be expected, ours is a soil in which blessings and curses flourish in almost tropical luxuriance, and both are dispensed with a liberal hand. Among the causes which insure a plentiful supply of the former may be reckoned the possession of red hair. 'The oul' master's funeral was a grand sight,' said an old woman, 'but shure the grandest sight of all was to see Master Andy standin' there with his head shinin' like gould in a bog drain. May the Lord bless him an' the barber that barberized him!'

"We are often credited with a disposition to accept statements without proof of their accuracy, but the following story goes far to disprove such an accusation: 'It's wishin' to inform the family I am that there's a cross baste beyant in the field,' was announced one morning by an old herder. 'Are you sure it's really cross?' some one asked. 'Ah! begorra, I am sure. Mrs. Casey herself was walkin' across on her way from market, whin it wint at her an' turned her upside down, and the crathure was that skeared she couldn't spake bardly a word whin she got up, an' himself wouldn't believe her, so he tuk Mary out to see if it was throun, an', begorra, it wint at her an' turned her upside down, too, so thin he knew it was a cross baste.'

"The same old herder described his cattle: 'Shure, they're fine bastes now; but troth, if ye'd seen thin wim they came first, it's thin skilions they were.'

"No paper on Irish humor would be complete without at least a few specimens of bulls. Here are two or three jotted down at random:

"'Dhrunk I' said a man, speaking of his neighbor, 'be was that dhrunk that he made ten halves of ivery word.'

"'Arrah, ma'am! have ye heard the news? Misher John's best calf's been dhrowned on bim. Shure, I'm after goin' through the field meself, when they were gettin' the crathure out of the ditch, an' he was that wake he could hardly walk home.' 'But I thought you said he was dhrowned?' 'Dhrowned! And sure, so he was dhrowned, but he wasn't dhrowned dead!'

"'Why is the chapel bell ringin', Mike?' 'Shure, it's two men over there beyant in Gurnaghar that's dead, and they're a-burin' of one another to-day, and that's the sign.'

"Among the many factors at work in Ireland there is one the extent of whose influence is supposed, by both friends and foes, to be almost unlimited. I mean what is called the power of the priest, and as it undoubtedly has a prominent place for good or evil in Irish life, the following example may be of interest:

"Old Mike and his wife lived in a little cabin on the mountain, one of a type which is happily every day becoming more and more rare. The walls were of mud and the floor of the same useful material, with a gutter running down the middle to divide the family apartment from that of the domestic animals. To this mansion came his reverence one cold, showery morning in March to hold a station. His umbrella was wet and dripping, so, being a careful man, he placed it, open, in the space vacated by the animals, who were grazing outside. After the usual devotions when the congregation had dispersed, he went for a stroll, while Moira prepared his breakfast, for to entertain his reverence afterward is the crowning honor of a station. He had not gone far when a heavy shower obliged him to take shelter under a tree and send a little gossoon running back for his umbrella.

"His reverence is after sending me to bring his ombrell!" said the boy, bursting into the cabin.

"The saints preserve us!" said Mike. "Maybe it's the thing he left beyant in the corner," and, seizing the umbrella, he tried to pass through the door, but the entrance was low and narrow and the umbrella large and wide. Without a moment's hesitation he caught up a spade and began shoveling down the wall at either side of the door.

"Man ah!" said the priest, appearing on the

scene, 'whatever are ye at?' 'Shure, it's makin' way I am for yer riverence's ombrell,' said old Mike; 'divil a bit of it'll go through at all, at all.' 'Ah, nonsense, man!' said his reverence, laughing, and, stepping inside, he took the umbrella out of Moira's hand and closed it before then.

"Old Mike stared at it aghast. Then he turned to his wife. 'Glory be to God, Moira,' he said, 'is there anything beyant the power of the priest?' These old people belonged to a generation which is fast passing away, and to which the succeeding one bears but little resemblance."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Life's Alphabet.

Ah, what a stretch of time it takes
To learn our letters through;
We start in life with A B C,
And end with I. O. U.—*Life*.

Slow Curtain.

"This world is but a fleeting show";
And yet there's not a man
But wants to see as much of the
Performance as he can.
—*Philadelphia Press*.

Nobody Knows but Mother.

Oh, where is the jam that Aunt Mary made?
Nobody knows but mother.
Who put the nick in pa's razor blade?
Nobody knows but mother.
Where is the cherry-pie hidden to-day?
What was it Sis and her beau had to say,
While some one listened and then snuck away?
Nobody knows but mother.

Who was it felt in pa's pockets last night?
Nobody knows but mother.
Why was pa angry enough for to fight?
Nobody knows but mother.
What's in the letter she happened to find?
Why is pa tryin' to treat 'er so kind?
What makes him jump and keep lookin' behind?
Nobody knows but mother.
—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Mamma at the Sea-Shore.

She has gone with twenty trunks, down to the sea,
She has gone and left the servant-girl and me—
Gone and taken Sue and May
Eighty-nine long miles away,
Where the salty breeze is blowing fresh and free.

She is happy where the bounding billows play,
Flinging money I have had to earn away.
She is choosing others' sons
For my darling little ones—
Ah, the younger of them's twenty-six to-day!

She has gone, with twenty trunks, down to the sea
To try and find two sons-in-law for me;
And while I labor here
I am pestered with a fear
From which I vainly struggle to be free.

She is far away beside the ocean blue,
With the darlings that we live for—May and Sue.
Oh, when they leave the shore,
Shall I have to toil for four
Instead of merely working on for two?
—*London Answers*.

How to Propose.

First drop mamma, for you must be alone;
A man can't "pop" before a chaperon;
Then choose a site,—the Yard is just the place,
Beneath the Chinese lanterns' magic blaze,—
But if the band is playing "Rag-Time Lou,"
And if the crowd all "rubberneck" at you,
Then take her somewhere where the light is dim,
Take her to Beck, or even to the Gym.

When you have found a site, ask her to sit
With you, and watch the juicy June-bug fly;
Or spring some other like poetic thought,
For by poetic words they oft are caught.
Recite to her some drip about the moon,
That great round orb that loveth those who spoon.
And speak of love, of ceaseless love galore.
(But do not speak of those you've loved before.)
Then cast a few deep breathings on the air,
Put on a look of seeming sad despair,
And cry aloud, "My college life is done.
I've got to face this cruel world alone,
Alone I have to face its fearful knocks,
With none so poor to mend my holey socks.
And then, if she's the girl she ought to be,
She'll shyly mutter, "Well, what's wrong with me?"—*Harvard Lampoon*.

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Is best for any baby, but after that comes Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for young infants. Thousands of letters are received telling of its successful use. Book "Babies" sent free. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

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Scotch Whisky

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Old & Valuable Silver.



CAN be made to brighten memories of the past, without fear of scratch or blemish, if cleaned with
SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH
It's as harmless as the flour you eat. It makes old silver new—in brilliancy—and keeps new silver always new.
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HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADEROLLERS

NOTICE
NAME THUS
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

She—"I heard that you said I reminded you of the North Pole; don't try to deny it." He—"Of course I did; you are so sought after, you know."—*Indianapolis Press*.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, September 15
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Wednesday, October 10
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, November 3
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Wednesday, November 28
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.
Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.
Nippon Maru. Saturday, September 22
America Maru. Wednesday, October 17
Houkou Maru. Tuesday, November 13
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Sept. 19, 2 p.m.
S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 8 p.m.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 12 A. M., September 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, October 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., September 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, October 3, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Sept. 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, October 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., September 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, October 2, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., September 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, October 4, and every fourth day thereafter.
For further information obtain company's folder.
For Mexican ports, 11 A. M., Seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
Ticket-Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
New York. September 19 | St. Louis. October 3
St. Paul. September 26 | New York. October 10
RED STAR LINE.
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Kensington. September 19 | Friesland. October 3
Noordland. September 26 | Southwark. October 10
EMPIRE LINE.
To Alaska and Gold Fields.
For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent, Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

SOCIETY.

The Sewall-Crosby Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Josepha N. Crosby, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Crosby, to Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, took place at the home of the bride's parents at San Rafael on Wednesday afternoon, September 5th. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by the bride's father, Rev. Crosby, principal of the Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy. The best man was Mr. Warren D. Clark, and the maid of honor was Miss Louise Crosby, the bride's sister.

Only the relatives and intimate friends were present. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Sewall left for a short tour of the State, and in a few days they will depart for New York, where their future home will be.

Mr. Sewall is a nephew of Arthur Sewall, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President in 1896, who died of apoplexy at "Small Point," his summer home near Bath, Me., on Tuesday. Mr. Sewall is a member of the Pacific Union and University Clubs and is at present the New York manager for the firm of Williams, Dimond & Co., of San Francisco and New York.

A Dinner in the Red Room.

Miss Hopkins and Mr. Augustus Taylor, who are to be married the latter part of this month, were the guests of honor at a dinner given on Tuesday, September 4th, in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club.

Those invited to meet them were Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Henry Scott, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss McBean, the Misses Edna and Georgie Hopkins, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. Fred W. McNear, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. A. H. Wilcox, Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Joseph Tobin, Jr., Mr. Latham McMullin, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

The Point Reyes Sportsmen's Club.

The Country Club, which for many years has had the lease of the famous Shafter ranch, in Marin County, including seventy-six thousand acres of ocean, shore, forest, mountain, lake, and trout streams, has finally lost its lease, which has now gone to the Point Reyes Sportsman's Club. The officers of the latter club are as follows:

General John H. Dickinson, president; Colonel D. E. Miles, vice-president; and Mr. H. W. Orear, secretary and treasurer. The other members are Colonel Louis Barrere, Mr. J. M. Cremin, Mr. W. J. Martin, Mr. Frank Vernon, Mr. S. E. Slade, Mr. P. W. Watson, Mr. A. B. Finch, Mr. E. L. Sargent, Mr. W. S. Leake, Colonel W. A. Halstead, Dr. John Galloway, Mr. L. D. Owens, Mr. C. M. Osborn, Mr. G. W. Smith, Mr. E. L. Sargent, Mr. Andrew Jackson, and Mr. J. C. O'Connor.

For the present each member is allowed to kill only two bucks a season, while the county law restricts the shooting of quail to twenty-five per day. There will be no limitation on the number of ducks or snipe that can be bagged. Each member will be allowed to invite one guest a month. It is proposed at the beginning of the quail season to have a ladies' shoot. The headquarters will be at Point Reyes and at Olema.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Clarence Florence Hamilton, to Mr. George Adams Martin on Wednesday, September 12th.

The engagement is announced of Miss May Hooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hooper, to Dr. George B. Somers, son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Somers.

The marriage of Miss Hattie Gertrude Jackson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Jackson, to Mr. John L. Deahl, will be celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, 1300 Page Street, at eight-thirty o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, September 12th.

The engagement is announced of Miss May Hubbard Wetherill, daughter of the late Captain Alexander Macomb Wetherill, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., to Dr. Benjamin F. Van Meter, of Lexington, Ky. The wedding will take place late this month at the summer home of the bride's mother, "Sea Camp," Jamestown, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan have sent out invitations for a dinner to be given in honor of Miss

Hopkins and Mr. August Taylor on September 14th at their residence, 2211 Clay Street.

Senator Charles N. Felton opened the Charity Fair at Menlo Park on Tuesday evening, September 4th, with an entertaining speech. Mr. Horace Platt, who was also expected to take part, was unable to be present.

The lady managers of the Maria Kip Orphanage will hold their annual reception this year at Golden Gate Hall, Sutter Street, Saturday, September 15th, at 2:15 o'clock. The main feature of the afternoon will be an interesting performance of the "Electrical Rag Babies," by the children of the orphanage. Refreshments will be sold, and music will be furnished by the Third Artillery Band.

The annual election of officers of the Olympic Club was held on Tuesday. The following are the officers: President, William Greer Harrison; vice-president, Henry R. Mann; secretary, J. J. Hassell; treasurer, Henry B. Russ; leader, John A. Hamersmith; captain, George James; directors, Harry V. Ramsdell, John Elliott, O. B. Burns, J. C. B. Hebbard, and William D. Shea, the last two being elected for two years.

The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

An exhibition of paintings relating to the early days of California will be held in the Mark Hopkins Institute during the celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of Admission Day. Many of these pictures have a personal and historical quality, such as the portrait of Governor Burnett, the first governor of California, and those of General Vallejo and Colonel Sutter. Then there is Nahl's painting of "Sutter's Mill" and Burgess's "San Francisco in 1849," and many others equally interesting.

The exhibition opens to-day (Saturday) and lasts one week. On Monday and Tuesday, September 10th and 11th, the institute will be open free of charge from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M. to visitors wearing the badge of the Native Sons' organizations.

A new catalogue of the paintings and other works of art in the institute has just been compiled by the curator. It contains not only the names of paintings and pieces of statuary but short biographical notices of the authors of the various works, thus adding greatly to its value as a book of reference. A short description of the galleries and other rooms, all of which have been lettered and numbered, together with a few very good half-tones, completes the little work in a most satisfactory manner.

The Gentlemen's Doubles Championship.

The annual tournament of the Pacific Coast Lawn Tennis Association for the gentlemen's doubles championship of the Pacific States will be held under the auspices of the United States Lawn Tennis Association on September 10th, 11th, and 12th, commencing at 10 A. M., at the Hotel Del Monte. Entries, which close to-day (Saturday), should be forwarded to the tournament committee at the California Tennis Club, corner of Scott and Bush Streets. The rules adopted by the United States Lawn Tennis Association for 1900 will govern all matches, which, including the championship match, will consist of the three best in five sets.

To decide the championship, the winners will be called upon on Wednesday, September 12th, to meet the Hardy brothers, the present champions, who are on their way home from the East, where they have covered themselves with glory by their excellent playing.

Golf at the Presidio.

After a quiet period of several months, the Presidio golf links were enlivened on Monday, September 3d, by a tournament for the Liverpool silver medal. This is a perpetual challenge trophy and has been played for ever since the club was established. The match was over 18 holes, medal play, with eight players to compete. The complete score for the two rounds was as follows:

	1st. round.	2d round.	Total.
Mr. John Lawson.....	46	48	94
Mr. Charles Page.....	47	51	98
Mr. S. L. Abbott, Jr.....	52	52	104
Mr. H. Blackman.....	58	52	110
Mr. Worthington Ames....	58	55	113
Mr. J. W. Byrne.....	61	53	114
Mr. W. H. La Boyteaux....	56	60	116
Mr. Warren Gregory.....	62	60	122

Dedication of the New Park Music-Stand.

The new music-stand in Golden Gate Park, the gift of Mr. Claus Spreckels, designed by Robert I. Aitken, the sculptor, is completed and will be dedicated to-morrow afternoon (Sunday), at 1:30 o'clock, when a band of one hundred pieces will play the special music composed by Joseph D. Redding for the event. The location of the structure, west of the old stand and south of the museum, is well suited to the purposes for which it was planned. The dedication undoubtedly will be witnessed by a large and brilliant assemblage, and the parade of handsome turnouts will be notable.

According to Leslie Stephen, in the "National Dictionary of Biography," Wordsworth, as poet laureate, wore the same coat to levees that Samuel Rogers had worn, and the same coat passed subsequently to Tennyson when he became poet laureate.

Irish-bred horses win three-fourths of the steeple-chase races in England.

THE SUNKEN GALLEON.

She is crowned with coral and crusted,
She is reddened with sea-gold;
Her guns and chains are rusted;
Her ribs are shrunk and old.
The grass crawls green and gleaming
Over her bulwarks streaming
And coils and clasps her, seeming
Like serpents, lithe and cold.

Once from her tall masts floated
The widest silk in Spain;
Her cannon, iron-throated,
Rang out across the main.
But like a strong place plundered,
Her sides are scaled and sundered,
And all her guns that thundered
Shall never sound again.

She loved the rolling ocean,
And wandered wide and far;
She lived in deep devotion
To red, relentless war.
But even she, the daughter
Of shock and storm and slaughter,
Was buried under water,
And fell like any star.

She sought the victor's laurel
Through fire and flame between.
Conquered, she found the coral,
And the red outlived the green;
For the stronger ship was shattered
And her strength was shed and scattered,
And little her might has mattered;
She is not, but has been.

The sun sank low to greet her,
But when, in silent prayer,
The dear moon rose to meet her,
Behold! she was not there!
Already in the gloaming
The sad mermaids were roaming
Her sunken decks, and combing
Their bright and amber hair.

Where are the souls that sailed her
From shore to sudden shore?
They and their flesh have failed her,
She feels their will no more.
She lies alone, forgotten
Of all in her begotten.
Her very heart is rotten
That was so strong before.

She lies where earth is hollow,
Far underneath the sea.
The winds that once did follow,
And made her lean to lee,—
They know not where to find her,
For many waters bind her,
And no free things remind her
That she, too, once was free.

The cloistering sea enfolds her
And will not let her go.
The sea forever holds her,
While waters ebb and flow.
No eyes may see her glory
That once was transitory;
None know her but in story,
And more shall never know.

—Thomas Tracy Bourd in the Independent.

Recent Wills and Successions.

The will of the late Mrs. Mary T. Eyre was filed for probate in the superior court of Redwood City on Tuesday, September 4th. It was executed November 25, 1898, before George W. Pincard and R. D. Girvin, sons-in-law of the deceased. Edward E. Eyre, the husband, is named as one of the executors of the will. He died a year ago, and his estate, which was appraised at \$600,000, is now in probate. The heirs are Ed. L. Eyre, P. P. Eyre, Robert M. Eyre, Miss Mary Eyre, Mrs. Pincard, and Mrs. Girvin, all of whom are children of the deceased, and to whom is left the bulk of the estate in equal shares. A provision is made in the will for an allowance of \$100 to be paid to two sisters of the deceased, Margaret and Virginia Perry, every month during their life-time. The estate consists of valuable property in San Mateo and San Francisco Counties. The San Mateo property was bequeathed to the husband, but that legacy now lapses and goes to the children. The value of the estate will reach about \$300,000.

John Vance Cheney, librarian of the Newberry Library in Chicago, has filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court. The Chicago News says his liabilities are \$4,150 and his assets \$400, and goes on to state that the liabilities were mostly contracted in California during the years from 1876 to 1895. Several of the debts are for money loaned, but one large one of \$495.50 is for dental services. Another bill is \$200 for the tuition of his daughter at Wellesley College during the years 1896 and 1897. Assets are chiefly personal property, which is exempt. There is a library of 400 books worth \$75. He also carries \$6,000 in life-insurance policies, which are not listed as assets. The policies are in favor of Abby Perkins Cheney. Mrs. John Vance Cheney conducts a school of expression in the Fine Arts Building in Michigan Avenue.

—BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

—N. S. G. W. cards are printed while you wait, at Cooper's, Art Stationers, 746 Market Street.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

Market Street Lot

Near City Hall.

Building will be erected to suit tenant. One Hundred Feet Market Street Frontage. Deep Lot 100 x 145 feet to street in rear. Will build on whole or a part of land on lease for a term of years.

Apply to F. G. J. Margetson, 406 Sutter Street.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Mr. Douglas Grant have returned from a sojourn of several months in the South of England, where they occupied a country-place in the County of Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin left Paris a few weeks ago to go to Oberammergau. They will spend some time in Switzerland before returning to Paris.

Miss Mollie Thomas has returned from a visit to Miss Daisy Van Ness, at her home near St. Helena.

Miss Hager and Miss Alice Hager have returned from Del Monte, where they have been spending the summer. Mrs. Walter L. Dean is their guest.

Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Rutherford, who are still abroad, are expected in California in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels returned on Tuesday, after a three-months' sojourn in Germany, France, and England.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson have returned from Europe, where they have been spending the summer months.

Miss Maenie McNutt, Mrs. Genevieve Martin, and Mr. Maxwell McNutt have returned from a visit to the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who are spending the summer months in Europe, were fortunate enough to be away on a trip to Mont Saint Michel on the day of the recent burning of the Hotel des Ferrasses, Dinard, France, at which they were stopping.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, who have been spending the summer in San José, returned to this city last week. They will leave soon for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker have returned from San Rafael, where they have been sojourning during the past three months.

Mr. W. H. Mills and family are expected home this month.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., have leased the house, No. 677 Fifth Avenue, the home of Mr. Vanderbilt's mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, for the New York winter season.

Mr. W. W. Foote, when last heard from, was at Ostend, on the coast of Belgium. His son, Mr. Henry G. Foote, sailed from Havre on the eighteenth ult., and is on his way home.

Mr. Sterling Postley is slowly convalescing at his parents' residence, 817 Fifth Avenue, New York, from his long and serious attack of typhoid fever. When his recovery is complete Mr. and Mrs. Postley (née Cook) and Mrs. Brooke Postley will probably go abroad for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee (née Dean), who left for the Orient early in July, returned on Monday on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric*.

Mr. and Mrs. John Biddle (née Murphy), of Washington, D. C., are making an extended stay in this city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy.

Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, son of the late Charles F. Crocker, has been traveling in Europe with Mr. Charles E. Green, of this city, one of the guardians of his estate, and the latter's son. Young Mr. Crocker is attending a preparatory school at Tarrytown, on the Hudson, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent have returned from San Rafael, where they have been spending the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay have reached Dunachten, the moor in the Scottish Highlands which they have leased. They will not return to New York until October 1st.

Mr. J. D. Spreckels was in New York last week. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the State University, has taken a house on Scenic Avenue in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., and Dr. J. P. Dunn, of Oakland, left last week for an extended European tour.

Mr. George Loughborough has returned from a trip to Paso Robles Springs.

Mr. Edgar Peixoto, who left for Philadelphia last June en route to Paris, returned on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Stevenson came up from Menlo Park early in the week, and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Lady Charles M. Wolsey and children, who have been making an extended visit in California, returned to England on the White Star steamer *Majestic*, which sailed from New York on August 29th.

Mr. Gerritt P. Wilder, of Honolulu, is in town on a business trip. He is stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Miss Dean, Miss Vrooman, the Misses Genevieve and Hazel King, Miss Terry, and Miss De Fremery will leave for their respective colleges, Smith and Vassar, on Wednesday, September 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older came over from San Rafael during the week, and were at the California Hotel.

Mrs. E. A. McBryde has returned from her trip abroad, and is staying at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Professor and Mrs. Joseph Le Conte left Berkeley on Tuesday for the East. After visiting friends on the Atlantic coast they will sail for Italy, where they will spend the winter. In the spring and early summer they will visit Switzerland, France, and England.

Mrs. Joseph Albertson, Mrs. Robert A. Barnett, Mrs. R. Dusenbery, Miss C. C. Jackson, and Miss E. Forbes Wilkinson are among the permanent guests at the Hotel Pleasanton for the coming winter.

Mr. Owen Wister, the author, who is visiting the coast, returned on Wednesday from a tour of the interior, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. E. H. Woolsey has returned to Oakland after a two months' trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newell Armshy have taken

apartments at the Hotel Richelieu for a number of months.

Mr. C. W. Cohurn and family, who have been spending a month at Lake Tahoe, have returned to the city and taken apartments again at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Canfield and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Waters, of Los Angeles, were at the Palace Hotel a few days ago.

Mrs. George D. Lowry, who was in charge of the Pekin hospital prior to the recent troubles in China, is at the California Hotel. She expects to sail soon for Taku, where she will join her husband.

Dr. and Mrs. William E. Hopkins are at the Hotel Richelieu and will remain during the winter. Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Larzelere, Mrs. Mesick, Miss Mesick, and Mrs. R. H. Plummer, of San Rafael, were at the Hotel Pleasanton during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Fleissner, after a three months' absence, have returned to their home, 2574 Octavia Street.

Professor and Mrs. Martin Kellogg returned to Berkeley during the week from a trip around the world which occupied one year.

Mr. and Mrs. Th. Baird are again in San Francisco, and have settled at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Wood, of San Mateo, will pass the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Elston, of Honolulu, Mr. W. R. Burnham, of Norwich, Conn., Count Lemburg, of Berlin, Mr. G. M. Leake and Mr. R. M. Leake, of Calcutta, Mr. F. P. Taylor, of Belmont, Mr. A. H. Anderson, of London, Mr. Frederick H. Bartlett, of New York, Miss E. Harrison, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wilson, of Eureka, Mrs. A. M. Sutton, of Berkeley, and Mr. and Mrs. Ira Vaughn, of Oakland.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gilmore, of Ithaca, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. John Ena, of Long Beach, Mr. J. A. R. Plaisted, of Fresno, Professor J. S. Kellogg, of Stanford University, Miss Bessie Gardiner, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Daley, of Eureka, Mr. M. J. Brock, of Grass Valley, Mr. H. A. Kilder, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. J. Weissheim, of Grass Valley, Mr. W. C. Brown, of Santa Clara, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Swain, of Stockton, Mr. J. J. Hanford, of San Bernardino, Mr. W. A. McCord, of Des Moines, Mr. George P. Whitelaw and Mr. G. J. Kaine, of Santa Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Harness, of Sausalito, Mrs. J. W. Deane and Miss Deane, of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. H. Anstin, of San José, and Professor T. C. Lowe, of Pasadena.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin F. Pope, deputy surgeon general, U. S. A., who has been on temporary duty at the Presidio for several weeks past, has received the permanent appointment of surgeon of the post.

Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent, wife of Lieutenant Bent, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., and her baby have returned from Camp Osborne, and will remain indefinitely with her mother, Mrs. E. G. Cohen, at "Fernside," Alameda.

Lieutenant Martin L. Crimmins, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., who was invalided home from the Philippines on two months' sick leave, is at present staying at the home of his father at Collander's Point, Conn.

Mrs. Guy L. Edie, wife of Major G. L. Edie, surgeon, U. S. A., who has been sojourning at the Hotel Rafael, will spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip, at 1224 Pine Street.

Assistant-Surgeon J. J. Page, U. S. N., retired, who has been spending the summer at Santa Monica, has returned to his winter home in Pomona.

Mrs. George M. Randall, wife of Colonel Randall, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., in command of the United States troops at Cape Nome, arrived from the North early in the week, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant J. S. Parker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Parker are in the Yosemite Valley, where the lieutenant's regiment is stationed.

Mrs. Winans, wife of Lieutenant E. B. Winans, U. S. A., and daughter, who have been spending the summer in Michigan, will sail from San Francisco early in September for Manila, P. I., to join Lieutenant Winans.

Major Frank W. Hess, Third Artillery, U. S. A., who has been acting artillery inspector of the Department of Columbia, left Vancouver Barracks with his wife and family on the twentieth ult. for San Diego, where they expect to make their home.

Captain W. Y. Stamper, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Fort Snelling, Minn., has been ordered to China with his company. Mrs. Stamper will remain at Fort Snelling until October, when she will rent a house in Washington for the fall and winter.

Naval-Constructor Thomas G. Roberts, U. S. N., and Mrs. Roberts, Naval-Constructor Lawrence S. Adams, U. S. N., and Mrs. Adams, and Lieutenant Henry C. Davis, U. S. M. C., were at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

This is the most delightful time of the year to visit the Tavern of Tamalpais. The view of the surrounding country from the summit and veranda of the Tavern is incomparable these clear September days.

— N. S. G. W. cards are printed while you wait, at Cooper's, Art Stationers, 746 Market Street.

— DO NOT GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A jar of California Strawberry Cream for the skin. Made from the fruit juice, at Greenbaum's, 200 Post.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Miss Kalisher's Recital.

Miss Clara Kalisher, the popular contralto, gave a song recital on Tuesday evening, September 4th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, when she presented the following programme:

(a) "Vittoria, Vittoria," Carissimi, (b) "Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves," Handel; (a) "Haiden Roslein," (b) "Der Tod und das Mädchen," Schubert, (c) "Widnung," Schumann, (d) "Sapphische Ode," Brahms, (e) "Morgen Hyäne," Henschel, (f) "Stilles Leid," (g) "Rosenzweig," Von Fielitz; (a) Aria, "Ah Mon Fils!" (by special request), Meyerbeer, (b) "L'Amour Captif," Chaminade, (c) "Aurore," (by request), Granier, (d) "Obstination," Fontenailles, (e) from "Hérodiade," Il est dnu, Massenet; (a) "Love is a Bubble," Frances Allitsen, (b) "I'm Wearin' Away to the Land o' the Leal," Arthur Foote, (c) "Thy Beaming Eyes," Mac Dowell, (d) "Yon and I," Liza Lehmann.

Martha Stuart Miller's Recital.

The fourteenth annual season of "Musical Evenings" at Byron Mauzy Hall was opened on Wednesday, September 5th, by the California School of Elocution and Oratory with a recital by Martha Stuart Miller, assisted by the choir of St. Mark's church. The following programme was rendered:

Piano duet, "William Tell," Gntschalk-Rossini, Mrs. Anna Werner Doyal and Professor E. Werner; "Her Letter," Bret Harte; quartet, "Frühlings Ahnung: O Sanfter Susser Honch," Mendelssohn, St. Mark's Church Choir (soprano, Miss Emilia Jehle; alto, Miss Leontine Wefelsburg; tenor, Mr. W. J. Horstmann; bass, Mr. Oscar Wendt; director, Mr. E. Werner); "Biddy's Tribulations," Anon; soprano solo, "Lieti Signor," Meyerbeer, Miss E. Jehle; "The Shadow of a Song," Rae-Brown; bass solo, "Osiris O Jsisund," Mozart, Mr. Oscar Wendt and church choir; monologue, "In Imminent Peril," Griffith; quartet, "Abendlied," Aht, St. Mark's Church Choir; "The Chariot Race," Lew Wallace.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Filipino More Like an Urchin Than a Man. MANILA, P. I., August 4, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I enclose five dollars, for which please extend my subscription for such time as this amount will cover.

Having enjoyed the many good things in the *Argonaut* since its first number, I take pleasure in sending a copy of one of our local Spanish papers, *El Comercio*, which contains some examples of "English as she is writ" in the Philippines.

To one on the ground, the attitude of your paper regarding the cheap Filipino labor is extremely amusing. Really you do the poor Filipino too much honor. He is not guilty of any virtue which will ever make him a menace to the American workman. True, he can perform many kinds of labor in the very worst possible manner, but it is not known that he is a finished workman at any trade. He can give points to the most rabid labor-union member in the art of doing little work in the longest time. I fire ten Filipinos to shovel sand and nine of them will idly watch the other make a pretense of working. It is the same with all he does. Being the vainest of mortals, the obtaining of a little knowledge of any kind makes him believe he knows it all. As one of my Spanish friends tersely expresses it, "El Filipino es el bicho mas parecido al hombre."

Respectfully, E. H. COLE.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.) Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)		
LEAVE	From Aug. 12, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*11.45 A
*8.00 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*9.45 A
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marys- ville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations. Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*10.00 A	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Men- dota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*11.00 A	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations Sacramento River Steamers.....	*5.00 A
*1.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations. Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanger for Santa Bar- bara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A
*5.00 P	Stockton.....	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Den- ing, El Paso, New Orleans, and East Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.45 A
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*12.15 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Sta- tions.....	19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacra- mento, Marysville, Redding, Port- land, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A
COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)		
17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Fel- ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	*8.50 A
OCEAK ROUTE PERRY.		
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)		
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 1.00 2.00 13.00	
*4.00	15.00 16.00 P. M.	
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00	
10.00 A. M., 12.00 1.00 12.00 13.00 14.00 15.00 P. M.		
COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*7.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José, San- ta Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Princi- pal Way Stations.....	18.35 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*5.30 P
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations San José and Way Stations.....	*18.35 A
*16.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
*17.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
A for Morning. P for Afternoon.		
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.		
a Saturday and Sunday. c Monday only.		
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"At last, the wolf is at the door!" "Well, coax him in and we'll eat him."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Irish cook (to milkman)—"What makes you come so early of late? You used to be behind before."—*Life.*

Provision for the future: *Mrs. Bonney*—"Six motherless children, you say? And can't you find work?" *Tramp*—"Oh, they're not old enough for that yet, ma'am."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Watered stock: *Costigan*—"Ay Oi had a boonch of money, Oi'd never put any of it in the Ice Trust." *Bystander*—"Why not?" *Costigan*—"Bekase there's too much water in the stock."—*Judge.*

A serious pow-wow: "Hush, not so loud! We're having a conference of the powers." "Eh! Who is conferring?" "My wife, my mother-in-law, and the cook!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Irate passenger (as the train is moving out)—"Why didn't you put my luggage in as I told you, you old—" *Porter*—"E-h, man! Yer baggage is na sic a fule as yerself; ye're i' the wrang train!"—*Punch.*

American manufacturer—"Here's an order from China for 1,000,000 cartridges." *Partner*—"Good! That means Uncle Sam will want 10,000,000 cartridges to fight these with some of these days."—*Chicago Tribune.*

In memoriam: "I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that lock of yours?" "Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive." "Yes; but his hair is all gone."—*Tit-Bits.*

Vocal possibilities: "Do you think, professor," said a musically ambitious youth, "that I can ever do anything with my voice?" "Well," was the cautious reply, "it may come in handy to holler with in case of fire."—*Answers.*

"It strikes me," said the first sensible man, "that Bryan wants the earth." "Yes," the other agreed, "and it strikes me he'll resemble the earth pretty soon." "In what way?" "He'll be flattened at the polls."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A peaceful exit: "Did you have any words with your mistress which caused you to leave your last place?" "Niver a wor'd. Sure, an' Oi locked her in the bath-room, and tuk all me things, and shipped out as quiet as yez place."—*Bazar.*

"You told me to come and begin work to-day," said the new boy. "Oh, yes," replied the druggist, "you may begin by catching flies and putting them on those sheets of 'Sure Catch Fly-Paper' we're displaying in the window."—*Philadelphia Press.*

The news of the day: *Yellow editor*—"At four o'clock get out an extra announcing that the rumor in our regular edition is confirmed." *Mental*—"Yes, sir." *Yellow editor*—"Unless, perchance, the rumor should really be confirmed in the meanwhile."—*Life.*

Father (meaningly)—"Who is the laziest boy in your class, Tommy?" *Tommy*—"I don't know, pa." *Father*—"I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously studying or writing their lessons, who is it sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?" *Tommy*—"The teacher."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

Artless thing: *Charming maiden*—"Then they went to Woovey's, did they? Ah, that's a delightful place. When a friend asks me to go to Woovey's I know he must think an awful lot of me, for they serve the most elaborate and expensive luncheons in the city." *Helpless youth*—"Let's go to Woovey's, Miss Quickstep."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A golfer's last wishes: "You know Frisby, the golf enthusiast, don't you?" "Of course. What about him?" "I witnessed his will last night. It's very characteristic of the man." "How so?" "Why, in one clause he directs that his body be interred in the approximate centre of the links, and that the grassy mound above his grave be converted into a bunker."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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The campaign, so far as California is concerned, was fully inaugurated last week by the assembling of the Republican and Democratic delegates in their respective State conventions. Both assemblies were reasonably harmonious, and there being no State officers to elect this year, distracting the attention of voters to local issues, the result at the polls in November should fairly represent the attitude of Californians toward national questions.

The Republican convention assembled at Santa Cruz, and at once gave assurance by its enthusiasm for the national nominees that the party in the State will work energetically to redeem the single electoral vote, lost in 1896, for a Re-

publican President and Vice-President. The choice of electors for the national ticket resulted as follows: Electors at large—Samuel M. Shorridge and W. J. Barrett; first district—J. W. Ryan, of Humboldt; second—H. T. Power, of Placer, J. F. Kidder, of Nevada, alternate; third—W. R. Davis, of Oakland; fourth—C. B. Rode, of San Francisco; fifth—Frank McGowan, of San Francisco; sixth—Warren R. Porter, of Santa Cruz; seventh—James McFadden, of Orange.

The platform adopted indorses the platform adopted by the national Republican party in convention at Philadelphia, and pledges loyal support for its candidates. It indorses the administration of Governor Gage, and commends the services of California's senators and representatives in Congress. It favors the early commencement and completion of the Nicaragua Canal under government ownership as important for this coast. Though expansion is not mentioned in terms, party sentiment is indicated by commending "the successful home and foreign policy of the present administration, which promises a national future even more brilliant in achievement than the past," and rejoicing "that the policy of our government is making California the gateway and centre of Oriental trade, developing our resources, creating a market for our products, and portending for our State a future still more glorious than its golden past." In local affairs the platform registers the party as in favor of the conservation of all available waters for the reclamation and irrigation of arid lands; the preservation of the great forests in national reservations, and their permanent possession as the property of the whole people; the permanent improvement of highways; legislative regulation of the titles to mineral lands; increased appropriations for the State University; the proposed constitutional amendment for the regulation of primary elections; and the continuance of the present Chinese exclusion laws, and their extension to exclude the immigration of Japanese and other contract laborers.

The district conventions completed the congressional ticket by the nomination of Frank Coombs, of Napa, in the first district; S. D. Woods, of Stockton, in the second; and the renomination of Julius Kahn and E. F. Loud in the fourth and fifth, respectively.

The Democratic party of the State closed its convention at San José without any serious jarring of the clans. The platform reaffirms the doctrines enunciated at Kansas City, which includes those announced at Chicago four years ago, and pledges support to the national Democratic candidates, whose "splendid abilities and unswerving integrity" are recognized. Republicanism is denounced for its "government by injunction," and its imposition of "extravagant taxation upon the masses of the American people for the benefit of favored interests under the guise of protecting American labor, while pursuing a policy which must result in bringing the American toiler into direct competition with millions of unassimilative Asiatics."

Except in its general reference to the Kansas City pronouncements, expansion is avoided as an issue, unless it may be inferred from the closing sentence, which invites good citizens "to unite with us for pure, economical, and constitutional government, upon the principles of a republic and not of an empire." State interests take up the bulk of the document, in which the party agrees with the Republicans upon the subjects of the exclusion acts, the preservation of the forests, the improvement of roads, the regulation of the primary laws, the segregation of mineral lands, and increasing the efficiency of the State University.

Other planks are added which favor the rehabilitation of hydraulic mining, the improvement of rivers and harbors by federal appropriation, the completion of the sea-wall and belt-line railroad on San Francisco's water-front, the abolition of all State tolls, and a reduction of other port charges, and the introduction of voting machines.

The electoral ticket consists of J. P. Haynes, of Humboldt, W. R. Jacobs, of San Joaquin, Dr. W. L. Prather, of Lake, W. T. Baggett, of San Francisco, J. N. Block, of San Francisco, Thomas A. Rice, of Ventura, and John A. Cole, of San Bernardino. The congressional candidates nomi-

nated were: First district—J. F. Farragher, of Siskiyou; second district—J. D. Sproul, of Butte; third district—Frank Freeman, of Glenn; fourth district—R. Porter Ashe, of San Francisco; fifth district—J. H. Henry, of San José; sixth district—William Graves, of San Luis Obispo; seventh district—W. D. Crichton, of Fresno.

One of the curious features of the California Democratic convention was the resolution thanking and eulogizing Congressman De Vries. Why a Democratic convention should thank him is inconceivable; but that such a body should eulogize him seems incredible. Mr. De Vries ran for Congress on the Democratic ticket in the second district, which had been Republican. His popularity brought him in at the head of the poll. But the astute Mr. McKinley had a nice little life-position to give away, and Mr. De Vries received the inside tip that in certain contingencies he might get it. He got it. Of course his stepping aside from the congressional fight gives the Republicans in his district almost a certainty of electing a Republican successor.

A resolution came up before the Democratic convention "indorsing" Congressman De Vries and congratulating him upon his appointment to office. This resolution seems most extraordinary when it is considered that De Vries had abandoned his party on the Puerto Rican tariff bill and voted with the administration forces. These facts were urged by Byron Waters, Barclay Henley, and M. F. Tarpey, some of whom maintained that De Vries had practically accepted the position in consideration of deserting his party. Senator White, however, said that he did not doubt the integrity of De Vries, although he "did not entirely agree with him in his course." We do not see how Senator White, or any other Democrat, could "entirely agree" or even partially agree with Mr. De Vries in his action on the Puerto Rican tariff. For tacitly approving of this action Mr. McKinley is being savagely assailed by the Democratic leaders. The resolution, as first read, commended the "ability, loyalty, and industry of Mr. De Vries." The two factions locked horns, and it was evident that the resolution would be defeated. It was amended, however, by striking out the word "loyalty." As passed it practically amounted to congratulating Mr. De Vries on receiving a life position at the hands of a hostile party and at the expense of his loyalty to his own.

It is remarkable how a political position, and particularly a position for life, may change a man's views on grave constitutional questions. General Denby had been a life-long Democrat, but when Mr. McKinley appointed him a Philippine commissioner, General Denby's views about the constitution following the flag became somewhat modified. After reflecting over them for some months in the Philippines (at a handsome salary per) General Denby effected a complete change in his constitutional views. He now contends that the flag may float over American soil where the constitution does not prevail, although only a short time ago he stoutly maintained that the constitution followed the flag. Mr. De Vries's views are doubtless changing, too.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Indiana has voted to use prayer as a factor in the coming campaign. In common with the Prohibition party and other teetotalers, they are bitterly denouncing President McKinley for his refusal to abolish the drinking canteens at army posts. Therefore they have started a "prayer chain" against McKinley. Each member of the union is pledged to pray for his defeat, and to write to a second temperance woman urging her also to pray against him. The second is pledged to write to a third woman to pray that President McKinley may fail of election. The chain is now in process of formation.

This incident is exciting no little speculation in political circles. Politicians are so unused to prayer that they are disposed to look with apprehension upon its use in a campaign. However, they may be comforted. Let them take heart of grace from the famous Tyndall "prayer game."

When Professor Tyndall and Professor Huxley were terrifying the British Boanerges by their assaults upon revealed religion, some score of years ago, Tyndall issued this challenge: That some twenty patients be selected in a typhoid ward in Guy's Hospital in London; that on and after a certain date they be given the best of medical attendance; that in an adjacent ward twenty other patients be selected and given no medical attendance whatever, but that the entire Christian world should pray for their recovery. This, said Professor Tyndall, would be a fair test of the efficacy of prayer—in short, a "prayer gauge."

On its face the proposal seemed a fair one—so fair that for a time the theologues were discomfited. To accept the proposal might invite disaster to the cause and death to the fever patients. To decline it would inevitably suggest well-founded fears as to the efficacy of prayer. But there arose a smart student of theology who had not studied the scholiasts of the Lower Empire in vain. He knocked the legs from under Professor Tyndall by contending that the "prayer gauge" would prove nothing, because no one could prevent millions of Christians from secretly praying for the fever patients in the unsanctified ward. Thus, said he, their lives might be saved in spite of the doctors with their deadly draughts and lethal pills.

So, too, with the "prayer chain" of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Indiana. No one can prevent the drinking contingent of Indiana from praying the other way. The census statistics do not tell how Indiana is divided on temperance lines. But in Southern Indiana there is a deep, dark-blue Bourbon stripe of Democracy which likes its sour-mash whisky, and likes it straight. In that "deestrick" we think the teetotal prayer-chain would come to sudden grief. The dwellers there might not pray or vote for McKinley, but they would not vote or pray against him on teetotal grounds. And if he carried Indiana against the "prayer-chain," they might not shout for McKinley, but they would certainly cry "Hooray fur Injyan!"

The celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the admission of California to the sisterhood of States, which marked the opening days of the week, passed off in a manner that must have gratified both participants and spectators. Californians have the reputation of doing whatever they undertake in a whole-souled manner, and the four days' celebration of the State's fiftieth birthday certainly justified this reputation. The climax of the whole affair was, of course, the parade, in which the Native Sons, the Native Daughters, and the Pioneers, who half a century ago paved the way for the State's development, participated. It was significant of the occasion that the crowds of spectators were handled better than ever before in this city; that the parade, with its fifteen thousand to twenty thousand participants, moved along with scarcely a stop or a break in its line of march; that as a spectacle it contained more original and interesting features than have ever before been seen here. These are details, yet they are significant of the spirit that dominated the entire celebration.

To a majority of the spectators, undoubtedly the most interesting feature of the parade was the series of representations and reminiscences of the life here when California was in its infancy. Nearly all of the mechanical inventions that to-day are regarded as necessities were then unknown. The railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, were then inaccessible to those who came into the wilderness to lay the foundations of a great commonwealth. The Atlantic cable was a thing of the future. The old hand fire-engines that were contrasted with the steamers in use now bore eloquent testimony to the progress that has been made. Communication with the rest of the world was then by steamer, requiring at least one month for the passage by way of Panama, or by the slower route across the plains with the dangers from savages or from starvation. San Francisco was then a town with a population of less than 35,000; to-day it has increased tenfold. Los Angeles County had a population of 8,329; that of Alameda County was about the same. The population of the entire State numbered only 255,122. The United States then contained only 23,000,000, where there are now 75,000,000, an increase of more than three to one.

While the population of California was small at that time, and its few cities were comparatively villages, the other cities of the country had scarcely begun to indicate the growth that was destined for them. New York was then, as it is now, the largest city in the country, yet its population was only 515,547, whereas now it has 3,437,262 inhabitants. Philadelphia was then second, with a population of 341,000, or very nearly the number now in San Francisco. Boston came third, with 136,881. Cincinnati had 115,436, as against its present population of 325,902. St. Louis was fifth in size, with a population of 77,860, which number has been increased to 575,238. Chicago, then a village of

29,963, or less than San Francisco at that time, now has 1,698,575, and has risen to the second position.

In national affairs in that day the question of slavery was paramount. Millard Fillmore was President, having succeeded to the office on the death of Zachary Taylor. William R. King, of Alabama, was President of the Senate, and succeeded to the duties of Fillmore. Daniel Webster was Secretary of State and was regarded as being in the line of promotion to the Presidency. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, was Secretary of the Treasury; Charles M. Conrad, of Louisiana, was Secretary of War; William A. Graham, of North Carolina, was Secretary of the Navy; Nathan K. Hall, of New York, was Postmaster-General; John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, was Attorney-General; and James A. Pearce, of Maryland, was Secretary of the Interior—a department that had been created only the year before. It is a notable fact that though Fillmore was a Whig in politics, a majority of the members of the Cabinet hailed from the Southern States.

In Europe, the revolutionary furor that swept over the continent in 1848 was drawing to a close. Napoleon Bonaparte was President of the French Republic, and Paris was a city with less than one-half of the population it has to-day. Kossuth was struggling for the independence of his country, while Victor Emmanuel was struggling for a united Italy. Victoria was then, as now, on the throne in England, and London was a city of 2,000,000 people, as against more than 5,000,000 at the present time.

Probably the most terrible disaster that this country has ever known occurred at Galveston on Saturday and Sunday last. In the middle of the night, while the people were peacefully sleeping, a terrific storm burst upon the city, and within a few hours five thousand human beings had been killed and millions of dollars' worth of property had been destroyed. Where a city of fifty thousand inhabitants had been, nothing remained but a mass of wreckage and corpses. A hurricane had been sweeping the water up from the south. At two o'clock on Saturday morning a storm from the north burst upon the city with equal fury. The waters of the bay were banked up from the north, those of the gulf from the south. Residents of the city along the shores of the island were compelled to abandon their homes and seek refuge in the more elevated sections. Within twelve hours the waters of the gulf and bay met and the entire city was submerged. The wind was blowing at a velocity of one hundred miles an hour, and the most substantial buildings were demolished. It is difficult for those who have not experienced a wind of such force to realize it; but some idea may be gained by the fact that an ocean steamer was lifted and left stranded upon the wreck of one of the city's warehouses.

When the wind abated and the waters receded, a scene of the utmost desolation was disclosed. The corpses and the wreckage were bad enough, but the situation was intensified by a display of the depths to which human nature can descend. The lawless element that exists in every city saw an opportunity for gain, and was soon busy looting the bodies of the dead. When jewelry could not be removed from the dead with sufficient ease, fingers and ears were hacked off with pocket-knives; costly dresses were stripped off and the bodies left rotting in the sun. It seems almost incomprehensible that humanity can revert to such barbarism. The majority of these fiends were negroes, but some among them were white degenerates. There was a garrison of regular troops stationed in Galveston at the time of the disaster, who finally succeeded in maintaining order. They were compelled to shoot scoundrels who refused to desist from looting. The lawlessness presents the dark side of the picture. The bright side is presented by the ready and cheerful response that the whole nation has made to the cry for relief.

"The vast hall of congress rustles with silks and is fragrant with the aroma of new-mown hay and mignonette." This is the sort of reading that makes a free-born American rub his eyes with a gasp. New-mown hay we could indeed associate with some of our representatives; but rustle of silks and "the delicate odor of mignonette, the ghost of a dead and gone bouquet," what have these to do with congress proceedings? Has the reporter stumbled out of fairyland? Nay, merely out of Paris, which is fairyland to most good Americans, even before they die. Moreover, the congressmen are women who, albeit "international," are doing things in the pretty little French way. Quite possibly the world at large is not fully alive to the fact that there is an International Congress of Women holding sessions in "Pleasure City." A few minor occurrences, such as the relief of Pekin, have obscured the occurrence. But the Paris Exposition is alive to its importance, for without the congress the exposition might be cutting a poor figure. By latest reports, the

average of daily paying entrances was two hundred and seventy thousand; of these, at least two-thirds were women. Now we may fairly assume that one-half of the women were attracted by the delights of talk in the form of a female congress.

There are two thousand delegates, to say nothing of spectators, and the delegates do things in genuine feminine style. Fashionable gowns, dainty summer apparel, all are in keeping with the fascinating appearance of the secretary, Mme. Marie Durand, the able editor of *La Fronde*, who is to be seen arrayed "in a charming pale-blue and straw-colored corsage, with a point lace tie and white kid gloves." This characteristic touch is delicious, imparting an irresistible sex-charm to the proceedings. Imagine the secretary of a male political convention with a costume that demands descriptive reporting. But then the Women's Congress is not a convention political. A Frenchwoman—and the officials are Frenchwomen—does not trouble about that side of the question; she can always manage her politics, for she can always manage her men—in her own undefinable fashion, which is as subtle as her "odor of mignonette." Hence the political privileges for which the American woman clamors, to the exasperation of father, brother, and husband, do not worry her French sister. What preoccupies this little lady is the question of social privileges; accordingly she attends carefully to the cut of her sleeves and sets herself to social business in earnest. There is no better business woman on God's earth than your Frenchwoman in earnest.

But what is this social business? First and foremost, marriage. For the Frenchwoman is practical, if anything, and recognizes the fact that, let reformers rave as they please, marriage, real or spurious, is the all-important factor in a woman's life. Now in France, as elsewhere, marriage is frequently a failure, despite Max O'Rell's protests to the contrary, and the most serious motion before the Woman's Congress was L'Union Libre, otherwise spurious matrimony. It may seem a startling matter to discuss in an assembly of women, most of whom are scarcely thirty, and a few barely out of their teens, but these are advanced ladies who have cast off old-fashioned prejudice, and they discussed it with considerable animation. Curiously enough, however, old-fashioned notions on the subject prevailed. The Union Libre female advocate is usually an idealist or an ill-dressed virago. The average Frenchwoman lacks idealism, deems Xantippe a fool, and would not be ill-dressed to save her life. She loves her domestic sceptre, her maternal power, her hold on the husband, who invariably respects her maternity even if he be unfaithful to her love. So the Union Libre motion was strongly vetoed. Yet other resolutions were carried which suggest reform with a vengeance. Not only is absolute equality in marriage rights and obligations to be secured, but absolute freedom from parental tyranny. And we are unhesitatingly advised that this freedom implies liberty "for girls over twenty to read whatever books they please, and to frequent whatever theatre or music-hall they may prefer." It may not sound outrageous to American ears—our girls have this freedom without asking. But it is enough to blanch the hair of French parents with orthodox traditions concerning *la jeune fille*. There is a rider, moreover, declaring that all girls, rich or poor, shall be compelled by law to adopt and become proficient in "some profession, calling, or trade." Now, this rider is a libel on the French parent, who is really the best parent in the world. When a Gallic father can not provide his daughter with a reasonable *dot*, he invariably has her taught "some profession, calling, or trade," so that, single, she shall not starve; married, she shall represent a commercial value in her husband's eyes. Sometimes they go further still. The writer once knew a wealthy banker whose two daughters, joint heiresses, had to practice music seven hours a day. "For," argued papa, "investments may fail, *dots* be eaten by husbands, but supple fingers can always earn money." But the Women's Congress must have some excuse for their comfortless benches, their interpellations and speeches, their presidential bell, and their fashionable secretary. So they ask the law to take parents to task.

The list of awards of prizes and medals at the Paris Exposition is particularly interesting to citizens of this State because of its eloquent testimony to the fact that California's products are commanding recognition abroad. Five grand prizes were awarded to State exhibits, and it is notable that they were for agricultural, horticultural, mining, wood, and fish exhibits. In Europe the system of close cultivation obtains. Every inch of ground is worked to its highest possible capacity. Here the methods of agriculture are comparatively loose, yet in competition with the world the products of California have been awarded the first place. It is in its indication of future possible developments, when the agricultural methods of Europe become necessary, rather than

CALIFORNIA'S
FIFTIETH
BIRTHDAY.

SOME FEATURES OF
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GALVESTON.

THE PARIS
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AWARDS AT
PARIS EXPOSITION.

in present conditions, that this fact is particularly significant. Among the grand medals awarded are three for olive oil, a product that Italy has heretofore considered its own. The successful competitors were Elwood Cooper, Eckman & Stow, and Ackerman & Tuffley. For their display of seeds Trumbull & Beebe, of this city, gained a grand prize. For hops, Horst Brothers were the successful competitors; in sugar, the Spreckels refinery gained the gold medal. The California Packing Company gained a medal for their pickles.

There was considerable dispute regarding the wines of California. Certain French brands have been known throughout the world as possessing peculiar qualities. Some California producers adopted these names to represent a similar product. The jury on awards for wines decided to exclude these French-labeled California wines from competition, upon the ground that they were not what they were represented to be. But the California Wine Association, Pierre Klein, W. S. Keyes, and the Sierra Madre Vineyard all received gold medals for their exhibit of California wines. These producers deserved them—not only for the excellence of their wines, but the superiority of their morals. Good wine needs no bush. Neither does it need the name and fame of another man's wine.

The recent fight in New York between "Gentleman Jim" and "Kid McCoy" has resulted in addition, DELSARTE division, and silence—according to the PRIZE- usual rule of dividing the swag. But the FIGHTERS. silence did not last even for the brief period mentioned in Revelations as prevailing in heaven, to wit, a quarter of an hour. The silence was broken by two injured wives. Gentleman Jim has skipped to England, leaving Mrs. Jim behind, and Kid McCoy has nabbed Mrs. Kid's sealskin and pawned it. Both ladies are now preparing to sue for divorce. Like most angry wives, they are extremely volatile over their wrongs, and are pouring their griefs into the bosoms of reporters. The reporters are tender and sympathetic. As a result of these ladies' unpacking of their woes, the fact has cropped out that the fight was a fake. Gentleman Jim gave Kid McCoy the "double cross." This may be thus defined. When a faking pugilist wishes to bamboozle a crowd, pug A agrees with pug B that pug B, for a certain sum, will "lay down" in a stipulated round. Pug A thus wins the fight and secretly divides his winnings with pug B. If, however, pug B finds, in the course of the fight, that pug A leaves himself unguarded, he will ignore his agreement and knock out pug A. Thus pug B takes all the money and all the glory, and pug A takes none. This is the "double cross." Kid McCoy was given the "double cross" by Gentleman Jim. Suckers, who sit goggle-eyed at so-called prize-fights, watching these calisthenic and Delsarte movements by fake pugs, must feel a little foolish when they reflect on the fact that they pay from ten to twenty dollars for their seats. A fool and his money are soon parted. But what must be the feelings of the managing editors of the yellow journals, their artists, special writers, reporters, and, above all, of the stenographers who take down the words of wisdom dropping from the lips of other fake fighters gazing at the fake?

With the exception of Thomas Edison, there is no electrician who occupies a larger place in the popular view than Nikola Tesla. Some of his experiments seem to verge on the marvelous; his theories have the striking originality of Jules Verne's stories. Yet among electricians he is regarded as sensational rather than scientific. His latest suggestion, contained in a recent magazine article, is that electricity will soon supplant steam as a motive power on sea-going vessels. The suggestion has caused a stir among engineers, but the comment is far from being favorable to Mr. Tesla's suggestion. For furnishing the required motive power the electricity must either be generated by dynamos on the vessel or a sufficient supply must be carried in storage-batteries. If the former plan is adopted it will be necessary to have a steam apparatus to run the dynamos. Instead of an increase of power there would be a loss in every direction. In the conversion of the steam power into electricity there would be a loss of from ten to fifteen per cent. The combined machinery would be heavier than that now in use, and the increased weight would call for a larger consumption of coal. More space would be occupied and thus there would be less room for freight, and consequently decreased income. The use of storage-batteries would be equally impracticable, for the reason that batteries capable of storing sufficient electricity to carry a vessel across the ocean would be as heavy as the vessel itself. Launches that require comparatively little power and make short trips can be propelled through storage-batteries, because the batteries can be frequently recharged, but for long voyages electricity is out of the question until a revolution has been effected in the

method of its generation or storage. The use of gas-engines instead of steam as a motive power has also been proposed, but it is open to similar objections. To produce a given horse-power, a gas-engine weighs considerably more than a steam-engine. Moreover, the gas would have to be generated on the vessel, necessitating the installment of a steam-engine for this purpose. Upon the land, where weight is a consideration of minor importance, gas and electricity may be substituted for steam in a number of enterprises, but upon the sea, until invention has overcome existing difficulties, steam will remain king.

THE FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

How the Roman Church Began Its Work in the Islands—A Close Ecclesiastical Corporation—State Officials Powerless Against the Clerical Influence.

Observers have not been slow to recognize the fact that the problems connected with the religious situation in the Philippines are serious ones. Many letters have been written from Manila describing the relations of the friars and the people, and there is little conflicting testimony among them. From a report sent to the *Outlook* by Phelps Whitmarsh, the special correspondent of that journal, the following statement is taken as a brief presentation of the case:

"With domination as its watchword, power as its principal end and aim, the Roman Church entered the Philippines. As the various orders of friars arrived, the country was portioned out to them. At first their work was wholly missionary; they steadily pushed back into the interior, and proved by their success one very important thing, namely, that the natives were more susceptible to tactful handling than to force of arms. They learned the native dialects wherever they went, studied the character of the people, catered to the savages' love of the spectacular, and in a masterly way gained ascendancy over the people. In this they were greatly aided by the Spanish officials, who were not only indolent, but who were changed so often that the learning of native dialects was almost a hopeless task. Taking the line of least resistance, the officials gradually came to govern the natives through the friars. One by one the latter were given or assumed charge of many civil departments in Manila; and in the provinces, since they were the only link between the people and the state, they soon had absolute control. Having reached this point, their influence became practically unlimited; and, had they chosen, they might have raised the Filipinos to a comparatively high state of civilization. But this evidently was not a part of their programme."

It was a studied policy, according to Mr. Whitmarsh, and not the result of neglected opportunities:

"No sooner had they made themselves masters of the situation than they began abuses. Since it threatened their unique position as go-betweens, they openly opposed and forbade the royal decree that the schools should be taught in Spanish, and they discouraged the learning of the language by making the cost of lessons so high that none but the wealthy could afford it. Upheld by the state, and enforced by military authority, they made laws unto themselves, became the real rulers of the people, and formed the archipelago into a close ecclesiastical corporation. If decrees were issued at home which did not suit them, they either had them repealed or ignored them; and if governors were sent out with independent ideas, the church had influence enough to have them recalled. The best governor-general Spain ever sent to the Philippines, Despujol, was returned before he had completed his first year, simply because he refused to govern through the friars."

This is Mr. Whitmarsh's arraignment of the friars on the religious phase of the question:

"And now as to the religion the friars inculcated. Is it Roman Catholicism as we know it in England and America? By no means. It is but one remove from idolatry. I use this word deliberately and with conviction; for I am satisfied that the average Philippine native has no conception of a Supreme Being, and that he burns his blessed candles and worships the gaudy, tinsel statues and images raised to the glory of God with the same belief that the 'heaven Chinese' lights his joss-sticks and bows down before his hideous idols. Nor have the friars sought to discourage this pagan idea, but have rather fostered it by continually inventing new saints; one with the power of curing skin diseases; another before which all infants must be taken to prevent their early death; another as the sole hope of childless women; and a host of other miraculous shrines, all of which served to swell the income of the various orders. A religion, then, of superstition, upheld by force, fattened by extortion, taking all and giving nothing; a religion managed wholly with the view of making money and holding power—this is the religion the friars have given the Philippines."

The methods, motives, and accomplishments of the friars are alike condemned in Mr. Whitmarsh's summing up:

"Thus, in considering what the friars have done, one may say that they have enlightened the people a little; that they have educated them as far as it suited their purpose to educate and no farther; and that, in the name of Christ, they have taught a religion little better than idolatry. Even so, some one may say, the people have been lifted out of barbarism, and surely the friars should receive credit for that. But I can not agree that even this view is a correct one. The friars are not men whose religious enthusiasm has led them to adopt the calling, but men who, for the most part, have been trained from boyhood for the church, of necessity rather than from choice; men of low origin and ignorant save for a knowledge of ritual, theology, and the workings of their organization. . . . Their methods, to say the least, have been questionable, their motives have been selfish, and, after nearly four centuries of labor, they have accomplished so little, and done that little so badly, that the work must now be begun all over again."

Concerning the future, Mr. Whitmarsh is positive on two points:

"Better suited though Roman Catholicism may be to the Asiatic mind, that in itself is no logical reason why individual proselytism by other Christian sects should not be tried. As to whether Protestant missionaries have a right to preach their gospel in the Philippines or not, the question, on the face of it, is absurd. As far as religious content goes, the probability is that the natives were more contented without Romanism than they are with it. No one with open, unprejudiced eyes will deny that Roman Catholicism in the Philippines has been in all respects a flat failure. No man of toleration will assert that this same church, whether under different management or not, shall again

control exclusively the religion of these islands. No, neither of these reasons is worthy of serious consideration. The only objection of weight is that referring to the effect which Protestant missionaries might have upon the people. But even this, the last and strongest argument that can be raised, is weak, because it is wholly a matter of speculation."

The director of the Manila observatory, Rev. Joseph Algué, S. J., who came to the United States in March to furnish scientific information concerning the Philippines to the government, gave the following statement for publication to the *Independent*:

"In the Philippine group there are about half a million of wild or uncivilized people, about three hundred thousand Mohammedans, and some seven millions of people in various stages of civilization. The civilized people, though differing in languages, are homogeneous as to their religion. Naturally, therefore, religious questions assume prominence in their relation to the United States. It is very easy for the leaders of those who are fighting against the United States to excite the people by leading them to believe that the Americans have come there to disturb their religion. The leaders have told the people that they are fighting for their independence, and independence is a strong feeling. They have also said that they are fighting for their religion. Religious wars are nearly always bitter, and the Filipinos are easily excited in that direction. They are, however, pacific and docile in their character. If they are left to their own ways and wisely dealt with, and see that, while Americans come there for various purposes, some for business and some for other objects, the American Government is established there for their benefit, for the common welfare, and is not hostile to their religion or their customs, they will gradually be pacified."

The reverend visitor declares the necessity of a candid policy, and says:

"The main thing now is to make them understand in some practical way what are the intentions of the American people. They are deceived now and excited, and it is easy for their leaders to use any ground of complaint to promote enmity and prejudice. The people are not in a condition to distinguish between different religious denominations. They only know Catholicism. Of course, in Manila there are Episcopalian and Congregational chaplains and ministers of other denominations. They may be understood in the large places, but in the small villages it would be exceedingly dangerous and impolitic now to attempt the work of Protestant evangelization; and would, as I have already said, give hostile leaders new fuel for excitement."

Since Albert Gardner Robinson returned from the Philippines he has received a letter from one of the best-known correspondents in Manila. From that letter this striking paragraph is taken:

"Archbishop Chapelle is taking an active hand in affairs, and now claims that he secured the recall of Otis. He has warmly championed the side of the friars, but church matters have not progressed except for several decrees from Otis depriving the priests of immunities and privileges they had enjoyed under Spanish laws. He and Chapelle had an animated correspondence, Chapelle reminding Otis that it was most important to President McKinley that matters be adjusted satisfactorily to the Catholics before election, and Otis replying (the best thing he ever did): 'You are a priest and I am a soldier. I did not know that it was the business of either to concern himself about elections.'"

A Friend of the Philippine Friars.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The extracts from the *Independent* and *Outlook*, as published in the *Argonaut* of September 10th, in reference to "Religion and the Philippines," are so misleading and inaccurate that you will kindly allow me space in your valuable journal in which to reply to the same. Albert Gardner Robinson, writing in the *Independent*, speaks very highly of the native races, and their intense devotion to the religion of the islands. He errs, however, when he assumes that "both in what is good and in what is bad it is the church which has made the Filipino people what they are." Also, "The monastic representatives of that church have, directly and through their domination of the political and military authorities, robbed and oppressed them." This is strong language. To say that the church in what is bad has made the Filipino or any other race of people what they are, is stating an untruth that does not require any common sense to disprove.

The church or the monastic orders have neither directly nor indirectly at any time oppressed or robbed the people. This lying charge has been repeatedly refuted. Yet it is again being spread broadcast by the Katipunan Society of Manila, which is antagonistic to the friars. This society is the instigator of the cruel and unjust war against the church, aided by a venal press who are scheming to drive from the islands the religious orders, that the United States through the Taft Commission may usurp their lands and property. Because the friars have opposed this element is the real reason for the antipathy that prevails. The statements by Phelps Whitmarsh in the *Outlook* are gratuitous insults to the intelligence of the American people. He remarks toward the end of his paper, "If necessary, details and proofs can be given to substantiate my assertions." Such proofs and details, coming from one so narrow-minded and intolerant would be utterly worthless as an argument to gauge the correctness of the statements made. No one is competent to offer proofs in a matter of this kind, when their mind is imbued with hate against the object under discussion. No honorable man would assert that. "By extortionate fees, moreover, particularly for marriage and burial services, by the sale of blessed candles, scapulars, indulgences, masses, and the like, some of the orders became so wealthy that they invested their Philippine gains in other countries." The church does not traffic in holy things. Mr. Whitmarsh displays his ignorance when he flippantly speaks of these as like so much merchandise bartered and sold. The law of the church in reference to the things of the church holds good in the Philippines as elsewhere.

It is from such corrupt and prejudiced writers that people get the idea that the church and religious life in the Far East is demoralized through the influence of the monastic orders. The bare refutation of these wild charges is the high plane of morality, learning, and progress that prevails there—the true and only test of a people's greatness. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the Spanish *padres* carried to the islands of the Eastern seas the standard of Christianity and the torch of civilization. After the lapse of three hundred years the present condition of things is a monument to the zeal and devotion of the Catholic friars. The simple yet happy home life, the sweet influences of their domestic fire-sides, and the love for religion that pervades every action of their lives, speaks volumes for the church that has uplifted the Filipino race in the scale of morality and civilization. It is not necessary to follow Mr. Whitmarsh in his vulgar and insulting remarks about the morals of the friars. Their morals will challenge comparison with those who prate of their superior standards of morality, and who, like the Pharisees of old, judge others by their own lives.

No writer, unless actuated by a spirit of dishonesty would unjustly condemn his fellow-man without a hearing. Yet the Robinsons, Whitmarshes, and Andersons have unjustly assailed the monastic orders without any proof for the assertions made. When the history of the Philippine Islands is written by men who can rise superior to the cant and hypocrisy so prevalent in our day, and not until then, will justice be done the Catholic friars who have suffered misrepresentation and abuse at the hands of irresponsible people and newspapers in the United States.

J. WALTER REID.

THE PASSING OF PACO.

How the Medal of Our Lady of Guadalupe Brought His Undoing.

Miss Medwin's mother was Mexican—Spanish Mexican—of unquestionable and unlimited family. Mr. Medwin was American, and rich, which is an American's only excuse for being. John Tevis, to whom Miss Medwin was engaged to be married, was American, and she herself had been American, up to the time that her father, yielding to twenty years of placid, insistent pleading, had taken his wife back to the city of her birth and her affections. Then the glamour and the beauty of it all got into Miss Medwin's veins, and she became—barring some ineradicable prejudices in favor of truth and soap and water and hair-pins—as much of a Mexican as any of her innumerable female cousins, who wore haggly skirts and black shawls, and who sat about all day and chatted about nothing.

Señora Medwin rejoiced. But Mr. Medwin was not pleased. He had married his wife in a moment of loneliness and expatriation, and his daughter had been the one drop of sweetness in the cup of bitter regret he had been quaffing ever since. If Frances had happened to be as her mother was, the chances would have been largely in favor of Mr. Medwin's suicide. So he watched the new turn of things uneasily, and looked with disfavor upon young Altamirano—otherwise known as "Paco," which is the diminutive of Francisco—when that entirely attractive individual began to advertise himself with customary frankness as the *pretendiente* of Miss Medwin and her millions.

Not that Francisco had need of the millions. He was heir to untold square miles of *haciendas*, and his family had a small army of retainers, its own church, and even a large hospital for the nursing of the said retainers, which was provided with all the instruments and appliances of the Middle Ages. The vassals and the private chapel and the hospital appealed to Miss Medwin's inborn love of the picturesque. She had visions of herself as a Lady Bountiful, and she believed that an American woman could keep her will and identity even after becoming the wife of a Mexican man. Mrs. Medwin was not concerned about the will and the identity, but an alliance with the family of Altamirano seemed to her suitable, and she approved of Paco in every way.

Unfortunately for herself, Miss Medwin did, too. It was unfortunate, because she believed in keeping promises. But when she tried to explain that to Paco, he did not understand. They stood together at sunset upon one of the half-dozen little balconies that overlooked the street, and he tried to make her take his point of view. Everything was in his favor, too. The weight of circumstances and surroundings and of ages bore down upon the girl. She felt that she was as much out of place as the steam-whistle that screeched out the signal for the *mozos* to stop work. She got on her own nerves.

At one end of the street was the big plaza, and the band was playing dreamy music there. The sound came up to her with the scent of roses of Castile and of orange-blossoms and violets. At the other end, a belfry tower stood out gray against the sky, as it had through the sunsets of three hundred years, and the pigeons fluttered and circled about it in the shimmering yellow light, settling down among the weeds that grew there, high in air, out of the dust of ages. The great iron bell struck the half hour and was answered by other bells, far and near.

Once there had been a time when "Frances, I love you," had seemed to Miss Medwin sweet words, but they were harsh and rude compared to "Francisca, te amo," as Paco said it, leaning near to her in the twilight. They were in full view of all the street, and she had not yet accepted the publicity of the love-making of the country. She drew back quickly through the low window into the room. It was almost dark there and they were quite alone. Paco took her hand and bent over it. "I love thee," he repeated. John Tevis was not so tall and splendid, nor yet so princely when he bowed his head. "Dost thou love me, Francisca?" he asked.

She drew away and hid her face in her hands. "Ay! que si," she said, with a low cry.

He touched her brown hair gently, and took her hands from before her face.

"But I must not love you, Paco," she said, "I am going to marry some one else."

He turned out the palms of his white hands, and smiled easily.

"Ah! but it is not to be disposed of like that. In my country we do not break promises so easily."

"This is your country, and you love me." He was not greatly impressed.

"Yes, I love you," she sighed.

"And you will marry me?"

She shook her head. "I must think," she said.

She went with him to the *patio*, and unlocked the gates. As he went down the stairs, he turned and looked back to where she stood, holding to the bars of the *grille* and leaning her head against her arm. Behind her was the flowering order of the court, bright with electric lights, and a scarlet vine hung close above her head. He stopped and smiled at her, and a low "*buenas noches*" came down to him, with the whispering splash of the water in the fountain.

At sunset the next evening he came again. Many of the idle youths of his class spent what time remained to them after they had arisen, toward noon, and had met and talked in the *cantina*, at the house of Señorita Medwin. With two exceptions, she was the only young woman in the city hold enough to receive visits from men. But there was no one at home now. The servant, followed by a big peacock, glided across the red tiles of the *patio* between the gilt and colored earthen jars of flowers, and told him, through the bars, that the *señorita* was out. He turned away disconsolately toward the *plaza*.

But presently he met her in one of the *portales*, coming

out from a jeweler's shop. He turned and walked with her. "What have you bought at the *joyeria*?" he asked.

She laughed a little ruefully. "I went to buy a *medallito* of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe," she told him. "It was one I liked very much, set round with rubies. But they told me that you had bought it only this morning."

"I sent it to a little cousin of mine at Mexico," he said; "a child whose name is Guadalupe. I will try to find another like it for you if I may."

They went on toward her house in silence. The sky was gorgeous with the clouds of a mountain storm, a ragged fleece of gold, burning in the west. A rain wind came cool from the near peaks. The two white towers of the cathedral stood out against a big pink mass of cloud.

"It is a beautiful city—Guadalajara," he said.

Miss Medwin nodded her head. She was less given to futile speech than the women of his own race, and he did not quite understand. It caused him a certain uneasiness.

When they reached the entrance of her house, a tiny doorway in one corner of a wide expanse of window-broken wall, he stopped. "Have you decided yet?" he asked.

She hesitated. "I can not—not until I have seen my *novio*. I have had a letter from him. He comes this evening, by stage from the coast. I think perhaps my father sent for him. But I do not know."

The turn of affairs did not suit Altamirano at all. From what he had observed of the *gringos* they made a practice of getting what they wanted by sheer force of will. He protested with much vehemence that he could not wait, that he must know then and there. If she loved him, what did anything else matter, after all?

But Miss Medwin was not to be carried away by a passionate storm of words. "I must see John, first," she said.

Paco laughed angrily. "You American women are cold," he sneered.

She shrugged her shoulders indifferently. "Perhaps," she said. But her face was very set as she stood watching him walk quickly away.

The wind blew fresher and the first drops of rain fell from the pink haze of the storm-clouds. The thunder reverberated through the narrow streets that gleamed in the lightning flash.

She went on up the stairs and rang at the gate. The *criada* told her that her mother had gone out, "And the *señor* also, *señorita*. I was to tell you that he is gone to meet your *novio* at the stage-office."

"Very well," said Miss Medwin, taking off her black shawl.

She and her father had quarreled over the matter of bringing Tevis to the bouse. She had argued that it was very *mal visto* to have the man one was to marry in the same house; and her father had scouted the idea.

"And supposing it is," he had said, "the civilized world won't be any the wiser for what these people think about that—or anything else." His contempt for his wife's countrymen was very thorough-going. "This is my house," he finished, "and John Tevis is my friend. He may come here if he likes. If you want to break with him on account of that good-looking, good-for-nothing Altamirano, you can. But the other is my concern."

The servant started to cross the court, then turned back. "There are two women waiting for you," she said.

They stood by the kitchen door, across the *patio*, and Miss Medwin beckoned to them. One was old, and shriveled, and bent, the other was very young and very pretty. They put out their hands civilly. Dark-brown hands may or may not be clean, and Miss Medwin struggled always with Northern instincts when she took those of the *peones* and their women. But refusal would have been cruel.

The old woman began straightaway, talking with a toothless lisp. "Are you," she said—"are you the *señorita* who tells fortunes?"

Miss Medwin was puzzled. She shook her head. Was it not she, however, who had told fortunes at the *Jamaica*—the charity bazaar? Recollection came to her. "She was not a little flattered that her reputation had spread so far—to the quarters over beyond the Alameda, she judged. "How did you know?" she asked.

"The cousin of a friend of my sister sews for the mother of a *señorita* whose fortune you told at the *Jamaica*. And it all was true, every word of it. For that I would like you to tell the fortune of this child." She held out a four-real piece in her withered hand.

Miss Medwin considered. It would help to pass the time until her father should come back with John Tevis. And the old woman was keenly in earnest. "I will do it—yes," she said; "but not for money. Put it up."

She led the girl to a bench among the azaleas and camellias, and took the little brown hand. The old woman bent close in quivering eagerness. There were very few lines in the hand, and it was not interesting. Miss Medwin predicted health and happiness, marriage, and a green old age. "That is all," she said, and started to rise.

"But, *señorita*—it was plain that they both were dissatisfied. The girl hung down her head and cast up undecided glances now and again. And her grandmother began to protest. "But, *señorita*! You do not tell her of her lover. She has a lover now—a *caballero*, a rich *caballero*—and we would like to know if he will marry her."

"Un *caballero* *riquísimo*?" said Miss Medwin; "a real *caballero*, a *señor*?"

"Si," nodded the old woman, importantly, "a real *caballero*, a *señor*, and very rich. But we wish to know if he will marry her. She is a good child."

There was no need of a palm to read that future. Miss Medwin had learned something of the customs of the people and the place. "If he is a real *caballero*," she said, severely, "he will never marry a woman of your class, even though she is very pretty like this *niña*." Then she turned and faced the girl. "If you have a *pretendiente* who is an honest man, child," she looked straight into the great, scared eyes, "you will do well to marry him, even if he is very poor, and never, never to see the *señor* again. I

myself will give you the money to pay the priest to marry you."

The girl hid her face in her *rebozo* and began to cry.

But Miss Medwin was merciless. "You are an old woman," she went on, "and you know that what I say is true. You know that he does not mean well. What is the name of the *señor*?"

"You do not believe me? But I will tell his name to you. I have learned it. He said that the child was to call him only Paco, but Altamirano is his surname—he is Francisco Altamirano; and he is rich, and beautiful, and generous. Look—*mira*!" She went to the girl, and began fumbling in the low-cut neck of her dress, under the *rebozo*, talking the while. "He saw her in the *portal* and followed her to her home, not more than a week ago. Here it is, *mira señorita*. See!" She drew forth a medal that hung by a fine gold chain around the soft neck. "Only this morning he gave it to her."

Miss Medwin went a step nearer. She was very erect, and she had snapped off a white camellia, and was hushing it in her fingers. Her face was nearly as white. It was an enameled *medallito* of Our Lady of Guadalupe, set round with ruby chips.

The girl was still sobbing. Miss Medwin laid her hand on her shoulder. "Is what your grandmother tells me true? Did Paco Altamirano give you that?"

The child nodded.

"Then," said Miss Medwin, "listen to me. When you see him again tell him that I say—that Francisca Medwin says—that he is a bad, bad man, and loves no one truly. I know, child. For"—she forced out the words—"for Paco was my *pretendiente* *à mí*, and just to-day he wished to marry me. That is all. Now go."

The little Mexican rose to her feet, crying bitterly, and her grandmother, muttering, led her away. They went out of the gate without locking it, and Miss Medwin turned back and stood by the splashing fountain, twirling the bruised camellia in her fingers.

She was thinking of many things. But they found no utterance until suddenly John Tevis stood beside her and spoke her name. Then she forgot all the conventions of the land. "I am so glad you came," she sobbed upon his dusty shoulder. "I am so glad you came. You can never know quite how glad, John, dear." GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1900.

When the trolley was being pushed and introduced (remarks the *Electrical World and Engineer*), it was one of the arguments that its coming would be a great boon to the horse. That this is a mere matter of fact is shown, for instance, by such a road as the New York Third Avenue, which, during one very hot season when it had 3,000 horses, lost 600 of them in a few weeks, and had 300 more in the hospital. To-day, with the same system operated electrically, no such scenes of animal distress as were then frequent are possible. There, and on hundreds of other lines, electricity has scored heavily upon the side of humanity, for the street-car service was ever a hard and killing one. It is now the turn of electricity to emancipate, as far as possible from service in the torrid city, the horse of the cab and the dray. It is well to take steps to relieve them, but it is better still not to employ them at all. The cruelty may not be intentional in many instances, but it is cruelty all the same; and where the driver, as too often happens, is a brute and a drunkard, the punishment taken by the poor, inoffensive horse in hot weather is something frightful. Let the automobile accomplish further its humane mission by banishing the horse utterly from our streets. Human life itself will then be longer, too.

A real novelty in campaign journalism is furnished in the Kansas City *Star*, a special feature for the Presidential campaign which was never undertaken before by any newspaper. At the request of the paper, the chairmen of the two national committees, James K. Jones and M. A. Hanna, have selected and appointed two writers to conduct in the *Star* a department to be called "The Campaign Forum." In this department the arguments of each of the two great parties are presented side by side, day by day. To conduct the Democratic side Mr. Jones selected and appointed Willis J. Abbott, chief of the press bureau of the Democratic National Committee, and for the Republican side Mr. Hanna selected and appointed Murat Halstead. Upon learning the decision of the two chairmen, the *Star* immediately engaged the two men, and on Sunday, August 19th, "The Campaign Forum" was started, to be continued in the regular issue, daily and Sunday, until the end of the campaign. An interesting feature of the forum will be the answers to questions upon campaign topics submitted to be answered by either Mr. Halstead or Mr. Abbott, or both. Under the circumstances the answers thus given will have the stamp of authority of the national committee.

When the Yellow River flood carried off its thousands, a Californian attempted to break the news gently to his cook, as it must, he thought, shock a Chinaman to learn that so many of his fellow-countrymen had miserably perished. So he approached the climax of horror by degrees, expecting a perhaps passionate outbreak. But the cook's only comment was the eminently practical reflection: "Plenteé Chinaman left."

The Mexican census, recently completed, shows a total population of 12,491,573, over two-thirds of whom are illiterate. Over 80 per cent. of the population is of mixed or Indian blood.

A fruit-tree propagator has produced a seedless apple. These new apples are superior in flavor to the ordinary kinds. High prices are being paid for the trees.

The dykes of Japan cost in the aggregate more money than those of the Netherlands.

THE SHAH IN PARIS.

An Elysian Fête in Honor of the Persian Potentate—The French Won by His Evident Satisfaction—The Attempted Assassination—Shadows of the Great Fair.

The fête in honor of the Shah, postponed a week because of the assassination of King Humbert, was all that Parisians could have desired, and must have dazzled the eyes of the Persian potentate, even if it brought no expression of satisfaction to the royally impassive countenance. Mouzaffer-ed-Din has gained the favor of republican France, at least so far as the people of her capital are concerned, and none has grudged the cost of the illumination celebrating his visit. It is not forgotten that his father, Nasr-ed-Din, was the first sovereign to accept the hospitality of the Third Republic after the war with Prussia, and though his stay was in some respects a disappointment and a scandal, the knowledge that at Berlin and in London the eccentric monarch's performances caused equal embarrassments was sufficient to overcome all painful emotions. The present Shah has violated none of the proprieties. His purchases have been more than liberal, but he does not forget to pay for them, and he has rewarded lavishly those who have ministered in any way to his comfort or pleasure. Even the remembrance of the insane attack made upon him by Salson, the would-be assassin, has been put aside, since it seems positive that no personal animosity actuated the fanatic. At his interview with the magistrate who examined Salson, the Shah discussed the matter coolly, and has had a collection made of the various photographs taken of the prisoner.

Magnificent in their splendor as the preceding illuminations have been, the Elysian fête last night outshone them all in brilliancy and ingenious effects. The Eiffel Tower and the Trocadero were, as before, a pillar and a temple of flame, the transparent, multi-colored waters of the Château d'Eau shot up and flashed in kaleidoscopic beauty, every building was girdled with fire, and radiant sunbursts sprang from every point of general observation. These were unchanging glories, but on the river the display was ever in motion, wonderful displays on floating structures of every description, all light and color and grace of movement combined. Huge, snowy swans, ablaze with electricity from crest to the tips of the folded wings, followed great dragons belching luminous clouds of red, and among them the usual craft of the river plied, all lighted up with lanterns and electric bulbs. Among the allegorical representations the most striking was an Eden-like garden, floating slowly past, in the centre of which a Goddess of Beauty reclined upon a throne, while about her danced a bevy of graceful nymphs in flowing robes of white, singing a charming melody. From the countless thousands along the river banks and on the bridges cheer after cheer went up as this beautiful picture approached and passed. It was altogether a midsummer-night's dream that even the most gifted of memories can recall only in shimmering fragments.

From the first the Shah has enjoyed the exposition. He has chosen his own route about the grounds, often disarranging the plans of those who had made preparations for his reception, but always alert for what promised him novel sights or experiences. He made no display of his wonderful jewels in his dress, and was accompanied on his visits by his grand vizier and only two or three attendants. The art treasures of the Little Palace evidently did not hold much of interest for him, as he passed through with only brief delays, but the big buildings stirred his curiosity, and he asked many questions about their size and equipment. At the Persian palace his greetings were informal, and he did not deign to occupy the great throne set in a prominent place. On his first visit he turned eagerly to the moving sidewalk. This contrivance he mounted with safety and ease, though the officials in train were agitated and apprehensive when the monarch first displayed his desire to step upon it. They would have stopped the machinery to permit of his alighting without any possibility of danger, but he gave them no time to issue the order.

It is said that the Shah has expended no less than a million of dollars during his stay, and it is possible. Among his purchases are a number of automobiles, chosen from the productions of the leading makers. He has a passion for gardening, and brought his chief gardener to study the landscape effects in the grounds of the exposition and about the city, and his expenditures on account of this visit to Paris are not likely to end with his arrival in his own dominions. In token of his appreciation of the pleasures put before him, the Shah has bestowed the decorations of the Order of the Lion and the Sun of Persia, in its various grades, on more than two hundred of the officials and notables of the republic. To President Loubet and the Marquis d'Oyley he gave the Grand Cordon of the order, an honor never bestowed upon any but reigning monarchs before this time. The head of the republic could receive this gracefully, but the Marquis d'Oyley, who is the nephew of the late celebrated American dentist, Dr. Thomas Evans, and succeeded to his uncle's practice, must have been overpowered by this token of gratitude and esteem. The marquis earned it, however, by obeying a summons to Contréxéville, and exerting his professional skill to stop a raging toothache which had afflicted the Persian ruler for hours in spite of the attention of the royal physician.

To-day the royal visitor departed for Ostend and Brussels, and later he will visit Vienna. When he came it was expected that his tour would be extended to England, but this portion of the arrangements has been struck out, and he will not cross the channel. There is little need to contend that the Shah is not disturbed by the death of Humbert and the attempt on his own life. He has been able to preserve a show of equanimity in Paris, but there is no room for doubt that he has misgivings about his journey homeward, and his safety in foreign cities. It will be a lamentable result of this uneasiness among the crowned heads if the Czar and Czarina decide after all to forego their promised visit to

the exposition, which is now expected to take place about the middle of next month.

Meantime there are many difficulties among those who have concessions at the great fair. Not less than fifty failures have occurred already among these attachments to the exposition. It is too late now to say that their plans or their methods were ill-advised. The harm is done. That the exposition will result in a grand financial loss is certain, and to decrease the measure of failure is the one achievement to which all the officials are said to be bending their energies. But all is not harmonious with the management. There are private misunderstandings and disagreements that will be made public later. Just now there is some discussion of the idea of prolonging the life of the exposition. Some declare that the closing date should be advanced from November 5th to November 30th, and that the added twenty-five days would serve materially to lessen the inevitable loss of all interested. But the argument is not a good one. All who care to see the wonders on the Champ de Mars will come before the appointed time for the exposition to end, and an extension of time would induce very few more to attend. November is chill and dreary, and not a time of year for expositions. There will be no postponement of the day.

PARIS, August 14, 1900.

THE FAITH OF THE TREES.

To be garnished with glory and beauty, and broadly to stand,
A cordon of grace and of loveliness over the land;
To thrill with the upwelling life and exultingly grow,
Aod spread out our fingers to hessioss and blossoms of soow;
To live in the laugh of the children that play at our feet,
And cast the cool shadows the mower comes eager to meet;
To paint and to sculpture a guerdon of fruit, and to throw
A largess of food and of love to the creatures below;
To bathe in the music of birds as they tilt on the edge of the nest,
Aod to watch at the windows of morn and the doors of the West;
Or the sheeo of the limbs of the Dryads that sport in the oight,
When the mooon oo the vision of mortals hangs curtains of light;
To dance with the Wiod wheo his heathroing is sweet in our hair,
And our fingers are thrilled as we whirl in the arms of the air.
Ah! this is the fortune of Sprig and the food Summer-tide—
To live, and to laugh, and to dream, and all carelessly hide!

But, oh, to be stripped by the Wiod who once courted ooe's hand,
As he scatters the red russet robes o'er the pitiless land;
To be hit by the tooth of the Frost as we huddle to hide
The coverless beauty that furnished our yesterday's pride;
All baked to meet the reviling of Wioter's mad rout,
Or veiled in the ashes of graveness and lichens of doubt;
The hutt of the tempest, the scorn of the pitiless ice,
When the grip and embrace of the cold is a merciless vice;
To stretch out cold hands to a silence to gray-leadeo skies,
And pray for the weakness of trusting, the will to be wise;
Forsakeo by minstrel and music aod children aod cheer,
Or the gleam of a bird or a flower in the death of the year,
While the wall of the world's Misereer o'erhurdens the air,
Aod the daughters of Summer are silent, their temples are bare!
Ah, this is the fortune of Wioter, its woe and its pain,
To loog for the voice of a friend, aod to listen in vain.

Yet after the tempests the sweet of adversity yields
Lymph smoother than bee-gathered nectar in clover-strewn fields;
From generous juices of hearts that are willing to die
A cordial outpourls for the healing of men as they lie.
When the cold is afoot and the cotter bends low o'er the fire,
And the hearts of the people are low at the abt of desire,
We will etch on the sky a new gospel of God that will stand
A symbol of patience and trustfulness over the land.
We will make a new song for the forest and orchard and plain,
And the North Wiod shall bear it to mountain and river and main.

I, too, patient heart, in the Faith of the Trees will abide,
When my Love turns a face that is leafless and voiceless with pride;
I will live oo the love in the inoermost heart of my life,
And for love of my Love I will take that dear love for my wife;
Aod the life of my love fills my heart with a wonderful joy,
With the thought of a love that delights not to hurt or destroy,
For safe in the roots of my being there lie, hiddeo deep,
Leaves, flowers, fruit, hird-song, and childreo, all sweetly asleep!

I will humble my heart till it lies in its primitive dust,
For of all love the love that is best is the love that can trust.
To the Faith of the Trees I will find me a refuge and hope,
Though the rack of the tempest remorselessly barries the slope;
Deep down in the root one can feel food Nature a-beat,
Aod kiddle new strength for the storm at her georoous heat,
Though all to the ruhh of the spoiler so seemingly yields,
With vaoity, vanity, writ oo the forests and fields,
To the core of my heart I will dream and conspire with the Spring
Till the violet huds, and the rivulet leaps, and the thrush is a-wiog;
I will cling with my root and my life to the faith that is dear,
For the Lord who is Lord of the Mouths is the Lord of the Year.

—Charles H. Crandall in Harper's Magazine for August.

The extermination of rats by the application of a bacteriological process has recently been suggested at the Pasteur Institute of Paris. It is said a microbe has been found which will produce a deadly pestilence when introduced into a population of rats and cause their annihilation, or, at least, make them a negligible quantity. The bacillus in question was derived from field-mice suffering from a spontaneous epidemic disease, and by elaborate processes of repeated cultures was transmitted through a series of mice and rats. In this way its virulence was increased, and it was found when eaten surely pathogenic for the rats. In addition to the experiments in the laboratory, trials were made in a large number of farms, warehouses, and other places infested by rats. It is reported that in fifty per cent. of the experiments there was a complete disappearance of the rats, that in thirty per cent. their number greatly decreased, while in twenty per cent. the method failed.

The fastest voyage ever made across the Atlantic was achieved a fortnight ago by the *Deutschland*, the enormous new steamship of the Hamburg-American line. Her time from Cherbourg to Sandy Hook light-ship was five days, twelve hours, and twenty-nine minutes. This cuts down the best previous record between the two points mentioned—made by the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*—by not less than five hours and eight minutes. By such a boat as that it must easily be a five-day voyage between New York and Queenstown.

A Chinese regiment presents a gay appearance to the foreign observer. Nearly every man wears a banner.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mme. Richter, the daughter of Meyerbeer, has just presented her father's piano to the Royal Museum of Berlin.

Lord Salisbury recently characterized Hiram Maxim, the gunmaker, as "the man who has prevented more men from dying of old age than any other person that ever lived."

The official reporters on the Paris exhibition have been selected. M. Larroumet is to deal with literature and art, M. Charles Picard with science, M. Michel Levy with manufactures, M. Grandeau with agriculture and food supply, M. Gide with social economy, and M. Dislere with colonization.

Prince Luigi of Savoy, Duke of Abruzzi and first cousin of King Victor Emmanuel the Third of Italy, who sailed from Christiana on June 12, 1899, for the north, is returning from his polar expedition, in which he has broken all records. His ship, the *Stella Polare*, reached eighty-six degrees thirty-three minutes north latitude, which is nineteen minutes farther north than the point attained by Nansen.

Brigadier-General Bell, the new provost-marshal of Manila, began his career as a soldier in 1862, as a lieutenant of the Eighty-Sixth Ohio Volunteers. For his courageous bearing during the Battle of the Wilderness he received the brevet of captain, and he was breveted major for "gallant and meritorious services" in the Battle of Ream's Station. After the Civil War he became an officer in the regular army. General Bell performed distinguished service in the war with Spain.

Booker T. Washington has accepted the position offered him by the directors of the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition as chief of the negro department. It has been suggested that designs for the negro building be invited from colored architects throughout the United States, it being the intention of the managers and of Mr. Washington that the department shall be entirely the work of the colored man, in order to make the exhibit represent the achievements and possibilities of the race.

John Philip Sousa has returned to America from his trip abroad, after having achieved his great ambition of taking his band to the musical centres of Europe. He is more than gratified with the success of his tour, although it is said that it actually cost him ten thousand dollars. Sousa does not grudge the sum, however, for it has established his reputation in Europe. His liberality and sense of justice is shown by his action at Mannheim, where, after a long day's ride from Paris, and a large part of the band having been lost on the way, Sousa found that the instruments were stalled somewhere on the railroad. To appease the wrath of the manager of the opera-house, he wrote out a check for twelve hundred dollars. Nearly every Continental city which he visited presented him with a civic flag, and Frankfort sent a delegation to London to present him personally with a magnificent banner from that municipality just before he sailed for America.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the eldest son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, enjoys the distinction of being the first Vanderbilt to enter the political field. Last week he was present at the Republican State convention at Saratoga as a delegate from the twenty-fourth New York district. Soon after Mr. Vanderbilt's presence became known, he was sought out by men prominent in the State League of Republican Clubs. He seemed interested in the league's work, but, with the proverbial Vanderbilt shrewdness, immediately suspected in the proffer of the treasurership a plan to apply some of the Vanderbilt wealth to the payment of the league's expenses. After he declined the offer with thanks, the suggestion was made that he might, if he felt so disposed, contribute to the organization, and this he is understood to have done. He is reported as saying that he merely desired to become acquainted with politics in order that he might better understand how to become a useful citizen.

Miss Frances C. Griscom, of the Merion Cricket Club of Philadelphia, is the new woman's golf champion of the United States. At the recent tournament on the links of the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, at Southampton, L. I., she defeated Miss Margaret Curtis, of the Essex Country Club of Manchester, Mass., by the substantial margin of six up and four to play. That Miss Griscom is worthy of the title is shown by her previous work. In 1897 she was in the semi-finals when the scene of the struggle was over the Essex County Country Club links at Manchester. Again at Ardsley, the following year, the fair young Philadelphian survived to the semi-finals, when she was defeated by Miss Maude K. Wetmore. A year ago, over the Bala course at Philadelphia, the new champion was defeated in the first round at match play by Miss Elsie Cassatt. Thus, in three of her four appearances for the championship, she has been among the semi-final players, and on the last of the four has won the title.

In a recent interview, Yvette Guilbert, the famous French music-hall singer, who is still confined to her bed as the result of an operation for appendicitis, said: "Seven months of illness and five of convalescence in order to become quite fit again is a long spell for a woman who used to cross from Paris to New York four times in as many months. Even my hair has changed color from red to brown. What worries me most is that I am getting stout. The doctors are delighted, and say it is proof positive that my recovery is thorough, but it makes me anxious to find myself really becoming fat. It's too much of a change. Fortunately, after my resurrection, I am promised I shall be reduced to my proper size. Having given up all my contracts, I intended in the future to sing only on occasion and as an amateur, but one popular dramatist offers to write me a play; another insists I shall appear in comedy; a third wants me to interpret the great poets. After all, I am not quite decided yet. It will depend very much on whether I get anything interesting and original."

LONDON'S SUMMER PAGEANT.

Butterfly Hues of Regent Street and Piccadilly Costumes—Queenly Creatures in Clinging Draperies—Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza"—Melancholy Example of Mistaken Art.

London is a great place for shattering preconceived ideas. For many years I have heard told and retold that interesting fiction that English women always wore dark and simple clothes out-of-doors, and were invariably shod with the heaviest and most sensible of shoes. English friends of mine—who have not visited their native land for several years—have censured the gay dressing of the native American, comparing its flaunting brilliancy with the sombre and inconspicuous garb of their country-women. How many times have I sat and meekly heard of how the British gentlewoman reserves her splendor for the evening, and is content to walk abroad clad simply in her modest tailor-made.

The days are past when I will offer the assent of ignorance to these statements. Never in my native land—except, possibly, at Narragansett Pier—have I seen such light dressing out-of-doors as I have seen in London. All the well-dressed women one meets—that is women who have obviously spent money and thought on their clothes—are clad in the palest colors and the most perishable fabrics.

In New York one sees such gowning as this in carriages, but I certainly in the midst of the gayest season have never seen such brilliant plumage worn by women who were on foot. During the bright hours of the afternoon and morning they trail over the dusty pavements of Regent Street skirts of the faintest blues, pinks, and heliotropes. Sometimes they are of cloth, sometimes of muslin let in with lace, generally of the new, semi-transparent materials like voile and canvas. The shades that are worn are almost invariably what are known among Americans as evening shades. Even the tailor-made clothes are of these faint, delicate hues. The other day I went into one of the best ladies' tailors to look at the new models. The prettiest of these was a dress of the softest pink serge, trimmed with an even paler shade of cloth, and with a white *panne* velvet collar. I told the shopwoman that I thought it somewhat loud for a street dress, and she was thrown into a state of polite amazement.

The costuming in the carriages is not any lighter than that on the footway, because it would be impossible to have it so. That steady stream of vehicles which passes down Piccadilly during the late hours of the afternoon, contains numbers of women, languidly leaning back under heruffed parasols, and looking at the world from under wide, flower-crowned hats and through veils and white-dotted gauze. Many of them have calm, handsome faces, cold and clean-cut, rather impassive, with the curves of the cheeks and chin inclined to thinness. Pale-colored skirts, of clinging material, are wrapped around them, and their throats are almost invariably encircled by huge ruches of white, or black-and-white spotted nets. Sometimes these are varied with a white-feather boa, and sometimes there is no ruche or boa and the throat rises bare from a collarless square of lace, which shows the skin through as an evening-dress does.

Shoes are another thing on which the traditions of the Americanized English are far astray. The day is fast approaching when the Britons will turn upon us with our old reproach to them—that we are spoiling our feet by disguising them in thick, ungainly boots. I left New York in possession of a race of large-footed females who tramped vigorously along in huge shoes made on the pattern of their brothers'. I come to England and see the women who are shopping on Regent Street, walking through the parks or passing down Piccadilly, tripping gingerly along in pointed kid slippers with preposterous heels. With the conservatism of the British, they all wear the same pattern—a pointed Louis-Quinze slipper, with a heel of an astounding height, and a large silver huckle on the instep. To see a hospital nurse, with her long cloak, her little bonnet, and her white bow, hurrying unsteadily along in a pair of these impossible shoes, is a sight to cause the philosopher to pause and meditate.

As the day advances to the afternoon tea and visiting hour, the London lady's plumage grows ever brighter and more elaborate. The dowagers begin to break out, mount their stately equipages, and roll off in billows of pallid millinery. I saw one on Sloane Street, the other afternoon, in regal transit from her street to her carriage door. Footmen attended her progress, and a carpet was laid for her feet. She was a stalwart old lady, but that did not prevent her from wearing wide muslin let in with narrow black lace, a white-and-lilac bonnet, and a large white tulle ruche. She may have been going to her own wedding, but even for that it was a trifle gay, considering her years. I must say that the dowagers have given me a painful shock. They are so stout and so young, and in evening-dress show such a profusion of fat arms and neck.

Dinner varies from eight to nine, and this being about the last possibility for a millinery display so late in the season, every one makes the most of it. Englishwomen go in full evening-dress to theatres, to restaurants, to hotels. After seven, bare neck is almost as invariable in the woman's costume as the dress-coat is in the man's. And the Englishwoman's *décolleté* is a serious thing. Whether she is fat or whether she is thin, whether she is made like a Venus or made like a lath, she resolutely puts on a shred of a hodie with two little straps over the shoulders, and goes forth to conquest.

Even in the large hotels and less fashionable theatres full dress is almost the rule. I was at the Metropole, the other evening, and was struck by the extraordinary catholicity of costume. There were women in hats and women in hall-dresses. One of my friends explained this to me by drawing my attention to the fact that all the women in high society were Americans. You can always tell the Americans in this way—by the manner in which they dress their hair. Unrumped hair, loosely drawn back with combs, seems to be unknown here. The Englishwoman of inferior means

and position drags her hair back tight, and rolls it in an uncompromising little coil. Her sister of wealth and fashion goes to the other extreme, and is inordinately ornate and elaborate as to coiffure. You see the most amazingly dressed heads, crimped, coiled, curled, and decorated with diamond combs, tiaras, and aigrettes. What they call the "fringe," which with us was a thing of the past years ago, still flourishes, especially among the fashionables.

At the table behind me was a woman with one of these coiffures, and dressed in a gown that showed her arms and shoulders and was a bewildering combination of white silk, silver embroidery, and pale-blue velvet. The woman on the other side was in white and black lace, very *décolleté*, and with long sleeves. There were little thin girls in their teens, revealing poor little pipe-stem arms and girlish collar-bones, and solemn, red-faced dowagers, laced tightly into royal robes of gray and purple. There were expensive creations from Paris, and gowns "run up" in country towns to do credit to their wearers during the annual visit to the metropolises.

The young women are almost invariably very tall and slender. This effect is enhanced in every way, by skirts made on the tightest and most clinging patterns, by the absurdly high-heeled slippers, and by long corsets—such as have not been worn in the United States for years—reducing the waist to the smallest compass and compressing the hips to an astounding narrowness. Pretty necks are the rule, and, in almost every case, are covered with a white cosmetic, which makes them look like marble. But the Englishwoman is extremely deficient in the matter of arms. The pipe-stems that they ruthlessly reveal are a sight to make the angels weep. Where the women of any other nation in the world would conceal such a defect, the Englishwoman hares it to the public eye, forgets to put the white cosmetic on, and goes forth calm and complacent with her little, lean, red arms issuing from the sleeves of her dress and her smooth, white neck issuing from the shoulders.

Sometimes among these gatherings of divers peoples one sees a splendid-looking woman who reminds one of the fact that Balzac was fond of the phrase "beautiful as an Englishwoman." They all have a family resemblance to the Du Maurier type—that daughter of the gods with the extraordinary length of limbs, the broad, squarely held shoulders, the small waist and hips, and the finely curved head, set on the long, slender throat. I saw one of these queenly creatures one evening at Claridge's Hotel, where the women are all dressed as if for a ball, and, in fact, do almost invariably go out to some festivity as soon as dinner is over. She was an etherealized Trilby, dressed in clinging, *crêpe* draperies that had flowers painted all over them. One enormous diamond gleamed on her breast, and her heavy, dark hair was rolled in massive coils, as smooth and polished as a Chinese helle's.

Appropos of distinguished-looking women, the Royal Academy is full of portraits of them, from the Princess Demidoff, by Benjamin Constant, to the fascinating Bohemian, with her eyes full of mysterious questioning that the artist calls "Après?" The Princess Demidoff is quite my idea of what a princess ought to be. *Grande dame de par la monde* to her finger-tips. A pale-colored, splendid lady, serene and gracious. Benjamin Constant has another portrait that hangs as a pendant to the princess—Lady Colebrooke, who is an opulent, black-eyed, ruby-lipped houri, with her head on one side and a general air of ogling the public.

To turn to less agreeable subjects, I went the other evening to see Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza." She is just finishing a long and highly successful engagement at the Garrick Theatre, under the management of Charles Frohman. Several English people have asked me quite anxiously what her standing is in her native land, and say that though the critics have given her very severe notices she has drawn large houses. After seeing the play, the main thing that surprised me was that a brigade of British matrons did not rise in their might and force it off the stage. It is simply the most vulgar, coarse, disgusting performance I have ever seen at any theatre.

Certainly the older countries and cities will submit to the production of pieces that in newer communities will not be permitted. That New York and now London will go in a body to see this inconceivably repelling drama is not surprising, considering the amazing plays that come from both these cities. But "Zaza," as it is now being played at the Garrick Theatre, would not, I think, go anywhere in the Far West. The better class of English are rather astounded by it, for in its Gallic audacity it is even startling here. The melancholy part of the whole thing is that everybody who has seen it sets it down as a typical American play and company, and that, to a certain extent, seems to condone the offense of their going to see it.

The first act, which is simply disgusting, is the best in the play, from the point of view of technique. Outside its vulgarity, it is immensely clever in its setting and development. It is the dressing-room and the wings of a provincial theatre. There is a great deal of movement and tableau in it, *coryphées* coming and going, men with bouquets for the *coryphées*, relatives of performers, stage-hands, actresses. These people do not come and go silently, as they would in a play developed with less cleverness. They talk, they quarrel, they make love. We see the real "Behind-the-Scenes." Some of them are very vulgar; some of them are very witty; some of them are very sad. One of the most typical touches is the opening of the rehearsal, when the whole company, single file, walk on the stage. The manager stands by the door, watching them and shouting at each one in either hectoring, coaxing, or bantering tones: "Smile—smile. Why don't you smile? Can't you smile? Smile," until the last one has gone.

In the dressing-room, on the other side of the stage, is Mrs. Carter, introduced at a very low stage in her career. She takes off and puts on clothes, makes herself up, in front of her mirror, and is as coarse, unpleasant, and thoroughly

tough a person as one could imagine. She plays the whole first act in the broadest manner possible. There is no *finesse* in her work, nothing but the making of effects by low means, outside the pale of legitimate art. It is irritating in the extreme to see this woman, with her remarkable talents, demeaning herself and her art, as she does in this scene. For the artistic *finesse* with which a Frenchwoman would redeem the coarseness is not hers. She is crude, downright brazen.

In the next two acts everything is poor. The play, Mrs. Carter, the development, the dialogue. A Frenchman to be successfully sentimental must be a great artist. The author of "Zaza" is not this or near it, and he sentimentalizes wretchedly. Besides, the whole unraveling of the situation is a hundred years old at least. Zaza finds her lover is married and has a child. She converses with the child—a dreadful stage infant, with a nasal voice and a row of oily curls, who says, "Have you got any little girls like me?" Then Zaza rolls her eyes, clutches her heart, and says, "Ah, God, this is terrible!" or some such imbecile remark. A French audience may find this sort of thing touching, but it gives an Anglo-Saxon one a desire to hurt into loud, uncontrollable giggles.

Mrs. Carter was as bad as everything else. She was mawkish and insincere in the sentimental parts, and when there was an excuse for something light and humorous, she fell instantly into burlesque and played to the gallery, as if she belonged to the vaudeville stage. One was just about to give up in disgusted despair and leave the theatre when the great scene comes. Then there is a revolution, and you realize why people go to see "Zaza." In this scene she is really tremendous. A very clever Englishwoman with whom I talked about her said she thought there was only one actress now on the stage who could play this as Mrs. Carter did, and that was Sarah Bernhardt. It is a terrible scene, dwarfing the maudlin little play that leads up to it, and holding the audience in a frozen grip of amazement and horror. And Mrs. Carter is incomparable in the wildness, the frenzy, and the anguish with which she plays it. It is blood-curdling in its power and realism. The picture of that distracted figure, with its tear-distorted face, and its raucous cry of "It's over! it's over!" is a thing one is never going to forget.

LONDON, August 16, 1900.

BALLADS FROM THE PUNJABI.

"Tell me, Mistress, who will marry you, Mistress, marry you?"
"Khaka, my lady, he will marry me, lady, marry me."
He has two yoke of oxen, sturdy to hoe,
And four for the well-wheel; his land lies low,
And the scent of his locks mocks the roses that grow
In the gardens of Persia. Khaka will marry me, lady, marry me."
"When death comes, Mistress, who will carry you, Mistress, carry you?"
"My sons, if Allah is gracious, they will carry me, lady, carry me."
One at my feet and one at my head;
If Allah gives children, there's peace for the dead,
For the lights will be lit, and the prayers will be said.
God pity the soulless. My sons will carry me, lady, carry me."

We came: The dust-storm brought us: who knows where the
dust was born?
Behind the curtains of heaven and the courts of the silver morn
We go where the dust-storm whirls us, loose leaves blown one by
one
Through the light toward the shadows of evening down the tracks
of the sloping sun.
We are blown of the dust that is many and we rest in the dust
that is one.

We have pitched our tents, we feast and we play on the shifting
sands of life;
We are drunk all day with the things of this world, with laughter,
and love and strife.
Friends come and friends go, but Death's sentry waits, and the
last long march must be done,
For the camel-bells tinkle, the load must be strapped, and we fare
forth friendless alone
Out into the Western darkness that shrouds the last rays of the
sun.—*Mullani in the London Spectator.*

It is extremely doubtful whether Queen Helen, in spite of her undeniable beauty, will ever become so popular as her mother-in-law, the now widowed Queen Margherita. Cold and undemonstrative, reserved and taciturn rather than effusive, her qualities are calculated to appeal rather to the Piedmontese—Highlanders like herself—than to the population of the rest of Italy. There is no doubt that the disappointment freely and unkindly expressed by the newspapers of the Peninsula, regarding her failure to fulfill national expectations in the presentation to the kingdom of an heir to the throne, has had the effect of raising a sort of barrier of antagonism between herself and the people of her adopted country. Nor is it probable that she will ever share to the same degree as her mother-in-law the duties of her husband as ruler. Humbert was notoriously influenced in many matters by his consort, especially in connection with the triple alliance, which she induced him to join. But Queen Helen is completely dominated by her diminutive husband, who, like so many small men, is far too autocratic to accept any advice or to brook any interference, even on the part of his wife, in his duties as ruler.

Fitzsimmons, the prize-fighter, has decided opinions concerning matters of diet, dissipation, and discourse, and embodied some of them in a reply to a recent inquiry concerning the reason for his ability to outdo younger men. He said: "It's just living right. Some foolish people think that physical fitness can not outlast the first thirty-five years. Drink, late hours, cigarettes in youth, and the idea that the way to have fun is to ruin your health; those things make young men old. I live quietly, sleep regularly, drink moderately, a little ale or beer, never spirits. I would as soon learn to crochet as to smoke cigarettes. In fact, I'd rather crochet. If a man criticised me for doing that I could give him some kind of answer, or at least give him a punch for criticising. But if he caught me smoking a cigarette I'd have to confess that I had gone wrong. I keep young because I live the way we are intended to live."

TRIALS OF A FRONTIER MISSIONARY.

Recollections of Cyrus Townsend Brady—His First Sermon and Baptism—Some Amusing Incidents of His Career.

Few of our novelists can look back upon a career so varied as Cyrus Townsend Brady, whose latest volume, "Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West," has just been brought out. Born in Allegheny City in 1861, in his ninth year the family removed to Kansas, then a sparsely settled State, and there Mr. Brady spent his youth and received his early education. When seventeen years of age, he was fortunate in receiving an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, from which he was graduated in 1883, and where he absorbed American history and acquired that love of the sea and sea-fights which have been the inspiration of his novels. Force of circumstances, however, kept Mr. Brady from following the sea. A good opportunity offered in railway enterprise which he accepted, and for the next few years the work of road construction took him through the roughest parts of the West and North-West. Then again his life underwent a sudden and complete change. He became strongly drawn toward the ministerial profession, determined to take orders, carried out his plan, and in 1888 was ordained in the Episcopal Church. The next six years were spent in missionary work in the Western States, and his labors were so untiring and the results so far-reaching in their benefits that Mr. Brady was made Archdeacon of Kansas, a post which he held for a period of over three years; then he was called East to Philadelphia. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War he lost no time in trying to reënter the naval service, which he had left some fifteen years before. As there was some delay in considering his application, he joined the First Pennsylvania Regiment as chaplain, and served through the war in that capacity.

Although so many professions have claimed part of his life, it is as an historical novelist that he is best known at the present time. His literary career began comparatively late in life, his first novel, "For Love of Country," having been published only two years ago. This was followed by "The Freedom of the Sea" and "The Grip of Honor," which have attracted marked attention and established Mr. Brady as one of the popular writers of the day. His latest work, "Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West," which has been running as a serial in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is a collection of rambling missionary reminiscences of his personal experiences on the Western frontier, written without any attempt at chronology, and giving a vivid picture of the life of the average missionary—a life of mingled work and pleasure, joy and pathos, hardship and fun.

One of Mr. Brady's first details was to a little, struggling church for colored people in one of the Western States. He says:

I had written a few sermons for similar visitations, but due notice of this assignment having been given me I determined to extemporize. I did not have any great confidence in my ability to do so, but the dean, who was a most fluent and easy extemporaneous speaker, encouraged me to attempt it, and I resolved to try. The subject I selected was "Belshazzar." I prepared the sermon with the greatest care, shut myself up in my study for days beforehand, and preached it over and over again to imaginary congregations with great effect. At last the hour of service arrived. The little church, since grown into a strong, hard-working parish, was at that time in a very dilapidated condition. It had a boy choir vested mostly in blue cassocks, with two acolytes in red ones, and one lone colored brother and myself in black. The altar-cloths and other hangings belonged to different sets, and the color scheme was striking, not to say *bizarre*. It was a ritualistic church at that time, and they did a great many things to which I was not accustomed and which greatly disconcerted me. We managed to get through the service, however, in some fashion.

As I stepped to the front of the chancel to address my little congregation, who should come into the chapel but the chief examiner of the diocese, a man whom personally we all loved, but whom officially we feared above all other men, for the severity with which he insisted upon a literal compliance with the rigid requirements before he passed a candidate whom he examined for the priesthood. He came solemnly into the church, sat down in a front pew, folded his arms, and fixed his eyes upon me. I returned his stare with agonized interest. There was a long, dreadful pause. Finally I opened my mouth desperately—and swallowed a gasp! I moved to reconsider, but the motion was lost. There was a violent coughing spell in which my carefully prepared sermon on "Belshazzar" was shattered into fragments. When I recovered my composure—no, I never did recover my composure—but when I stopped coughing, abandoning the gasp to his fate, I had no sermon. I explained the fact to the congregation something in this fashion: "Dearly beloved brethren, I have forgotten the sermon which I prepared—I beg to assure you that I did prepare one—and instead of that sermon I will tell you my experiences in the Johnstown flood," which I proceeded to do with great outward unctious but inward misery. I never heard the last of that effort, and I am sometimes reminded by my brethren, especially by the chief examiner, of the famous sermon I preached on the "Johnstown flood." That was the beginning of a missionary life which took me into five Western States and Territories and lasted many years.

The Sunday following, Mr. Brady began his tour of duty:

I preached on Belshazzar in the morning in one place, and made him do duty at night in another. On Tuesday I went to the third place, and, intoxicated with my previous success, I used the Assyrian once more. After the service a pleasant-looking man stepped up to me and we shook hands, whereupon he said: "That is a very fine sermon of yours." I was, of course, greatly pleased, and expressed the hope that it had done him good. "Yes," he said, "it has. I thought it was a fine sermon when I heard it first two Sundays ago; I liked it better when I heard it last Sunday morning, and as I happened to go to the town where you preached on Sunday night I heard it there, also. When I made this town—I am a traveling man—and saw in the paper that you were to preach—I thought I would come around and see if I could not meet my old friend. I have liked it better each time I have heard it," he added, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "Won't you let me know when and where you are going to preach it again?" Imagine my horror, and shame, and confusion! I confessed to him frankly that Belshazzar was not only my best but my only sermon, and we became great friends.

Of his first baptism, Mr. Brady says:

During the absence of the dean an undertaker asked me if I would go down to the "Bottoms"—low land on the banks of the river, occupied by a few squatter huts, and the resort, especially on Sunday, of men and women of the baser sort—to conduct a funeral for a dead gypsy baby. I agreed to do so, of course, and when I drove up to the rude encampment I was astonished to find a gathering of perhaps five hundred people. It was a very vulgar and lively crowd of men and women, the latter being from the worst quarters of the city. There was talking, laughing, and singing; some negroes were playing on banjos, and altogether the assemblage was more like a low-class picnic than anything else. The gypsies were gathered in their wagons and tents, sullenly confronting the crowd. Under the trees, in front of one tent, in a little coffin, lay the dead baby.

I slipped behind a wagon, not escaping observation thereby, and put on my vestments, an act which excited some rude and jesting comment. I then stepped to the side of the coffin, faced the crowd nervously, asked them to be silent, and began the service. At the usual time I made the customary announcement that the remainder of the office would be said at the grave. As I turned, one of the women stopped me with the statement that they had several babies to be baptized. I urged that they be brought to the church, but they refused. If I would baptize the babies then, all right; if not—they closed their sentences with characteristic shrugs of their shoulders. I had made no preparation for baptism, but I decided on my course at once. They brought me an old chair, and I placed a horse bucket, bottom upward, upon it, and covered it with a newspaper. On the bucket was placed an old tin pan filled with water from the river.

The parents were to be sponsors, but as none of them could read English I asked if some one would not read the responses for them, and finally one of the hackmen and a woman in the crowd volunteered. Fortunately I had an extra prayer-book in my pocket, so we began the service. The crowd, which had swelled to about a thousand people now, was quiet and interested. The first baby brought to me was a little black-eyed, swarthy infant about three weeks old. When I asked the name of this child the father said, "Major." "Major what?" I asked. "Just Major!" he replied. So the baby was christened "Major." Four other baptisms followed in quick succession.

When the ceremony was over I made the previous announcement again, and was astonished when the mother of "Major" said she had not been "churched," and would I mind doing it? I suppose there are very few clergymen in the United States who have used the whole of the office for the "Churching of Women after Childbirth" in public, but with the assistance of the poor woman who had read the responses in the baptism we finished that service also.

"Is there anything more?" I asked.

"Yes," said the mother of the dead baby, coming forward with the little body, which she had lifted from its coffin, clasped in her arms. "Won't you baptize this one?"

I gently told her that I could not baptize the dead, that it was neither necessary nor right, but she would not be convinced. She begged and implored, and at last fell on her knees before me, and bled up in front of me the still, tiny, little white bundle of what had been humanity, and agonizingly besought me, in the terrified accents of guilt and despair, to perform the—to it—useless service. I explained the situation to her, as well as a young man could, told her the baby was all right, and that even though she had failed in her duty, God would certainly accept her evident contrition. Friends took the baby away at last and raised her up, and then I turned and faced the awe-struck crowd again.

The noise had died away, the laughter and jests were still, the rude speech was hushed. Tears were streaming down the hollow cheeks of the wretched women. I spoke to them that time out of a full heart. They had listened to me say the Lord's Prayer in silence in the service before, and when I finished my remarks, and invited them again, and knelt down in the dust, most of those near by knelt with me, and the rest bowed their heads reverently, while many joined, falteringly at first, but more strongly as the sentences came, in the prayer of "Our Father Who art in heaven." They fell back respectfully before us as we took the baby and walked to the carriages; some of the women laid their hands gently on my surplice as with bowed head I walked past them. I turned about as we drove off, and saw the crowd break up into little groups, and walk quietly and thoughtfully away in different directions after such a Sunday afternoon as

I have no doubt many of them had never spent before.

Mr. Brady tells this amusing story of two weddings he performed on the same day—one in the morning and one in the afternoon:

The first wedding fee I received was ten dollars—a very large remuneration for the place and people. After the second wedding the best man called me into a private room, and thus addressed me: "What's the tax, parson?" "Anything you like, or nothing at all," I answered. I have frequently received nothing. "Now," said he, "we want to do this thing up in proper shape, but I have had no experience in this business and do not know what is proper. You name your figure." I suggested that the legal charge was two dollars. "Pshaw!" he said, "this ain't legal. We want to do something handsome." "Go ahead and do it," I said; whereupon he reflected for a moment or two, and then asked me how much I had received for the wedding of the morning. "Ten dollars," I replied.

His face brightened; here was a solution to the difficulty. "I'll see his ante," he remarked, "and raise him five dollars," whereupon he handed me fifteen dollars.

A man came up to him one day after service and was pleased to address him in this manner: "Say, Parson, that there service and sermon was grand. I wouldn't have missed 'em for five dollars." Says Mr. Brady:

When I suggested that he hand me the difference between the amount he had put in the collection basket and the figure he mentioned, for my missionary work, he stopped suddenly, looked at me with his mouth wide open, and then slowly pulled from his pocket four dollars and ninety cents, which he handed to me without a word.

Mr. Brady says that the bronco was the best possible horse for missionary journeys, and draws this picture of the perverse little beast:

He is an ugly, ill-tempered, vicious, cross-grained, under-sized, half-starved, flea-bitten, abandoned little beast, and he gives the missionary abundant opportunity to practice the sublime virtue of self-restraint. As a horrible example of total depravity he beats anything that I know of. He is apt to do anything—except a good thing—at any moment. When he appears most serenely unconscious, look out for him, for that is the hour in which he meditates some diabolical action. He hucks when he is ridden, and balks when he is driven, but once get him going and he shows his mettle. He can go, and go like the wind, and go all day, and live on one blade of grass and one drop of dew, and keep awake all night—and keep you awake, too—and go again all day, and keep it up until he tires out everything and everybody in competition with him; for when you get him started you can depend upon him. He never gets sick nor breaks down, and I do not believe he ever dies, but it is awfully hard getting him started sometimes.

I know a missionary party who had a pair of broncos, one of which could only be started in one way; the other, of course, was in entire sympathy with and regulated his movements by his companion. Two disinterested people who were not going with the party would pass the height of a stout rope around the hind fetlocks of the recalcitrant animal, and each take an end and saw away until you could almost smell the burning hair, when, without one word of warning, the beasts would bolt, and from that time would go all day cheerfully at the liveliest kind of a trot, provided they were not halted for anything. If they were stopped, the same process would have to be gone over with again. Moral suasion was absolutely and entirely lost on those broncos, yet you could not help liking them; they were so mean they were actually charming.

It was, of course, necessary that Mr. Brady should board around on his visits to different places. He writes:

The hospitality of the people was always generously and freely given—too generously sometimes, in fact, for they frequently never left me a moment alone. Sometimes, after spending the day with me, my hostess would excuse herself, upon the plea of urgent household demands, and say something to this effect:

"But we won't allow you to get lonesome. Here's little Johnny" (aged three); "he will entertain you." Which meant that I was to play for the rest of the day with "little Johnny." I used to long for a chance to get "lonesome" some time.

In another particular the hospitality was not enjoyable, and that was when the *pièce de résistance* of the menu was chicken:

It seems to me that I have had chicken three times a day for a week at a time. This statement is probably incorrect as to facts, but it serves to show the impression left upon me after the years that have intervened. It was frequently presented to me with the remark that "preachers always liked it, especially the yellow-legged kind." Yellow-legged chickens, not preachers, be it understood. If anything could make chicken unpalatable to me beyond the mere fact that it was chicken, it would be the thought of the "yellow-legged kind." It seemed to me that I had chicken scrambled, fried, soft-boiled, and in every other possible shape.

Chicken to the right of me, chicken to the left of me, chicken before me, chicken behind me! Chicken, chicken everywhere, and not a drop to drink!—which is a mixture of metaphors, or something; but let it pass, as it was in a prohibition State! I wondered sometimes that I did not turn into a chicken myself. I think I could write a feeling essay "On the Prevalence of Chicken in the Diocese of X—." Once in a while fortune was kind to me, and when I would make a visit to a new town they would have meat, whereupon I never failed elaborately to express my gratification at the absence of chicken. The news would soon be disseminated among the people of the community,

and chicken would be conspicuous by its absence from every table where I was a guest in that town. But if I struck chicken on my first visit I had it forever after. When it was not chicken, it was usually ham.

Here is an anecdote of a clerical friend of Mr. Brady who was visiting an old schoolmate, who happened to be the curator of a lunatic asylum:

As a favor, my friend was taken by his friend into that part of the asylum in which the dangerous cases were kept, and to which ordinary visitors were not allowed access. He was instructed before entering the different cells as to the nature of each case, and told what he must do. He was informed before one door that the man he was about to see was only violent when he was disagreed with, and that he must acquiesce in everything that was said. The lunatic, who was a rather nice-looking old man, apparently perfectly sane, entered upon a conversation with the clergyman at once.

He surprised the minister by remarking, "I suppose you saw that President ——— had been impeached the other day for stealing?" "Yes," was the reply, very faintly delivered. "What a pity it is that the Washington monument was blown up by dynamite by the strikers the other day, isn't it?" was the next question. "An awful pity," said the perspiring clergyman. "And I am so glad that the queen of England is dead, so she can give her son a chance to reign, aren't you?" continued the old man. The clergyman answered desperately, "Yes, yes, certainly; it was time for her to die." The old man stopped, looked earnestly at his embarrassed visitor, and remarked, suavely: "Didn't you say you were a minister when you came in here?" "Yes," said our friend, brightly; it was the only truthful thing he had had an opportunity to say during the interview. He was astonished, however, when the lunatic said, quietly: "Well, then, sir, for a preacher, you are the biggest liar I ever saw!"

We conclude our extracts with a characteristic story of the late General Guy V. Henry, U. S. A., who, at the time Mr. Brady first met him, was a colonel of cavalry. They both stayed at the same boarding-house, and the colonel often took care of the baby of a young couple when they attended church of a Sunday evening, as they were too poor to have a nurse:

I remember seeing him, on one occasion after services, rocking to and fro, holding the baby clasped tightly against his breast; and when he was asked if the infant had behaved itself he replied:

"No, it did not—not at first, that is. It seemed to have some kind of a cramp, or the colic; but I fixed it all right."

"What did you do for it, colonel?"

"Well, I have some fine old Holland gin down in my room, and I gave him a good dose of it, and you see the result."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the young mother, in affright, clasping the infant to her breast, "maybe you have killed it!"

"No, I haven't," replied the colonel, imperturbably. "It's all right. I have not been in command of a regiment of men for ten years without knowing how to take care of a baby, madam."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

During his short stay in England, about three years ago, the King of Portugal frequently took various little trips by train secretly, and accompanied by only one of his suite. Traveling down to Hatfield once in a second-class compartment, the Portuguese king entered into conversation—the king speaks English fluently—with a typical, plain-spoken "John Bull." "They seem to be making a deal of fuss over the King of Portugal, sir, who is now in London. Have you seen him, might I ask?" "Yes," replied the Englishman; "he ain't much of a king to look at. Why, sir, his stomach ain't no fatter and his face ain't no more intelligent than yours." His majesty said afterward that he could understand why the English people were called "plain-spoken."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Pictures of Tennessee Mountain Life.

Dr. William E. Barton is not the first to find romance, comedy, and tragedy in the Tennessee mountain region. His scenery and his minor characters have appeared in dramas of life from other pens, but it may be admitted easily that their charm is not stage-worn. His familiarity with the history, the traditions, and the sentiment of that border-line between Kentucky and Tennessee has furnished him with material for many books, and he has selected so far themes that are new. However familiar the settings, there is a vital interest in his stories, and more of homely cares and joys, of weary toiling against fortune, than of romance. In his latest work, "Pine Knot," there is the life-record of a philanthropist, and though the tale is garnished with descriptions of forest and mountain, with portraits and reminiscences of mountain-region people, with bits of adventure, brisk and startling, and though an entanglement of lovers' wishes and disappointments is waiting to be unwound from the second chapter to the last, the greatest interest lies in that tragedy of a heart that broke but never wearied.

The philanthropist was one of the early anti-slavery agitators who worked with Lundy, and Garrison, and Brownlow, yet who chose methods for his work that seemed too gentle and ineffective to please the more uncompromising of those reformers. As lecturer and teacher he earned a bare subsistence, and when the time of stress came and the lines were drawn sharply in the campaign of 1860, a quarrel with his slave-owning father-in-law not only drove him out empty-handed, but sent with him a helpless wife and a daughter just approaching womanhood. To the desolate region of Pine Knot he carried his burdens, and there took up the work of teaching a country school. And here came the great temptation of his life, and the opportunity that enabled a scheming, unprincipled neighbor to make of him a cat's-paw. A hidden deposit of silver ore was the subject of one of the local traditions, and the unworldly old scholar and philanthropist was made a third owner in the company that searched for the mine. His knowledge of the rocks and methods of assaying was the value his associates secured for the interest given him, and even in this the wicked partner hoodwinked him. In the first assay an ingot of pure silver was obtained, and resting on this result the old man was sent out through the North to sell stock, making his plea for help to develop a mine the output of which should be used to free the slaves. How the earnest, unselfish labor of the enthusiast won its way, and yet was paid with cruel, death-dealing disappointment, the author has told with graphic power. And the love-story of Barbara, the philanthropist's daughter, furnishes a romantic interest that softens the gloomier aspects of the chronicle.

The book is something more than a novel of war-time, for its views of men and events of forty years ago rise to the dignity of history, and they are colored true to life.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Tragedy of a Mad Musician.

A novel whose beauties of style make a stronger appeal to the reader than the sombre interest of the story is "Punchinello," by Florence Stuart. It is, or pretends to be, an autobiography, discovered after long years of rest in a secret drawer, and it makes plain the hidden woe that drove its writer into melancholy madness. Yet the tale is not all dark. There are some passages of blossom-scented joyousness, but they serve only to make what follows still more sad by contrast. The time of the story is the middle of the eighteenth century, and the author has skillfully preserved the quaint phraseology of the period. There are many charming descriptions and much philosophizing of the style of that day, but the story of love and jealousy and unavailing remorse is in no way burdened by these ornaments. There are many dramatic scenes in the novel, and through them all the figures move with reason and preserve a distinct personality. The hero tells his story well, and wins sympathy in his sorrow.

Anthony Dallas, the "Punchinello" of the tale, first discovers that his shoulders are burdened with a hump through the cruelty of a playmate when he is seven years old, and from that time, in spite of the tender care of a loving mother, he carries a heavier load of despair in his heart. He devotes himself to music, and when but a lad succeeds in composing a successful anthem. Then he goes up to London and becomes an organist, though still a student. A woman pretends to love him and steals his prize composition for a rival, and this turns his regard for all the sex into hatred. But a distant cousin becomes his mother's ward, and before the beauty and wayward grace of this girl he becomes a worshiper. To his surprise he discovers at length that his love is returned, and the two are married. Soon the deformed husband is consumed with jealousy. The playmate who first named him "Punchinello," and who has grown up to be a tall and handsome man, saves his weaker friend's life in a burning church, and is invited to the friend's home in gratitude. From his coming springs the terrible misunderstanding that finally causes the tragedy.

is another story like that of Francesca or of

Desdemona, yet it barely suggests the Italian husband who was deformed like this one. Its strength is in its almost faultless telling.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A Dictionary of Plant Lore.

The second volume of the "Cyclopedia of American Horticulture," edited by Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University, covers the topics from "earth nut" to "myrtle," and continues in an impressive way the results promised and illustrated in the initial volume. The work when complete will be the most important of the kind, and invaluable to all interested in fruits, flowers, plants, shrubs, or trees, whether as growers or students. The volume contains nearly eleven hundred pages, over two thousand original engravings, among which are many portraits, and the descriptions of the species of the vegetable world, the suggestions for cultivation, and the geographical and biographical sketches are models of brevity and clearness. The book is handsomely printed and substantially bound, and it will long be a prized possession of those who secure it. Gardeners, fruit-growers, and farmers will find it invaluable.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$5.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

F. Marion Crawford, who has divided his time during the summer between the baths of Lucca and Amalfi, will probably return to this country before the middle of the month, to be present at the opening night of his play, "In the Palace of the King," which will be presented in Washington, September 24th. Almost simultaneously his novel by that name will appear from the press of the Macmillan Company, with the additional sub-title of "A Story of Old Madrid."

Mrs. Wharton's new novel, upon which she is now at work, will bear the title of "The Valley of Decision." It will portray the general spectacular pageantry of life in Northern Italy in the eighteenth century.

An interesting volume on China will shortly be ready from the press of the Macmillan Company. It is a collection of letters written by A. B. Mitford, who for several years was an *attaché* of the British legation in Peking, and will bear the title of "The Attaché at Peking."

Ada Cambridge's new novel is to bear the odd title of "The Devastators." It will probably appear in this country some time during the winter season.

Outing for September has an article on "American Athletics at the Paris Games"; the editor, Caspar Whitney, contributes "The Boats of the Far East"; Rollin E. Smith writes on "The Delusions About Hydrophobia"; while Frederic Remington tells "How a Brook Trout Broke a Friendship." "How to Acquire Form in Golf," is an article by Harold H. Hilton, the amateur champion of Great Britain.

A new novel by Paul Laurence Dunbar will shortly appear under the title of "The Love of Landry." In this new romance Mr. Dunbar changes his scene of action from the South to ranch life in Colorado.

Helen Hay, the Secretary of State's daughter, has written a number of verses about the real boy of to-day, which will soon be published as "The Little Boy Book."

Literary Paris is much agitated by the problem of deciding whether the copy of "L'Ami du Peuple," stained with the blood of Marat, now exhibited in the exhibition, is really genuine. A Parisian paper discussed the question a short time ago, and has elicited the statement that there are in existence at least eight "genuine" copies similarly stained, to say nothing of one or two books.

Robert Barrett Browning, it is reported, is engaged in carrying out a long-cherished ambition of his father's—that of restoring to Asolo the silk-mills that Browning has made memorable in "Pippa Passes."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have just brought out a volume entitled "The Boers in War," by Howard C. Hillegas, the author of "Oom Paul's People," which was reviewed at length in the *Argonaut*.

A volume of poems by William J. Lampton, well known to newspaper readers through his peculiar form of zigzag rhymes, will be published under the title of "Yawps and Other Things." Mr. Waterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, has written an introduction to the book.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has had a woman for medical adviser, and this woman, Lillias Hamilton, is about to publish a story of Afghan life. She calls it "A Vizier's Daughter: An Autobiography."

It has often been reported that Kipling's first name was chosen because his parents were betrothed on the banks of Lake Rudyard, in the north of England. A recent number of the *Manchester Guardian*, however, prints the following disclaimer from the author, who, it will be noticed, while denying the assertion, characteristically gives as little positive information about himself as possible: "DEAR SIR: In answer to your letter of July 6th, Mr. Rudyard Kipling desires me to tell you that so

far as he knows there is no connection between his family and the place named Rudyard. Faithfully yours, S. ANDERSON."

The Man with the Hoe.

C. F. Lummis, in his *Land of Sunshine*, thus adjoins Edwin Markham, author of "a single famous poem," to "stop posing":

"Those of us who knew and loved Edwin Markham before the barbers discovered him as a palliative for their natural condition are becoming restive. . . . Markham! A man without effort, and by as natural growth a poet, until he broke his shins over a hoe. . . . Simple, single, unspoiled, unfamous; an honest teacher, . . . an honest writer, . . . not strutting in a tinsel rôle before a matinee audience. That was Markham in Oakland. But Markham in Brooklyn, regurgitating How I Wrote It, and two-bitting from Hoboken to Rahway to relieve the natural anxiety of other mothers and spinsters as to the details of his gestation; plastering the visible walls, tables, and whatnots of his rented habitation with clippings of It in all the varieties of newspaper 'art'; pink-teasing on thin flattery, instead of Doing Something—*ach!* . . . It was enough to make any God-fearing Californian go out and shoot a neighbor when *Everybody's Magazine* for April came along with two Snapshot Interview pages of Markham consciously withholding his right hand from the bosomy of his Prince Albert; Markham *passant* at the 'large, wide Table where I Write my Poems'; Markham rampant 'Reading Some of My Poems with Pleasure,' and not liking the Hoe-man best; Markham stantant, 'Not Denouncing the Rich'; Markham *affronté* beside seven bookshelves, 'Frequently Said to be the Finest Collection Along the Pacific Coast'; and Markham couchant, 'Doing his Reading in the Afternoon, his Writing in the Morning.' . . . It is as vulgar a presentment as I ever saw of a man of letters. . . . Shame, Oakland schoolmaster! Shame, California poet! . . . Will you go on posing on your Accident, or will you Do Something? . . . Has it occurred to you that all your vogue thus far, though startling, is newspaper? That critical reviews of the first rank are not the ones that take your boom seriously? Certainly a true poet need not be told that the *Daily Hullabaloo* isn't fame. It isn't even success. . . ."

Abuse of Long Words.

Mr. A. T. Vance, an English critic, takes the scientists to task for their abuse of long words. Their Latin and Greek jargon has driven out plain English, so that even popular science is scarcely capable of being understood by the people. Mr. Vance had occasion to look up the word "Idiodyctyle" in the "Standard Dictionary," where, to his immediate enlightenment, he found that it meant "a phalanx of coliomorphic oscine birds." Even the most widely read writers on science are sinners in this respect.

Romanes, in speaking of plant life, says: "All the multicellular organisms propagate themselves not exclusively by fission or gemmation, but by sexual fertilization." Which translated into common English means that the higher plants multiply not only by division and buds, but by seed. A little further on Mr. Romanes speaks of the "undifferentiated idio-plasm of the first ontogenetic stage." Such words are simply staggering.

Time was, says Mr. Vance, concluding, when the child could express his idea of the world's make up thus simply:

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

Nowadays, to meet the full requirements of polysyllabic science, he must paraphrase it thus: "Infinitesimal particles of saline humective fluidity. Minute corpuscles of non-adhering inorganic matter, conjointly cause to exist the unmeasurable expanse of aqueous sections, And the resplendent superficial area of dry solidity."

"Omar Khayyam as a Bore."

Here is an amusing extract from Andrew Lang's article entitled "Omar Khayyam as a Bore," which appears in the September *Critic*:

"The really sad thing about Omar I take to be this: he is becoming a kind of shibboleth of cheap culture; a short cut to literary taste. Many enraged Omarites know nothing of Homer, and I fear, uncommonly little of Sophocles—greater poets than the Anglo-Persians. There is no Homer dining-club; no Sophocles society; no eternal chatter about these poets. So much the better, of course, but one must keep repeating that a passion for Omar does not suffice for literary salvation. Long ago Omar was a favorite of a very few persons. Mr. John Addington Symonds gave me a copy, nearly thirty years ago, which some one had given to him, and which I was to hand on to another, as I did. I remember that he, or a friend, was on board a ship in which an American commercial traveler was a fellow-passenger. He seemed indifferent to literature, but was heard murmuring a quatrain of Fitzgerald's which at once established a kind of freemasonry between him and the English admirer. These were 'early days,' when the second edition, if not the first, was cheap at the bookstalls. Now we have Omars of all sorts and sizes, plain and illustrated. In fact, Omar is being made a bore, and, when once scholars have submitted the old pagan to the Higher Criticism, I hope that Omar may be allowed to repose, man or myth, for awhile. Mr. Millar is to expose the Omar fraud, by both internal and external evidence. Well, Wolff and his followers have tried to expose 'the Homer fraud,' yet the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' have lost nothing of their charm. To be sure, we can, I think, expose that exposure."

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Mr. Hillegas was in Pretoria and on various battlefields at the best times for observations of peculiar interest. The home life of Boer families in war time and the actual existence of the burghers in their laagers and intrenchments are vividly described. The writer had a personal acquaintance with many of the Boer leaders, and the opportunities which he has enjoyed for "telling the other side"—the unpublished story of the Boer campaigns—are unequaled, and they have been fully improved. The book presents a new and oftentimes a most surprising view of the struggle of the Boers.

A Private Chivalry.

A Novel. By FRANCIS LYNDE, author of "A Romance in Transit," "The Helpers," etc. No. 291, Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Nixoo Waterman's Verse.

Some of the lightest and most musical verses found in the periodicals of the day come from the pen of Nixon Waterman, and there is always a thought, humorous, pathetic, or wise in each selection. The poet is never more graceful than in his verses of sentiment, and his work fills many a scrap-book corner. The new volume, entitled "A Book of Verses," contains a hundred or more of his best poems, and it will find a place on the desk or shelf of many of his admirers. Its contents are as modest as the name he has chosen for the collection, but their charm is sufficient to gain for them more than a first reading.

Here is a timely song of the West, taken from the book, that has some stirring lines:

THE EMPIRE SHIP.

I have sung my songs in the stately ships that are sailing the Seven Seas,
But to-day I sing of a cruder craft that laughed at the lulling breeze,—
Of the "Prairie Schooner," quaint and slow, with its dim and dusky sails,
A phantom ship from the long-ago, adrift in the grass-grown trails.

Westward, ho! Westward, ho!
Out where the winds are sweet and low
And the grassy cradles swing and sway,
The star of empire takes its way,
Westward, ho!

Ere the bellowing steed of steel and steam had startled the timid deer,
When the curlew whistled its plaintive call to the gray grouse nesting near,
Through the fair, fresh prairies, hushed and hid, where the wild wolf made her den,
There came this land-launched schooner manned by bronzed and hawny men.

Westward, ho! Westward, ho!
Out where the bold, brisk breezes blow,
And a young world walks in the fields of May,
The star of empire takes its way,
Westward, ho!

And in that marvelous ship that sailed to the shores of the wondrous West,
Was a mother who caroled a song of joy to the babe at her happy breast;
And stowed away in the good ship's hold were a book and plow and pen,

And a sickle and seeds—yea! all God needs for the making of matchless men.
Westward, ho! Westward, ho!
Out where the golden harvests glow
And the huddlers are building day by day,
The star of empire takes its way,
Westward, ho!

The shadows and sorrows of life are never very far from the poet's heart, no matter what his mood may be. This is a picture from life, done with few touches:

AN IDOL OF CLAY.

What did she give for her wedding-ring?
All that a woman may!
What did she give to the giver bring?
Only an idol of clay.
All the sweet dreams of her girlhood years,
All that a heart could hold;
All of her hopes and all of her fears,
All of her smiles and all of her tears,
For one little circle of gold.

Told she the world of the hither cheat?
Ah, no! With a smiling face
She clothed her idol from head to feet
With the garments of her grace,
And no one knew of the tears she wept;
Her griefs they were never guessed,
For hid in her heart of hearts she kept
Her thorns of woe. And so she slept
With her hands across her breast.

This is a parable in verse, with a refrain that lingers in the ear, trite as its philosophy is:

THE CHILDREN OF EARTH.

Down by the sea on a summer day
I doze and dream while the children play,
Gleefully heaping their hills of sand,
Calling them palaces high and grand;
A clam-shell serves for the great front door,
And the walk is a bit of a broken oar;
While plate and platter and bowl and cup
Are polished pebbles the sea brings up.

And king and queen in their royal state
Pass in and out through a sea-weed gate;
And lord and lady ride to and fro,
Till a far voice calls, "It is time to go."

To gems and jewels and palaces rare
They hid farewell and they leave them there;
While the tide comes laughingly up the bay,
And the sand-made palace is washed away.

Deep in the city I see the men
Playing at childish games again;
Building a palace of brick and stone,
And playfully calling it all their own.

The walls are laid with the cares of wealth,
And the roof is thatched with their broken health;
And plate and platter and bowl and cup
Are polished trinkets their toil brings up.

And king and queen in their royal state
Pass in and out through a golden gate;
And lord and lady ride to and fro
Till a far voice calls, "It is time to go."

From gems and jewels and palace rare
They turn away and they leave them there,
While Time looks down through a thousand years,
And the man-made palace,—it disappears.

There are many other specimens of the verse-maker's sentiment and art that are worthy of

quotation. Among the special favorites one would choose such homely themes as "When Grandmā Shuts Her Eyes" and "The Song the Kettle Sings."

Published by Forbes & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

Mrs. Arthur Kennard has written a bright and coherent story of English social life entitled "The Second Lady Delcombe." It is nearly all conversation, but this is fairly well managed, and the figures are not at all wooden. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

A number of essays, first published in magazines and reviews, are collected in "Seven Gardens and a Palace," by E. V. B. All are devoted to English homes and courts, and there is no little of historical reminiscence in the papers, though the beauties of nature are the inspiration throughout. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

Harry Steele Morrison, the ambitious boy who worked his way to Europe, interviewed notable people, and came home and wrote a book about his experiences, has made up a second volume, "The Adventures of a Boy Reporter," which is more imaginative and less valuable than his first work, though it compares favorably with some accounts of a trip to the Philippines by older writers. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Archibald R. Colquhoun believes that the interests of the Anglo-Saxon race are bound up with the British interests in India, and asserts in his recent volume, "Russia Against India," that these interests are in danger. He presents some historical studies and more or less satisfactory conclusions to sustain his argument. Two special maps of particular value at this time are folded in the book. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Art of Debate," by Raymond Macdonald Alden, is an admirable work, logical, methodical, and suggestive. If not the best of books on the subject, it is distinctive and thoroughly practical. In addition to the chapters on the nature of debate, the qualities of good subjects, preliminary work, proofs, methods of refutation, structure, and style, it offers a hundred propositions for debaters, covering a wide range of topics. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes of the entirely new edition of Alphonse Daudet's works have been issued. The first of the three is "Kings in Exile," translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley; the second, "Numa Roumestan," that great study of a French politician and his wife, translated by Charles de Kay; the third, "The Little Parish Church," put into English by George Burnham Ives. The edition is an attractive one in every way. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50 each.

New issues in the Day's Work Series of essays and stories for youth, and for older readers as well, are: "Graven on the Tablets," by W. E. Love; "The Young Man in Business," by Edward Bok; "Sowing and Reaping," by Booker T. Washington; "Self-Reliance," by Ralph Waldo Emerson; "Principles of Colonial Government," by Horace N. Fisher; "Why Go to Church?" by Lyman Abbott; and "Our Common Christianity," by Arthur P. Stanley, dean of Westminster. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, 35 cents each.

Studies of economic life from the dawn of civilization to the present time, of the industrial revolution in England, economic tendencies in the United States, and then in a systematic way of production, transfers of goods, distribution, and consumption, make up the first half of Professor Richard T. Ely's comprehensive and thorough text-book, "Outlines of Economics." Public industry, the relation of the State to private enterprise, public expenditures, and public revenues are treated of in the second half. The work follows the lines of the author's "Introduction to Political Economy," but is more theoretical and systematic. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

The *Overland Monthly* has again changed owners. This time the purchaser is Frederick Marriott, editor of the *News Letter*. The magazine was started in 1868 by Antone Roman, who was then publishing books. After a precarious life of one year, it passed into the hands of John H. Carmany, who installed Bret Harte as editor. Carmany spent a small fortune trying to put the magazine on a paying basis, and was about to give it up in despair when Bret Harte wrote "The Heathen Chinee," which gave him fame. It was during these days that the *Overland* was known as the literary wonder of the West. Among the contributors were Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Edward Sill, Ina Coolbrith, Josephine Clifford, and Prentiss Mulford. Bret Harte's successes followed in rapid succession, and in a short time he received an offer to go East, which he accepted. He left the magazine in 1871, and with his departure the glory of the *Overland* began to wane. Since that time there have been many changes in ownership. Rounseville Wildman acquired a controlling interest, which he sold to Charles Bridge at the time of his departure to China.

THE EBB AND FLOW OF FICTION.

The ebb and flow of literary ideals in fiction has resulted in the two distinct movements known as realism and romanticism. The one has demanded a minute inductive study of man and his environment; the other, a portrayal of the ideal side of human life. This alternating change, argues Maurice Thompson, in the *Independent*, has gone on since the modern novel was invented; "it has been as rhythmic as the great heart-beat of humanity." He writes:

"A woman invented the novel of manners; the romance, in one form or another, has been in existence since the old Hebrew days and the earliest Greek times; it flowered wide in the stories of Jephtha's daughter and Iphigenia. Mme. Lafayette, in her 'Princess de Cleve,' originated a new species. It is not a novel to compare with 'Mme. Bvairy,' on one hand, or with 'Vanity Fair' on the other; but it was the type-specimen of which all modern stories of morals and manners are but variations."

"The historical romance has come down to us through Homer and the Greek dramatists, through Virgil, Shakespeare, Scott, Thackeray, and Dumas. It is of virile ancestry, no matter what its stature and spirit now. Its lineage is both aristocratic and heroic. While the same can not be said with as much certainty about the novel of manners, we may, by a considerable stretch of credulity, make ourselves believe that it has some kinship with the XV. Idyl of Theocritus and the dramas of the lesser Greek poets. The distinction of large masculine power, however, clings to the historical romance, while the novel of common life invariably smacks of femininity."

But, continues Mr. Thompson, in substance, this womanly power does not imply lack of artistic power; it does show, however, "that virility like Homer's, Shakespeare's, Scott's, Dumas's, and Cooper's naturally seeks a large canvas and long perspectives; for its pictures are made to represent the heroic forms and groups of masculine life." In the war over romance and realism we must bear in mind that art is universal and unchangeable; tastes alone change. If there is a pulsation from Thackeray to George Meredith, from Cooper to Howells, from Scott to Jane Austen, it is because the public demand the alternation from the masculine to the feminine element in literature.

Is there a cause for the present romantic movement in America? asks Mr. Thompson, and his answer is as follows:

"The broad truth probably is that when public taste seems suddenly to change from Thackeray to Zola, or from Hugo to Ibsen, it is largely a change of publics. In the present case the return to romance is simply a young, strong, virile generation pushing aside a flabby one. The little war we had with Spain did not do so much for us; the thing was already done by our schools, churches, gymnasiums, outdoor sports; the war acted simply as a faucet through which our vigor began to act. Roosevelt, Wheeler, Dewey, Hobson, Schley, Sampson, Lawton—our heroism showed itself in them; they demonstrated that Mr. Howells's theory that the heroic principle was out of place in contemporary life, and therefore out of place in fiction, was quite without foundation."

"As soon as the heroic spirit, which is the very life of historical romance, became visibly operative in our national life, our genius naturally swung imagination into the channel of large and virile fiction. Our first efforts may not show the perfect application of pure art to the new creations sought; but the creative impulse was authentic. It is not the immense popularity of 'Hugh Wynne, Quaker,' of 'Janice Meredith,' of 'Richard Carvel,' of 'When Knighthood was in Flower,' and of 'To Have and to Hold' that demands our best attention; it is a large, fresh, and enthusiastic revival of dramatic art. We had almost lost, in the stagnation of 'realism,' that prime element of a good story. We moralized, analyzed, and sentimentalized, with types and lay figures upon which to fit our *grisaille* slop-shop coats and gowns. But when we witnessed heroism, when we saw our men and women do the very deeds of Bayard and Jeanne d'Arc, we broke away at once from our faith in the commonplace and fell to writing of a different life from that depicted by the cherry-seed whittlers in fiction. Heroism a thing of the past? It was new America that settled the question with one fierce, crushing blow which took away the Old World's breath."

The Berlin Academy has in preparation a complete edition of the works of Wilhelm von Humboldt, including his correspondence. His descendants have contributed the manuscripts preserved at Schloss Tegel, while the political portion will be furnished chiefly by the Berlin state archives. All persons possessing either letters or manuscripts by Von Humboldt are urgently requested to assist the Berlin Academy in rendering the undertaking as complete as possible.

One of the most notable literary achievements made by women is the first translation into English of the extremely difficult Pali work, "Dhammasangani," by Mrs. Caroline A. F. David Rhys. The book belongs to the fourth century before Christ, and is a sort of hand-book of Buddhist psychology and ethics. King Kassapa the Fifth of Ceylon valued it so highly that he had it engraved on golden plates adorned with jewels.

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All of its thirty-seven chapters are entertaining as well as instructive. Its author is Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine, and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia.

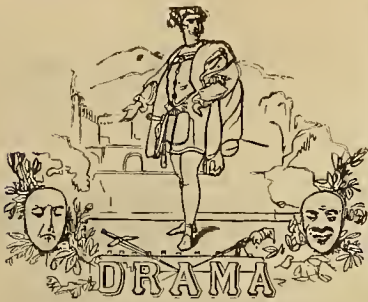
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"Quo Vadis," the book, is a discouragingly fat volume, and when, on attacking the first chapter, one discovers that it is thickly packed with erudition concerning the manners and customs of ancient Rome, the frivolous mind is apt to be alarmed. Frivolous readers do not want erudition, although they sometimes think they do. What they really like is a sugar-coated pill with a minute pellet of quotable information packed inconspicuously in the centre. Several literary critics of unquestionable standing have rather deprecated the idea of regarding "Quo Vadis" as a literary composition of any great weight. They consider that its antiquarian flavor is somewhat thin and on the surface, and in spite of its apparent religious tinge, have pointed out that its tone is slightly meretricious, and that the book is too obviously gotten up to appeal to the popular taste.

And, in truth, a more extended acquaintance with "Quo Vadis" re-assures the light-minded. They make the agreeable discovery that it is not at all solid reading, and that most of the people in it are young, handsome, rich, luxurious, cynical, and very, very wicked. Wicked people are unpleasant and sordid in one's daily pathway, and in the newspaper, but they are generally pretty good company in novels and plays. They are so frankly determined to have their own way that they make things rattle around a good deal, and create quite an interesting breeze in getting it. And have you ever observed, by the way, that the people whose affairs supply food for the most interesting and unctuous conversation (always excepting, of course, those of the Eligible Bachelor and the Angling Spinster) are those whose characters and doings are most susceptible to criticism? The loyal husband, the pattern little wife, the Sunday-school-teaching young lady, never form the absorbing topic for conversation, unless they suddenly bolt from the straight and narrow path. But for spicy subjects give us the Nero-like despots, the Poppæas of private life, whose names are never seen in the visiting list of Caesar's wife; the erring and fascinating bachelors like Petronius, whose frailties constrain a disapprovingly indulgent shake of the head, even while their cynical wit and general desirability in the matrimonial market win for them social favor; it always is the *mauvais sujet* the talking over of whose affairs draws chairs and heads close together, and lowers the talkers' tones to that agreeably mysterious pitch that accords with the rich relish on their faces. As for the martyred good people in "Quo Vadis," they are the bores, much given to long sermons at a moment's notice, when the unwary reader feels himself fully launched on a tide of fiction and is not in his church-going mood. Petronius was always very good company. So was Vinicius until he fell in love and "got religion," when he suddenly took to overmuch dull talking, much like a bashful man who has made his first after-dinner speech and can never be suppressed afterward.

The fathers of the early Christian church were, in the novel, gentlemen whose society should be carefully shunned. One should thoroughly and consistently skip every remark made by them that contains more than half a dozen words. By skimming over the meetings of the persecuted Christians, omitting all sermons, skipping most of the utterances of Chilo Chilonides, the unclean philosopher, and avoiding entirely the reading of some unpleasantly minute details concerning the torture of the Christians, the aforesaid frivolous reader can put in a very entertaining time without absorbing too much dry and cumbersome information.

As a play, "Quo Vadis" is very inferior. One misses the rich, varied beauty of the word-pictures which Sienkiewicz lavished on the splendors and luxuries of wicked old Rome. Here and there his descriptions are like bits of glowing mosaic. He makes gems to shine with rainbow lights, rich stuffs that royalty wears to gleam and rustle, the marble walls of palaces to stretch in stately perspective, and against their cool background lovely, glowing slave-girls serve richly chased golden cups of wine to chaplet-crowned nobles reclining around the gorgeous banqueting board.

But there is nothing of the majesty and splendor of the ancients about these flippant modern personalities that represent them, to dazzle and transport the imagination. That gift of shedding modernness like a garment and slipping into the lofty egotistic spirit and stately utterance of personalities a thousand or more years back is growing very rare among actors. Frawley's people, however, are painstaking, and enjoy the novelty of their work, even while they are remote by nature and training from the characters they represent.

There were several serious errors made in casting the parts. Mary Van Buren, was utterly out of place as the gentle, maidenly, and serious Lygia. Her wide-hipped, taper-waisted, deep-hosomed, plump-armed figure is as unclassical as her tip-tilted nose. Her voice has no plaintive, tender modulations, and her pose was monotonous and ungraceful. She would have better graced the part of Poppæa, for her tall and ample proportions can carry rich robing more successfully than the simple, virginal white draperies she wore.

Frank Mathieu, too, although he tried his best to be a devilish Tigellinus, failed signally. By all the canons of tradition he should have been a dark-browed, sinister, scowling Roman. But although he painted a fierce, black frown between his pleasant, blonde brows, and folded his arms frequently with a haughty, vindictive air, he seemed merely a pretty, agreeable, well-mannered American boy, masquerading for pleasure's sake at a church social.

The whole affair is really a declamatory, Roman-toged melodrama, which puts its auditors into rather a virtuous and self-approving frame of mind because it is of the historical-religious order. While witnessing the first half of the play, it seems like a better version than Jeannette Gilder's, but in the later acts events rush by so rapidly that the unenlightened beholder would be liable to think that the unseen powers of fate were trying to catch a Roman train. Jeannette Gilder's version is long and dull, but of the two her closing scene is the best. One experiences quite a fair sized thrill when the giant Ursus rushes in amid the cries for mercy of the applauding Roman citizens, hearing the rescued, pink-limbed, brief-tunicked Lygia, whom he gently places on the arena sand, to join her plea for pity to those of the softened, "cruel men of Rome." The lines of both versions are stilted and grandiloquent, and of a consequence the acting, but the nobly proportioned stage of the Grand Opera House lent its broad, lofty spaces with generous fitness to the classic background. There was a pretty good display of fine figures, and Frawley, as usual, has the desirable proportion of handsome women.

We had a nice red fire with plentiful puffs of flame and clouds of smoke. Sculptured façades trembled, and stately columns fell, or tried to, when the sustaining wires would let them. And then we had three live, agile, and exceedingly animated lions. This was in the last act, and while the action was slow and the talking inexhaustible, the setting was effective, with the draped figures of the Romans thrown out against a background of distant arena, and roaring, ramping lions. When we got tired of hearing the over-eloquent Nero and Vinicius, we took refuge in looking at the lions; and they well repaid us.

What imposing beasts they are, and how magnificently they retain, even in captivity, their air of careless, supple, superb strength! I wondered if Rodge had not given them a glass of grog apiece to rouse them. They bounded over each other, and capered, and snarled. Their iron cage trembled; so did the spectators; so did the actors. I feared once that they would claw a luscious cutlet out of the ferocious Tigellinus's chubby and innocuous calf, and I am all but certain that at another time the indignant curves of the declaiming Vinicius's rear draperies changed rapidly from a convexity to a concavity when the wearer heard some particularly tumultuous bounds and snarls at his back.

The saddest moment in the play was when the early Christians intoned hymns. When they raised their voices the lions raised their ears—but with a critical air. Then they raised themselves on their hind legs and clawed their ears expectantly. I thought their feelings of disapproval did them credit, and for the moment experienced within myself the emotions of those hard hearts of old among the spectators of the Roman combats in the arena, who at the crucial moment turned thumbs down.

Jessie Bartlett Davis has come back to us in vaudeville. She is billed at the Orpheum as "The world's most famous operatic star," and sings, except for a slight boarseness, with almost the deep, full, swelling strength of voice that we remember "a-many years ago." She knows from long experience how to handle and win her audience, and showed her tact in the manner she rewarded them for a slight concession they yielded her. An announcement was made from the management an act or so before Miss Davis's appearance that the singer requested the gentlemen to abstain from smoking until she had sung. Many complied, some did not. The obliging ones, however, were put into an enormous state of good humor when Miss Davis laid her hand upon her swelling heart, showed her beautiful teeth in a gratefully radiant smile, and while thanking them for the favor, added in a rich tremolo that she had not hesitated to ask it, knowing that she was appealing to gentlemen. The gentlemen who had granted it swelled visibly, and looked fatuously blissful. The non-gentlemen relaxed the grip of their teeth on their cigars, and wore a subdued and sheepish air. Every one in their neighborhood gazed at them fixedly, and except for the offenders, the house felt relieved and happy.

Miss Davis looked charming, and, if you did not use your glass, almost girlish. She was dressed (at the matinee) in a beautiful shade of rose-pink, and her complexion was made up with great skill to

match it. She has lost some flesh, and in concert dress is only coily and curvingly plump. Her selections were generous in quantity, light but pretty in quality. "That's the Way to Win a Woman's Heart," sung with great archness and spirit, was the favorite, until, as an encore, she gave us "Oh, Promise Me." It has become an antique, and the words are as astonishingly meaningless as the music is meaningful. But how we all enjoyed it! How beautifully her broad, smooth, splendid tones flowed over the rich depths of the music! At its conclusion Miss Davis retired triumphantly under a cloud of blossoms, and we had the usual *milange* of fun and coon-songs.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

LATE VERSE.

The Grenadiers.

FROM HEINE.

The grenadiers for France were bound:
In Russia prisoners taken.

When once they reached the German ground,
They dropped their heads forsaken.

There both of them learned how the game had
been lost,

How France had been beaten and shaken,
How, battered and scattered her mighty host—
And Napoleon, Napoleon taken!

Then sobbed together the grenadiers,
Such grievous tidings learning—

"Woe's me," cries out the first that hears,
"My old, old wound is burning."

The second cries "A fig for life—
Here ends a soldier's tether;

Yet have I child at home and wife,
Or fair we'd die together."

"What boots me wife or child or home;
Higher longings my breast awaken,

If they want for bread, let them beg and roam!—
Napoleon, my Emperor taken!

"Ah! Brother, now, as die I must,
Do one last errand for me.

My body here to France's dust,
And let France earth close o'er me.

"Lay on my heart the ribbon red,
The cross that hath renowned me.

My musket give these fingers dead,
And gird my sword around me.

"Like a sentry I'll wait in that silent grave,
And listen the green sod under,

Till the cannons roar and the chargers rave,
And I catch the trample and thunder.

"Never doubt it, my Emperor will ride o'er my
grave

'Mid the clash and the flash and the quiver,
'Then I'll rise from my amush with musket and
glaive,

And Napoleon, Napoleon deliver."

—W. Siebel in the Saturday Review.

On Being Styled a Pro-Boer.

Friend, call me what you will: no jot care I:
I shall stand for England till I die.
England! The England that rejoiced to see
Hellas unbound, Italy one and free;
The England that had tears for Poland's doom,
And in her heart for all the world made room;
The England from whose side I have not swerved;
The immortal England whom I, too, have served,
Accounting her all living lands above,
In justice and in mercy and in love.

—William Watson in the Speaker.

The Last Charge.

Trumpeter, blow on, terrific and thunderous,
Blow till thy hughle outring the wild gales;
Spare not the wounded that writhe and wind under us,
Drown in our ears all th'ir piercing death wails.
Steady, dragons! Get together your forces;
Aim at the breast, for that makes the best target.
Now let us fly like a whirlwind of heroes—
Ride like your forefathers! *Cavalry, Charge!*
Trumpeter, sound me a dread note and dangerous;
Blow to the end of thy desperate breath!
Blow till the cry of it, clinging and clangorous,
Call back the squadrons that rode to their death.
Close up, dragons! and ride forward the guidon.
Trumpeter, blow me once more, loud and large!
This is not earth, but dead men, that we ride on!
They were your brothers once! *Cavalry, Charge!*
Trumpeter, sound a note tender and tremulous;
Wait for those lost to us, sob for our dead!
Cry loud for vengeance! Oh, let your note,
emulous,
Rival the roar of the souls that have fled!
Ready, dragons! Ye are fifty that follow;
Burst as a river bursts over its marge!
Who first can fling his horse into their hollow?
On, up and over them! *Cavalry, Charge!*
—Thomas Tracy Bowd in McClure's Magazine.

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OPENING OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON.

The New Plays in which John Drew, Otis Skinner, Annie Russell, and Other Favorites are Appearing in New York.

During the past two weeks, while San Francisco has been suffering from a surfeit of revivals, no less than a dozen of the leading theatres of New York have opened their doors, despite the heat, and are offering: wealth of novelties—few, if any, of which will probably be seen here until Henry Miller again returns to us next summer. The season promises to be composed largely of plays adapted from popular works of fiction, for already Otis Skinner and John Drew have brought out dramatizations of Stevenson's "Prince Otto" and Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel," respectively, and William H. Crane is announced to appear later on in "David Harum," Mary Manning in "Janice Meredith," Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," Robert Hilliard in "Van Bibber" (a play based on Richard Harding Davis's stories), and Charles Hopper in a comedy in which F. Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley will be the central character.

The initial production of Edward Rose's dramatization of "Richard Carvel," presented at the Empire Theatre on Monday evening, was notable in more ways than one. It is the first costume play in which John Drew has appeared since he succeeded from the Daly Company, and it introduced Ida Conquest—recently seen here in "The Tyranny of Tears"—for the first time as his leading lady. It is said that the author, Winston Churchill, had decided not to be present at the first night, fearing an attack of nerves and preferring to hear the verdict through the morning papers from his vantage point in the White Mountains. At the last moment, however, he changed his mind, caught a train that reached New York in the nick of time, and modestly occupied an orchestra seat at the Empire. His doubts were soon dispelled, however, for the play went without a hitch and was handsomely mounted, the actors well costumed, and the audience thoroughly pleased. "Richard Carvel" seems destined for a long and prosperous run.

After an absence of several years from New York, Otis Skinner made his stellar debut, a fortnight ago, at Wallack's Theatre, in his own dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Prince Otto," and was enthusiastically received by all the critics. Says Hillary Bell, of the New York Press:

"Otis Skinner is none of your mincing matinee mashers, but an honest actor, and as manly a young fellow as ever swore an oath or kissed a pretty girl. Such players are few, and his return to Broadway last night was heartily welcomed. He brought a good play, played it spiritedly, and won more honor than is given to effeminate performers who paint their faces and strike stained-glass attitudes. As an author, a manager, and an actor he carried Wallack's Theatre into a tumult of applause, and although there are faults in his play, they were forgotten in the vigor of his interpretation of it. As a playwright, Mr. Skinner demands attention. The play he gave us last evening is a worthy stroke of work. The adaptation is well done. Some necessary liberties have been taken with the romance which Robert Louis Stevenson considered his masterpiece. The changes have been effected wisely and are beneficial to the story as a dramatic argument, for Otis Skinner is not only a scholarly actor, but an experienced one. He has treated the Stevenson work reverently as well as ingeniously, and if his drama has lost much of the style which was the Scotchman's chief charm, it has gained more expeditious action than the original work either contained or professed. His Prince Otto is an admirably balanced figure, handsome, romantic, dignified, with abundant humor and a gallant air, and full of color as the autumn woods. In carriage, in breadth of stroke, in fineness of detail, in beauty of elocution, and in variety of moods, his performance is remarkable, and his adroitness in contriving for the full effect of a climax is extraordinary. The latter art, as well as his general merit, compelled several curtain calls at the end of each act, in one of which he delivered himself breathlessly, but worthy of a speech of thanks."

At the Lyceum Theatre, Annie Russell is appearing in "A Royal Family," a "comedy of romance," by R. Marshall, author of "His Excellency the Governor," which was presented here by the Miller Company last month. The plot revolves about a princess of "Arcadia," a fanciful modern European state, who has been bred as a fashionable young lady of the present moment. She has plenty of sentiment, but it is of a fleeting and elusive quality. She is inclined to scoff at the traditions, and when it becomes necessary, for the preservation of the kingdom, to betroth her to the crown prince of a neighboring realm, she is refractory. Presently she falls desperately in love with this very prince, in the guise of a mere count, and the effect of that passion and the pseudo-count's specious advocacy of the prince's cause is to make her ready to submit to the sacrifice, thereby bringing about a happy and politic marriage. The leading members of Miss Russell's support are Charles Richman, as the Crown Prince; Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, as the watchful Queen Dowager; and W. H. Thompson, as a scheming cardinal.

Augustus Thomas's "Arizona" is being produced at the Herald Square Theatre; Andrew Mack is appearing in "The Rebel," a new Irish drama, at the Academy of Music; Charles Frohman's Comedians are presenting the new Paris comedy, "The Hus-

bands of Leontine," at the Madison Square Theatre; Louis Mann and Clara Lipman are crowding the Garrick Theatre with their latest comedy, "All on Account of Eliza"; Daniel Sully has brought out his new play, "A Parish Priest," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre; "Ben Hur" has been revived at the Broadway; and "The Pride of Jennico," with James K. Hackett in the title role, has been put on again at the Criterion Theatre for an indefinite run.

At the Knickerbocker Theatre Francis Wilson is appearing in his new comic opera, "The Monks of Malabar," while at Daly's Theatre an English company is being heard in Sir Arthur Sullivan's latest opera, "The Rose of Persia." "There are a dozen numbers," we are told, "which would make the reputation and the fortune of any young operetta composer just beginning a career. The writing is at once melodious and musicianly, while the orchestration is an unceasing joy to hear. It is so rich, so delicate, so refined, and so full of charming color effects. Nevertheless, it is not as popular in style as Sullivan's earlier works."

Basil Hood has taken episodes from the "Arabian Nights," mainly the story of "The Sleeper Awakened," for his libretto. This is the merry tale of the barber who fell asleep imagining himself the Sultan, and, on awakening, found himself in the palace and treated as if he were the real Sultan. Some delectable episodes in the adventures of the Sultana Zuhaydah are also worked in to create complications in the plot.

Considerable social satire has been put into the book by Hood, who, in his general scheme, has followed Gilbert pretty closely. The most applauded lines were the refrain of a clever song in the second act for the Sultan:

"And cynics may complain
That society is mixed;
But I gather in the main,
Its ingredients are fixed;
And society has always been a sort of 'ginger pop,'
The dregs are at the bottom, and the froth is at the top!"

It is no reflection on the other shows produced so far this season to say that none received such a noisy approbation from a first-night audience as "Fiddle-dee-dee" and "Quo Vas Is?" did at Weber & Fields's Music Hall. This is the popular home of modern burlesque in New York, and it is doubtful if such a constellation of established favorites have ever been seen in this country in productions of this kind before. In "Fiddle-dee-dee," a pot-pourri of dramatic fol-de-rol, in two scenes, Lillian Russell had an admirable opportunity to wear a whole shopful of gowns and sing a pretty coon-song entitled "Come Back, My Honey Boy," which is now being whistled all over town.

The main fun of the evening, however, centred in the travesty on "Quo Vadis," which was uproariously comic from first to last. Fay Templeton was Lythia, who had mystified the Romans by drawing the form of a lobster in the sand; Charles Ross was her lover, Easy Marcus Finishus; De Wolf Hopper impersonated Petrolinus, an oily Roman, who was inordinately pleased with his own wit, and found opening his veins cheaper than opening a jackpot; Joseph M. Weber was Fursus, the strong man; Lou M. Fields was Smallus, an obstreperous Roman kid; John T. Kelly was Zero, the emperor, who wrote verses to advertise a brand of baked beans and ordered the burning of rum; and David Warfield was Hilo, a decidedly soiled Greek philosopher, who had twice been thrown to the lions and rejected by them both times.

There were lots of lines that look solemn in cold type, but which went with a responsive roar of laughter. Here are some of them:

FIELDS [as SMALLUS]—I'm dying, Lythia. I think I see heaven.

FAY TEMPLETON [as LYTHIA]—What does it look like?

FIELDS [describing the school-boys' heaven]—I see a great base-hall field, with a gold fence around it full of knot-holes—and I see a policeman tied to a tree, and the boys are clubbing the life out of him; and I see a benevolent old angel giving out seven-shooters to all the gang. I see the public school, and it has a sign on it, "Closed for good." Good-by, Lythia. You'll never see me again.

The trio of impecunious ones decide to form a trust:

WARFIELD—Let us make out a trust.

WEBER—No; I think we'd better be thieves.

FIELDS—Well, what's the difference?

The conversation of "Quo Vas Is?" was entirely in a sort of dialect that is likely to be imitated by sketch artists in all the vaudeville theatres this season. An "ius" or "ium" was added to nearly every noun. For instance, Mr. Hopper proposed that he get a "drinkius in the barium," and again remarked that the bull was about to "get it in the neckius."

Altogether, the New York dramatic season has opened most auspiciously, and is notable for being free, so far, from such salacious plays as "Zaza," "Sapho," "The Girl from Maxim's," and "Mlle. Fifi," which were the cause of so much controversy last season.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Bells" to Be Revived.

Clay Clement and L. R. Stockwell will devote the next week of their engagement at the Columbia Theatre to revivals of "The Bells" and "Napoleon's Guard," the powerful one-act drama by Dion Boucicault. Mr. Clement has made the role of Matthias familiar to San Francisco during his recent engagements here, but it will be welcomed again, for, while the play is decidedly gressome, it is exceptionally strong in dramatic situations and climaxes, and holds the spectators' interest from first to last. Mr. Clement's handling of the dream scene, in which Matthias vainly attempts to defy the efforts of the hypnotizer to make him reenact his murder of the Russian Jew, is especially powerful. Mr. Stockwell will be seen as Father Walter.

The Tivoli's Double Bill.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagliacci" will be seen for the last time on Sunday night at the Tivoli Opera House, and next week Verdi's "Faust" and "Trovatore" will be given on alternate nights. The cast for "Faust," which will be the bill on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, will be Nicolini as Mephisto, Salassa as Valentine, Barron Berthald as Faust, Anna Lichter as Marguerite, and Frances Graham as Siebel.

In "Trovatore," which will be the bill on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights and at the Saturday matinee, Russo will be seen as Manrico, Ferrari as Count Luna, Schuster as Ferrando, Effie Stewart as Lenora, and Lia Polletini as Azucena.

Second Week of "Quo Vadis."

Such has been the success of the Frawley Company's production of "Quo Vadis" at the Grand Opera House that the management has wisely decided to continue it another week. The play is elaborately staged, the scenes representing the burning of Rome and the huge arena, where the Christians are sacrificed, being especially effective. The actors have now become more at ease in their roles, and, as a result, the performances are admirable.

Next week Joseph Arthur's famous Hoosier drama, "Blue Jeans," is to be the bill.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, who has proved a strong magnet at the Orpheum, will again head the bill next week. Among the new-comers are the Johnston Brothers, clever instrumental musicians, who are said to be able to get more music out of the xylophone than any other performers in vaudeville; McGale and Daniels, who call themselves "The Irish Tourists," will present a humorous skit; and Orzoo and Delno do a comical juggling act which is replete with novelties and surprises.

Those retained from this week's bill are the Young American Quintet, Mansfield and Wilburg, Querita Vincent, Johnson and Dean, and the Biograph.

The Tanforan Fair.

The large entry-list for the horse show to be held at Tanforan Park, beginning September 24th, promises well for that particular branch of the big fair. All the prominent owners of thorough-breeds, trotters, hackney, and coach horses have been very liberal in assisting to make the horse show the leading feature of the fair. Henry Butters, Walter Scott Hobart, Henry J. Crocker, Francis J. Carolan, John Parrott, John Lawson, Peter D. Martin, A. B. Spreckels, and others have entries in the several classes.

The pony and steeple-chase racing and the trap and coach parades will be all that can be looked for in their line. Entries are large, and some excellent races will be given by the gentlemen riders of the coast.

The live-stock exhibits promise to be the equal of any ever given in the State, as already large entry lists have been received from all the prominent breeders of cattle, sheep, swine, etc.

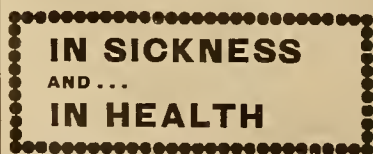
A good scheme: Tourist—"Do those scarecrows save your crops?" Farmer—"They work first-rate. You see, every tramp that comes along crosses the fields to see if th' clothes is w'ith stealin', w'ich they ain't, an' that scares th' crows away."—New York Weekly.

The houses of New York are becoming covered with creeping ivy more and more each year.

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VANITY FAIR.

Are we to see the complete passing away of women of leisure? There are moments when one asks himself that question with genuine apprehension, and the moments are likely to be most frequent during the holiday months, when nature herself appears to insist that the strained chords of life shall be a little loosened (says a writer in the *Century Magazine*, in an article on "Women of Leisure"). To be a man of leisure has always, according to the laws of our national code, involved a latent reproach; but so powerful is the influence of the spirit of the times among us that to be a woman of leisure may soon seem almost as bad. The women who work, in one way or another, because they must work to live, are joined in yearly greater numbers by women who work because they choose to work in order to be independent. Outside of this, the clubs and societies that promote literary, patriotic, philanthropic activities to those who have no professional labors, and the spell of outdoor life, and its vigorous sports, over women who without these things would be quite idle, have so wrought upon feminine existence that the type of woman who meets and greets you in her quiet drawing-room as one who has long days of repose behind her, and looks calmly forward to others of the same tenor, is becoming rare to the point of impressing one as so exotic. It is unthinkable that any one should seriously wish to pick a quarrel at this late day with the new, quickening interests of women's lives. The subject has passed beyond the province of discussion. Nevertheless, it is an assured fact that if we were to have only busy women in the future, and women hurried and harried, the whole of life would be incomparably the poorer for us. Somewhere in the stress and strain of endeavor and advance there must be stopping-places where one may rest and dream a little; centres there must be of some sort where one may momentarily drop out from the moving column, and, free of the noise and dust, feel one's soul. There must be a pause now and then. There must be intervals, however few and far between, for the deeper, stiller inhalations, that bring renewal and refreshment, and enable one to start again, and start straight. Those centres, those intervals, it has always been the primary and essential function of women to render possible, and it must ever be. It belongs to them alone to perform that function, and if they omit to do so there is nothing to make good the loss.

We all know, of course, that leisure does not always adore women. Sometimes it is a mere breeder of frivolity and mischief, or of selfishness and dullness. And it is well that there should have been so strong a revulsion against it, with a determination on the part of women to become active and useful members of society in ways in which they were never so before. But it is not for them, therefore, to lose entirely their hold of leisure. The spirit of it they should not relinquish, even where circumstances compel them to relinquish the substance. Who that has thought of the matter has not wondered why European women seem always so oppressed for time? It is unjust and a little fatuous to suppose that they are so unfettered merely because they have very much less to do than is done by women here. There is also often the life replete with varied accomplishment, full of usefulness, or full of worldly claims and pleasures. But all that they do is done without tension, and with the æsthetic sense that a woman in a hurry is a woman who has lost so integral part of her peculiar influence and charm. The secret of this soothing absence of tension lies in a certain voluntary effacement of the personality. There have been French circles which one has known where the women whom one had expected to find so brilliant did not appear to be brilliant at all. Pauses came in the conversation which they showed no nervous desire to fill; opportunities for clever remarks passed by unimproved by them. Perhaps, in one's first disappointment, it seemed a little dull. Presently, however, the leisurely attractiveness of it was manifest, and the thrill began to work. Here was the true social atmosphere, a perfect medium of civilized intercourse, where tired brains could relax and artistic impulses find some species of occult nourishment. And to whom was the atmosphere chiefly due? To rather quiescent women, who were making no particular attempt to shine, who looked out anxiously eager either to attract or to retain attention. The power exercised, in short, was in inverse proportion to the effort put forth to secure it. Remove from the mind the uneasy notion that a clever person must invariably show herself to be such, that those who are gifted and capable must at once and everywhere be unmistakably recognized as so being, and the strings of self-consciousness are immediately unstrung, and the busiest existence may have the air of possessing all the leisure that there is. For leisure means serenity. And serenity is the one thing that the world, taught by the eternal sense of poetic fitness, will never cease to exact, and justly to exact, of women.

The failure of the Earl of Yarmouth's summer theatricals furnished additional proof of the unreliability of merely social support, and the resentment always felt at an obvious attempt to make profit out of it (says the *New York Sun*). One or two of the performances given by the Earl of Yarmouth's com-

pany at the Newport Casino attracted large audiences, but the attendance at the others was small, and Narragansett Pier failed to take any interest whatever in the visits of the actors. The shrewd manager who gave the earl his first opportunity as a professional engaged him at a large salary for only five weeks, and at the end of that term offered him half the amount he had previously received. He was employed only for a very brief period in vaudeville, and now Newport, where he might have expected to find a haven, has shown plainly that it has wearied of him. Yet it was only a few months ago that his appearance there in amateur theatricals was the event of a summer season. The residents of the summer city have not exhibited this indifference in his case alone. Entertainers have not prospered there this year, and the majority of them have been made to realize that society desires a respite from the sort of diversion supplied so liberally in winter, and does not care to be followed into its summer retreats by the same cohort of singers and reciters that it supports in New York. The London plod of expecting them to appear merely for the sake of the advertisement is said to be popular now with Newport hostesses, who have adopted in this way the most powerful means of getting rid of these unwelcome followers.

A progressive Englishman calls attention to the rapidity with which women are entering every profession and business in his country. He remarks that the majority of people suppose there are few women doctors, whereas he has looked the matter up and found that in London there are ninety-one, while in the whole of Great Britain he estimates the number as two hundred and fifty-six. He notices also that there are a small number of dentists, while he knows of several chemists' shops entirely managed by women. Many are employed in pharmacies, which he recommends as both a suitable and profitable employment for women, and suggests that many women might get the post of dispensers of drugs in hospitals and earn five hundred dollars and over a year. To come down a peg lower, he notes that quite a decent army, some one hundred and fifty-five women, travel in England as drummers, and do well; also that women make excellent rent collectors. He thinks, however, that any Englishman will be astonished to learn that there are "female accountants," and says that not so long ago a woman applied for admission to the institute of chartered accountants. She was denied admittance, but the Royal Institute of Architects welcomes women members. He speaks of the many photographers, landscape gardeners, composers, and hair-dressers. It appears that hair-dressing is a lucrative profession in England, women earning as much as seven or eight dollars a week. While he is proud that women have made a way for themselves in so many businesses, he is glad that some employment, such as working underground in mines, is forbidden by law. He does not mention the comparative rates of men's and women's wages in Great Britain, but they are probably like those of other countries—women are driven by poverty to take what they can get, to the general detriment of the labor market.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister, had an opportunity to study the American girl under circumstances entirely new to him at Cape May, N. J., a fortnight ago, when he and his nephew, Fung Choa Shee, accepted an invitation to a straw-ride. Four horses decked with sleigh-bells and plumes hauled a hay-cart half full of straw. The minister had the seat of honor at the head of the load. A dozen pretty Cape May damsels, with their beaux, crowded in. All went well for the first mile, and Minister Wu was delighted. It appealed to his love for the fantastic. Then he saw something he did not like. By the light of one of the Japanese lanterns, he saw the arm of a gallant young fellow steal around the waist of one of the girls. In China this would be a most shocking breach of the peace. The Chinese minister looked to see the girl resent the advance. Instead, her white hand found that of her sweetheart under the straw, and held it. Wu hoped that his nephew had not seen it. A minute after he saw that gentle hugging was being indulged in by other members of the party. So, taking the arm of his nephew firmly in his hand, he pulled him to the tail of the wagon and alighted. "We need exercise and we will walk home," he said. After politely saying "Good night," he and the young man went to the hotel across lots. When they had gone there was an awkward pause. Then a pretty girl, somewhere in the semi-darkness, remarked in a whisper: "Well, you know the Chinese are not thoroughly civilized, anyway."

In a recent issue of the *Review of the Republic* there is an article on "Why Fashionable Americans Shock Paris," by "an American gentleman" who writes: "Now, you ask me how does this happen? These are not bad women. They are simply American women, and that characterization of them supplies the foreigner with his most confusing idea of transatlantic femininity. The conception of the American woman that she will be held irresponsible is based upon her blatant ignorance of foreign standards. She knows absolutely nothing of the language, laws, manners, customs, or traditions of these people, who had a high civilization when her

grandfather, or perhaps great-grandfather, was plowing the soil, selling skins, or slicing hogs. The consequence is that she comes over here with no sense of responsibility toward any standards save her own, and Frenchmen wonder what under the blue and encircling heavens those standards may be. They do not recognize that she regards herself as out on a lark, and looks upon the descendants of the great French kings very much as she would look upon the Boxers at Peking. She has no knowledge, no point of view, no perspective, and no self-restraint—and yet she is (no doubt) a virtuous woman, and expects the French people to take her at her true valuation. Was there ever anything more ludicrous or more disgraceful? I must admit that the better class of American men here seem to be heartily ashamed of the *risqué* performances of the women, and attempt only feeble and shameful apologies. These men simply can't control the actions of the female part of the family, and the American husband has never shown himself to be such a henpecked and ineffective creature as he has done since the opening of the exposition. I fancy the poor man takes the vagrant curiosity of the women of his family as a part of their other extravagances for which he is forced to pay, and can only gaze at them with protesting helplessness."

The Teething Period

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 12th, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,000 @ 103½	109	110
Contra Water 5%.....	8,000 @ 107		
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	2,000 @ 108		108½
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	3,000 @ 117½		117
Oakland Transit 6%.....	3,000 @ 117½		117
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	21,000 @ 107½	107½	108
Pac. Gas Imp. Co. 4%.....	91,000 @ 101½	101½	
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%.....	13,000 @ 100	100	100½
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	1,000 @ 120	119½	
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	2,000 @ 111½	111½	112
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905.....	1,000 @ 110		
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	1,000 @ 101½	101½	

	STOCKS.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	95 @ 68½-69½	69½	70
Spring Valley Water.....	129 @ 95½-96½	95½	
Gas and Electric.....			
Equitable Gaslight.....	200 @ 3½-4	3½	3½
Mutual Electric.....	75 @ 10½		
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	200 @ 52½-53½	52½	52½
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	630 @ 53½-54½	53½	54½

	Bank.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Bank of Cal.....	14 @ 410	409	
Strait R. R.....			
Market St.....	130 @ 67½-68	66½	

	Powders.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.....	150 @ 85½-86½	85½	
Vigor.....	400 @ 3½	3½	

	Sugars.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Honolulu S. Co.....	215 @ 30½-31½	30½	
Hutchinson.....	130 @ 24½-25	24½	25
Kilauea S. Co.....	200 @ 21½	21½	
Makaweli S. Co.....	90 @ 42½-43½	43	
Onomea S. Co.....	25 @ 27½	27½	
Panahau S. P. Co.....	450 @ 30½-31½	30½	31

	Miscellaneous.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers.....	124 @ 119½-121½	120½	122½
Oceanic S. Co.....	10 @ 93½	93½	94
Pac. C. Borax.....	35 @ 151	150	151½

The holidays, breaking in upon the week, played havoc with business, yet prices have been well maintained. Unless politics are to be a disturbing element in the market, things should settle down to a condition of activity and better prices. Considering the dividends that are paid monthly and the outlook, sugars seem to be changing hands at low figures. Gas and Electric, if it only paid 25 cents per month, would give a good return at the ruling quotations. With the banks stuffed with money at which, at best, only low rates of interest can be obtained, it must be a certainty that investors will soon be seeking, in the local security market, chances for investment. The Stock and Bond Board, with its accustomed liberality, came to the front with a subscription of \$250 for the Galveston sufferers.

On the 20th dividends will be paid on Spring Valley Water, 42 cents; California Powder, \$1.00; Central Light and Power, 5 cents; Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, 25 cents; and on the 25th, Makaweli, 50 cents.

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STORYETTES.

Grave & Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A veta who was boasting of his prowess during the Civil War was asked, "How many of the enemy did you kill, any way?" "How many did I kill? How many did I kill?" repeated the veteran, slowly. "Well don't know exactly how many, but I killed as many of them as they did of me."

One day, before the late Lord Russell was elevated to the bench, he was sitting in court, when another barrister, leaning across the benches during the trial of a bigamy case, whispered: "Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law," instantly replied Russell.

W. S. Gilbert, meeting the editor of *Punch* one day remarked as he was leaving him: "By the by, Bunsford, I suppose a great number of funny stories are sent into your office?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Bunsford, "thousands." "Then, my dear fellow, why don't you publish them?" replied Mr. Gilbert, as he put out his hand to say good-by.

M. Barrie's story of how a telegraph editor, receiving a dispatch that the Zulus had "taken umbrage," headed the news "Capture of Umbrage by the Zulus," has been paralleled by an editor in the West. Shortly after the anti-Semitic riots in Austria, a slight shock of earthquake was felt in the vicinity of Vienna, and a cable dispatch put it tersely that there had been "seismic disturbances" near the capital. He headed the item, "Down with the Jews!"

Haydn had a peculiar way of determining the time in which a piece of music should be sung. On one occasion, a female singer in high esteem at court had been appointed to sing one of Haydn's compositions. At the rehearsal she and the conductor differed as to the time of the music. The matter was to be settled by referring it to Haydn himself. When called on to decide, he asked the conductor if the singer was handsome. "Very," was the reply, "and a special favorite with the prince." "Then she is right," replied Haydn.

Colonel Daniel R. Anthony, brother of Susan B. Anthony, and the last of the fighting editors of Kansas, is on record as the only man who has had his aorta severed and lived. In a newspaper feud with a gambler named Jennison, Anthony was shot. The doctor told him he could not live. The wounded man did not say anything but bade his sister good-by and went to sleep. When he awoke he asked the nurse: "What time is it?" "Six o'clock," replied the nurse. The colonel chuckled for a moment, then said: "Say, that's a good joke on the doctor, isn't it? He said I'd be dead at five-thirty." He fell asleep again, and when he awoke the doctor acknowledged his mistake.

There is no such luxury as privacy to him whose name is heralded far and wide. Some, no doubt, enjoy the distinction, but the majority must detest the intrusion. Goethe once arrived at such a pitch of irascibility by reason of the prying curiosity of visitors that, when a tourist would not be denied, he descended from his study, lighted candle in hand, and without a word of greeting merely placed the candle on a table and sat still. In no wise daunted by the cold reception, the tourist calmly seized the candle, and went round and round the great man, examining his physiognomy with deliberate scrutiny. Whereupon the poet broke into a laugh and ordered wine. And this persistent visitor, needless to remark, was an American.

On one occasion, José Maria, a Spanish brigand, robbed an English gentleman and his servant of their horses and everything they possessed, save their clothes. The Englishman was a pleasant, attractive youth, and submitted to the robbery with great good humor. This appealed to José Maria, and as they were forty miles from Seville, whither the traveler was going, he determined that he should not walk that distance, and gave him back his servant's horse and a doublet—sixteen dollars—out of the two hundred he had taken. The youth thanked the robber warmly, and added that he had still a great favor to ask. "Will you not return me my watch?" he said; "it was the parting gift of my dear father." "Is your father alive," asked José Maria, "and does he love you very much?" "Oh, yes," said the youth, "he lives and loves me." "Then," said José Maria, "I shall keep the watch, for if your father loves you so dearly, he is sure to give you another."

During the Paris Exposition of 1867, a Japanese embassy went to Paris to treat for three free ports in France, in return for which France was to have three in Japan. The negotiations proved short and amiable. "Make your choice," said Japan, "we will choose afterward." The minister of foreign affairs selected Yokohama, Yeddo, and Hang-Yang. The embassy made no objection; they simply smiled and went on their way. Some time afterward Japan sent word that the three ports mentioned were agreed to, and in return Japan desired Havre,

Marseilles, and Southampton. This last named gave the French officials fits. They never laughed so much before, and certainly never since. Southampton a French port! No, it was too good. Gently, but unmistakably, they explained the situation. "Why, Southampton is in England," they replied. "We know that," came the cool response, "but then Hang-Yang is in Corea." Whereupon the French officials collapsed.

Mark Twain's Substitute.

Mark Twain is a good talker, and invariably prepares himself, though he skillfully hides his preparation by his method of delivery, which denotes that he is getting his ideas and phrases as he proceeds. He is an accomplished artist in this way. His peculiar mode of expression always seems contagious with an audience, and a laugh would follow the most sober remark. It is a singular fact that an audience will be in a laughing mood when they first enter the lecture-room; they are ready to burst out at anything and everything. In the town of Colchester, Conn., there was a good illustration of this, the Hon. Demetrius Hornet having a most unpleasant experience at the expense of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens was advertised to lecture in the town of Colchester, but for some reason failed to arrive. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Hornet to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance; but so late in the day was this arrangement made that no hills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled, expecting to hear Mark Twain. No one in the town knew Mr. Clemens, or had ever heard him lecture, but they entertained the idea that he was funny, and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those upon the platform, excepting the chairman, did not know Mr. Hornet from Mark Twain; and so, when his name was introduced, thought nothing of the name, as they knew Mark Twain was a pen-name, and supposed his real name was Hornet.

Mr. Hornet howled politely, looked about him, and remarked: "Intemperance is the curse of the country." The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry; and he asked the chairman, in a whisper, if he was all right, and received "yes" for an answer. Then he said: "Rum slays more than disease!" Another, but louder laugh followed. He could not understand it, but proceeded: "It breaks up happy homes!" Still louder mirth. "It is carrying young men down to death and hell!" Then came a perfect roar of applause. Mr. Hornet began to get excited. He thought they were poking fun at him, but he went on: "We must crush the serpent!" A tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman, squirmed as they laughed. Then Hornet got mad. "What I say is gospel truth," he cried. The audience fairly hellowed with mirth. Hornet turned to a man on the stage, and said: "Do you see anything ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?" "Yes; ha! ha! Go on!" replied the roaring man. "This is an insult," cried Hornet, wildly dancing about. More laughter, and cries of "Go on, Twain."

Then the chairman began to see through a glass darkly, and arose and quelled the merriment, and explained the situation; and the men on the stage suddenly ceased laughing, and the folks in the audience looked sheepish, and they quit laughing, too; and then the excited Mr. Hornet, being thoroughly mad, told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated with asses and idiots, and having said that, he left the hall in disgust, followed by the audience in deep gloom.—*Ainslie's Magazine.*

A Day with Bryan.

At considerable trouble and expense we have succeeded in obtaining a programme of Mr. Bryan's operations for one day. Here it is:

7 A. M.—Get up. Examine bald spot and report to James Creelman.

7:30 A. M.—Breakfast, eating with knife and drinking coffee out of saucer, to emphasize common interest with plain people.

8 A. M.—Photographed while in act of shocking corn previously cut and prepared for occasion.

9:30 A. M.—Receive notification committee from various wings of Populist parties.

10 A. M.—Photographed with Star-Spangled Banner, James Creelman, and porch pillars for background.

10:25 A. M.—Photographed whetting scythe, thus displaying opposition to introduction of labor-saving machinery.

11:10 A. M.—Speech on free silver, with all references to white metal and 16 to 1 omitted.

12 M.—Photographed carrying water to the old mare.

2 P. M.—Luncheon. Photographed eating corn on cob.

2:45 P. M.—Dig peck of potatoes for benefit of Oskaloosa camera corps.

4 P. M.—Reception at Brownsville, S. D. Silver Republican notification committee and speech of acceptance.

5:20 P. M.—Photographed stringing beans for supper.

6 P. M.—Dinner. Photographed with napkin turned inside collar to illustrate and emphasize adherence to Democratic principles.

7:30 P. M.—Flashlight photograph, with corn

stalks, wisps of straw, sheaves of oats, and hog-trough as "properties."

To P. M.—Ruh bald spot with hair medicine and retire.

Incidentals as they happen to occur.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Triumph of Modest Marin.

Maria's comb hung lopsely-wise
And flapped athwart her filmy eyes,
Exactly like a slattern's hair
On washing day; and I declare
She was the slouchiest-looking hen
That pecked in T. B. Tucker's pen.

Cah-dah! Cah-dut!

She was the butt

Of every sort of jibe and cut.

Maria was a Brahma dame,
Broad and squat, and plucked and lame.
The Leghorns cast a pitying smile
Upon her queer, old-fashioned style.
The Plymouth Rocks would jeer and frown
Because her legs were feathered out.

The cocks would strut,
Pah-rutt! Pah-rutt!

And snigger at her bloomers' cut.

The trim white Cochins tip-toed by
And froze her with disdainful eye.
Each tufted Houdan his plume
And glared Maria's social doom.
Where'er she strolled in all the yard
Maria got it good and hard!

Cah-dut! Cah-dah!

Each social star

Just dropped Maria with a jar.

But she pursued her quiet way,
And picked and scratched the livelong day,
Kept early hours and ate bran mash,
Nor sought to cut a social dash.
And then one day she left her nest
With pallid comb and swelling breast.

Cah-dut! Cah-dah!

Hooray, hurrah!

Maria, you're a queen, you are!

The news went cackling round the pen
—An egg! It measured twelve by ten.
And T. B. Tucker drove to town
To take that egg-rammed big egg down.
The editor put on his specs,
The villagers turned rubber-necks,
And some collecting feller paid
Right smart for what Maria laid.

And European news was set
Aside that week by the *Gazette*

In order that a glowing pen
Might pay due praise to that old hen.

Cah-lip! Cah-lip!

You'll find, sure pop,

That modest merit lands on top.

—*Holman F. Day in "Up in Maine."*

Torrello, the Lion-Tamer.

Signor Torrello was a tamer of lions—
His name in the Bible was Brown—
He could make the fierce brutes jump the rope, walk
the wire,

And turn somersets and lie down—

Signor Torrello

Was quite a gay fellow,

And rapidly winning renown.

Signor Torrello one day met a maiden
Who, charmed by his soul-stirring art,
Stood in front of the cage and applauded the lions
As each played its wonderful part—

Signor Torrello,

In words that were mellow,

Laid siege to the fair maiden's heart.

Signor Torrello could look at a lion
And cause it to cower in fear,
But the look that gave Leo the chills had no terrors
For the lady who's figuring here—

Signor Torrello—

Alas! the poor fellow—

Was conducted around by the ear.

Signor Torrello no longer tames lions,
The beasts turned against him, one day;
The look that once charmed them had ceased to be
potent,

They roared and refused to obey—

Signor Torrello,

Unfortunate fellow,

All bloody, was hustled away!

Signor Torrello, subdued and discouraged,
Now works by the day with his hands
And is badgered for losing the look that made lions
In terror obey his commands—

Signor Torrello

Alack! how he fell! O

His case as its own moral stands!

—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Costigan—"Casey hasn't drank a drop since he
took out the 'accident policy.'" Cassidy—"Why?"

Costigan—"He sez he's noticed that it's always sober
men that gits hurted."—*Judge.*

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

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YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.
Coptic. (Via Honolulu), Wednesday, October 10
Galle. (Via Honolulu), Saturday, November 3
Doric. (Via Honolulu), Wednesday, November 28
Coptic. (Via Honolulu), Saturday, December 22

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office
No. 422 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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Nippon Maru. Saturday, September 22
America Maru. Wednesday, October 17
Hongkong Maru. Tuesday, November 13

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC
Steamship Company

S. S. Anstralla, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Sept. 19, 2 p.m.
S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 8 p.m.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street, Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., September 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, October 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., September 2, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, October 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Sept. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, October 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., September 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, October 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., September 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, October 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For further information obtain company's folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

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New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, to A. M.

St. Paul. September 26 New York. October 10
St. Louis. October 3 St. Paul. October 17

RED STAR LINE.
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Noordland. September 26 Southward. October 10
Friesland. October 3 Westernland. October 17

EMPIRE LINE.
To Alaska and Cold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

SOCIETY.

The Martin-Hamilton Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Clara Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and Mr. George Adams Martin, son of Mr. W. H. Martin, took place at the home of the bride's parents, 2609 California Street, on Wednesday, September 12th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie at three o'clock. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father, Mr. Alexander Hamilton; Miss Laura Hamilton, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor; Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Frances Moore, the Misses Josselyn, Miss Ruth McNutt, and Miss Edna Hamilton were the bridesmaids; Mr. Latham McMullin officiated as best man; and Mr. William Hamilton, Mr. John Ralston Hamilton, Mr. Harry B. Houghton, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Nathaniel Wilson, and Mr. Willard Drown acted as ushers.

The ceremony was followed by a reception, at which refreshments were served, and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Martin left for the southern part of the State. On their return they will reside at 1138 Jackson Street.

Uncle Sam's Latest Warship.

The launching of the monitor *Wyoming* at the Union Iron Works on Saturday morning, September 8th, was an impressive sight and one of the most successful which have taken place in this city. Miss Francis H. Warren, daughter of Senator Warren, of Wyoming, enjoyed the distinction of christening the *Wyoming*, and conspicuous among those assembled on the platform built at the monitor's bow as she lay on the ways was Governor de Forest Richards, of Wyoming, and his staff, which included Adjutant-General Frank A. Stitzer, General A. P. Hanson, Captain P. Covert, and Captain Patrick Sullivan, and Mrs. Covert, Mrs. Hanson, Miss Frances E. Crowley, and Miss Edna Bartlett, who pressed the button releasing the guillotine that started the monitor in motion.

Rear-Admiral Joseph Tritley, retired, Paymaster L. C. Kerr, of the *Iowa*, and Naval Constructor Snow, superintending naval constructor of the *Wyoming*, represented the navy on the platform, and Colonel Mendell, Major Thomas Wilhelm, and Captain Kimball, of the regular army, represented that branch of the service.

Among others present were the Hon. Otto Gramm, a prominent figure in Wyoming politics, State Senator Alexander McCone, of Nevada, General W. H. Brown, Congressman Julius Kahn, Dr. F. McCone, Major Warren, Dr. Chismore, Colonel Coates, U. S. A., Mr. George K. Hooper, and Mr. Gerrit P. Wilder, of the Wilder Steamship Company, Honolulu.

When completed, the *Wyoming* will have 3,200 tons displacement. It is 225 feet long and 50 feet deep, and will have 2,400 indicated horse-power, with a speed of 24 knots an hour. Her battery will consist of two twelve-inch breech-loading guns; four four-inch rapid-fire guns; three six-pounders, and four one-pounders. It is expected she will be ready for service within a year.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Morrow to Lieutenant H. L. Roosevelt, U. S. M. C. Miss Morrow is the daughter of Judge and

Mrs. W. W. Morrow, and sister of Mrs. Fechteler, wife of Lieutenant A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N. Lieutenant Roosevelt is a nephew of Governor Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, and is at present detailed on recruiting service in this city.

The wedding of Miss Hattie Gertrude Jackson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alden W. Jackson, to Mr. Joseph L. Deahl, took place at the home of the bride's parents, 1300 Page Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. B. Church, of the Irving Institute, at eight-thirty o'clock. The bride's sister, Miss Alice Jackson, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Grant Laughlin served as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Deahl left for the south on Thursday for their honeymoon trip, and on their return will reside at 1300 Page Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan have sent out invitations for a ball to be given on Friday evening, September 28th, at nine o'clock, in the coach-house of the new stables of "Crossways" at Burlingame. Fruits and flowers are to figure prominently in the costumes of the guests.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, entertained a number of friends at dinner on Wednesday evening at their residence, corner Fifth and Julian Streets, Senator and Mrs. Stephen M. White and Mayor James D. Phelan being the guests of honor.

Mr. Robert Tobin, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Ollie Tobin, Miss Ruth McNutt, Mrs. Preston, and Miss Preston drove from San Francisco to San José in a four-in-hand last week to witness the Henry Miller production of "The Only Way."

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs recently gave a luncheon-party at "Roseliff," his new villa at Newport, his guests being Captain Robley D. Evans, Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, Captain French E. Chadwick, Captain Pendleton, Commander L. C. Logan, Commander Speyers, Dr. Percy A. Crandall, Mr. Frank Sturgis, and Mr. Frederick H. Paine.

Mrs. Hammer gave a pretty luncheon on Wednesday of last week, in honor of Miss Annie Clay, at her home in Fruitvale. Others at table were Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Ada Kenna, Mrs. Henry Nichols, the Misses Mona and Laura Crellin, Miss Pauline Lohse, and Miss Bessie Gage.

The directors of the Entre Nous Cotillion Club have issued invitations for their eleventh season. The first assembly and german will be given Friday evening, October 19th, at the Palace Hotel.

The home of Dr. and Mrs. Redmond W. Payne was brightened by the advent of a daughter on September 3d.

The Gentlemen's Doubles Championship.

The annual tournament of the Pacific Coast Lawn Tennis Association for the gentlemen's doubles championship of the Pacific Coast, held under the auspices of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, began at Del Monte on Monday, September 10th, when Collier and Crowell beat Stewart and McFarlane, 6-4, 6-1, 6-2; Haight and Murdock beat Fatjo and Warburton, 6-4, 6-2, 1-6, 6-4; Whitney brothers beat Collier and Crowell, 6-0, 6-2, 6-1; Code and Beaver beat Talbot and Roth, 6-2, 3-6, 11-9, 7-5; Adams and Weihe beat Harper brothers, 6-4, 6-2, 6-3. On Tuesday, September 11th, Adams and Weihe beat Code and Beaver, 6-3, 3-6, 6-1, 7-5; Whitney brothers beat Adams and Weihe, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3, thus winning the all-comers' tournament. On Wednesday, September 12th, the Whitney brothers defeated the Hardy brothers by a score of 6-4, 6-3, 6-4, capturing the coast championship again after a lapse of four years. The defeat of the Hardys was a great surprise, for every one had predicted an easy victory for them after their great success in the East. The result is partially explained by the fact that they were handicapped somewhat by the change from turf to bituminous courts.

In the consolation tournament, which began on Tuesday and ended on Wednesday, McFarlane and Stewart beat Crowell and Murdock, 6-3, 7-5; Fatjo and Warburton beat the Harper brothers, 8-6, 6-3; and Fatjo and Warburton beat Stewart and McFarlane, 7-5, 4-6, 6-2, winning the prize rackets.

Mrs. Grace Marie Dickman has been granted a divorce from Mr. Charles K. Dickman by Judge Bahrs. About seven years ago Mrs. Dickman was one of the reigning musical favorites here and took leading parts in all the society amateur operatic performances that were then so popular. Several years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Dickman departed for Europe to study art and music, respectively, and not until their return, a few months ago, was any one aware that their marital relations were otherwise than happy. Mrs. Dickman is preparing to teach singing in the latest approved methods as represented by Julianni and Bouby, her masters, and has opened a studio in the old Press Club rooms on California Street.

Wedding festivities in Cairo, Egypt, usually continue three days, during which time there is constant feasting and jollification. The guests are expected to remain while the festivities last.

Japan has established commercial schools for the training of women, and one of the largest Japanese railroads announces that after a certain date it will employ only women as clerks.

Sale of an Old Country-Place.

The sale by auction is announced of the Los Medanos Rancho. It is a portion of the estate of the late L. L. Robinson, who lived there and dispensed a bountiful hospitality for many years. The rancho includes some eight thousand acres of rich farming land near the confluence of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. Mr. Robinson did not attempt to run it as a combination of country-place and farm, as so many men do—generally failing in both. Being a prudent man, he leased practically the whole of it to small farmers, retaining some score of acres for his country residence and its surrounding grounds. This tract was highly improved and made beautiful with trees, lawns, shrubbery, and flowers. It looked in this wilderness of yellow wheat like a real oasis in a desert of yellow sand.

In L. L. Robinson's life-time this country-seat was the scene of many a merry house-party. The host was a bachelor. But he had ever around him relatives to assist him in his hospitality. His sister, Mrs. B. B. Cutter, frequently acted as hostess, and she was flanked by her two daughters, "Tot" and Sophie Cutter—now Mrs. Downey Harvey.

Rarely came declinations from the young men bidden to this country-place, and wherever the men go the girls go. The way in which Mr. Robinson "put up" his male guests added very largely to their comfort, and men like to be comfortable. There was a special bungalow set aside for the housing of the bachelor guests. There they could sit up late over brandies and sodas, smoke unnumbered cigars, tell club stories, and go to bed in the small hours. There, too, they had the tubs and cold water so indispensable to the bachelor-guest's happiness. They did not have to slink in the early morning hours through the corridors of a large country-house wearing bath-ropes, pyjamas, and apologetic smirks, knocking timorously at bath-room doors, to be startled by responsive feminine shrieks and giggles. They had their bungalow to themselves and they enjoyed it.

Many were the whimsical conceits gotten up by the house-parties at Los Medanos. The crude horse-play of British house-parties—such as sewing up people's "nighties," and making bags of their beds—did not figure among them. On one occasion, for example, when the party met at mid-day for luncheon—for the sensible Continental custom was followed of the "first breakfast" being taken according to individual preference—there was a total absence of women. The male contingent was somewhat bewildered for the moment, but presently the ladies appeared, coming across the lawn. It was in the days when "The Mikado" was raging, and every maiden among them was attired in full Japanese rig, *obi*, *kimono*, and all. And when they entered the dining-room, that, too, was found to be elaborately Japanese. An enormous Japanese umbrella hung over the round-table, from the ribs of which depended Japanese favors for every guest.

There are many who recall these merry gatherings, but with a note of sadness when they think of their termination. One day the news came with a shock to all the friends of the family that "Tot" Cutter had been drowned while swimming in the treacherous river. She was dragged down in the whirlpool formed by a deep hole—dragged down to her death before the eyes of the terrified on-lookers, while with her perished a strong swimmer who had struck out to save her, but who was dragged down, too.

After this there were no more house-parties at Los Medanos. And it was not long before the death of L. L. Robinson himself closed the house. And now it is to be sold. It is not probable that any one will buy it for a country-place. The sometime oasis will probably melt again into the wilderness of wheat.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The fifth season of the Minetti String Quartet's series of semi-monthly concerts at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall will consist of three afternoon and three evening recitals. The season will commence on the afternoon of October 5th, at three-fifteen. Subscription for the series, including reserved seat, four dollars. The programme for the first concert will include string quartet in A-minor, op. 13 (first time), Ippolitoff-Iwanow; string quintet in C-major, op. 163 (two violins, viola, and two violoncelli), Schubert.

Miss Rose Adler, who has just returned from Paris, where she has been studying under the best masters for the grand-opera stage, is to give a concert at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Friday evening, September 21st, assisted by Mr. Arthur Weiss, cellist, and Miss Genevieve May Maroney, accompanist.

Annie Miller Wood, contralto of the First Unitarian Church, Boston, is to give two song recitals at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, one on Thursday evening, September 20th, and another on Saturday afternoon, September 29th.

—BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

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tender, delicious and
free from dyspeptic
qualities.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Anne will be found a *résumé* of movements to and fro this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of abs-Carolinians:

Mrs. Henry T. Scott will return from the East next week accompanied by her daughter, Miss Mary Scott, who has been abroad for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sroufe Merrill (*née* Snider) return on Monday last from their wedding trip in the E.

Mr. May Hoffman, who during the past two years has been taking a course of instruction as a professional nurse in Bellevue Hospital, New York, is expected here in a few weeks on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman.

Mr. Samuel Knight and her brother, Mr. H. M. Albrook, sailed from New York on September 4th: Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar T. Sewall (*née* Crosby) left Portland on Saturday last for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Agar (*née* McDonough) have been staying at their camp in the Adirondacks. Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley (*née* Cooke) and Mr. Clarence A. Postley are to sail from New York for Europe on September 25th.

Miss Edith Coxhead has returned to her home in Oakland after an absence of two years abroad, most of which time was spent in England.

Senator and Mrs. Stephen M. White, Miss Portense White, and Mr. S. M. White, Jr., were the guests of the Misses Morrison, of San José, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Houghton and Miss Houghton have taken up their residence at the Bella Vista for the winter.

Judge and Mrs. William W. Morrow are in Portland.

Mr. E. Pollitz, president of the Stock and Bond Exchange, arrived from Honolulu on Tuesday last on the Oceanic steamer *Australia*.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson and Miss Robinson are making a stay of some duration at San José. Miss Morgan is visiting them.

Hon. Frank G. Newlands, of Nevada, who has been spending some time in that State, arrived in San Francisco this week.

Among the San Franciscans registered in New York the past week were Mrs. E. D. Wenban, Mr. C. von Gerichten, Judge J. A. Waymire, Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Dr. D. E. Regensburger, and Mr. A. B. Bowers.

Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet and children have been visiting Mrs. C. W. Crocker in San José.

Mr. B. F. Dillingham and family, of Honolulu, who are occupying apartments at the Occidental Hotel, arrived in this city on Tuesday on the Oceanic steamer *Australia*.

Mr. Warren D. Clark left for Portland on Saturday last to be gone some days.

Mrs. W. J. Somers and Dr. George B. Somers have returned from a year's absence in the East and in Europe.

A party including Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Blodgett, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes, Mrs. N. D. Rideout, and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Willard enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. J. G. Follansbee sailed from New York for Southampton last week.

Mrs. B. W. Paulsen will arrive in New York from Europe on Saturday.

Mr. William A. Magee has been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Albert J. Lewis and her son, Mr. George Lewis, returned to San Francisco last week after an absence of over three years in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew G. Griffin have removed to their new home, 3020 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Armsby came up from San Mateo during the week, and were at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. Thomas M. Osmont, who returned from the East last week, is stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton. Dr. and Mrs. Sherman are at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mr. Thomas O. Toland, of Ventura, a member of the State board of equalization, is at the California Hotel.

Mrs. L. N. Van Nuys and her two daughters, of Los Angeles, are at the Hotel Pleasanton for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hecht and Miss Hecht are at the Hotel Richelieu.

General O. H. La Grange, commandant of the National Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, accompanied by Mrs. La Grange, arrived in San Francisco on Tuesday.

Miss S. M. Throckmorton is back again at the Hotel Pleasanton after a pleasant sojourn in the country.

Mrs. Sigmund B. Schloss has returned to the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Breed, of Los Angeles, are among the permanent guests of the Hotel Pleasanton.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. W. P. Harrington, of Colusa, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Olson, of San José, Mr. Francis H. Kane, Mrs. John Skae, and Miss Skae, of New York, Mr. C. M. Fernald, of St. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. McQuaid, Mr. and Mrs. S. Hirschberg, Mr. L. W. Blackwell, Mr. George Gibbs, Mrs. S. Adams, Mr. Schuyler Thompson, and Mr. A. F. Rodgers, Jr.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. C. W. Sawyer, of Boston, Mr. Gilbert Kearney, of London, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Briggs, of Riverside, Vicomte de Tocqueville, of Paris, Dr. J. A. Hopkins, of St. Louis, Mr. John T. McCall, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gift, of New York, Mr. E. A. Birmingham, of

Chicago, Mrs. C. E. Curry, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hustace, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Waterhouse, and Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Clark, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Coffin, Mrs. A. G. Coffin, Miss Coffin, Mrs. R. Hubbs, Mrs. A. Marville, Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Miss Kittle, Mr. J. S. Eells, Mr. B. H. Dibblee, Mr. A. T. Kittle, Mr. E. J. Le Breton, Miss Margarette Le Breton, and Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dutton.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Seson, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schmidt, of Crockett, Mr. W. A. Mackinder, of St. Helena, Mr. J. G. Scott, of Agnew, Miss M. Hobbs, of Lakeport, Mr. Nathan Cole, Jr., of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Norton, of Santa Ana, Mrs. J. E. Keeler, of Mt. Hamilton, Mr. F. G. Baker, of San José, Mr. J. A. Bentley, of Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Lewis, of Stockton, Mr. H. W. Barlow, of Pasadena, Mrs. Carl Drier, of New York, Mr. R. L. Porter, of London, Mr. H. R. Carothers, of Santa Rosa, Mr. Gratz K. Brown, of Berkeley, Mrs. A. A. Howlett, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Mr. J. E. Beard, of Napa.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

General Joseph Wheeler, U. S. A., who has been in command of the Department of the Lakes, was retired on September 10th, having reached the age limit of sixty-four years. General Wheeler will take a short rest at his home in Alabama, and then, accompanied by his daughters, will take a trip abroad.

Lieutenant Earle A. Pearce, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., who is on sick leave after service in the Philippines, is staying at Thomson, Ga.

Naval-Constructor Richmond P. Hobson, U. S. N., has been ordered to proceed from the naval hospital, Yokohama, Japan, to the New York Navy Yard.

Mrs. Wallace, wife of Lieutenant Charles S. Wallace, U. S. V., who has been staying for some time at Pasadena, is now residing in this city at 113 Stockton Street.

Paymaster J. C. Sullivan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sullivan came down from Mare Island on Wednesday, and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant-Commander William Braunerseuth, U. S. N., who is stationed at Manila, has been enjoying a month's leave of absence in Japan.

Mrs. Tilley, wife of Commander B. F. Tilley, U. S. N., and family are located at 1913 N Street, Washington, D. C.

Surgeon A. C. H. Russell, U. S. N., has been detached from the naval hospital at Yokohama, and ordered to proceed home and to wait orders.

Ensign Orin G. Murfin, U. S. N., was a guest at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

The United States cruiser *Baltimore*, in command of Rear-Admiral John C. Watson, U. S. N., arrived in New York harbor on September 8th after several years' stay in the Orient. The *Baltimore* has been making a slow trip from Yokohama, from which port she sailed on May 1st. On her voyage she made stops at Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore, Colombo, Suez, Malta, Gibraltar, Havre, Gravesend, Belfast, and Greenock, leaving the latter port on August 29th.

New Park Music-Stand.

On Sunday, September 9th, some thirty thousand people gathered in Golden Gate Park to receive from Claus Spreckels his gift to the State—a beautiful structure designed for a music-stand. It is the work of Reed Brothers, the architects of the Claus Spreckels Building—one of the very few handsome tall buildings in the United States, if not the handsomest. The music-stand is constructed of California blue-gray sandstone. It consists of a main arch and peristyle, flanked by two colonnades. The centre is 72 feet high, the interior of the arch being 50 feet high and 30 feet wide. The orchestra platform has space for 100 musicians. The colonnades are 36 feet high. The columns of the main arch have Corinthian capitals, and spandrels on either side of the orchestral arch bear rich alto-reliefs with music as the subject. The columns of the colonnade have Ionic capitals. The structure is a striking one. In front of the music-stand seats for twenty thousand people have been provided, and around it are terraces with paths for driving, walking, and wheeling.

The structure was presented to the public by Mr. Spreckels in person. He was accompanied by his wife, his children, and his grandchildren. He made a brief address which was followed by a speech of acceptance by General Barnes.

The gift of this handsome structure to the people by the foremost of California's millionaires makes relevant the reflection that it is wise for such a map to make his gifts during his own life-time. Then he is certain that his plans will be carried out, and carried out in the way he wishes them. It is not so very long since Claus Spreckels conceived the idea of erecting this music-stand in Golden Gate Park. With his usual energy, he speedily brought it to completion. Take the instance of another and a posthumous benefaction—the fountain provided for in the will of the late Mervyn Donahue. He has been dead for years, and yet not a stroke of a pickaxe has been made for its foundations.

The conspicuous triangle at the intersection of Bush, Battery, and Market Streets which is to be the site of the fountain is still staringly empty as it was a decade and more ago. There is lacking the directing impetus of the donor. At first the money was tied up by lawsuits against the estate. Since the bequest has been available all sorts of complica-

tions have arisen to cause delay. The Merchants' Association, adjacent property-owners, and individual public-spirited citizens have in turn endeavored to hasten the erection of the fountain, but all of no avail. And just how long it will yet be before the fountain will be ready for its foundation nobody seems to be able to tell.

Claus Spreckels's way is the better way.

A New Racing Club.

Prince André Poniatowski, in association with a number of friends, has purchased Tanforan Park, and will form a new jockey club to conduct the enterprise. The plans to be carried out include a season of racing for which a programme will be issued soon, and it is the intention of those interested to follow the methods in practice at the best tracks in the East and in Europe.

Prince Poniatowski made public some of the hopes and aims of the new club just before leaving for the East a week ago, and said:

"This is no experiment, but a simple common-sense copy of what has been done in England and France for the last fifty years. Why should we not have interested in racing in California as good people as in England, in France, and in New York? In England racing is a national pastime, and for a hundred years the leaders of racing have been the leaders of the country. In France the same. And in New York, I see the Coney Island Jockey Club with Mr. Vanderbilt as president, and Messrs. August Belmont, James Keene, and William C. Whitney as directors. This is what has allowed me to convince my local friends that what was good enough for them should be good enough for any of us. It is on the strength of such names that I have obtained the support here of men who have kept away from the turf until now. You can not separate racing from breeding, and if racing does not improve in California, breeders of thorough-breds will gradually migrate East.

"A limitation of profit on the shares of the new jockey club (five per cent. on its issued capital stock) will demonstrate that its founders have either overlooked or willingly ignored the financial possibilities of their enterprise. The surplus earnings will be considerable. Clauses in the by-laws dispose of these, returning them to the public under the form of special premiums to breeders and allowances to summer race tracks throughout California. One principle—that of retaining on all races above four-hundred-dollar races five per cent. of the moneys going to the first horse and crediting with the same the breeder of the horse—is a feature not to be overlooked. It is a life interest in the horse any man has bred if such a horse is to be of any credit to his breeder.

"Our stakes will be all added money, every cent put up or received on entries going to the winners. The stakes will be the same every year, and will thus become classic events. The moneys put up will increase with the normal development of racing, but the conditions will remain the same, giving to winter racing in California a reputation of steadiness and permanency, which in the past has been a subject of yearly controversies in the East, often keeping away a great many hesitants."

Professor Max Müller, in a recent interview, said: "I lost very little time on novels before my illness. Now I delight in them. Not that I read them extensively myself. They are read to me. The old novels are very good. I am never tired of Sir Walter Scott, but modern fiction is mostly very poor stuff. The writers of the novels of to-day can't possibly work at them."

The trip to Mt. Tamalpais is still the chief attraction in the way of an outing with grand scenic effects. There are no accessories lacking, on the journey by rail up the mountain or at the new Tavern of Tamalpais.

Khaki Stationery.

The newest fad in writing papers is style and color of Khaki, with white border for Infantry, red border for Artillery, and yellow border for Cavalry. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, show this in some very catchy new shapes.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment

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—DO NOT GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A jar of California Strawberry Cream for the skin. Made from the fruit juice, at Greenbaum's, 200 Post.

—A FELLOW ONCE SAID, "I WANT SOME whisky, and I want it bad"; so they didn't give him Jesse Moore.

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At 12 o'clock Noon, AT THE ROBINSON HOME PLACE Los Medanos Station, near Antioch.

This fine ranch has a frontage of several miles on the San Joaquin River, and is traversed by both the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé Railroads. The STATIONS OF CORNWALL and LOS MEDANOS are on the RANCH.

At the same time and place will be sold the town lots belonging to the same estate, located IN ANTIOCH and NEW YORK LANDING, in quantities to suit purchasers.

Intending purchasers from San Francisco should get tickets to Los Medanos.

For further particulars see Catalogues. BOVEE, TOY & SONNTAG, Auctioneers, 624 Market St., San Francisco.

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LEAVE	From Sept. 12, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*12.45 A
*8.00 A	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Men- dota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*9.45 A
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carthers... Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Men- dota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*11.00 A	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2.45 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamer.....	*15.00 A
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Bar- bara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A
*5.00 P	Stockton.....	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Dem- ing, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.45 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton... Oregon and California Express, Sacra- mento, Marysville, Redding, Port- land, Puget Sound, and East.....	*12.15 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Sta- tions.....	*8.45 A
*8.05 P	Stockton.....	*11.00 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)		
*7.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Fel- ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Fel- ton, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	*8.50 A

CREAK ROUTE FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
9.00 11.00 A. M. 1.00 2.00 3.00
4.00 15.00 6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway— 6.00 8.00
10.00 A. M. 12.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco... San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	Sunday Excursion for San Jose, San- ta Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Princi- pal Way Stations.....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Compo, and Principal Way Stations.....	*18.35 P
*10.40 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*11.30 A	San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*5.30 P
*13.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A
*5.30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*18.35 A
*6.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The dominant sex: He—"You haven't the brains
of a goose." She—"Have you?"—*Indianapolis*
Press.
May—"Algy and Pamela had a falling out last
night." Clarence—"What was the cause?" May
—"Ammock."—*Harlem Life*.

"Did he gain anything by his visit to the Paris
Exposition?" "Yes; he says he gained a better
appreciation of the Chicago World's Fair."—*Chicago*
Post.

Sister-in-law—"How like his father the baby
is!" Mother—"He's certainly like him in some
ways. He generally keeps me up half the night!"
—*Punch*.

On the links: "You ought to be ashamed to
swear so dreadfully at the caddy. He is the minis-
ter's little boy." "It's all right. His father believes
in infant damnation."—*Life*.

"Your 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' seems like a brand-
new play." "Of course; we've fixed it up so Eliza
crosses the ice on an automobile, chased by a lot of
Boxers."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Off his mind: "Didn't you feel dreadfully when
you lost your gold-handled umbrella?" "No; I'd
expected to lose it for so long that I was glad when
it was gone."—*Chicago Record*.

Might have been worse: "Too bad, old man,
about your wife running away." "Oh, it might
have been worse. I wonder that she did not take
me along to look after her trunks."—*Indianapolis*
Press.

"I notice that a bear took possession of a Cana-
dian backwoods brewery the other day." "What
did the employees do—quit the brew?" "No,
they rallied and rushed the growler."—*Cleveland*
Plain Dealer.

To send away: "Well, that caps the climax."
"What's that?" "Cook says those folks in that
little house on the corner came over while we were
gone and had their photographs taken sitting on our
veranda."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Opportunity provided: "It's no wonder those
Japanese troops cover themselves with glory."
"What do you mean?" "Why, the other foreign
commanders are polite enough to let them do all
the dangerous work."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Johnny's current history: The teacher asked the
scholars to write a sentence in which the word
"chaste" was used. Johnny Wise, who keeps
posted on current events, wrote: "Aguinaldo is the
most chaste man there is."—*Baltimore American*.

Sallie de Witt—"That's Mrs. Allie Moneigh.
She has been married and divorced five times."
Noel Little—"How remarkable for one so young in
appearance! Her matrimonial reigns must have
been very short." Sallie de Witt—"Mere show-
ers!"—*Brooklyn Life*.

No money in it: "This comes from making love
to the daughter of a genius." "What is the trouble,
Tom?" "Why, her father has just invented a
parlor-clock that sounds an alarm at ten o'clock,
turns out the gas, and opens the front door by a wire
spring."—*Chicago News*.

The Chinese minister had just been to see the Sec-
retary of State. "What was the result of the con-
ference between Mr. Wu and Mr. Hay?" asked a
gentleman. "The general uncertainty of Chinese
news makes it difficult to say," was the answer; "I
have not yet ascertained whether Mr. Hay got
woodier or whether Mr. Wu got hazier."—*Washing-
ton Star*.

Conjuror (pointing to a large cabinet)—"Now,
ladies and gentlemen, allow me to exhibit my con-
cluding trick. I would ask any lady in the company
to step on the stage and stand in this cupboard. I
will then close the door. When I open it again the
lady will have vanished without leaving a trace be-
hind." *Gentleman in front seat* (aside, to his wife)
—"I say, old woman, do me a favor and step up."
—*Tit-Bits*.

Mamma—"Now go and say good night to your
governess, like a good little girl, and give her a
kiss." *Little Puss*—"I'll say good-night, but I
won't give her a kiss." Mamma—"That's naughty!
Why won't you give her a kiss?" *Little Puss*—
"Because she slaps people's faces when they try to
kiss her." Mamma—"Now, don't talk nonsense;
but do as you're told." *Little Puss*—"Well,
mummy, if you don't believe me—ask papa!"—*Ex.*

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various disorders incident thereto, need Steedman's
Soothing Powders.

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things for granted." "Yes; when you lent me the
novel you said was so delightful, I noticed the leaves
were not cut."—*Chicago Record*.

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Argonaut

Clubbing List for 1900

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Argonaut and Weekly New York Trib-
une (Republican)..... 4.50

Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New
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The Argonaut.

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Any voter who believes in an honest national financial system; who desires each dollar that may come into his hands to be worth one hundred cents; who rejoices in the growth of his country's credit and in the prosperity which now prevails; who is convinced that they were false prophets who told him that prosperity was dependent on the free coinage of silver; and who desires the continuance of the present monetary standard in preference to experiments that will surely lead from alarm to panic, from panic to disaster, and from disaster to general misery, should note the warning of Secretary of the Treasury Gage which has recently been made public. What would be the effect on our national financial system if Bryan were elected President next November? The question divides itself naturally into two parts. What could he do? What would he do?

The bonded indebtedness of the United States amounts

to \$1,046,000,000. All of this vast sum is represented by bonds in which (with the exception of \$200,000,000 of the war issue of 1898, and about \$30,000,000, which has been refunded at lower interest during the last year) the money of redemption is denominated "coin," which may be either gold or silver at the option of the government. The option of the administration is the option of the government.

Mr. Bryan as President could direct the payment of the interest on over \$800,000,000 of bonds and their principal as it became due in silver.

The current disbursements of the government amount to from \$1,500,000 to \$1,750,000 every day. All of these current bills may by law be paid in silver. In passing the financial bill of last March, the Senate rejected a provision that gold should be the standard of payment for the public debt. It also inserted a special declaration that nothing in the law should be construed as impairing the legal-tender quality of the standard silver dollar.

Mr. Bryan, as President, could direct the payment of all expenses of the government in silver, as long as a silver dollar remained in the treasury with which to make them.

In the currency of the United States there is included silver bullion, silver coin, and silver certificates amounting in the aggregate to \$579,000,000. The act of last March declared that all forms of money shall be maintained at parity with the gold standard, but the Senate rejected a provision that silver dollars might be exchanged for gold if necessary to maintain the parity. There is, then, no law which provides a means for keeping this mass of silver, more than half as great as the national debt, at par with gold. Its maintenance rests on the purposes of the administration.

Mr. Bryan, as President, could decline to take any measures to preserve the parity, and could not consistently with his theories preserve it by paying gold for it for that purpose.

The gold standard has been reaffirmed and strengthened, but it has not been firmly established by law. Bryan as President could nullify the effect of that act in the interest of silver merely by his management of the Treasury. If the law had included the clauses which the Senate rejected, it would still be the law only so long as it was unrepealed.

Bryan, as President, could convene Congress in extra session and repeal that law, with the aid of a House which would probably come in with his election, and the influence which a President can bring to bear on a narrow adverse majority in the Senate.

That Bryan could do these things nobody denies, and Carl Schurz, a Gold Democrat, admits that he could in his recent futile proposal that the Republican Congress should tie his hands by law this coming winter before he gets a chance to do the damage.

What would Mr. Bryan do?

This question has been fired at him from every part of the country in this campaign, and his answer is a significant silence.

In 1895, when the gold bond bill was before the House, he offered an amendment "that nothing herein shall be construed as surrendering the right of the government to pay all coin bonds in gold or silver at the option of the government." In discussing his amendment, he said: "The great majority of Republicans declare that coin bonds are gold bonds in fact. We, who believe in the right of the government to redeem its coin bonds in either gold or silver can object to gold bonds as a violent change in our monetary policy."

In 1896 he said that his party had "begun a war of extermination against the gold standard," which would be prosecuted until no American would "dare to advocate a gold-standard policy," for the reason that "the gold standard is a conspiracy against the human race, which we should no more join than we would an army marching to destroy our homes and families."

In 1896 he warned voters who believed in the gold-standard not to vote for him, "because I promise that it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it." He preached the same warfare through all the years since the last election. In 1900 he forced upon the convention of his party an explicit declaration in favor

of "the immediate restoration of the free coinage of silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1."

His own words, iterated and reiterated for at least six years, are ample evidence of what he would do, and they can not be refuted now by a silence that is horn of the fear of defeat.

Will the people give him the power to do what he clearly can do? Will they exchange prosperity for ruin, confidence and credit for panic and dishonor, certainty for doubt? Will they overturn an administration under whose economic policies the country stands first among the nations?

The press of California is much perturbed over the action of the Paris Exposition jury of award in wines. This body passed a resolution declaring that "all wines and brandies offered for examination bearing any label indicating a false description be excluded from examination or recompense, and the director-general be requested to have all such wines at once removed from the exposition grounds."

The California press protest bitterly that this is unfair to California, where certain wine-growers have for years been using French names for California wines. Yet in parallel columns these same California papers protest bitterly against Eastern wine-dealers who for years have been using California names for inferior wines. But if it is dishonorable for New York wine-dealers to use California names, it is dishonest for California wine-dealers to use French names.

At the risk of offending some California wine-dealers we wish to say that we are very glad their falsely labeled wines were excluded from official examination at Paris. The fact that they subsequently received an irregular "rating" at the request of Professor Wiley, of the United States Agricultural Department, cuts no figure in the case. They were excluded from examination, competition, or recompense by the jury of the Paris Exposition, and it served them right.

In our old copy-books at school there figured the material maxim, "Honesty is the best policy." It is not high ethics but it is good business. And so the wine-growers of California have found and will find. Some of them have tried to steal the fame and profit belonging to well-known French wines. They gave the names of French districts, French vineyards, and even French firms to the California product. It has been said that some of these wine-growers did it honestly. This is nonsense. No man can do a dishonest thing honestly. They did it for their financial advantage, and they did it knowing they were stealing the name and fame of wines produced by other men. The more far-sighted, as well as the more honest California wine-growers have given California names to the juice of the California grape. They have done well in a double sense—they have done well for themselves and for their State. To themselves they have brought profit, and to their State they have brought honor. They are men of all callings and of all stations in life. How varied may be seen from these three who have won gold medals from the French jury—Winfield Scott Keyes, a mining engineer and the son of an American general; Charles A. Baldwin, a young gentleman of fortune and the son of an American admiral; Pierre Klein, a foreigner and an ex-restaurant-keeper of San Francisco.

All sorts of specious arguments are advanced in favor of the false labeling of California wines. It is said that the French names "imply a certain type of wine," and therefore that the California product resembling it is entitled to steal its neighbor's fame and masquerade under its title. This would be bad morals if it were not bad logic. But it is both. France is a large country and grapes are grown in many parts of it. Yet even in France they do not pretend to produce champagne outside of the Champagne district. Sparkling wines are made in the Burgundy district, but they are not called "champagnes." They are called "sparkling Burgundies." The Burgundian wine-growers are proud of their product, and do not strive to steal the fame of their fellow-vintners in the north. A "wine of the same type" as champagne is produced in Germany, but it is not called "champagne"—it is called "sparkling Moselle." A

of the same type" as champagne is produced in Italy, but neither is it called "champagne." It is called "sparkling Asti." The wine-growers of the Asti district are also proud of their wines, and they do not try to steal the French vintner's name and fame. Is it too much to ask of California wine-growers that they should be at least as honest as the wine-growers of Burgundy, of Asti, and of Moselle?

We mention champagne particularly because it is a most distinctive "type of wine"—to use the phrase of the apologists for dishonesty. But the same piratical practice exists concerning other French wines. The names of the *grands vins* of the Burgundy, of the Medoc, of the Sauterne, and other districts, are also used by dishonest California vintners. The action carries its own punishment. These men have been striving for years to build up a business with other men's names. They will now find their efforts blasted, while their rivals, who have been honestly building up the reputation of California wines on California names, will ultimately reap a harvest.

We hope that this action of the French jury will kill off the practice of giving foreign names to California products. After some of the rich firms down-town, who sophisticate their wines, fortify "sick" wines, and then give them color with aniline dyes, have made a little more money and retired from business, and after the fraudulent labeling of California wines with foreign names has been killed off, the wine industry of the State will thrive. California's still white table wines are as good as any *vin ordinaire*, *vino di pasto*, or table wine in the world. Her red wines are pretty good and are yearly growing better. Her "champagnes" are as good as any so-called champagnes made out of La Champagne can be—which is no good.

California's name and fame are good, her wines are good, and so should be the name and fame of her wines. The way to make them so is to sell honest wines, to sell them honestly, with honest labels, and to sell them for what they are.

The terrible calamity at Galveston, whose details are still filling the civilized world with horror, has been described as the greatest disaster of the century. It is necessary only to recall the facts of other and similar catastrophes to realize the truth and the force of this remark. The number of the dead at Galveston has been variously estimated at from 5,000 to 10,000 people. It is impossible under existing conditions that the exact number should ever be known. No estimate with any claim to accuracy regarding the value of property destroyed has been made, but it will certainly amount to many millions of dollars. The principal buildings of the city were destroyed, as well as the less substantial structures occupied by the poorer classes. Practically the entire city was swept away, and the sun which had set on a prosperous community rose upon a mass of ruins. Consider for a moment the extent of the devastation as it has been reported. The whole of the business front for three blocks in from the Gulf was stripped of every vestige of habitation. The Orphans' Home fell like a house of cards. St. Mary's Infirmary was wrecked. The Old Women's Home collapsed. The Rosenberg school-house is a mass of wreckage. The high-school building is an empty shell. Every church in the city, with one or two possible exceptions, is a mass of ruins.

These devastating hurricanes are frequent on the Gulf and the adjacent waters of the Atlantic during the months from July to October. They mark the beginning of the rainy season. In a total of 355 that have been observed, 42 have occurred in July, 96 in August, 80 in September, and 69 in October. They begin in the Atlantic and pursue a westerly course until they reach latitude 25 degrees north, when they take a northerly direction, and generally skirt along the Atlantic coast of North America. It is seldom that they reach the coast of the main-land, but when they do they cause terrible destruction of life and property. In 1840 there was a devastating storm that visited Adams County in Mississippi, killing 317 people, injuring 100 others, and destroying \$1,260,000 worth of property. In 1883 Mississippi was visited by a storm of unusual severity that left a record of 51 deaths, 200 injured, and 100 buildings destroyed. The next year there was an unprecedented series of tornadoes covering the States of North and South Carolina, Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, and Illinois. After ten o'clock on the morning of February 9th there were 60 of these storms spread over this territory, and the record was 800 deaths, 2,500 injured, and 10,000 buildings destroyed. In 1893 a storm on the gulf coast of Louisiana resulted in the death of 2,000 people and an immense destruction of property. In 1895 a cyclone that visited St. Louis caused 500 deaths and injured 1,000 people. Terrible as this list of disasters is, there is none of them that will compare with the Galveston storm in ferocity or in the destruction of life and property. Even when the list is broadened out and disasters caused

otherwise than by flood are included, the preëminence of the Galveston catastrophe remains. The Chicago fire of 1871 startled the whole world and caused a loss of \$200,000,000 worth of property. Yet the loss of life was comparatively light, and only a part of the city was destroyed. The Charleston earthquake of 1886 caused only 54 deaths and destroyed only \$5,000,000 worth of property. The Seattle fire of 1889 destroyed but \$11,000,000 worth of property. The Louisville cyclone in 1890 caused 300 deaths, and during the same year a cyclone near St. Paul caused 500 deaths and destroyed \$20,000,000 worth of property.

The Johnstown flood in 1889 was regarded as a most terrible disaster. Conemaugh Lake, 275 feet above the level of Johnstown, had been used as a reservoir for the Pennsylvania Canal, but was not then in use. About three o'clock in the afternoon of May 31st, the dam broke and all attempts to stop the flow of the water were futile. The flood was half a mile in width and nearly forty feet in height, and swept everything before it. The deaths numbered 3,000 and the destruction of property amounted to \$9,000,000. The hurricane that visited Puerto Rico last year, causing such desolation, resulted in 2,000 deaths and the destruction of \$15,000,000 worth of property.

There have been historic earthquakes that have caused more loss of life than did the Galveston flood, and a few of them may be recalled. In Naples, in 1626, an earthquake resulted in 70,000 deaths. In 1693 the earthquake at Sicily caused 100,000 deaths. At Yeddo, in Japan, 190,000 were killed in 1703. In more recent times 50,000 were killed by an earthquake that visited Java in 1883. The list of disasters might be extended. In the older countries these overwhelming disasters have been permanent in their effects. In Galveston the work of rebuilding has already begun, and American energy will soon remove all signs of the destruction that has been wrought.

By degrees the populations of the leading cities of the United States are being announced. It is yet too early for any definite statement to be made as to the country population, or as to the percentage that the urban population bears to the whole body of the people, but it is probable that the tendency of population toward the cities, which has been a world-wide phenomenon for the last two or three decades, has continued. Were this not the case, the percentage of increase in certain of the larger cities would indicate an aggregate far in excess of the 75,000,000 that is now conservatively accepted by the majority of statisticians as the total number of people in the country. The increase of population in some of the larger cities of the country, however, has been remarkable, even when all these considerations are taken into account. With New York City comparison is difficult. Since the census of 1890 the boundaries of the city have been extended to include not only Brooklyn—which was the fourth city in size in the country ten years ago—but certain other outlying districts. With this increased area, New York now has a population of 3,437,202, or more than three-quarters of that of London. Allowing for the former population of the same territory, the percentage of increase is placed at 37.9 per cent., or considerably more than one-third. When the numbers involved are considered—an increase of more than one hundred thousand people each year on an average—the growth is astounding, yet it confirms the fact that the tendency is for a large city to grow faster than a small one.

Chicago, the second city in size, has also increased its territorial extent during the decade, but the area taken in has not been so densely populated. Nevertheless, the population now is 1,698,575—an increase of 54.44 per cent., or more than one-half during the ten years. Philadelphia has a population of 1,293,697, showing an increase of nearly one-quarter (23.57 per cent.) St. Louis, the rival of Chicago thirty years ago, has fourth place, with a population of 575,238. Ten years ago St. Louis was in fifth place, having been passed by Chicago in 1880, but in the meantime Brooklyn has been eliminated from the list. Though thus retaining its relative position, St. Louis shows an increase of 27.33 per cent., or more than that of Philadelphia. Boston, in the heart of New England, where the population is supposed to be at a standstill, shows an increase of 25.07. Baltimore was in seventh place ten years ago, and is now in sixth place, owing to the consolidation of Brooklyn with New York, with an increase of 17.15 per cent. Cleveland, among Western cities, has an increase of 46.07 per cent. In the same belt are Springfield, Ill., with an increase of 36.84 per cent.; Joliet, with 32.05 per cent.; Peoria, with 36.75 per cent.; Indianapolis, with 60.44 per cent.; and South Bend, Ind., with 64.99 per cent.

In this showing San Francisco stands almost alone. Its rate of increase has been less than that of any other of the great cities of the country. Ten years ago it occupied eighth place in the list of cities, corresponding to seventh place at the present time. Cleveland and Buffalo were both

below it, and now they rank ahead. Oakland, Cal., has a population of 66,960, an increase of 37.55 per cent. Portland, Or., has a population of 90,426, an increase of 94.95 per cent. San Francisco's population now is only 342,782, an increase of 14.64 per cent. What is the matter with San Francisco?

President McKinley, Governor Roosevelt, and Mr. Bryan have all published their letters of acceptance. The documents are of varying lengths.

President McKinley's letter makes about eleven thousand words, Governor Roosevelt's letter about five thousand words, and Mr. Bryan's about four thousand words. This is easily comprehended when it is considered that President McKinley has no other means of laying before the people his views upon the issues of the campaign. His executive duties prevent him from making speeches, even if it were in good taste for the President to take the stump, which we do not believe. On the other hand, Governor Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan are both stumping the country and daily giving to the people their views upon the issues of the campaign. President McKinley's letter is so long that we will not attempt to summarize it. We advise all citizens to read it carefully. Much space is given to the Philippine question, and it will be difficult for Mr. Bryan to make any breach in the arguments there presented. There is no doubt that many Republicans do not look with enthusiasm upon the Philippine policy to which the party stands committed, but after reading President McKinley's letter most of them will agree that the administration policy is the only one feasible.

Governor Roosevelt also discusses the Philippine question, although he devotes considerable space to silver and the trust question. His letter, naturally, will not attract as much attention as that of the President. It should not do so, as he occupies the second place on the ticket. But, regarded from almost any point of view, it is markedly inferior to the letter of President McKinley.

Mr. Bryan's letter is highly condensed. He devotes little space to what he calls "the paramount issue, imperialism," on the ground that he has discussed it in his notification speech. He touches briefly on most of the remaining planks in the platform. Those who objected to his omission of the silver question from his notification speech will find it reviewed in his letter of acceptance. His handling of it is most adroit. He repeatedly speaks of the "existing ratio of 16 to 1." He says that it is the ratio "of all the gold and silver dollars now in circulation" and that it is "a ratio which not even the Republican administration has attempted to change." He arraigns the Republican administration for having advocated bimetalism four years ago and having abandoned it now. Concerning the issue of imperialism, he says that to claim "that we can protect a nation from outside interference with exercising sovereignty over this people, is an assault upon the Monroe doctrine," and he dwells upon this point at considerable length. Concerning the Philippines, he closes by saying: "If they show as much determination in opposing the sovereignty of other nations as they have shown in opposing our sovereignty, they will not require much assistance from us."

All of the letters of the candidates are now in, except that of Mr. Stevenson, and we do not think that it makes very much difference about him. The campaign may now be considered as fairly opened.

The Cuban people have once more demonstrated their capacity for self-government to the extent, at least, of conducting elections in an orderly manner. On Saturday of last week delegates were elected to the convention that is to draft a constitution for the government of the island, and reports from all districts indicate that the elections passed off quietly in all provinces. In Havana the National party triumphed, electing all but one delegate. General Sanguilly, a Republican, was also successful. In Santa Clara it is conceded that the Federals will win. The Nationalists, who are supposed to be opposed to annexation to the United States, are nevertheless moderate in tone, and all parties show an increased inclination to depend upon this country. This is important, as one of the duties of the constitutional convention will be to determine the relations that are to exist between the United States and Cuba.

General Gomez, who appears to be the leading candidate for the presidency under the new government, recently issued an open letter, in which he urged all Cubans to send none but revolutionists to the constitutional convention, and to deny to the United States any voice in the framing of the new government. The letter did not harmonize with the sentiment of the people, and aroused a storm of disapproval. The wily general, who is something of a politician as well as a soldier, saw that he had made a mistake, and came out with another letter in which he adopted a tone much more

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mild. Even this did not satisfy the Nationalists, and *La Lucha* pointed out that the Nationalists were not a revolutionary party, while the demand that none but military men should be elected looked very much like a bid for the presidency for himself. Quite a change is seen also in the attitude of the Union Democratic party. At first they urged their voters not to vote at all for delegates to the constitutional convention, lest the United States might dominate the convention and they might appear to acquiesce by having voted. Now, however, they favor a protectorate of the United States, to the extent of giving this government a review of treaties between Cuba and foreign countries. One of their leaders, Señor Giherga, recently declared that the Cubans will be content with a government that will insure them peace and happiness without making an effort to have a standing among the other powers of the world.

In this election the voters seem to be dividing on color lines—which hodes trouble. In Santiago province the black voters carried the day, and the whites are now clamoring for annexation to the United States.

On September 11th Hon. J. C. Sims, chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, wrote to Colonel George Stone, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, saying:

"This is a campaign of education, and we believe that the best means of reaching the ends desired will be accomplished by joint discussion. We therefore respectfully propose that a series of joint debates on the living issues of the campaign be held in the populous centres of the State. If this proposition meets with your approval, Stephen M. White and D. M. Delmas will present the Democratic side of the issues."

The chairman of the Republican committee replied:

"The proposition was submitted to the executive committee, and it was the sense of the members thereof that as experience in former campaigns had demonstrated that such debates had not added dignity to either party, and the practice is no longer considered profitable to either party in the conduct of a political campaign, I was instructed to advise you that our committee respectfully declines your proposition."

We do not understand why the Republican State Central Committee should decline this challenge. It was certainly fair, frank, couched in respectful language, and no one could object to the names of the two speakers put forward as the champions of Democracy. Ex-Senator White and D. M. Delmas are admittedly eloquent speakers, able debaters, and men of high character. Can it be possible that the Republican State Central Committee believes that we have no speakers in the Republican ranks who are the peers of these two gentlemen? Or if the Republican State Central Committee believes that we have orators who are their equals, does its refusal imply that our cause is too weak to be defended? As to the plea advanced—that "such debates do not add dignity to either party"—we must confess that to us it seems a disingenuous one. From our earliest history as a nation joint debates have been a feature of political campaigns. It will be a poor day for this republic when its political leaders refuse to discuss political issues in the only place where all the people can hear them—in the hustings and on the stump. This country is somewhat over-newspapered, but still all of the people do not read all of the newspapers all of the time. Therefore everything can not be done by a newspaper. We have had municipal government by newspaper in this town, but the community grew tired of it. National government by newspaper is still far in the future. Therefore the people—the plain people—must still be reached by other methods than by newspapers. They can be reached by argument, and there is no better, more striking, or more convincing way of presenting arguments than by a joint debate. If the Republican State Central Committee is ashamed of the Republican party's platform, we do not think that the rank and file of the Republican party are. As to the lack of dignity, Abraham Lincoln did not find joint debates undignified. What was good enough for Lincoln ought to be good enough for the Republican State Central Committee of California. From the apathetic way in which that committee is inaugurating this campaign we would recommend them to infuse it with a little less dignity and a little more ginger.

Mr. M. H. de Young, proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, says in an interview that he is surprised at the adverse criticisms of many visitors to the Paris Exposition, particularly the American visitors; that the exposition is the finest that ever was held. If Mr. de Young is right, it is odd that his own publication does not hear him out. The *Chronicle* has been publishing an illustrated supplement called "The Parisian Dream City." It is on the same lines as a similar supplement published by the *Chronicle* and devoted to the Chicago fair. It is admirably printed: as a piece of mechanical work, it is far superior to the Chicago supplement. The art of making half-tone blocks from photographs has much improved in seven years. But apparently the art of making world's fairs has not. From every point of view, except the mechanical one, the "Paris-

ian Dream City" is far inferior to the "Chicago White City." The art editors of Mr. de Young's supplement, through lack of sufficient good material at the exposition, have been forced to fall back upon Paris herself. The most interesting pictures are not those of the Paris Exposition, but of Paris. Architecturally the Paris Exposition does not compare with the Chicago fair. In point of amusements it is also far inferior. And that's the truth.

Mr. Richard Croker has wagered one hundred thousand dollars that William J. Bryan will be the next President. This proves nothing. Bets are meaningless. All they indicate is a difference of opinion. Exactly half the men who make them have poor judgment—for they must lose. But Mr. Croker may make money if he does not win bets. He is getting odds of nearly three to one. He stands to win two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, if Bryan be elected. But before the election the odds will change. They always do. They will be perhaps three to two—perhaps even. Mr. Croker can lay his betting-hook in such a way that even if Bryan is defeated he will win some thousands of dollars. A shrewd betting-man can make a hook so that he can win in either event. This recalls an anecdote of the melancholy Blaine campaign, when so many of us good Republicans furnished Democrats with silk hats and other things. Colonel Hawes, an enthusiastic Republican, began early in the campaign offering odds of two to one on Blaine. He got it. Toward the end of the campaign, when "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" began playing havoc with Blaine in New York State, the colonel tried to save himself by hedging on the changing odds. He made a new hook, but confided to friends that he had done it with so little skill that he "stood to lose in either event." This would seem to have been ill-considered.

Within the last few days one of the greatest strikes that this country has known has been inaugurated. The coal-miners to the number of one hundred and forty thousand have been ordered out on strike and have obeyed the summons. The miners are confessedly without money, and the operators are in a position to continue the struggle indefinitely, even at the cost of loss of profits and deterioration of plants. Starving men know no law save that of self-defense, and the miners, their wives, and their children will soon be starving. The grievance of which the strikers complain is that their wages are not sufficient to enable them to live, even though their wives and children contribute to the family support by doing the lighter work about the mines. They admit that wages have not been reduced, but the price of the necessities of life has been increased to the point where current wages will not pay living expenses.

One feature of the present strike, coming as it does on the eve of a Presidential election, has attracted considerable attention. What effect is it likely to have upon the campaign? There is a strong tendency in human nature to blame the administration for every evil that befalls. The Democratic press and the Democratic orators are endeavoring to attach to President McKinley the blame for the existence of the present unfortunate condition. Will they succeed?

In 1892, when President Harrison was completing his term and was appealing to the country for reelection, the celebrated strike broke out at the Carnegie mills near Pittsburgh. Mr. Carnegie was known as a Republican, and an attempt was made then as now to connect the administration with the trouble. Opposed to Harrison was Grover Cleveland, whom he had defeated four years before, just as Bryan is opposed to McKinley to-day.

Senator Hanna in interviews and speeches in New York and Chicago within the last few days is reported as saying: "The Democrats are planning to recapture Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware, to carry New York and Indiana, and elect Bryan. These States are not sure Republican States. I admit that New York is doubtful. We must fight for New York. Croker has made a deal with Bryan. He can command ample funds. It is foolish for us to talk of our winning New York without a fight. Indiana, too, is doubtful. It never gave large majorities. If the Republicans remain apathetic they will be beaten. The great danger to Republican success is over-confidence."

There can be no doubt that Senator Hanna's remarks should be heeded by the Republicans. We are now within a few weeks of the election, and the campaign has barely begun. As we write, nearly twenty thousand voters in San Francisco have not registered. The lack of interest shown in this Presidential election is amazing. Republicans must bestir themselves.

WHY FILIPINOS HATE THE FRIARS.

Clerical Influence in the Schools—A Policy of Ignorance—Archbishop Nozalada's Position as an Adviser—His Warning to the People—Military Power Hampered.

There is no lack of testimony concerning the reasons for Filipino opposition to the friars. In an article on "The Common Schools in the Philippines," published in the *Independent* last June, Lieutenant-Commander Carlos Gilman Calkins, U. S. A., pointed out the complete domination of the educational system by the church. He reported an interview with a native school-teacher which gave him fresh information:

"Our schoolmaster spoke bitterly of clerical influence in the schools. He declared that the friars cared for nothing but ritual. With fierce eyes and clasped hands he protested against the interminable rosaries and processions of the daily routine. Official documents justify his complaint. Every friar was a local inspector of primary schools, with authority to admonish and suspend teachers for faults 'relating to religion, immorality, or zeal in the performance of duty.' The disuse of Spanish during school hours was also a grave offense. The spirit which animated the clergy to extend legitimate influence by 'vigilant intervention' is proclaimed in a bishop's pastoral which the civil government was forced to circulate in 1868. After telling of the struggles of the European clergy against the 'revolutionary press and oppressive measures of government,' he exults in the fact that Spain is moving in the opposite direction and bestowing exclusive powers upon the friars with 'unlimited protection from the civil government.' Then follows a grant of indulgence to priests who visit schools or give instruction in religion or science."

Lieutenant-Commander Calkins closed his essay with these paragraphs:

"Between the foundation of Spanish dominion in the Philippines and the installation of a system of public schools, three centuries have elapsed. During this period the clergy had unlimited authority, and they tolerated schools kept by ignorant natives, who were paid two or three dollars a month. In spite of royal decrees, Spanish was not taught, and catechizing was conducted in native dialects. . . . The purpose of this policy of darkness was to preserve the privileges of the friar and to destroy the germs of political aspiration. Incidentally it left the ignorant native in bondage to intrusive Chinese traders and treacherous native clerks and notaries—inclined in clerical colleges which taught them enough Spanish to misinterpret the laws but failed to equip them for any useful profession."

The representative of the Associated Press in the Philippines, Harold Martin, recently published a statement in which these paragraphs appear:

"I will not go into the reason why the people demand the expulsion of the friars, because that is already well known; I will simply sustain my statement that the Filipino people wish their withdrawal from the country."

"Four men are concerned in this friar question to-day, Judge Taft and General Wright, Archbishop Chapelle and Archbishop Nozalada. The first two named have in their hands the power to settle the question, while the two ecclesiastics are incidentals to the main issue, and nothing more."

Mr. Martin gives this reference to one of the church dignitaries:

"Archbishop Nozalada was the intimate adviser of the Spanish soldiers in their work of government, and his voice was influential in forming their attitude and action in international and internal affairs. To-day he is the head of the Roman Catholic Church and the monastic orders in this archipelago, and nothing more. . . . On May 8, 1898, a week after Dewey won his victory, Nozalada publicly addressed the Filipino people about the Americans. He told them we were heretics; that instead of the Cross of Christ, the stars of Freemasonry were to be seen in our national flag; that we had come to destroy their Catholic religion and tear them from the Church of Rome; and that our insatiable object was to enrich ourselves at the expense of Spain's colonies. 'I pity you, Filipinos, the day the Americans establish here a stable government,' he said. 'You will enjoy neither employment nor voice in the control of your country. The Americans will exploit you and your land; you will be miserable slaves and outcasts; your temples will be changed to Protestant chapels; the cross will disappear from your cemeteries; and in half a century there will be no Christian faith or observance in your country.' It was in this same document that Nozalada consecrated the entire Philippine Archipelago to the Sacred Heart of Christ, for its protection against the American invaders."

One of the reasons why progress in the clearing-up of difficulties in Luzon has been slow is thus stated in Mr. Martin's letter:

"Another and the second fact to be remembered concerning this friar question is that according to the Paris Treaty we are bound to observe the standing and the rights accorded by custom to the religious corporations in the Philippines. According to Archbishop Chapelle, these measures were indirectly introduced into the treaty by Chapelle himself. Hence, when the Filipinos, three weeks ago, asked General MacArthur for the expulsion of the friars as one of several concessions which they assured the military commander would permit peace between Filipinos and Americans, General MacArthur had to confine his answer to guaranteeing them that same measure of religious liberty which obtains in the United States."

Freedom for Protestant Missionaries.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 19, 1900. EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your last number, Mr. J. Walter Reid challenges the assertions of the various correspondents writing from the Philippines about the Roman Catholic friars there. It does not seem to me that Mr. Reid does anything except to contradict them. He advances no proofs of his statements. Certainly the Filipinos know the friars better than anybody else. The fact that they hate them so bitterly is good evidence of the character of the friars.

It is beginning to look as if the American Government were siding with the friars against the Filipinos; as if the government were trying to protect the friars in order to catch the Roman Catholic vote in the United States; as if the United States were backing up the Papal delegate Chapelle in his attempt to hang on to the church property; as if the government were trying to crowd out the Protestant missionaries of the islands on the ground that their preaching of the gospel "might make trouble." We hear a good deal of talk about the American flag bringing freedom to the Filipinos. Are Protestant ministers not to be allowed to preach the gospel freely here? A kind of freedom which makes it free for Catholic friars to practice their religion and forbids Protestants from preaching theirs, is a kind of freedom that I do not think will suit the American people.

Yours truly, J. E. LUDL

THE WRATH OF THE STORM GOD.

A Story of Ruin.

[The terrible wind and sea storms which devastated Galveston, Tex., and ravaged the coast of the Southern States a fortnight ago, call to mind the description of the storm in Lafcadio Hearn's "Chita: A Memory of Last Island," which attracted much attention on its appearance some ten years ago. From the book, which is published by Harper & Brothers, we have extracted the following passages, which tell the tragedy of L'Île Dernière, which, it may be necessary to state, was a sunny little island in the Gulf of Mexico, much in vogue as a fashionable watering-place of the wealthy Creoles of Louisiana.]

Last Island lay steeped in the enormous light of magical days. July was dying; for weeks no flock of cloud had broken the heaven's blue dream of eternity; winds held their breath; slow wavelets caressed the bland, brown beach with a sound as of kisses and whispers. It was the height of the season. The long, myrtle-shadowed village was thronged with its summer population; the big hotel could hardly accommodate all its guests; the bathing-houses were too few for the crowds who flocked to the water morning and evening. There were diversions for all—hunting and fishing-parties, yachting excursions, rides, music, games, promenades. Carriage-wheels whirled flickering along the beach, seeming its smoothness noiselessly, as if muffled. Love wrote its dreams upon the sand.

Then one great noon, when the blue abyss of day seemed to yawn over the world more deeply than ever before, a sudden change touched the quicksilver smoothness of the waters—the swaying shadow of a vast motion. First the whole sea-circle appeared to rise up bodily at the sky; the horizon-curve lifted to a straight line; the line darkened and approached—a monstrous wrinkle, an immeasurable fold of green water, moving swift as a cloud-shadow pursued by sunlight. But it had looked formidable only by startling contrast with the previous placidity of the open; it was scarcely two feet high; it curled slowly as it neared the beach, and combed itself out in sheets of woolly foam with a low, rich roll of whispered thunder. Swift in pursuit another followed—a third—a feeble fourth; then the sea only swayed a little, and stilled again. Minutes passed, and the immeasurable heaving recommenced—one, two, three, four—seven long swells this time; and the Gulf smoothed itself once more. Irregularly the phenomenon continued to repeat itself, each time with heavier billowing and briefer intervals of quiet, until at last the whole sea grew restless and shifted color and flickered green; the swells became shorter and changed form. Then from horizon to shore ran one uninterrupted heaving—one vast green swarming of snake shapes, rolling in to hiss and flatten upon the sand. Yet no single cirrus-speck revealed itself through all the violet heights: there was no wind!—you might have fancied the sea had been upheaved from beneath.

But the pleasure-seekers of Last Island knew there must have been a "great blow" somewhere that day. Still the sea swelled, and a splendid surf made the evening bath delightful. Then, just at sundown, a beautiful cloud-hridge grew up and arched the sky with a single span of cottony pink vapor, that changed and deepened color with the dying of the iridescent day. And the cloud-hridge approached, stretched, strained, and swung round at last to make way for the coming of the gale—even as the light bridges that traverse the dreamy Têche swing open when luggermen sound through their conch-shells the long, hellowing signal of approach.

Then the wind began to blow, with the passing of July. It blew from the north-east, clear, cool. It blew in enormous sighs, dying away at regular intervals, as if pausing to draw breath. All night it blew; and in each pause could be heard the answering moan of the rising surf—as if the rhythm of the sea molded itself after the rhythm of the air—as if the waving of the water responded precisely to the waving of the wind—a hallow for every puff, a surge for every sigh.

The August morning broke in a bright sky; the breeze still came cool and clear from the north-east. The waves were running now at a sharp angle to the shore: they began to carry fleeces, an innumerable flock of vague green shapes, wind-driven to be despoiled of their ghostly wool. Far as the eye could follow the line of the beach, all the slope was white with the great shearing of them. Clouds came, flew as in a panic against the face of the sun, and passed. All that day and through the night and into the morning again, the breeze continued from the north-east, howling like an equinoctial gale.

Then day by day the vast breath freshened steadily and the waters heightened. A week later sea-hating had become perilous; colossal breakers were herding in, like moving leviathan-backs, twice the height of a man. Still the gale grew, and the billowing waxed mightier, and faster and faster overhead flew the tatters of torn cloud. The gray morning of the ninth wanly lighted a surf that appalled the best swimmers; the sea was one wild agony of foam, the gale was rending off the heads of the waves and veiling the horizon with a fog of salt spray. Shadowless and gray the day remained; there were mad bursts of lashing rain. Evening brought with it a sinister apparition, looming through a cloud-rent in the west—a scarlet sun in a green sky. His sanguine disk, enormously magnified, seemed barred like the body of a belted planet. A moment and the crimson spectre vanished, and the moonless night came.

Then the wind grew weird. It ceased being a breath; it became a voice moaning across the world—hooting—uttering nightmare sounds—*whoo!—whoo!—whoo!*—and with each stupendous owl-cry, the moaning of the waters seemed to deepen, more and more abysmally, through all the hours of darkness. From the north-west, the breakers of the hay began to roll high over the sandy slope into the salines, the *hayou* broadened to a hellowing flood. So the tumult swelled and the turmoil heightened until morning—a turning of gray gloom and whistling rain—rain of hursting

clouds and rain of wind-blown brine from the great spuming agony of the sea.

The steamer *Star* was due from St. Mary's that fearful morning. Could she come? No one really believed it—no one. And, nevertheless, men struggled to the roaring beach to look for her, because hope is stronger than reason.

Even to-day, in these Creole islands, the advent of the steamer is the great event of the week. There are no telegraph lines, no telephones; the mail-packet is the only trustworthy medium of communication with the outer world, bringing friends, news, letters. And even during the deepest sleep of waves and winds there will come betimes to sojourners in this unfamiliar archipelago a feeling of loneliness that is a fear, a feeling of isolation from the world of men—totally unlike that sense of solitude which haunts one in the silence of mountain heights or amid the eternal tumult of lofty granitic coasts: a sense of helpless insecurity. The land seems but an undulation of the sea-bed; its highest ridges do not rise more than the height of a man above the salines on either side—the salines themselves lie almost level with the level of the flood-tides—the tides are variable, treacherous, mysterious. But when all around and above these ever-changing shores the twin vastnesses of heaven and sea begin to utter the tremendous revelation of themselves as infinite forces in contention, then, indeed, this sense of separation from humanity appalls. Perhaps it was such a feeling which forced men, on the tenth day of August, 1856, to hope against hope for the coming of the *Star* and to strain their eyes toward far-off Terrebonne. "It was a wind you could lie down on," said my friend, the pilot.

"Great God!" shrieked a voice above the shouting of the storm, "*she is coming!*" It was true. Down the Atchafalaya, and thence through strange mazes of hayou, lakelet, and pass, by a rear route familiar only to the best of pilots, the frail river-craft had toiled into Caillou Bay, running close to the main shore; and now she was heading right for the island, with the wind aft, over the monstrous sea. On she came, swaying, rocking, plunging—with a great whiteness wrapping her about like a cloud, and moving with her moving—a tempest whirl of spray—ghost-white and like a ghost she came, for her smoke-stacks exhaled no visible smoke—the wind devoured it! The excitement on shore became wild; men shouted themselves hoarse; women laughed and cried. Every telescope and opera-glass was directed upon the coming apparition; all wondered how the pilot kept his feet; all marveled at the madness of the captain.

But Captain Abraham Smith was not mad. A veteran American sailor, he had learned to know the great Gulf as scholars know deep books by heart; he knew the birthplace of its tempests, the mystery of its tides, the omens of its hurricanes. While lying at Brashear City, he felt the storm had not yet reached its highest, vaguely foresaw a mighty peril, and resolved to wait no longer for a lull. "Boys," he said, "we've got to take her out in spite of hell!" And they "took her out." Through all the peril, his men stayed by him and obeyed him. By mid-morning the wind had deepened to a roar—lowering sometimes to a rumble, sometimes hursting upon the ears like a measureless and deafening crash. Then the captain knew the *Star* was running a race with Death. "She'll win it," he muttered; "she'll stand it. Perhaps they'll have need of me to-night."

She won! With a sonorous steam-chant of triumph the brave little vessel rode at last into the hayou and anchored hard by her accustomed resting-place, in full view of the hotel, though not near enough to shore to lower her gang-plank. But she had sung her swan-song. Gathering in from the north-east, the waters of the hay were already marbling over the salines and half-across the island; and still the wind increased its paroxysmal power.

Cottages began to rock. Some slid away from the solid props upon which they rested. A chimney tumbled. Shutters were wrenched off; verandas demolished. Light roofs lifted, dropped again, and flapped into ruin. Trees bent their heads to the earth. And still the storm grew louder and blacker with every passing hour.

The *Star* rose with the rising of the waters, dragging her anchor. Two more anchors were put out, and still she dragged—dragged in with the flood—twisting, shuddering, careening in her agony. Evening fell; the sand began to move with the wind, stinging faces like a continuous fire of fine shot; and frenzied blasts came to buffet the steamer forward, sideward. Then one of her hog-chains parted with a clang like the boom of a big bell. Then another! Then the captain bade his men to cut away all her upper works, clean to the deck. Overboard into the seething went her stacks, her pilot-house, her cabins, and whirled away. And the naked hull of the *Star*, still dragging her three anchors, labored on through the darkness, nearer and nearer to the immense silhouette of the hotel, whose hundred windows were now all aflame. The vast timber building seemed to defy the storm. The wind, roaring round its broad verandas—hissing through every crevice with the sound and force of steam—appeared to waste its rage. And in the half-lull between two terrible gusts there came to the captain's ears a sound that seemed strange in that night of multitudinous terrors—a sound of music!

Almost every evening throughout the season there had been dancing in the great hall; there was dancing that night, also. The population of the hotel had been augmented by the advent of families from other parts of the island, who found their summer cottages insecure places of shelter; there were nearly four hundred guests assembled. Perhaps it was for the reason that the entertainment had been prepared upon a grander plan than usual that it assumed the form of a fashionable ball. And all those pleasure-seekers, representing the wealth and beauty of the Creole parishes, mingled joyously, knowing each other, feeling in some sort akin, whether affiliated by blood, connaturalized by caste, or simply interassociated by traditional sympathies of class sentiment and class interest. Perhaps, in the more than ordinary merriment of that evening, something of nervous exaltation might have been discerned—something like a feverish resolve to oppose apprehension with gayety, to com-

bat uneasiness by diversion. But the hours passed in mirthfulness; the first general feeling of depression began to weigh less and less upon the guests; they had found reason to confide in the solidity of the massive building; there were no positive terrors, no outspoken fears; and the new conviction of all had found expression in the words of the host himself: "Il n'y a rien de mieux à faire que de s'amuser!" Of what avail to lament the prospective devastation of cane-fields—to discuss the possible ruin of crops? Better to seek solace in choreographic harmonies, in the rhythm of gracious motion and of perfect melody, than hearken to the discords of the wild orchestra of storms—wiser to admire the grace of Parisian toilets, the eddy of trailing robes with its fairy-foam of lace, the ivory loveliness of glossy shoulders and jeweled throats, the glimmering of satin-slipped feet—than to watch the raging of the flood without or the flying of the wrack.

So the music and the mirth went on; they made joy for themselves, those elegant guests; they jested and sipped rich wines; they pledged, and hoped, and loved, and promised, with never a thought of the morrow, on the night of the tenth of August, 1856. Slave-servants circled through the aristocratic press, bearing dainties and wines, praying permission to pass in terms at once humble and officious—always in the excellent French which well-trained house-servants were taught to use on such occasions.

Night wore on: still the shining floor palpitated to the feet of the dancers; still the pianoforte pealed, and still the violins sang—and the sound of their singing shrilled through the darkness, in gasps of the gale, to the ears of Captain Smith, as he strove to keep his footing on the spray-drenched deck of the *Star*.

"Christ!" he muttered—"a dance! If that wind whips round south, there'll be another dance! But I guess the *Star* will stay."

Half an hour might have passed; still the lights flamed calmly, and the violins trilled, and the perfumed whirl went on. And suddenly the wind veered!

Again the *Star* reeled, and shuddered, and turned, and began to drag all her anchors. But she now dragged away from the great building and its lights—away from the voluptuous thunder of the grand piano—even at that moment outpouring the great joy of Weber's melody, orchestrated by Berlioz, "*L'Invitation à la Valse*"—with its marvelous musical swing.

"Waltzing!" cried the captain. "God help them! God help us all now! *The Wind waltzes to-night with the Sea for his partner!*"

O the stupendous Valse-Tourbillon! O the mighty Dancer! One—two—three! From north-east to east, from east to south-east, from south-east to south: then from the south he came, whirling the Sea in his arms.

Some one shrieked in the midst of the revels—some girl who found her pretty slippers wet. What could it be? Thin streams of water were spreading over the level planking—curling about the feet of the dancers. What could it be? All the land had begun to quake, even as, but a moment before, the polished floor was trembling to the pressure of circling steps; all the building shook now; every beam uttered its groan. What could it be?

There was a clamor, a panic, a rush to the windy night. Infinite darkness above and beyond; but the lantern-beams dance far out over an unbroken circle of heaving and swirling black water. Stealthily, swiftly, the measureless sea-flood was rising.

"*Messieurs—mesdames, ce n'est rien. Nothing serious, ladies, I assure you. Mais nous en avons vu bien souvent, les inondations comme celle-ci; ça passe vite!* The water will go down in a few hours, ladies; it never rises higher than this; *il n'y a pas le moindre danger, je vous dis!* Allons! *il n'y a—* My God! what is that?"

For a moment there was a ghastly hush of voices. And through that hush there hurst upon the ears of all a fearful and unfamiliar sound, as of a colossal cannonade—rolling up from the south, with volleying lightnings. Vastly and swiftly, nearer and nearer, it came—a ponderous and unbroken thunder-roll, terrible as the long muttering of an earthquake.

The nearest mainland—across mad Caillou Bay to the sea-marshes—lay twelve miles north; west, by the Gulf, the nearest solid ground was twenty miles distant. There were boats, yes; but the stoutest swimmer might never reach them now.

Then rose a frightful cry—the hoarse, hideous, indescribable cry of hopeless fear—the despairing animal-cry man utters when suddenly brought face to face with Nothingness, without preparation, without consolation, without possibility of respite. *Sauve qui peut!* Some wrenched down the doors; some clung to the heavy banquet-tables, to the sofas, to the billiard-tables—during one terrible instant—against fruitless heroisms, against futile generousities—raged all the frenzy of selfishness, all the brutalities of panic. And then—then came, thundering through the blackness, the giant swells boom on boom! One crash!—the huge frame building rocks like a cradle, seesaws, crackles. What are human shrieks now?—the tornado is shrieking! Another!—chandeliers splinter; lights are dashed out; a sweeping cataract hurls in; the immense hall rises—oscillates—twirls as upon a pivot—crepitates—crumbles into ruin. Crash again!—the swirling wreck dissolves into the wallowing of another monster billow; and a hundred cottages overturn, spin in sudden eddies, quiver, disjoint, and melt into the seething.

So the hurricane passed—tearing off the heads of the prodigious waves, to hurl them a hundred feet in air—heaping up the ocean against the land—upturning the woods. Bays and passes were swollen to abysses; rivers regorged; the sea-marshes were changed to raging wastes of water. Before New Orleans the flood of the mile-broad Mississippi rose six feet above highest water-mark. One hundred and ten miles away, Donaldsonville trembled at the towering tide of the Lafourche. Lakes strove to burst their boundaries. Far-off river steamers tugged wildly at their cables—shivering like

tethered creatures that hear by night the approaching howl of destroyers. Smoke-stacks were hurled overboard, pilot-houses torn away, cabins blown to fragments.

And over roaring Kaimhuck Pass—over the agony of Caillou Bay—the billowing tide rushed unresisted from the Gulf—tearing and swallowing the land in its course—plowing out deep-sea channels where sleek herds had been grazing but a few hours before—rending islands in twain—and ever hearing with it, through the night, enormous vortex of wreck and vast wan drift of corpses.

But the *Star* remained. And Captain Abraham Smith, with a long, good rope about his waist, dashed again and again into that awful surging to snatch victims from death—clutching at passing hands, heads, garments, in the cataract-sweep of the seas—saving, aiding, cheering, though blinded by spray and battered by drifting wreck, until his strength failed in the unequal struggle at last, and his mer drew him aboard senseless, with some beautiful, half-drowned girl safe in his arms. But well-nigh twoscore souls had been rescued by him; and the *Star* stayed on through it all.

Long years after, the weed-grown ribs of her graceful skeleton could still be seen, curving up from the sand-dunes of Last Island, in valiant witness of how well she stayed.

Day breaks through the flying wrack, over the infinite heaving of the sea, over the low land made vast with desolation. It is a spectral dawn—a wan light, like the light of a dying sun.

The wind has waned and veered; the flood sinks slowly back to its abysses, abandoning its plunder, scattering its piteous waifs over bar and dune, over shoal and marsh, among the silences of the mango-swamps, over the long, low reaches of sand-grasses and drowned weeds, for more than a hundred miles. From the shell-reefs of Pointe-au-Fer to the shallows of Pelto Bay, the dead lie mingled with the high-heaped drift; from their cypress-groves the vultures rise to dispute a share of the feast with the shrieking frigate-birds and squeaking gulls. And, as the tremendous tide withdraws its plunging waters, all the pirates of air follow the great white-gleaming retreat, a storm of hilling wings and screaming throats.

And swift in the wake of gull and frigate-bird the wreckers come, the spoilers of the dead—savage skimmers of the sea—burricane-riders wont to spread their canvas pinions in the face of storms; Sicilian and Corsican outlaws, Manila men from the marsbes, deserters from many navies, Lascars, marooners, refugees of a hundred nationalities—fishers and shrimpers by name, smugglers by opportunity—wild channel-finders from obscure bayous and unfamiliar *chénuires*, all skilled in the mysteries of these mysterious waters beyond the comprehension of the oldest licensed pilot.

There is plunder for all—birds and men. There are drowned sheep in multitude, heaped carcasses of kine. There are casks of claret, and kegs of brandy, and legions of bottles hobbling in the surf. There are billiard-tables overturned upon the sand; there are sofas, pianos, foot-stools, and music-stools, luxurious chairs, lounges of hambo. There are chests of cedar, and toilet-tables of rosewood; and trunks of fine stamped leather stored with precious apparel. There are *objets de luxe* innumerable. There are children's playthings: French dolls in marvelous toilets, and toy carts, and wooden borses, and wooden spades, and brave little wooden ships that rode out the gale in which the great *Nautilus* went down. There is money in notes and in coin—in purses, in pocket-books, and in pockets—plenty of it! There are silks, satins, laces, and fine linen to be stripped from the bodies of the drowned—and necklaces, bracelets, watches, finger-rings, and fine chains, brooches, and trinkets. "*Chi bidizza!—Oh! chi bedda mughier!*" *Eccu, la bidizza!*" That half-dress was made in Paris by— But you never heard of him, Sicilian Vicenzu. "*Che bella sposina!*" Her betrothal ring will not come off, Giuseppe; but the delicate bone snaps easily; your oyster-knife can sever the tendon. "*Guardate! chi bedda picciola!*" Over her heart you will find it, Valentino—the locket held by that fine Swiss chain of woven-hair—"*Caya manan!*" And it is not your quadron bondmaid, sweet lady, who now disrobes you so roughly; those Malay hands are less deft than hers—but she slumbers very far away from you, and may not be aroused from her sleep. "*Na quita mo! dalaga!—na quita maganda!*" Juan, the fastenings of those diamond ear-drops are much too complicated for your peon fingers; tear them out! "*Dispense, chulita!*"

Suddenly a long, mighty silver trilling fills the ears of all; there is a wild hurrying and scurrying; swiftly, one after another, the overhurdled luggers spread wings and flutter away.

Thrice the great cry rings rippling through the gray air, and over the green sea, and over the far-flooded shell-reefs, where the huge white flashes are—sheet-lightning of breakers—and over the weird wash of corpses coming in.

It is the steam-call of the relief-boat, hastening to rescue the living, to gather in the dead.

The tremendous tragedy is over!

The curious mixture of astuteness and absurdity in the Chinese character could not be illustrated better than by the fact that for more than a hundred years the United States has been shipping its entire product of ginseng to China, and during that time the Celestials have consumed not less than \$25,000,000 worth of a root that is absolutely without medicinal use in any civilized country in the world. Physicians and chemists in this country who have made a study of ginseng agree that about its only virtue is the fact that it will bring in China from \$8 to \$25 a pound, the same being worth in this country from \$1.75 to \$3.50 a pound, dry. Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, and North Carolina are the chief ginseng-producing States, although it is found in New England and Canada, and was one of the primitive industries of Vermont at an early day. The general belief is that the use of ginseng by the Chinese is influenced rather by superstition than by science.

A GROUSE MOOR IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Geraldine Bonner Writes of the Heather-Clad Hills and Silent Valleys of a Scottish Hunting-Range—How the Days Are Passed—Useful English Valets.

When you have been reading all your life about grouse moors and shooting-lodges, you actually see these things for the first time with sensations of an odd, puzzled familiarity, as you see places of which you have dreamed. As the carriage slowly ascended from the little station—dumped down in a wild gorge beside a silently flowing, brown river—and hill rose beyond hill, their slopes clothed with purple heather, I felt as if I were taking part in some novel that I had read years ago and knew almost by heart.

There was an immensity about the landscape that made me think of mountainous districts in my native land. But outside this it was foreign and yet familiar. The undulating lines of the hills with their empurpled slopes, here and there burned into dark patches, the bluish peaks that shouldered each other to peer down the valley, the abrupt, darkly wooded ravine at the bottom of which the brown river slid silently along, and the infrequent wayfarers that touched their caps as they trudged by, all were part and parcel of something that was both strange and well known. Presently a lodge flashed by, and an even abrupt ascent began through wild oak and fir woods, where there was either a pale-green, delicate underbrush, or a mossy carpet where great fibrous ferns grew in tufts. These gave way to open spaces, long peaceful stretches of meadow land, dotted with the humped-up forms of sheep. At long intervals low stone houses appeared, but there were no passers-by of any kind here, for we were in private property, and the infrequent houses were the homes of the keepers or the shepherds.

Finally the surroundings took on a park-like aspect. Velvety lawns clothed the slopes, and vast old trees shadowed them singly or in groups. There was a gleam of jewel-bright flower-beds, and then the white walls of a square, solid-looking house—long, low wings running out in the rear to where the hills rose again. This was the shooting-lodge of one of the finest grouse moors in the Highlands, an estate of several thousand acres, rented by my hosts from one of the Scotch peers.

The moors, which stretch away on every side, are unlike anything I have ever seen in my own country. The absence of human life on them, their extraordinary color, the silence that hroods over them, give them a strange, wild individuality all their own. It takes a walk of some distance to make your way fairly into them. Then a solitary figure in the vast, bluish-colored expanse you stand, nearly knee-high in the heather, and look out over undulating seas of it.

On sunny days their color is that of a clear, pinkish heliotrope, but when the clouds hang low above them, swollen with rain and livid with the light of storm, then they take on a curious sort of leaden purple, that against the pale sky-line has a weird effect, as of something flushed and hectic. It is under this sullen storm-sky that they look most wonderful, seeming to reflect its anger in their tints of lowering, purplish wrath. No human figure breaks the harmony of their brooding emptiness. Here and there a few sheep dot the heather, through which they tread narrow trails. In a distant hollow there is the silver gleam of a loch, sheltered from any wind and showing a surface as smooth as a mirror.

As you walk forward through the sheep-trails, the grouse rise at intervals and go whirring away, a startled company that flee before your advance with a quick beating of frightened wings. There are bees here, too, but they seem to be of a quiet, sleepy sort that it takes a good deal to disturb. Sometimes a few curlews pass in Indian file over your head, uttering the most dismal cries, as though their hearts were broken. But they, too, are in keeping with the rich, still splendor of the landscape, with its trails of rain-cloud low on the hills, and the gray gleam of the motionless, lonely loch.

August is the grouse-shooting month, and from morn till eve the men are on the moors with the dogs and the keepers. The plan of their day is very simple. Breakfast is from eight to nine, and is served with little aid from the servants. They simply set the things out on the tables, and you help yourself, or any man who happens to be there helps you. On one table are the hot things, and on another the cold things—an *embarras de richesses* quite unknown to the American, who leans to a light breakfast; but then, he is not going to tramp through miles of wet heather till dinner time. To this meal the women come down or not, as they please, but the men always appear in their oldest and most faded garments, and their heaviest hoots. Shortly after breakfast they go forth to the slaughter, armed with guns, and surrounded by a small army of keepers and dogs.

During the rest of the day they are not visible to the other inmates of the house. Sometimes from the distance one hears the muffled reports of their guns, but for the most part they are too far afield for even these to be audible. They, the keepers, and the dogs spend an energetic day, only stopping at mid-day to take a light lunch, and then continuing their tramp through the heather and their shots at the suddenly rising birds. A pony accompanies them to carry home the bodies of the slain, which include, beside grouse, hare and rabbits, and later in the season pheasant and a mysterious bird, as large as a turkey, called a "capper-cayley." I have not the slightest idea how you spell this fowl's name, but that is the way you pronounce it.

The women spend the day in any way that appeals to their nature and habits. If you are lazy, and the rain falls heavily, as it does nine-tenths of the time in the British Isles, you may sit beside the fire and sew or read novels. The house in which I was, was full of fascinating books. Every room had shelves of them, and they were strewed afar on tables and desks. To browse about among them was a joy, and if you were discovered serenely reading nobody forced you from your pleasure to be reluctantly entertained in some manner alien to your taste. That is one

of the nicest things about the English in their own homes. They never seek violently and strenuously to entertain you.

At tea-time the female guests gather, and there is an hour spent in drinking tea and indolently gossiping round a little fire of tremulous flames. Those who have been out walking—and women here walk in all weathers—come in fresh and clear-skinned, but trim and daintily clad, for the Englishwoman who is inclined to be what they would call "smart," changes her dress for tea. This was when tea-gowns and tea-jackets used to be worn, a garment which we, having no especial use, wore at all times and seasons. The tea-gown is out now, and in its place they wear light and rather elaborate blouses; those who can not afford handsome ones wearing muslin and lace.

At half-past seven the first gong sounds for dressing, and the maids begin to make their pilgrimages with hot water. The toilet for dinner is an important one, for dinner is the brilliant climax of the day. Here the weary men repair the ravages of the long day's sport with a rich and varied menu, and here the women, bored with one another's society, once more meet and persiflate with their fellow-men. At the smallest house-party evening-dress is *en rigle*, the women being for the most part bare as to neck, and wearing at times exceedingly handsome costumes. The Englishwoman is particularly magnificent in the matter of evening-dress, and girls, who in the daytime look very modest, almost shabby, will come out for the eight-o'clock dinner in brilliant array, with an expanse of white shoulders that is sometimes very beautiful and often very thin.

Dinner is always a gay and rather splendid affair. The rich gowning of the women, with their bare necks and jewels, gives a festive appearance to the table upon which the lights are always low and subdued by silk shades. The men, sun-burned as if they had been at sea by their long days in the open, forget their fatigues under the warming influences of attractive companionship and an appetizing menu. This is always varied and elaborate, and is in some odd ways quite different from ours. After what is called "the sweets"—that is, dessert—comes "the savoury," which concludes the dinner. This is a relish—caviare, Welsh rarebit, herrings'roe on toast, etc. Black coffee after dinner is most unusual. I have only had it at one house, and at any restaurant, even the French ones, one has to order it as an extra.

The number of servants employed in these country-houses, and the preparations to be made for those that are brought, are large and must be never-ending. They almost always occupy their own wing, in which they are as thick as bees in a hive. The house-servants are numerous, three or four often waiting at dinner on half a dozen people. A housekeeper is a necessity, for the regiments of maids, docile as they are, require a firm and accustomed hand to keep them up to their endless duties. Add to this that every man who comes brings his own valet and almost every woman her own maid, and one gets a vague idea of the accommodations that have to be provided. Imagine an American woman running such an establishment as this, with Irish maid-servants, French valets, and English footmen! It would be like the lowest circle of Dante's Inferno. But the English servant is a thing for the American to worship and wonder at from afar. And they say there is no use importing them. They get as bad as the Irish after they have been in the United States two months.

A friend of mine told me that he had once or twice seriously contemplated employing a valet, but had been deterred by the fact that he knew he would never find anything for him to do, and that wherever he went he would be haunted by the forlorn visage of the valet bored to death with *ennui*. The Englishman does not seem to find any difficulty in keeping his man employed. He makes him useful in the scheme of creation, and does not allow him to tempt Satan by having idle hands. The Englishman is a natural-born autocrat, and knows how to make his inferiors work, and at the same time how to keep them good-tempered.

On one of the few sunny afternoons we have had for the last month, we made a little excursion, over some four or five miles of wild and broken country, to a sort of cabin built on the edge of the estate, in which the huntsmen occasionally spent the night. The trip to reach this place was over rugged hills, clothed to their tops with heather. As we ascended, we occasionally stopped to look back over the far-flung valley and the hills crowding on each other in distances of ever-deepening blue. The sun had dried the ground, and to sink down upon the heather, and so rest, viewing the superb panorama of hills and moor, feeling the warm air, and hearing the sleepy murmuring of bees, was to know a moment of perfect content.

At long intervals we passed the keepers' cottages, little stone houses, whence issued an irruption of excited collies, who filled the welkin with their barking. Then we fared on again, alternately riding and walking, through pale-green, feathery larch woods and solemn darkling plantations of spruce and fir, over stretches of rosily flushed moorland, and bits of bog in which the pony sank deep, and across the brown burns that thread the country from end to end. Finally, in the distance, the little house loomed up on a wild hillside, with the gleam of a quiet loch below it, and a background of pointed dark-green firs behind.

Here all was in readiness and waiting. The windows were flung wide to the sun; the door stood hospitably open. When we entered we found a table spread for tea, with all the daintiness that would attend the same function in a lady's sitting-room. The sandwiches were cut as thin as wafers, the bread rolled in that mysterious way that only the English understand, and the two brown tea-pots were steaming side by side. We were waited upon by two young men in knickerbockers and golf stockings, who were not of the household staff of servants I knew, as I had never seen either of them before. I finally asked a man near me what servants they were, and he said they were his own and another man's valets who had been sent up by another way to prepare tea for us. So the valets are not allowed to remain idle, as my friend feared would be the case with his pampered menial.

SCOTLAND, August 29, 1900. GERALDINE BONNER.

THE EMPIRE STATE CONVENTIONS.

Chairman Odell, the Republican Standard-Bearer, as an Organizer
—Croker's Victory Over Hill—Coler Put Down by Tam-
many—Taunts of Up-the-State Democracy.

Long before the State Republican Convention, all doubt as to the name at the head of the ticket was set at rest, and this not entirely because of Senator Platt's wishes and plans. Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., the candidate for governor, was the logical choice of his party. He has been one of the ablest and best-liked of the party managers for years, and that he has been relied upon without disappointment in more than one critical situation is testified to by many who are not friendly to Mr. Platt. Mr. Odell will continue as chairman of the Republican State Committee, and virtually manage his own campaign. This coincidence recalls the campaign of 1880, when Chester A. Arthur, candidate for Vice-President, was also chairman of the State committee. A peculiar faculty for organization is one of Mr. Odell's gifts, and from his first essay in politics, twenty-five years ago, when he was a student at Columbia College, it has served him and his party well. His initial success was the winning of an election at his home in Newburg, for his father, who was a candidate for supervisor, against a formidable Democratic majority, and it was done by harmonizing factions and organizing the party forces for effective work. It is probable that no one man in New York has so perfect a knowledge of political conditions in every part of the State, and for years his forecasts of election results have been remarkably exact. He is only forty-six years old, but he has served two terms in Congress, and is at the head of several important business enterprises in Newburg and interested in as many more.

Even the rivalry of Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff was a friendly one. Of course, another term in the office he now holds is not so alluring a prospect to him as that before the executive of the Empire State, but it is in no way a check upon his ambition. When he was called to preside over the Republican convention, last week, as temporary chairman, Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff made one of the best speeches heard during the proceedings, and even Senator Depew's address, nominating the lieutenant-governor for reelection, was in no way a more notable effort. The fact that ex-Governor Frank S. Black came down from his farm in Maine to nominate Mr. Odell for governor, is made the subject of comment by some who are wise concerning the under-currents of local politics. Senator Platt opposed Governor Black's renomination, and aided in the Roosevelt movement. A little later he became engaged in a political contention with Abraham Gruber, the law-partner of Governor Black, and it seemed that the Black influence in Rensselaer County—where it is an important factor—and in the State as well, could not be counted in aid of any project endorsed by Senator Platt. These differences are evidently things of the past, and whether to Chairman Odell or Senator Platt the credit is to be given, it is well that harmony prevails.

But all is not harmony in the Democratic camp. The convention that closed yesterday at Saratoga was one of the stormiest occasions the party has seen for some time, though wrangling and dissensions are seldom absent from the State meetings. It was known that the hostility between David Bennett Hill and Richard Croker would culminate there, and a struggle was looked for. The struggle, however, was of short duration, and Croker's victory is complete. Hill and his partisans fought for the nomination for governor of Bird S. Coler, the energetic and uncompromising comptroller of New York City, and their battle was not a hopeless one. In spite of Tammany's influence, there were votes for Coler in Kings and Queens Counties, but Croker saw that they were not delivered. The country districts were strong for Coler, but New York, Albany, Troy, and Buffalo were sufficient to overbalance them. Coler's rival, John B. Stanchfield, of Elmira, secured the nomination, and Mr. Hill not only acquiesced but moved to make it unanimous. Then he sat down, and so far as other candidates on the ticket were concerned, the platform, or resolutions, he did not concern himself, and was not even consulted. It is the first time in twenty-five years that any New York Democratic State convention has carried out its programme without aid or advice from Mr. Hill. There are those who believe it is Hill's last appearance in politics; but they do not know him.

Hill made the speech nominating Coler, and brought out for him that phrase of earlier times, that "he was fortunate in his enemies," but Senator Francis T. Grady nominated Stanchfield a few moments later, and in his address paid particular attention to Hill's position and his departed but not forgotten glories. He accused Hill by innuendo of desiring Bryan's defeat, and referred with biting sarcasm to Hill's candidate as the Democrat who had passed all the laws, reformed the conscience of a whole community, and built the rapid-transit tunnel during intermittent hours of leisure in a busy life. There were other speakers who replied, and baited the opposition, but the wind fell with the taking of the first ballot, and from that time on all was serene. Mr. Croker's domination was found to be absolute and invincible.

The Democratic candidate for governor, John B. Stanchfield, bears a good reputation. He is a year younger than Mr. Odell, a lawyer, and has served in the assembly. For a long time he stood very close to Hill, and, in fact, was considered to be one of his trusted lieutenants. Hill still claims him as his friend, and hides his wounds with a show of loyalty. William F. Mackay, the candidate for lieutenant-governor, is a Buffalo man, a lawyer, was one of the founders of the local Cleveland Democracy, and was elected to the State senate in 1898.

The platforms of the two parties are what was to be expected, with one notable exception. The Democratic fulmination contains a plank denouncing the Ice Trust, the

offering of Professor Duncan C. Lee, of Tompkins County, a staunch Coler man. When the plank was read in the convention, it was received with applause from up-the-State Democrats, and some few Tammanyites joined them in the excitement of the moment, but suddenly realized that they were a minority and relapsed as quickly into an expressive silence.

The Democratic delegates came home in a fever of enthusiasm, and there were fire-works and brass bands to celebrate the triumph of Tammany, but the rejoicing is not general, even in the party. Many of Coler's friends refuse to be mollified. And that more or less Democratic organ, the *World*, remarks with some show of spite: that for twenty-four years Tammany never predicted the defeat of a New York candidate for the Presidency without that candidate carrying the State, and that the only time a New York Democratic candidate for the Presidency ever lost the State was the only time Tammany Hall enthusiastically supported the nomination.

NEW YORK, September 13, 1900.

LATE VERSE.

Peace, with Honor.

When we in riches have reposed our trust,
And said to Peace, "Thou that we love thee well,"
Peace hath replied, "Your honor lies in dust;
How can ye love me who with honor dwell?
Who loveth life too fondly, lose it must;
Who spurneth life for honor shall discover
How, while his riches crumble, and are rust,
True life remaineth to the fond, true lover."
Peace, we have learnt thy lesson. Mighty power,
To whom, divinely born, it doth belong
Neither to die, nor yet to suffer, wrong,
Now, glorious Freedom, speak, "Oh, in this hour,
When earth distressful groans with war's increase,
Say, Ocean-mistress, 'England is for peace.'"

Thou hast a voice now, England. Thou canst speak,
No longer hushed as one of war afraid:
Thou hast no need of tremors, like a maid
Who knows her treasure vast, her beauty weak.
Lo! There is Peace. See, how she helpless stands
The new Iphigenia! Wolvish eyes
Glare at her, burning for her sacrifice,
To loose through blood their blood-battled hands.
Go, mighty voice, plead for her! Through all lands
Pure is thy name: the omnipresent Sea,
With all its freedom-loving waters glad,
Once at thy bidding set the prisoners free:
So, with invulnerable armor clad,
Plead now for Peace! All heaven shall plead with thee.

—A. G. B. in the Spectator.

The Gods of the Saxon.

We have set the White Christ forward, we have bid the old gods go,
We be Christians, Christian peoples, singing psalm tunes staid and slow,
We have strewn the graven idols, we are bounden to the Lord,
In hoc signo is written—but we prove it with the sword.

For the old gods played us hazards, and they tracked us in their wrath
By the smoke of sacrifices that we made along our path;
Saved us to outwit each other; broke us if they listed, then,
And at best of all their saving they were gods, and we were men.

But the White Christ he is lowly, he hath thorns about his brow,
He hath sorrowed, he hath suffered,—Lord, what boots thy sorrow now?
Seeing that we give our brother to the kite-kind and the crow,
And the shell-strewn bones to whiten where the shy wild cattle go.

And the old gods gather, gather where the shrilling bugles break,
For the hot-blown breath of battle fans the elder gods awake,
Calling high above the trumpets, saying, "Thus the old rune runs
By the net that took the fathers ye shall surely snare the sons.

"By the bitter lust of empire, by the fret of boasts withstood,
By the itch of prideful peoples that must make their boastings good,

In the fern damp, by the veldt-side, we have brought them stark and low,
They that wake no more for mornings, nor for any winds that blow."

We be Christians, Christian peoples, thinking scorn of ruder days,
But above the *Pax Vobiscum*, keener than the prayers we raise,
Come the jeering gods of warfare from the ends of all the earth,
By the White Christ, wan and wounded, and they mock him with their mirth.—*Mary Austin in the Independent.*

Latest reports from Paris say that large numbers of sneak thieves have invaded the exposition grounds and buildings. Their exploits are often surprisingly bold. Pockets have been picked by hundreds, and exhibitors daily report the disappearance of goods. A jeweler, two months ago, in order to demonstrate that the exposition galleries were insufficiently guarded in the night-time, hired a reformed burglar to rifle his own show-cases and safe. The climax of crooked cleverness seems to have been reached. Within twenty-four hours several great paintings were successfully abstracted from the Russian section of the Fine Arts building, and fifty-three separate visitors reported to the police that they had been robbed in the fair grounds. A famous horse, entered in the competition, was kidnapped from the Vincennes agricultural annex.

Refuting the charge that he is unfriendly to Germans, Governor Roosevelt has written a letter to the German-American McKinley and Roosevelt League, in which he says:

"I never discriminate for or against a man because he is a German, an Irishman, or a native American, a Catholic, or a Protestant. My most important appointments have been the judges. I have either appointed outright or assigned to high courts some eight judges. One of these was by birth an Irishman, and three were by birth or parentage Germans. I appointed all four because I thought them the best men. I happen to have peculiar sympathy with German social customs, German literature, and the German way of life and sturdy character generally. So I doubt if there is any body of my fellow-citizens with which I am more apt to get on well. But the simple fact is that socially and politically alike, I am incapable of treating any man except on his merits as a man, whether in my regiment, or when handling the New York police force, or as governor."

There is no word in the Chinese language that conveys an intimation of what we term public opinion.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Major Marchand is to be accorded an honor which is not usually bestowed by France on her great men until after their death. The list of the streets of Paris will include in future a Rue du Commandant Marchand.

General Stewart L. Woodford, whose wife died some two years ago, is to marry his former secretary, Miss Isabel Hanson, who was with him during the time of his ministry at Madrid. She is twenty-six years old and the general is sixty-five.

Ranavalona, the deposed Queen of Madagascar, who now lives at Mustapba, in Algeria, under the rigorous surveillance of the governor of the colony, and lives on an allowance made by the French Government, has applied for permission to visit Paris to see the World's Fair.

Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein, who has replaced Baron von Ketteler as German minister to China, is interesting to Americans owing to the fact that his wife was a belle in New York society before her marriage with the titled German. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl von Brockdorf Le Vinsen. Her maternal grandmother was Mrs. Cornelius Roosevelt.

Mrs. Ti Di, of Idaho City, will vote as an American citizen at the fall election. Being born in the State, Idaho's woman-suffrage law took her in, while her husband, a native of China, is barred from the franchise. Mrs. Ti Di received a common-school education and is a constant reader of the American dailies, and followed assiduously all the proceedings of the Republican National Convention.

The ten days' celebration of the silver jubilee of the Sultan of Turkey ended on September 9th. He has called for benevolences from his subjects, and promises to put up drinking-fountains in the chief cities of the Ottoman Empire, to build a railroad from Damascus to Mecca, to run a telegraph line to the Hedjaz, and to reorganize the Turkish navy at a cost of sixty millions of dollars.

Fraülein Raffentz, of Vienna, who recently arrived at Paris on the way to Calais, intends to swim across the channel to Dover as soon as there may be favorable weather. She is not to be followed across by any boat, and says that she must reach the English coast or drown. If successful she will go to Constantinople and duplicate Lord Byron's famous swimming feat, and next to New York, where she intends to swim from the Battery around Staten Island and back.

The famous professor of jurisprudence, Senator Pessina, who is regarded as the foremost living authority in Italy upon criminal law, did more than any of his contemporaries to secure the total abolition of capital punishment in his fatherland. But the renowned scholar has been so deeply moved by the recent succession of Italian assassins of kings and rulers that he has just published a "recantation" of his former opposition to the death punishment in all cases, and advises that it should be adopted in the case of "political murderers."

For sixty years, until the nomination of Adlai Stevenson, no man had been renominated for the office of Vice-President. John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Martin Van Buren are the only Vice-Presidents who were subsequently elected to the Presidency. Four Vice-Presidents have succeeded to the Presidency upon the death of the President—John Tyler of Virginia, Millard Fillmore of New York, Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, and Chester A. Arthur of New York. Only two Presidents were ever elected by the Whig party—William Henry Harrison in 1840 and Zachary Taylor in 1848—both of whom died in office, and were succeeded in the manner indicated.

The latest advices from the Philippine Islands announce the disappearance of the Sultan of Sulu, who has placed the reins of government in the hands of Major O. J. Sweet, of the Twenty-Third Infantry. Ostensibly because of his unwillingness to settle a dispute between two loyal Americans, Majarajah Indoman and Paglima Hadji Tahil, but perhaps because of his desire to reduce the surplus in the Sulu treasury caused by the influx of American gold and money received from a special tax-assessment, the sultan has hied him away, and no one knows whither he has gone. It is believed that he is in Singapore, enjoying the delights which only occasional contact with civilization can afford.

Benjamin D. Silliman, who has the distinction of being the oldest living graduate of Yale, celebrated the ninety-fifth anniversary of his birth at his country home in Long Island last week. Mr. Silliman takes but a passing interest in current politics, which is easily condoned in a man who has been a delegate to national conventions as long ago as 1839. He was president of Yale Alumni Association for twenty years, voted in convention for the nomination of the first President Harrison, and ran for Congress in 1842. During his active career Mr. Silliman was a practicing lawyer. His last appearance in court was made during the past spring, when he argued a case before the court of appeals of New York.

Considerable feeling was caused among some of the residents of Bar Harbor recently by the hoisting of a Boer flag by Edward Van Ness, a retired lawyer of that city, on the grounds of his summer cottage, when the British squadron under Vice-Admiral Bedford came into the harbor and its officers were receiving the courtesies extended by Rear-Admiral Farquhar and the officers of the United States North Atlantic squadron. After Mr. Van Ness had refused the request of a number of residents to lower the flag, Charles Wood, selectman of the town, was appealed to, and when Mr. Van Ness persisted in his refusal, Mr. Wood, supported by two policemen, cut the lanyards and took away the flag, amid the cheers of the crowd. Mr. Van Ness has been a prominent member of the committee to aid the South African republics.

A JOURNALIST'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

W. J. Stillman's Pen-Pictures of Turner and Longfellow—Horror of His Early Religious Training—His Student Life at Union College—Noted Contributors to His Art Journal.

William J. Stillman's "Autobiography of a Journalist," which is soon to be brought out in book-form, will be one of the most notable additions to the numerous volumes of biography and reminiscences which have appeared of late years. Mr. Stillman's life has been crowded full of striking experiences, and he has known many of the men worth knowing in his time. He devoted himself at first to painting, studying in America and England, and made acquaintance with such men as Ruskin, Rossetti, and Turner, as well as Millet and other French artists. At twenty-four he joined the Hungarian revolutionists and went on a dangerous mission for Kossuth; during the Civil War he was United States consul at Rome, and in 1865 was appointed consul at Canca, Crete. In 1876 Mr. Stillman became the correspondent of the London *Times* in Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Greece, and later at Rome, which post he held for more than twenty years.

From the six installments of his "autobiography" which has been appearing serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*, we quote some of the most striking bits of his reminiscences.

Of the influence of his mother's religious training, he says:

Her life was a constant prayer, a wrestling with God for the salvation of her children. No image of her remains in my mind so clear as that in which I see her sitting by the fire, in the dim light of our single home-made candle, her knitting-needles flying, and her lips moving in prayer, while the tears stole down her cheeks, in the fervency of her devotion, until she felt that she was being noticed, when the windows of her soul were suddenly shut, and she turned to some subject of common interest, as if ashamed to be discovered praying; for she permitted herself no ostentation of devotion, but reserved it for her nights and solitary moments. Of her own salvation she had only a faltering hope, harassed always by a fear that she had at some time in her life unconsciously committed the unpardonable sin, the nature of which being unknown made it all the more fearful—the terrible mystery of life and death. What I inherit from her, and doubtless the indelible impression of her fervent faith overshadowing my young life, produced a molding of my character which has never changed. I lived in an atmosphere of prayer and trust in God which so impressed me that to this day the habit of thought and conduct thus formed is invincible; and in all the subsequent modifications of the primitive and Hebraic conception of the spiritual life with which she inoculated me, an unconscious aspiration in prayer and an absolute and organic trust in the protection of the divine Providence persists in my character, though reason has long assured me that this is but a crude and personal conception of the divine law—a conception which my reason repudiates.

Mrs. Stillman was also haunted by the dread of God's wrath at her loving her children more than she did Him:

With all the fervency of her gentle devotion she never escaped the ghastly Hebrew conception of a God, always in wrath at every omission or transgression of the law, who at the last great day would demand of her an account of every neglect of duty, every idle word and thought, and especially of the manner in which she had taught her children to obey His commandments. She seemed to scan her life continually to find some sin in the past for which she had not specifically repented, and at times, as I knew by her confidences to me in later years, when she would appeal to me for my opinion, the problem of the unpardonable sin became one of absorbing study, which she finally laid aside in the supreme trust in His goodness who alone knew her intentions and desire to be obedient to the Law. Every one of her sons, as they were born, she dedicated to the service of the Lord, in the ardent hope that one of them would become a minister, and over me, the last, she let her hopes linger longest, for, as I was considered a delicate child, unable to support the life of hard work to which my older brothers had taken one by one, she hoped that I might be spared for study.

Naturally Mr. Stillman's religious education during these early years was of the severest orthodox character. His mother's sincere, fervent, and practical piety brought home to him with the conviction of certainty the persuasion of its divine authority. He says:

Hell and its terrors were always present to me, and she taught me that the wandering suggestions of the childish imagination, the recurrence of profane expressions heard from others, and all forms of impious fantasies were the very whisperings of the devil, to her as to me, consequently, an ever-present spirit, perpetually tempting me to repeat and so make myself responsible for the wickedness in them. I was never allowed a candle to go to bed with, and, as I slept in the huge garret, which formed the whole upper story of the house, I used to shut my eyes when I left the kitchen where we all sat in the evening, and grope my way to bed without ever again opening my eyes till the next morning for fear of seeing the devil. Awful spiritual presences haunted me always in the dark, when I passed a churchyard or an empty and solitary house. A deserted house stood in the pasture where I used to drive the cow, and when it happened that she had not come home at nightfall and I had to go to find her, the panic I endured from the necessity to search around this old dwelling no one can imagine but a boy naturally timid and accustomed to fancy ghosts and evil spirits in the dusk. But I kept my fears to myself, and always made a conscientious search.

Here is a glimpse of student life at Union College, when the great and wise Dr. Mott was its president:

Now and then a demonstration against an unpopular professor—a "bolt," that is, abstention en masse from a recitation—or a rarer invasion of the town and hostile demonstration, gave us a fillip; but the doctor had so well policed the college, and so completely brought under his moral influence the town, that no serious row ever took place. Later, he told me how he managed one of the worst early conflicts, in which the students on one side of the college road and the town boys on the other were arrayed in order, determined to fight out the question who were the better men. The doctor had early notice of the imminent row, and, fetching a circuit behind the "town," encouraged the boys on that side with assurances of his impartiality, and even his content with a little punishment of the students if they were aggressive. "But," said he, "don't begin the fight and put yourselves in the wrong. If my boys come over, thrash them well, but let them strike the first blow." Having put them in the strongest defensive attitude, believing that they had the doctor with them, he went round to the students and applied the same inducements to the defensive, leaving them under the persuasion that he entirely approved their fighting, and then he went home and left them to their conclusions. As time passed, and neither took the offensive, they all cooled off and retired. The tact with which he dealt with the occasional outbreaks in the college was very interesting. If it was a case of wanton defiance of the habitual order, there was a very slight probability of its being overlooked. The favorite prank of the stealing of the college bell was invariably punished, first by having a hand-bell rung a little earlier than regulation hours all through the sections; and when his secret police had found out the offenders, they were punished according to custom, never very severely, yet sufficiently to make them feel humiliated. But the mystery of his police was never explained, and we were at a loss to conjecture how he discovered the most elaborately concealed combinations, so that suddenly, even weeks after, when the culprits thought they had finally escaped detection, he might announce at prayers that they were to come to his study to explain. If the outbreak had been in any way justified by an arbitrary or unwise act of discipline by any of the professors, he used to ignore it altogether.

I never went in for honors, or occupied myself beyond the requirements with studies which did not interest me. Greek and Latin, but especially physics, the humanities, and literature, enlisted all my ambitions, and the little weekly paper which was read at the meetings of our secret society perhaps occupied me more than was in due measure. I took my degree, of course, but with no special honors. Prior to my graduation the majority of the family had gathered at or near New York City; the object for which my father and mother had remained in Schenectady having been attained, they also moved to New York; and I, finally liberated for the study of art, gave myself seriously to that end.

In his account of his first journey abroad he describes his meeting in London with Turner, for whose painting he had a great admiration:

Turner was taken ill while I was on this visit, with an attack of the malady which later killed him, and I had begged his friend Griffiths, the picture-dealer, to ask him to let me come and nurse him; but he declined the offer, yet was not, Griffiths told me, quite unmoved by it. One day, after his recovery, I received a message from Griffiths that Turner was coming to the gallery at a certain time on a business appointment, and if I would happen in just before the hour fixed for it I might see him. At the appointed hour Turner came, and found me in an earnest study of the pictures in the further end of the gallery, where I remained, unnoticed and unnoted, until a sign from Griffiths called me to him. He then introduced me as a young American artist who had a great admiration for the master's work, and who, being about to return home, would be glad to take him by the hand. I was amazed at the sight of this little old man with a nose like an eagle's beak and an eye like the eagle's, but in every other way insignificant, and half-awed and half-surprised I held out my hand. He put his hand in mine, regarding me with a humorous, malicious look, saying nothing. Confused and not a little mortified, I turned away, and, walking down the gallery, went to studying the pictures again. When I looked back, a few minutes later, he held out his hand to me, and we entered into a conversation which lasted until Griffiths gave me a hint that Turner had business to transact which I must leave him to. He gave me a hearty hand-shake, and in his oracular way said, "Humph—[nod] if you come to England again—hoph—[nod] hoph—[nod]" and another hand-shake with more cordiality, and a nod for good-by. I never saw a keener eye than his, and the way that he held himself up, so straight that he seemed almost to lean backward, with his forehead thrown forward, and his piercing eyes looking out from under their heavy brows, and his diminutive stature coupled with the imposing bearing, combined to make a very peculiar and vivid impression on me. Griffiths afterward translated his laconism for me, as an invitation to come to see him if I ever came back to England, and added that though he was in the worst of tempers when he came in, and made him expect that I should be insulted, he was, in fact, unusually cordial, and he had never seen him receive a stranger with such amiability, except in the case of Cattemole, for whom he had taken a strong liking. In the conversation we had, during the interview, I alluded to our good fortune in having already in America one of the pictures of his best period, a sea-coast sunset, in the possession of Mr. Lennox, and Turner exclaimed, "I wish they were all put in a blunderhuss and shot off!" but he looked pleased at the simultaneous outburst of protest on the part of Griffiths and myself. When I went back to England for another visit he was dead.

Upon his return to America, he was induced by his friends to start an art journal, taking as a partner John Durand, the son of the president of the National Academy of Design:

The first number of the *Crayon* made a good impression in all quarters, praise from which was most weighty and most desired by its proprietors. Bryant and Lowell had sent poems for it; but I had to economize my wealth, and could print only one important poem in each number, to which I gave a page, so that I had to choose between the two. Bryant's poem was without a title, and when I asked him to give it one, he replied, "I give you a poem; give me a name"; and I called it "A Keen Dream," which name it bears still in the collected edition of his works. Lowell sent me the first part of "Powers from Appledore," one of a series of fragments of a projected poem, like some of his projects never carried to completion. The poem was intended to consist of a series of stories told in "The Nooning," in which a party of persons, of various orders and experience of life, meeting under a pollard willow—one of those which stood, and of which some still stand, by the River Charles—were to tell stories of personal adventure or characteristic of the sections of New England from which they came. Bryant's greater reputation at that time made his contribution more valuable from a publishing point of view, especially in New York, where Lowell had as yet little following, while Bryant was recognized by many as the first of living American poets. But my personal feeling insisted on giving Lowell the place at the launch, and to reconcile the claim of seniority of Bryant with my preference of Lowell puzzled me a little, the more that Lowell urged strongly my putting Bryant in the forefront as a matter of business. I determined to leave the decision to Bryant, whose business tact was very fine, and who had as little personal vanity as is possible to a man of the world, which in the best sense he was. But I prepared the ground by writing a series of articles on "The Landscape Element in American Poetry," the first of which was devoted to Bryant; and then taking to him the poem of Lowell and the article on himself, I asked his advice, saying that I could print only his poem or Lowell's, but that I desired to take in as wide a range of interest as possible. He decided at once in favor of the poem of Lowell and the Bryant article in the landscape series.

The success of the *Crayon* was immediate, though from a journalistic point of view it was somewhat crude and puerile. Mr. Stillman says:

The general assistance in the matter of contributions, promised me by the friends who had originally urged me to the undertaking, was very slow in coming, and for the first numbers I wrote nearly the whole of the original matter, and for some time more than half of it. I wrote not only the editorial matter and the criticism, but essays, correspondence, poetry, book notices (really reading every book I noticed), and a page or two of Sketchings, in which were notes from nature, extracts from letters, and replies to queries of the readers. I remained in the city all the burning summer, taking a ten days' run in the Adirondacks in September. I kept office all day, received whoever came to talk on art or husiess, and did most of my writing at night—not a *rigime* to keep up one's working powers. Durand did some excellent translations from the French, and the late Justin Winsor sent us many translations, both of verse and prose, from the German, as well as original poetry. Aldrich was a generous contributor. Whittier, Bayard Taylor, and others of the lyric race sent occasional contributions; and among the women, who were, as a rule, our most enthusiastic supporters, were Mrs. Sigourney and, not the least, Lucy Larcom, the truest poetess of that day in America, who gave us some of her most charming poems. She was a teacher in a girls' school somewhere in Massachusetts, and I went to see her in one of my editorial trips. We went out for a walk in the fields, she and her class and myself, and they looked up to me as if I were Apollo and they the Muses. Henry James, the father of the novelist, was also a not infrequent contributor, and among the artists, Huntington, President Durand (the father of my associate), Horatio Greenough, and William Page appeared in our pages, with many more whose names a file of the *Crayon* would recall.

The subscription list of the *Crayon* rose in the first month to above twelve hundred names, and the promise for the future seemed brilliant:

But unfortunately neither of the partners understood the business part of journalism, or perceived that a paper does not live by its circulation but by advertisements. . . . It was perhaps fortunate that the funds ran short as they did, for our five thousand dollars could not go far when the subscriptions were all paid in advance, and the over-work began to tell on me, and with the conclusion of the third volume I broke down. When I got out of harness, and had no longer the stimulus of the daily demand and habit of work, the collapse was such that I thought I was dying. I gave my share of the paper to Durand to do with as he pleased, and went off to North Conway, in the mountains of New Hampshire, to paint one more picture before I died.

With tender care and nursing, however, his health improved, and soon he made a visit to Cambridge, where he

bad many commissions for paintings. One of his subjects was Longfellow:

I conducted him every day to the Waverly Oaks to insure perfect fidelity, making him sit on a huge boulder under the tree, and even forgetting to carry a cushion for him; so that he sat on the bare stone, until at last the discomfort struck even me, when I folded my coat for his seat. So kindly was his nature that he submitted to this trial with the patience and delicacy of a child, and did not permit me to see that it caused him inconvenience. This absolute selfishness and his extreme consideration for others were characteristic of the man. I saw much of him in the years following, and found in him the most exquisitely refined and gentle nature I have ever known—one to which a brutal or inconsiderate act was positive pain, and any aggression on the least creature cause of intense indignation. My recollection of his condescension to my demands on his time and physical comfort remains in my memory as a high expression of his social beneficence; for I, a young man, active, strong on foot, and enduring of fatigue, used to make him walk with me from Cambridge, and pose for hours on an uncushioned boulder till I was tired, and he never showed a sign of rebellion at the imposition. Longfellow was not expansive, nor do I remember his ever becoming enthusiastic over anything or anybody; one who knew nothing of his domestic life might have fancied that he was cold, and certainly he did not possess that social magnetism which made Lowell the lodestone of so many hearts, while the exercise of that attraction was necessary to his own enjoyment of existence. Longfellow adored his wife and children, but beyond that circle it seemed to me he had no imperious longing to know or be known. He had likes and dislikes, but, so far as I understood him, no strong antipathies or ardent friendships; he had warm friendships for Lowell, the Nortons, and Agassiz, for example. I never saw him angry but once, and that was at his next-door neighbor for shooting at a robin in a cherry-tree that stood near the boundary between the two gardens. The shot carried over and rattled harmlessly enough about us where we sat on the veranda of the old Washington house, and Longfellow went off at once to protest against the barbarity. His adoration of his wife was fully justified, for rarely have I seen a woman in whom a Juno-like dignity and serenity were so wedded as in her to personal beauty, and to the fine culture of brain and heart which commanded reverence from the most ordinary acquaintance. No one who had seen her at home could ever forget the splendid vision, and the last time I ever saw her, so far as I remember, was in summer time, when, with her two daughters, all in white muslin, evanescent, translucent, they stood in the doorway to say good-by to me.

The following year he made his second journey to Europe, meeting Watt, the Rossettis, and Ruskin, with whom he spent the summer in the Alps. The pleasure of the trip was spoiled by his eye-sight failing him, and so he spent the autumn in France, as helpless for all work as a blind man. Mr. Stillman had a curious experience just before leaving St. Martin:

The French emperor and empress on their tour through their new possession visited St. Martin. The state carriages had to be left at Sallanches when the sovereigns went up to the great hall offered them at Chamouni, the road not permitting their passage, and when they returned the little mountain carriages which brought them down halted under the windows of the *auberge* where I was living, to wait for the state carriages to come across the river. They had to wait about half an hour, and as they walked up and down in the road under my window, beside which stood my loaded rifle, for I could not have easily I might change the course of European politics, for I could not have killed him cheerfully as an enemy of mankind, but regicide has always seemed to me a great mistake, as it would have been in that case, for it would only have placed the young Prince Imperial on the throne under the regency of the empress. I was then a radical republican, with all the sympathies of a Parisian Red; for I had not learned that it is not the form of the government, but the character of the governed, that makes the difference between governments. I did not spare the life of the emperor from any apprehension of consequences to myself, for I had none. I knew the paths up the mountain at the back of the hotel, and before the confusion should have been overcome and a pursuit organized I could have been beyond danger on my way to the Swiss frontier, for the pine-woods came to the back-door of the hotel, and more than this, I never had the habit of thinking of the consequences of what I proposed to do. When I returned to Paris, after the autumn had passed, I told the story to an artist friend, an ultra radical, how I stood at my window with a loaded rifle by my side, and the emperor twenty feet below, and he leaped and shouted with fury, "And you didn't kill him?" Time and fate punished him more fully than I should have done, and these things are best left to time and fate.

An especially entertaining chapter is Mr. Stillman's memories of the Adirondack camping-party which he engineered, and which included, among others, Emerson, Agassiz, Judge Hoar, Lowell, and John Holmes.

Mr. Stillman is now in his seventy-second year, and has a number of valuable publications to his credit, including "The Cretan Insurrection of 1866" and "The Acropolis of Athens," which appeared in 1870; "The Uprising in Herzegovina" (1877); "On the Track of Ulysses" (1888); "Early Italian Painters" (1892); "Apollo and Venus" (1896); "Billy and Hans" (1897); "The Old Rome and the New, and Other Studies" (1897); "The Union of Italy, 1815-95"; "Little Bertha" (1898); and "A Life of Signor Crispi" (1899).

Richard Olney, Secretary of State during the Cleveland administration, has published a letter in the New York *World* in which he declares his intention of supporting Bryan for President. After saying that Bryan is hardly the candidate he should choose if he had his way in the matter, and that he entirely dissents from parts of the Kansas City platform, Mr. Olney says: "Perfection in a candidate or platform is an idle dream, and infirmity in its creed and defects in its leadership will always characterize every party. But they in nowise excuse a citizen from taking his assigned part in the government of the country—from making up his mind what the commonwealth demands, and what party's success will come nearest satisfying them—and using his influence and casting his vote accordingly." Mr. Olney then criticises the policy of the McKinley administration regarding the Philippines, and thinks that the country will soon find itself in the toils of a Chinese problem even more costly and menacing than the Philippine problem itself. He concludes: "For myself, I find it tolerably clear that a citizen's duty in connection with the coming Presidential election not only permits, but requires him to desire the success of the Democratic party."

The Cascade Tunnel, on the line of the Great Northern railroad in Washington, nearly completed at a cost of \$4,000,000, is 13,283 feet long, and pierces the range at an elevation of 3,261 feet, about sixty miles west of Seattle.

During the last twenty-five years the American people have imported one hundred and eighty million dollars' worth of precious stones.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Novel by a Poet.

Robert Burns Wilson has written some pensive, melodious verse worthy a second reading, but his novel, "Until the Day Break," has no excellent qualities. Its poetical title and division headings—such as "A Dream and a Forgetting," "The Thread of Scarlet," "Silence and a Shadow," and "Night, and a Star at Dawn"—are not justified in the work. Something more than musical phrases are required to make a romance acceptable. The "prelude" of the story begins with the sentence, "The slow funeral pyre of the dead summer had dwindled to a few late-glowing embers," but there is no excuse for this fine figure, for all the events of the chapter take place in a home of "intellectual refinement," about the evening lamp. A young man and his mother are introduced, and the son reads to his attentive listener the story that makes up the greater part of the book.

It is a tale with two or three weird episodes that might have been made of interest by more skillful hands, but their effect is lost in the author's too evident preparation for them. The lover who disappears suddenly while the woman he is about to marry and two of his dearest friends stand below his window, through which they have had a glimpse of his face, is the subject of the great mystery that is supposed to sadden two lives; but when his bones are found years later at the bottom of a concealed passage the reader experiences no surprise. The young woman forgets her first love and accepts his friend, but years of misery have gone by, and then, just on the eve of this marriage, the gruesome discovery is made in the cellar of the friend's house. There is a burial in the garden, two men working silently in the darkness to hide all traces of what may be charged as a crime against the bridegroom-to-be. The wedding does not bring happiness to the man, for remorse or some other secret woe—it is not made certain just what the trouble is—preys upon him, but the whole story is told to the wife by the husband's friend, and then comes the "star at dawn."

The concluding chapter of the story is labeled "L'Envoi," and this conveys the information that the mother who has listened to her son's romance recognizes it as the history of the young man's grandfather, of which he has been kept in ignorance. The knowledge has come to him as a mental inheritance. The son, however, looks upon the people whose story he has written as creatures of his imagination, and is sad to let them "go from him forever." His sorrow will not be shared by the reader. The figures are not real enough to stir compassion. Mr. Wilson should stick to his verses. His fiction is bad, and even the frequent introduction of vagrant rhymes is no compensation for its weak presentation of what were meant to be thrilling situations, and strained efforts at humor and pathos.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Juvenile Humorists.

In spite of the fact that many of the faults and few of the admiration-compelling qualities of Stephen Crane's work appear in "Whilomville Stories," the volume will be treasured by those who have found a distinctive and engaging personality in his writings. These stories are of children and other irresponsible beings, whose perverseness disturbs and irritates but does not wound, and they are written by one who understood and admired the freshness and candor of his models. They are not the best of their kind, but they are more than trivialities. Their kindness, their cheerful cynicism, and, beyond all, their truth in detail, commend them. There are thirteen of the sketches, and some of the characters appear in more than one episode, but not once too often. And the illustrations of the book, from the pencil of Peter Newell, are portraits for the most part. The artist had seen Jimmie Trescott, and the angel child, and the Margate Twins in the flesh, and their peculiarities are as pronounced in the pictures as in the author's report of their adventures and misadventures. The other faces are no less successful, but seldom have the foreground.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Across the Border-Line.

There is little of beauty or fragrance in "The Jay-Hawkers: A Story of Free Soil and Border Ruffian Days," by Adela E. Orpen, but the scenes depicted are from the real life of the time, the moving interests of the tale were great problems in the history of the nation, and the characters portrayed were living figures in that history. The raids from "free-State" Kansas into Missouri, ostensibly to give liberty to slaves, yet often for the purpose of securing personal property of more value, are described with convincing realism, and the counter-raids by despoiled slave-holders, and, later, the scourge of the bushwackers, are pictured with the exactness which comes of intimate acquaintance with the occurrences of forty years ago. Experiences in the hunting-grounds of the buffalo, on the unmarked, wind-swept, snow-shrouded plains, in the valleys through which flood-swollen streams plunged and only an hour after jaded, thirst-mad travelers had crossed their dry and dusty channels, are related with as effort to add to their certain interest and

terror, and from beginning to end the record runs with vigor.

The hero of the story is a new-comer from Vermont, who is drawn early into the plans of "free-state" raiders. On his first incursion into the territory "over the border" he kills an old slave-owner, but only when the Missourian had raised his gun to shoot the raider. The daughter of the murdered man is left an orphan, and, believing there is a curse upon slavery, moves over into Kansas and sets her slaves free. In her new prairie home, dependent on the freed men and women, want and danger come close, but the man who had unwittingly brought her great trouble upon her, chances to give her aid, and in a little time wins her heart. Both are in ignorance of the dread relation that connects and yet divides them, but the secret comes out before the wedding day. How the two separate, he to join the Union army and she to suffer at the hands of Quantrell's men, and how they meet once more in a time of great need, is told with dramatic power.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Macmillan Company have recently contradicted the statement of the *Critic* that has been going the rounds of the press that the Princess of Pless is the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" and "The Solitary Summer." They say that the author is quite another person.

Edmund Clarence Stedman's "American Anthology" has been expected ever since the publication of his "Victorian Anthology," five years ago. Its appearance is now impending from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Rhoda Broughton has written a new novel, and is about to publish it under the title of "Foes-in-Law."

It is proposed to place in Winchester Cathedral a stained-glass window to the memory of Izaak Walton. This window will be so placed as to overlook Walton's grave.

Hall Caine has written a novelette which he calls "Jan the Iclander," and it will soon be published as a serial.

Julia Fletcher, the American writer generally known as "George Fleming," is thinking of making a dramatic adaptation of Balzac's romance, "Le Peau de Chagrin." Balzac's novels have been comparatively neglected by playwrights.

On September 17th Gilbert Parker, the novelist, was chosen by the Conservatives at Gravesend, England, as their candidate for the House of Commons at the coming general election.

A collection of ninety of Charles Dana Gibson's latest sketches and cartoons will be published in October under the title of "Americans." It will be uniform in size with Mr. Gibson's four preceding books.

John Morley's study of Oliver Cromwell, which has been appearing in the *Century* during the past year, will be published in book-form in the autumn.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are printing the two-hundred-and-fiftieth thousand of Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold." Her "Prisoners of Hope" has reached its seventieth thousand.

"Chloris of the Island," H. B. Marriott Watson's new novel, which has been running as a serial, will shortly appear in book-form.

Grace Marguerite Hurd's novel, "The Bennett Twins," will be published this month by the Macmillan Company.

The illustrated edition of "David Harum," which was announced over a year ago, will shortly be published by D. Appleton & Co. B. West Clineinst is the artist who has undertaken the commission, and he has made some seventy full-page and text pictures for the new edition. Other text designs have been furnished by C. D. Ferrand, and a biography of the author has been written by Forbes Herrman.

"Jacinta," a California story, by Howard V. Sutherland, has been brought out by William Doxey.

Hamilton W. Mahie's new biography, "William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man," will be one of the early publications of the Macmillan Company. This work will not attempt to do over again what has already been done by Shakespearean scholars, but will tell the story of the life of the great poet in the same spirit in which biographies of contemporaries are written.

Lafcadio Hearn's recent writings on Japan, "Exotics and Retrospectives" and "In Ghostly Japan," will be followed by a new volume entitled "Shadowings."

Henry James calls his new volume of short stories "The Soft Side." It will be published toward the end of September by the Macmillan Company.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson has had her name changed in her publisher's announcements to Charlotte Perkins (Stetson) Gilman.

A new novel, her second, from the pen of Hallie Erminie Rives is announced for early publication. Miss Rives's first story, "Smoking Flax," preached

the cause of the Southern lyncher, while the forthcoming novel is said to have a striking sex problem for its motive, and is entitled "A Furnace of Earth."

Dr. C. W. Doyle is at present at work on a new novel of contemporary Chinese life in the Orient, which will be a companion volume to "The Shadow of Quong Lung," his stories of Chinese life in San Francisco.

A queer and unauthenticated rumor that Richard Le Gallienne had, for literary effect, "Frenchified" for himself the prosaic name of "Galleon" probably had its origin in a fact which he explains in *M. A. P.* He says that his grandfather was of Guernsey origin, and spelled his name exactly as the grandson spells it to-day. His father, however, dropped the prefix, as, in his opinion, cumbersome for business purposes.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle has just completed another volume of her picturesque studies of our colonial life entitled "Stage Coach and Tavern Days," which is to be published by the Macmillan Company.

Paul Leicester Ford, the author, and Miss Grace Kidder, of Brooklyn, N. Y., were married on Tuesday, September 18th. Mr. Ford is a son of the late Gordon L. Ford. Among his most notable novels are "The Hon. Peter Stirling," "Janice Meredith," and "The Story of an Untold Love."

"Ouida," in her new book of essays, gives an interesting account of a personal experience in the matter of plagiarism. A London periodical published a glaring theft from her novel "Puck." The name of a lady was put at the end of it as the author. "Of course I wrote to the editor, expecting, despite previous experiences, to receive apology and reparation. I misunderstood my generation. The editor wrote back with airy indifference, that the lady who had produced this shameless piracy had never read 'Puck.' To my citation, in reply, of the words of the Emperor Julian, 'If it be sufficient to deny, who will ever be found guilty?' and to my objection that an appropriation of an entire section of a novel could not by any possibility be otherwise than an intentional theft, this model of editors replied not at all."

Literary Germany is once more agitated over a new completion of Schiller's "Demetrius." It will be remembered that Schiller died after writing the opening scenes of what promised to be his most remarkable historical play, dealing with the history of Demetrius, the famous Russian adventurer of the early years of the seventeenth century. Goethe himself gave some consideration to the suggestion that he should complete the work, and among those who have actually written the final scenes of the drama are Grimm, Bodenstedt, Hebbel, and Lauhe, the last-named's version having been many times acted upon the German stage. The latest writer to take up the task is Frau Augusta Götze, a popular Weimar novelist and playwright, and it is said that her version was received with great enthusiasm when recently acted at Wiesbaden.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A MISSIONARY IN
THE GREAT WEST.

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, author of "The Grip of Honor," etc. 12mo, \$1.25.

The *N. Y. Sun* calls it "this very entertaining book."

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers.

LITERARY NOTES.

Lord Byron and His Venetian Amours.

The publication of two new editions of Lord Byron's works has stirred up much discussion in the English literary journals concerning the perennially interesting personality of the "ooble Bard." There is an excellent article in a recent number of the *Academy*, in which the writer deals wbolly with Byron's letters and journals, which present in almost every page a curious picture of a modern sexual varietist in the environment of European civilization such as would make an interesting study to a Westerner and to the student of sexual sociology generally. Says the *Academy*:

"In this volume there are many brilliant flashes of interest; but it is, above all, the Venetian Byron, Byron *Innamorato*—multitudinously *innamorato*. We have not the filthy-wallowing Byroo whom Shelley saw, and has recorded for all time. But that dubious praise of cynical caador which he claimed for himself, these letters vindicate; he does not mitigate (though he may euphemize) the flagrant physical nature of what it pleases him to call his 'loves.' Let us study, therefore, the sublime spectacle of the 'noble Bard' in love; stripped of what the world long delighted (and the supreme French nation still delights) to consider poetry.

"Settled in Venice, at the house of a draper in the Frezzeria, the susceptible bard fell in love with his landlady, the draper's wife, Mariaona Segati. All things considered, he imagined that he had the privilege of first debauching her. Other advices represent her as a woman who intrigued with all in the house, or who visited the bouse. But, as the ooble bard finely observes, 'it does not much signify.' In Venice, as he explains, it is considered striking, not to say virtuous, constancy if a married woman confine herself to one lover. Only the unmarried incur the charge of profligacy by admitting a paramour. So it only signifies what attractions Byroo found in his landlady; and upon that subject he is eloquent to Moore:

"Marianna is in her appearance altogether like an antelope. She has the large, black, Oriental eyes, with that peculiar expression in them which is seen rarely among Europeans—even the Italians—and which many of the Turkish women give themselves by tinging the eyelid—no art out know out of that country, I believe. This expression she has naturally, and something more than this. In short, I can not describe the effect of this kind of eye—at least upon me. Her features are regular, and rather aquiline—mouth small—skin clear and soft, with a kind of hectic color—forehead remarkably good; her hair is of the dark gloss, curl, and color of Lady Jersey's; her figure is light and pretty, and she is a famous songstress—scientifically so; her natural voice (in conversation, I mean) is very sweet; and the *naivete* of the Venetian dialect is always pleasing to the mouth of a woman."

"So Mariaona began; but a 'monstrous regiment of women' followed. Mariaona's sister had the amiable desire to share her happiness, but did not share Byron, Mariaona preselecting her instead with sordid sisterly slaps in the face, which moved the dear child to tears by their impulsive warmth. The seraglio, indeed, through defective arrangements of arrival and departure, clasped a good deal, even to tearing of hair and bead-gear. Mariaona's particularly successful rival was a bakeress, Byron's account of whom to Murray is very frank, characteristic, and unquotably long. But here are some details:

"The reasons [of her hold over me] were, firstly, her person—very dark, tall, the Venetian face, very fine black eyes—and certain other qualities which need not be mentioned. She was two-and-twenty years old, and, over having had children, had not spoiled her figure. She was, besides, a thorough Venetian in her dialect, in her thoughts, in her countenance, in everybiog, with all their *naivete* and Pantaloon humor. In other respects she was quite fierce and *prepotente*, that is, overbearing, and used to walk in whenever it suited her, . . . and if she found any woman in her way, she knocked them down.

"At the masked ball on the last night of the carnival . . . she snatched off the mask of Mme. Cootarioi, a lady ooble by birth and decoet in conduct, for no other reason but because she happened to be leaning on my arm. . . . But her reign drew to a close. She became quite ungovernable. . . . I told her quietly that she must return home. . . . She refused to quit the bouse. I was firm, and she went, threatening knives and revenge. I told her that I had seen knives drawn before her time, and that if she chose to begin, there was a knife, and fork also, at her service on the table, and that intimidation would not do. The next day, while I was at dinner, she walked in (having broken open a glass door that led from the hall below to the staircase, by way of prologue), and, advancing straight up to the table, snatched the knife from my hand, cutting me slightly in the thumb in the operation. Whether she meant to use this against herself or me, I know not—probably against neither—but Fletcher seized her by the arms and disarmed her. [He sent her home to his gondola.] . . .

"We heard a great noise. I went out, and met them . . . carrying her upstairs. She had thrown herself into the canal. That she intended to destroy herself I do not believe; but when we consider the fear women and men who can not swim have of deep or even of shallow water . . . and that it was also night, and dark, and very cold, it shows that she had a devilish spirit of some sort within her."

"Even with our abridgment, it is not the story of two people lovely and pleasant in their lives. We

have omitted some rather plain language of the gentle Margarita; likewise certain significant asterisks—out of Byron's insertion—which are sprinkled liberally over these letters—the stars of heavy cracks in the ice of the proprieties. . . .

"Yet Byron did get weary of it all. That departure to the Greek war was probably a genuine impulse to reach a nobler life than he had hitherto been living. Toward the close of his Venetian life he had thoughts of emigrating to Venezuela—and he gives the reasons to Hobhouse:

"I am not tired of Italy, but a man must be a *cicisbeo* and a singer in duets and a connoisseur of operas—or nothing—here. I have made some progress in all these accomplishments, but I can't say that I don't feel the degradation. Better be an unskillful planter, an awkward settler—better be a hunter, or anything, than a flatterer of fiddlers and fan-carrier of a woman. I like women—God he knows—but the more their system here develops upon me, the worse it seems, after Turkey, too; here polygamy is all on the female side. I have been an intriguer, a husband, a woman-monger, and now I am a cavalier *servente*—by the holy I! it is a strange sensation."

"Yes, he began to feel the degradation. And after reading these letters—with all their literary interest and brilliance, which we have not illustrated, in order to notice that which is peculiarly and prominently characteristic of this present volume—we do not wonder at it. Over all the dash and *flan* one is paramously sensible of the prodigal, the mournful waste of power."

New Publications.

"Mr. Bunny: His Book," by Adab L. Sutton, is a book of grievous pictures and even more atrocious rhymes of the Mother Goose order. Published by the Saalfeld Publishing Company, Akron, O.; price, \$1.25.

Among new text-books, "English: Composition and Literature," by W. F. Webster, deserves especial notice. It is practical in its aims, concise, and clear. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 90 cents.

To those who have not had a surfeit of Hawaiian myths and traditions, "Kelela: The Surf-Rider," by Alex Stevenson Twombly, will present many points of interest. It is a story of Hawaii before the coming of the white man, and is illustrated with numerous half-tone engravings of scenes in the islands. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

In the Art Lovers' Series the latest issue is "Heroisms of the Bible in Art," by Clara Erskine Clement. The engravings represent thirty-three of the great pictures of the world, by Raphael, Rubens, Veronese, Giorgione, and others, and the descriptive portion of the work is critical as well as historical. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

A text-book on a new and original plan is "A General Physiology for High Schools," by M. L. Macy and H. W. Norris. It is based on the nervous system and teaches the relations and interdependence of the parts of the human organism. The illustrations are notable, some of them being printed in colors to aid the pupil. Published by the Americo Book Company, New York; price, \$1.10.

The Cambridge Platonists of the seventeenth century, their writings and influence, are the chief topics of Ferris Greenslet's study, "Joseph Glanvill." The philosophy of Glanvill, the most prominent of the theological writers of that day, the Latitudinarian theology, and the tendencies of the times, are considered with critical ability. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A new and handsome edition of "A Seaside Journal through France and Italy," by Laurence Sterne, is one of the notable books of the week. It is well printed, with chapter headings in red, on heavy, antique-finished paper, deckle-edged, and the cover design is distinctive. Few of the many forms in which this English classic has appeared have been so attractive. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Selections from addresses on the Spanish-American War and its issues, by thirty-six prominent public speakers, have been compiled and arranged by Robert I. Fulton and Thomas C. Trueblood, and issued in a volume entitled "Patriotic Eloquence." Among the orators represented are President McKimley, Bryan, Depew, Cockran, Hoar, Lodge, Seabury, Reid, Watters, and Ireland. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Antarctic Regions," by Dr. Karl Fricker, translated from the German by A. Sooneschele, is a timely and valuable work. It gives a complete history of the several voyages of discovery down to the opening of the present year, and describes the surface and geological structure of the islands and coasts visited by the discoverers. The climate, the ice, and the fauna and flora of the regions described are treated comprehensively, and a chapter on the future of Antarctic discovery is made vivid by a fine enthusiasm. Numerous excellent illustrations and maps, a list of publications related to the subject, and a complete index, are added attractions. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

OLD FAVORITES.

Revelry of the Dying.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafters,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout to our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink to our comrades' eyes;
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys;
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let those think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again.
No, stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless are here the wise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a band that's shaking,
There's many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival lies;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of Death.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more?
Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we fled,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind—
Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Richard Harding Davis's Decorations.

A question of veracity has arisen between the Earl of Rosslyn and Richard Harding Davis. The latter criticized the conduct of Lord Rosslyn in South Africa, alleging that the nobleman acted a cowardly part while the prisoner of the Boers, denying his uniform, and claiming to be a correspondent. Lord Rosslyn replied smartly, characterizing Davis's statement as a malicious libel, and adding:

"Moreover, you will be interested to know that a distinguished gentleman, a foreigner, attached to our forces, traveled out with him to South Africa. On one occasion Davis came down to dinner covered with decorations, among them that of the Greek, for services rendered during the recent Graco-Turkish War. The gentleman referred to had himself received the decoration, and, though none but Davis wore their decorations on board ship, he noticed the Greek medal, and asked Davis why he was wearing it. His reply was that he had been given it by the Greek authorities. The distinguished foreigner had a list of the recipients and told Davis his name was not among them, and he had no right to wear it. Thereupon Davis left the saloon and never again reappeared with any of his decorations. I have since made inquiries at the Greek embassy, and find that Richard Harding Davis has never received the medal. What can we think of such a man? The gentleman will vouch for the accuracy of this statement."

In answer to this charge the following disclaimer is published by Mr. Davis:

"This charge touches one's private honor so deeply that I ask you to allow me to reply. In the last three years I have ever worn any medals or decorations of any sort, either on board ship, in South Africa, or in any other place. During a campaign I have occasionally worn the ribbons of decorations in the field, where they are worn by all officers and correspondents who have any to wear, but I have never worn a Greek medal or Greek ribbon, because I have none. And I have ever said that one has been given me by the Greek authorities, because the Greek authorities ever gave me one, and no distinguished foreigner nor any one else has ever told me I had no right to wear any medal or decoration. The incident is untrue in fact, in detail, and in entirety. Lord Rosslyn has been imposed upon by a distinguished foreigner. The only medal I possess is one which I have ever worn, given me by Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders for reasons of their own."

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Food in Relation to Health and Beauty.
Clothing and Health.
The Circulation and Digestion.
Cosmetic Treatment and Articles.
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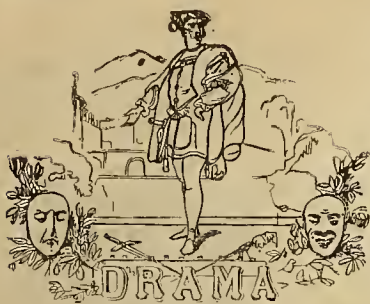
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This curious modern world of ours—at least the feminine part of it—is much given to cheerful inconsistencies. And what should woman be if not inconsistent? It is her most prized prerogative, and one that she does not mean to part with too lightly. Its value lies in openly and shamelessly acknowledging its possession, for it may be stretched to cover all the feminine weaknesses in the calendar. Not for the privilege of the suffrage would we part with it.

Even that most illogical of our sex, the would-be voter (or votress), takes refuge occasionally, when she is hard-pressed in argument, in our traditional inconsistency, and admits (albeit with a dangerous glitter of the eye) that she is "but yet a woman."

And so we damn with faint outward praise, but deep inward scorn, that woman who dares in this progressive day to be old-fashioned, even while we continue our eager search for picturesque old styles in dress and furnishing.

But there is old fashion and old fashion. There is a sweet and stately old-fashionedness, breathing "the tender grace of a day that is dead," that is a treasured relic from the leisurely elegance of a past time. It is fragrant with the "spirit of old-fashioned roses" that J. A. Mitchell, of *Life*, celebrated so tenderly and charmingly in his pretty tale with the short, sharp, plain New England name of "Amos Judd." (Who would imagine that a book with such a forbidding title would tell a strange story of a jeweled Hindoo rajah, whose lost prince bore with him to his prosaic New England surroundings the gift of second sight?)

And then there is a later and consequently more culpable old-fashionedness that is not hallowed by kindly time, but is dingy and rusty, and whose joints squeak unmusically with disuse. This is the kind of old-fashionedness that mars the little one-act play of "Napoleon's Guard."

The lines are in a way as stilted as those in that archaic and monumental joke, "The Stranger." The characters express themselves in the hackneyed terms which comic writers of to-day help themselves to from plays and romances of half a century ago.

Says the villain—a big, heavy man with a big, heavy voice that refuses to modulate, and a big, heavy weight of incompetency—"She must and shall be mine."

Says the good and romantic hero to the lovely heroine—a sad case of virtue in distress with beautifully laundered *lingerie*—"Nay, do not leave me, fairest Melanie. Alas, she is gone!" Then he carefully assists the departing and relentless fair one to close the door between her and himself, gives her time say to reach the corner of the next block, abandons himself to soliloquy, and is off in hot-headed if belated pursuit.

Mrs. Clay Clement was entirely out of key with the character of Melanie, which is, as may be inferred, a mere lay-figure from the school of stereotyped romance, and entirely devoid of reality. Francis Yale is young, earnest, and promising, but the character he represents has the same faults as that of Melanie. Thus we are left to satisfy our desire for histrionic entertainment with the part of the old ex-corporal of the Imperial Guard.

Upon this rôle Mr. Clement has lavished an infinity of pains. He has tried to give his broad, cheerful face the angular, drooping outline of an old French mustache. He has bestowed upon ex-Corporal Haversac a careful French accent, and he has succeeded measurably in catching a number of Gallic intonations. He has earnestly striven to paint a touching portrait of an old soldier, buried in dreams of past glories, re-living old sorrows, and faithful to dead devotions. Yet the short play had an unescapable flavor of dullness to it, and I am fain to admit that I came away feeling dimly grateful that there was no Haversac in my immediate family circle.

"The Bells" followed, and with a more efficient company would have been an interesting play. The central idea, that of a middle-aged man, entrenched in respectable prosperity, surrounded by a happy family life, and the esteem of his neighbors, yet haunted by a defied yet ever-growing remorse for a terrible crime, is highly dramatic in its treatment. The company, however, except in the last act, were uninteresting. The burgomaster's wife was too young and too lethargic. Annette, the daughter, was played by an immature, inexperienced, badly dressed little thing, who was, in stage technique, as raw and unfinished as a newly hatched chick, although, for some unexplainable reason, she was rather nice. Stockwell rather lightened the gloom by his cheerful, pudgy presence, and told the story of the Polish Jew's disappearance in a quiet, natural

manner, but the only really dramatic movement was during the presentation of the last act.

The three actors who had speaking parts in the trial scene uttered their lines solemnly and impressively, and were not given to cutting the acquaintance of final consonants, as do one or two other members of the company. Their excellent reading was an essential element in the striking rendering of the terrifying features of a fearful dream, for this scene constitutes the power of the play. Mr. Clement enacts the rôle of the tortured dreamer with intelligence and force; so much so that one can scarcely find flaws to pick at in his portrayal, yet he lacks the sacred fire. His limitations seem to be temperamental.

It is a strange benison, this uncapturable temperament, that one may possess only as a birth-right. Not all the industry, energy, and intellectual endeavor combined can win the shy, elusive thing to perch upon strange banners. It rarely mates with pale intellect, but is the pulsing of an inborn passion. It can by its strange power transform a spaghetti-eating Italian ignoramus to a saint, a warrior, a king, in the warm light of our thrilled imagination. Yet, under the chill of its absence, the most careful work of the ardent student of dramatic representation will sometimes leave us cold and unmoved.

Despite the limited nature of his endowment in this respect, Mr. Clement has so many excellent qualities that one finishes the evening with a decided respect for him. His ambition is so praiseworthy, his aims are so creditable, that it seems a pity he is not under the guidance of a vigorous business intelligence. His is another case like that of Frederick Warde. Here are two valuable actors who put enthusiasm and careful study into their work, but neither of them is fitted to select plays, companies, routes, stage-settings, and all the numerous elements that fit into each other and go to form a successful theatrical organization. As a rule, it is as impossible for one individual to be at once an artist and a man of business as it is to be at the same moment a round and a square peg.

Jessie Bartlett Davis still queens it tunelessly at the Orpheum, and the audience are still treated nightly to the extraordinary contrast produced upon the air by listening in later acts to the unescapable coosongs.

It has an odd effect to listen to the raucous-voiced coon-song singer after one has been hearing genuine music. One gasps with amazement on realizing how recklessly these people are throwing away their capital. They subject their voices to such a fearful and unnatural strain that it is utterly impossible for them to hold out beyond a few years. Querita Vincent, Johnson and Dean, and those misguided younglings, the American Quintet—all are on the road to vocal ruin.

However, the biograph lover will sit through a good deal to win the final pictorial joys. I never can resist the charms of a biograph. It can transport you over such wide spaces, to such distant lands, and place you among such completely foreign surroundings. At one of the Burton Holmes lectures I saw the Moki Indians give their grotesquely ugly snake-dance, and shuddered with horror, as if the repulsive reptiles were before me in the flesh, when rattlesnakes in dozens coiled themselves on the desert sands and tried to strike.

At the Orpheum I received a biographic bow from pretty little Queen Wilhelmina, witnessed with Queen Victoria a military review of beautifully marching soldiers, and saw the saluting swords flash toward the aged sovereign. I had a delightful panoramic ride through some wild mountain glens in England (except for the absence of the colors of nature, the illusion was almost perfect), and glided over the Grand Canal in Venice, past the Ducal Palace, so close that I could see the stains of time on its venerable walls. Truly, this is a wonderful age, when we can so calmly behold and matter-of-factly enjoy such marvels.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Belle Archer, one of the original Frawley company, and who was last seen here as a star in Hoyt's "A Contented Woman," died of apoplexy in Warren, Pa., on Wednesday, September 19th. Miss Archer's theatrical career was a notable one. When only a child she made her first appearance with the Florences in "The Almighty Dollar"; then she played Little Meenie with Joseph Jefferson and the boy Lucius in "Julius Caesar" with John McCullough; for Augustin Daly's company she impersonated Maid Marian in the dramatic production of Lord Tennyson's "Foresters." Miss Archer created many rôles—Rose in "The Highest Bidder," Eleanor in "Lord Chumley," Tom Chickweed in "Alone in London," and Kate in "In Mizoura" were all originally played by her. Miss Archer was leading lady for E. H. Sothern, Alexander Salvini, and Nat Goodwin, and spent her theatrical life under the management of A. M. Palmer and Daniel Frohman when not engaged in supporting stars on the road. For several years she was a member of the Frawley Company, and established herself as a great favorite in this city.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL HAS NO superior. Most economical.

Sale of the Corbett Ranch.

The famous Corbett ranch near San Mateo has been purchased by James Butler, a wealthy New Yorker and one of the most prominent breeders of harness horses in America. The deal will go into effect on October 1st, and means much to the breeders of this State.

The San Mateo stock-farm was founded in 1882 by the late William Corbett. He offered \$15,000 for either of the Kentucky stallions Onward or Red Wilkes. This was accounted a very big price in the early 'eighties, but he subsequently secured Guy Wilkes for \$7,500, which proved to be an extremely profitable investment, as ten years later Schultz, the wealthy New York baker with an inclination for owning fast horses, offered Corbett \$500,000 for the San Mateo stock-farm and the horses. Corbett, who was then getting the enormous stud fee of \$1,000 for Guy Wilkes, refused the offer, which he had cause to regret within five years. There was a gigantic slump in the prices of harness-horses, and sons and daughters of Guy Wilkes which were selling for \$10,000 and \$15,000 were finally sold for one-tenth of that sum. In this Corbett went through the same experience as big breeders throughout the country. After his death, three years ago, all the horses were sold, and the San Mateo stock-farm was nothing but a memory.

Mr. James Butler, who comes here to engage in the breeding and campaigning of harness-horses, made his millions in the grocery business in the last fifteen years. He became identified with the turf only six years ago and owns the East View Stock Farm. He has always been a liberal buyer of California stock, one of his purchases being the black marvel Direct, which with Gayton will be at the head of the Butler stock farm at San Mateo.

There is a mile track at the Corbett Ranch, and over it Tom Keating, the celebrated reinsman, will prepare the most formidable harness stable ever gathered together in the world, as he has been given *carte blanche* to buy the most promising horses now being paced or trotted.

Three sister ships, to be called the *Sierra*, *Sonoma*, and *Ventura*, of 6,000 tons each, are now nearing completion in the Cramp ship-yards, Philadelphia. Beginning November 1st, these steamers will perform for the Oceanic Steamship Company—under contract with the United States Government—a fast mail service every three weeks from San Francisco to Auckland and Sydney, via Honolulu and Samoan Islands. This new service will shorten the time between terminals—San Francisco and Sydney—from twenty-five days; the time of the run beretofore, to twenty days. The voyage from San Francisco to Honolulu will take 5½ days; to Samoa, 12½ days; to Auckland, 15½ days; and to Sydney, 20 days. The new vessels have double bottoms, water-tight compartments, two sets of triple-expansion engines which will develop over 8,000-horse-power, and twin screws that will drive the vessels at over seventeen knots an hour. There are no steamers at present in the Pacific trade that compare with these fast steamers. There will be accommodations for 240 first-class passengers, 100 second-class, and 100 steerage, and in each class nothing has been left undone that will tend to the safety and comfort of travelers. The ships are being built to comply with navy regulations, and can be turned into auxiliary cruisers inside of thirty-six hours.

The annual Santa Cruz excursion will be given next Sunday, September 30th, and the excursionists will have an opportunity to see the sea-side city with its numerous attractions before the close of the summer season and participate with other visitors in the enjoyment of swimming, boating, fishing, driving, etc. The trains will run over the narrow-gauge route through the Santa Clara Valley and the Santa Cruz Mountains. Tickets for the round trip are only two dollars, and will be placed on sale next Monday. Leaving time of train, Sunday morning, September 30th, 7:45 A. M.

Hugh May, the open golf champion of Southern California, died at the California Hospital in Los Angeles, September 18th, of typhoid fever, after an illness of several weeks.

—IF YOU TRAVEL, FISH, HUNT, OR PLAY golf, your constant companion should be Jesse Moore.

THE GREAT FAIR September 24th to October 6th, 1900

At TANFORAN PARK

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All in all, the Entertainment will be Clean, Dignified, and Instructive.

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Every Night, including Sunday. Matinée Saturday. Beginning Next Monday Night. Final Week of the *Clay Clement—L. K. Stockwell Company.* Revival of the Popular Comedy Success. By A. W. Pinero.

—THE MAGISTRATE—

With the Strongest Cast That Has Ever Presented it Here. October 1st....Eddie Foy in "A Night in Town."

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

Sunday Night, Sept. 23d, Grand Re-Opening and First Appearance in America of the Azzali Italian Grand Opera Company in

—OTELLO—

Monday, Friday, "Carmen"; Tuesday, "Aida"; Wednesday Night and Saturday Matinée, "Traviata"; Thursday, Saturday, "Otello."

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Matinées Saturday and Sunday. Week Beginning Monday, September 24th. The New *Frawley Company*. Presenting Joseph Arthur's Famous Hoosier Play.

—BLUE JEANS—

With Miss Minnie Dupree as June. Next Play....."The Sporting Duchess."

Prices—10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Orpheum

Jessie Bartlett Davis; Charles Wayne and Anna Caldwell; Murdoch & Merritt; Mr. and Mrs. Jackson; Kolb & Dill; Johnstone Brothers; McCall & Daniels; Ozza & Delmo; and the Biograph. Coming—Camille D'Arville.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Pinero's "The Magistrate."

The fourth and last week of the engagement of Clay Clement and L. R. Stockwell at the Columbia Theatre is to be devoted to a fine revival of Arthur Wing Pinero's comedy, "The Magistrate." Mr. Stockwell will repeat his admirable performance of the title rôle, Mr. Clement will impersonate Colonel Luken, and Mrs. Clement will be the Mrs. Pesket, the wife of the magistrate who has to try the case of his own spouse when she is arrested during a raid upon a French restaurant where she had accidentally gone to find a friend.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be Eddie Foy in his latest laugh provoker, "A Night in Town," in which he will appear as David Scarum, a victim of the cigarette habit, who has lapses of memory which provoke no end of amusing complications.

The Tivoli's Double Bill.

"Trovatore" will be sung for the last time on Sunday night at the Tivoli Opera House, and next week "Tannhäuser" and "The Barber of Seville" will be given on alternate nights. The cast for "Tannhäuser," which will be given on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, will be practically the same as on its first production this season, with Barron Berthald in the title rôle, Salassa as Wolfram, Schuster as Landgrave, Anna Lichter as Venus, and Effie Stewart as Elizabeth.

To "The Barber of Seville," which will be sung on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights and Saturday matinee, Russo will be seen as Count Almaviva, Ferrari as Figaro, Nicolini as Don Basilio, Signor Pantza (who makes his first appearance with the company this season) as Dr. Bartolo, Lia Pollettini as Bertha, and Italia Repetto as Rosina.

The Frawleys in "Blue Jeans."

"Quo Vadis" will give way to a revival of the famous pastoral comedy, "Blue Jeans," by Joseph Arthur, at the Grand Opera House next week. The scenes of this play are laid in the neighborhood of Posey County, Ind., and offer excellent opportunities for realistic stage-settings. A live yearling bull, afterwards served piping hot as a sacrifice to a barbecue, figures prominently in the play; and among other effective accessories to the working out of the plot are a village brass band, a tree from which real blossoms are shaken, and a sawmill in full operation.

The leading female rôle, June, will be impersonated by Minnie Dupree, the charming little *soubrette*, who makes her *début* with the company.

"The Sporting Duchess" will follow.

The Azzali Grand Opera Company.

The Azzali grand opera company, which was detained from reaching Mexico some weeks ago by the storm which destroyed ill-fated Galveston, are to re-open the California Theatre on Sunday evening with Verdi's "Otello," which will be repeated on Thursday and Saturday nights. Bizet's "Carmen" has been chosen for Monday and Friday nights, "Aida" will be given on Tuesday and the following Sunday night, and "Traviata" will be heard on Wednesday night and at the Saturday matinee.

The principals include Niel Barbareschi, dramatic soprano; Angelina Turconi-Bruni, lyric soprano; Estefania Collamarini, contralto; Vittorio Emanuele Castellano, dramatic tenor; Louis Alghissi, lyric tenor; Lorenzo Bellagamba, first baritone; Cesare Alessandrini, second baritone; Louis Lucenti, first bass; and Egidio Garavaglia, second bass. Angelina Rizzi Baccarini, Pio Facci, and Julio Cortesi are lesser artists, and Augusto Azzali is the *impresario* and musical director, his assistant being Alfredo Gore. Of all these singers, Estefania Collamarini is the only one who has ever been heard in this country. Two years ago her Carmen created a strong impression in the East.

At the Orpheum.

Jessie Bartlett Davis will continue to lead the bill at the Orpheum, and promises a number of charming new songs. Among the new-comers are Charles Wayne and Anna Caldwell, who will present a new sketch by that indefatigable sketch-writer, George M. Cohan. It is called "To Boston on Business," and is said to abound in bright lines and laughable situations. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson will appear in "A Bachelor's Home," Kolb and Diel, German comedians, have a budget of jokes, droll stories, and catchy songs, and Merritt and Murdock will introduce a new skit entitled "A Quiet Evening."

Those retained from this week's bill are the Johnston Brothers, remarkable xylophone players; McGale and Daniels, who call themselves "The Irish Tourists"; Ozoa and Delno, the comic jugglers; and the biograph.

The Tanforan Fair.

All the preliminary arrangements for the big fair at Tanforan Park, which is to open on Monday, have been completed. The executive committee, of which Mr. Henry J. Crocker is chairman, has worked hard to make the coming fair a success in every particular, and it now remains for the people of San Francisco to show their appreciation of his efforts and that of the other gentlemen associated

with him to make the Tanforan Fair a permanent annual feature of the city's attractions.

The Horse Show exhibits will be in charge of Mr. John Parrott, Mr. J. D. Grant, and Mr. Edwin F. Smith; that on cattle, Mr. H. H. Taylor, Mr. William H. Howard, and Mr. George R. Smith, with Professor T. F. McConnell, of Ripon, Wis., as judge; the poultry, pigeons, Belgian hares, etc., will be under the supervision of Mr. Maurice Casey, Mr. George A. Pope, and Mr. W. J. Martin. In this department, Mr. Charles R. Harker, of San José, will act as judge. Mr. H. H. Taylor, Mr. J. F. Boyd, and Mr. E. E. Ames will be the committee on farm and dairy machinery, implements, teams, etc., and that on carriages, harness, etc., will be composed of Mr. George A. Pope, Mr. J. A. McKerron, and Mr. W. Rehberg.

The trotting exhibits will be in charge of Mr. J. C. Kirkpatrick, of the Palace Hotel, Mr. J. F. Boyd, and Major J. L. Rathbone. During the trotting races Mr. M. F. Tarpey will act as presiding judge, Major Rathbone as associate, and Mr. Joseph Cairn Simpson and Mr. Edwin F. Smith as starters.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Galveston Engulfed.

[Although the subject of Galveston's disaster has been thoroughly treated in the press, we print here with a communication from an old Galveston subscriber of the *Argonaut*. No matter how skilled the reporters of the Associated Press in their delineation of this terrible disaster, the plain words of those who suffered carry infinitely greater weight.—Eos.]

GALVESTON, TEX., September 12, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Crushed between two terrible opposing forces—a north-east gale blowing one hundred miles an hour and an irresistible onrush of the gulf waters from the south, Galveston now presents a scene of utter woe and desolation. If the merciless encroaching of the waves had continued thirty minutes longer, the once busy port would now be a veritable Necropolis. As it is, not less than three thousand lives have been lost, and the damage to property will reach millions of dollars. The exact number of dead will never be known, as regard for the health of the living necessitated hasty burial—some towed out in barges and cast in the bay, some buried where they lay, and others cremated. The debris piled up in hillocks and ridges throughout the length and breadth of the city conceals many more bodies, and on this, the fourth day since the flood, the ghastly work goes on. The wreckage is being cleared away with all expedition, but the task is a Titanic one. Aside from the blacks, who show little disposition to work, nearly every one is putting his shoulder to the wheel manfully.

The city is under martial law, and there have been, as yet, no scenes of disorder. Several nimble-fingered hyenas have been caught looting the dead, and have been promptly shot. General McKibbin, commanding the Department of Texas, arrived Tuesday night, and will at once advise the War Department of conditions here, that relief may be obtained.

There is and has been no scarcity of food, and the poor and homeless are well cared for. Quantities of supplies are en route here, so that a food famine is not to be feared. What is dreaded, and with just cause, is an outbreak of malignant fever. Fortunately the water supply, obtained from the mainland through mains underlying the bay, has not been cut off, though the destruction of the pipes and injury to the pumping station will delay for several days the furnishing of water throughout the city. In the meanwhile the city is without lights, motive power for street cars, and water for fighting fires. The *News* and the *Tribune*, the two dailies, are temporarily suspended, though they are getting out hand-bill extras, giving lists of dead.

As to the future of Galveston there is, of course, a divergence of opinion. Optimists, in the minority, aver that recovery is possible and the future full of hope. The port is, they say, the only natural outlet for the grain and cotton of the South-West, and, while confidence in its geographical security is shaken, a recurrence of the calamity is not likely. The panic-stricken are not confined to the meek and lowly, many who had moneyed interests here declaring an intention to dispose of their investments for a mere rag-time melody that they may go elsewhere.

This is but a *résumé* of the facts of the great calamity. We would take a true artist, according to Tolstoy's interpretation, to infect the *Argonaut's* readers with the appalling horror of Saturday night, September 8, 1900. The many deeds of silent unselfishness and stirring heroism that the night and its consequent days of wretchedness called forth give comforting assurance that human nature is not wholly vile. S. O. HOVES.

Necessity for a New Primary Law.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., September 10, 1900. EDITORS ARGONAUT: The recent primary election held by the Republican party in this city was what is known as an open primary of the go-as-you-please description without legal restrictions. It was one of the old-fashioned kind, on account of the Stratton primary law having been pronounced unconstitutional by the State supreme court. I never before took any interest in the primaries, except the one held last year under the Stratton law, and I was curious to see the operation of a party primary without State jurisdiction, so, with some other voters in my district, I attended the recent primary in the fortieth assembly district.

This district is strongly Republican, and fairly represents the intelligence of the party. There was a regular club organization and an opposition to it

called the Central Club, both putting tickets in the field. One club had the control of one voting place, and the other club of the other place, there being only two booths in each district. The voting was conducted at both places without disorder, and but little interest was displayed by the average voter. The office-holding class, or "pollies," as they are called in the vocabulary of the "push," were busy, and interested their personal following to some extent. There were some repeaters and a few imperious. Many Democrats were observed to vote, to help out their Republican friends, chiefly members of the "push." Common enemies making common friends.

We kept tally at polling place No. 1, and while 400 ballots were all that went into the box, yet when counted they had multiplied by some patent incubating process to 817. The *modus operandi* was observed, however, and on protest being made, they claimed justification, as the other polling place, they said, was being controlled by the other club, and they had to manipulate box No. 1 to offset the anticipated stuffing of box No. 2. Box No. 2, however, only produced a few over 500 votes, although representing more densely populated precincts. Without the evidence of fraud referred to in polling place No. 1, the casting of 817 ballots in 11 hours (averaging 1 1/4 votes a minute) is a practical impossibility.

The whole thing was a farce, and not in any way an expression of the wish of the voters. Although fully a half of the delegates elected were good men, placed on the ticket to give it momentum, it can easily be imagined what the others are there for.

The open primary would be all right if the voters would attend it, as they do their duty on election day. The opportunity to manipulate the box would then be minimized. They have, however, no confidence in the present primary system, and the only way is for the better elements in both parties to make common cause, and have the constitution so amended as to admit of the passage of a Stratton or similar primary law.

A pure primary is the foundation of our system of government, and no man should be allowed to vote on election day who has not exercised that privilege at the primary preceding. If this was compulsory, we would need no primary law. The primary is really the most important part of the entire proceedings. The vote on election day is merely a ratification of the action of a convention called together through the agency of a primary.

Very truly yours, J. HENDERSON.

[The complaint contained in the above communication is similar to others that have appeared in the daily papers. The fact of fraud in many cases has been established too clearly to be disputed. The fault however is not entirely on the side of the Republicans. The Democrats also indulged in disgraceful practices.—Eds.]

Ragtime Chimes.

Ragtime music played on the chimes of St. Michael's, the oldest and most aristocratic church in Charleston, S. C., was one of the curious incidents noted by members of the National Educational Association visiting the South. The chimes rank high up with those of Trinity Church in New York. A few years ago the master hand at the keyboard was Professor George Washington McLeon Gadsden, an honored negro whose years were many. Gadsden died recently and his under-study got the job. Even in the days of Gadsden the ragtime tunes were played. Sunday did not matter and the congregation did not object. St. Michael's is so old that nothing seems wrong or improper when connected with it. On holidays and state occasions the city of Charleston pays a sum to have the chimes rung, and it is on these days that the ragtime is played to a frazzle. It does sound rather weird to hear the chimes pegging off the tune of "I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby," and then bave it switch off to "Oh, Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose." When anything especially strong is desired the man at the key-board gives a dash of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," which does not always happen. "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You," has been played time and again on the chimes, and later the chime-man told the city that "I Ain't Got No Happy Home to Leave." Oo hot days, when the temperature is even higher than the top notes of the chimes, the man in the steeple makes one feel like dropping in the street when he gives the distinct tune of "Oh, How Would You Like to Be the Ice Man?" When William Jennings Bryan was in Charleston, not long ago, to make a speech, and while everybody was talking Bryan, the chime fiend climbed to his high perch and gave them "Oh, I Don't Know." There is a keen touch of humor in the whole business.

The Tivoli Operatic and Amusement Company has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$150,000. All the capital stock was subscribed by the following directors: Ernestine Kreling, \$149,400; Johanna Kraus, Charles H. Kraus, Ernestine Kraus, and Johanna Fischer, \$150 each.

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"The Strenuous Life" is the title to be given to Governor Roosevelt's new book, which will be published this fall by the Century Company. The volume will consist of all the essays and addresses which the governor has written and delivered during the past few years.

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VANITY FAIR.

Major Pitcher, the ex-police magistrate, who was recalled from Havana some months ago, was undoubtedly the best-hated man on the island. Says an American resident of the Cuban capital in the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*: "Major Pitcher was put on the bench at a ticklish time, and very many of his sentences were necessarily harsh; but he accomplished one thing that ought to entitle him to a bronze statue forty feet high—he suppressed Havana's kerf-stone mashers. For the first time in the history of the city a lady can now walk alone through the business sections without being grossly insulted. Before Pitcher's régime that was impossible. But let me explain a bit. Just as a highbred Cuban gentleman is the most charming person in the world, so a Cuban cad surpasses all other cads in existence. As a general thing he is the son of rich parents, and is well-dressed, well-educated, and good-looking. He never works, of course, and spends his time loafing about the *cafés* and gambling-houses and standing on street corners ogling women. There are an immense number of such puppies in Havana, and they made an especial target of American ladies. When one would pass they would look at her in a way that was indescribably insulting, and exchange untranslatable remarks in Spanish. Their favorite stamping ground was the park in front of the Hotel Inglaterra. As soon as Pitcher got in the saddle he started a raid on these fine gentlemen, and, in spite of the howls of their relatives, sent them right and left to the rock-pile, and inside a month kerf-stone mashing had become an obsolete amusement. I am sure that every American who has ever visited Havana will hear the news with joy, and if Pitcher is at present out of a job I would strongly advise President Diaz to give him a year's engagement on the spot. The City of Mexico has just such another kerf-stone gang as formerly infested Havana. It is made up of wealthy young hoodlums, who would be highly outraged by any aspersions on their 'honor,' yet who do not hesitate to insult, accost, and even follow unattended American and English ladies. A brief course of Pitcher would have a wonderful effect in enhancing the attractiveness of the Aztec metropolis to foreign tourists."

In an entertaining letter in the *New York Sunday Press*, Sterling Heilig discusses at length the "Refined Cruelty of French Marriages," showing how a young couple are hedged in with restrictions on every hand, from the first meeting to the wedding day, and citing two marriages of recent date which have been given unusual publicity in the French press. The first occurred at the *mairie* of Gentilly. When the mayor put the effective question to the bridegroom, he, like a young man of spirit answered energetically, "Yes!" But when the *demoiselle's* turn came, she was so moved that she said "No," amid general hilarity—because they knew the tender creature must be rattled. Seeing her mistake, she immediately burst into tears and sobbed that she "meant yes." But it was too late. "The marriage is off," the mayor pronounced, inflexibly; "you can start another one by a new three weeks' publication of banns, but the present ceremony has reached its legal end in the lady's spoken word!" The other case, which is attracting a great deal of attention in Paris, is this: A young French governess living in London made there the acquaintance of a French youth of good family, studying the language and absorbing the English business spirit. He persuaded her to marry him, by the English ceremony, in an English church. While she knew it was not regular, he calmed her scruples by making a subsequent acknowledgment of the marriage before the French consul. After two years' happy wedded life and the birth of a son, the French youth of good family sailed for France. Then his father wrote to her a letter that has gone the round of the press. "I have other designs for Henri than to marry him to an adventuress like you," he said; "you have done your best to entrap this innocent. Know that you have failed. Your marriage, not being performed before the French consul, with the written consent of the boy's parents, is no marriage. If you come to France with the intention of making trouble, we shall know how to protect ourselves against black-mail, and you and your lawyer may find yourselves in prison, under the charge of conspiracy." The girl writes to the papers, asking what she shall do. It is curious to note that the advice of a thousand correspondents is to "shoot the fellow." True, the French law gives her no remedy, while the French jury views with indulgence all crimes known as "passionnel."

The spirit of French marriage breathes through these two cases (remarks Mr. Heilig). Before the proper functionary a single word is vital; before an irregular functionary the most solemn oaths are wasted, and no signed and sealed acknowledgments have power to brace them up. M. Clemenceau while in hard luck and exile took to wife—with every form and ceremony proper in the United States—the woman whose fortune aided him to return and set himself up again in Paris. Years passed and he prospered. Now, prosperity to M. Clemenceau means the French joy of living, which must be enlivened with mistresses. As long as he kept them in

the shade, Mme. Clemenceau, like a good wife, held her peace; but when he took to driving them at his right hand out in the sunlight of the Bois she protested vehemently. It was then he, exasperated, broke the news to her. "If you can't stand it," he said, "you may pack your trunk and go. You are not my wife. I have no hold on you. The ceremony, performed in America, has no force in France." And so on—the old story.

"Next to eating good dinners," says Thackeray, "a healthy man with a benevolent turn of mind must like, I think, to read about them." It is on this text that Mr. W. E. Garrett Fisher writes for the *Cornhill* a very toothsome essay on "Feasts in Fiction." As might have been expected, Thackeray is almost *hors concours* the laureate of the palate. Feasting, and good feasting, too, abounds in his books, from the Paris sketches to the latest novels. Generally speaking, fewer novelists than would be expected have starved their characters. Dickens fairly stuffs his. Peacock and George Meredith are indulgent to the finer gastronomic tastes of theirs. Even Charlotte Brontë imitates Thackeray to the extent of giving her people a lady-like sufficiency. We know that the fiery little novelist was a good deal scandalized by her hero's devotion to the pleasures of the table, though the "Oh! Mr. Thackeray, don't!" with which she greeted his request for yet another help of some particularly attractive dish, is somewhat apocryphal. Yet her own characters made no bones of a good meal upon occasion. It is humiliating to national pride (remarks the *New York Evening Post*) to find that Dr. Holmes alone of American authors feeds his creatures reasonably well. There is, indeed, a memorable Yankee feast in "Elsie Venner," which may have withheld Mr. Fisher's attention from minor junketings of American heroes and heroines. It could probably be proved against Mr. Henry James that he keeps his people on very short commons, while the same may be true of Mr. Howells. It is probable, too, that Miss Wilkins and Mrs. Deland's people are only reasonably well fed. At any rate, the pantry and store of our American novels are worth looking into along the lines of Mr. Fisher's essay.

A Philadelphia doctor suggests that if there is to be any successor to the man without a coat, or "shirt-waist man," it ought to be the man without a hat. He says: "Just as soon as the weather becomes cooler it would be a wise thing to exploit and encourage the bare-headed man. Of course, it wouldn't do for a man to go without any covering for his head in this kind of weather; being unused to it, he would probably suffer from sunstroke or heat prostration. Men wear their hats too much. If they wore them less there would be less headache and nervous exhaustion, and far fewer bald heads. There's the point to emphasize. A man cares less about a headache than he does about his hair falling out. Advocate the bare-headed man on the plea of saving his hair, and he will become even more popular than the shirt-waist man. This is really a sensible suggestion." There can be no doubt that the number of bald-headed men in the community has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. At our theatres you find them all over the house, and not simply in the first two rows, to which they naturally belong. And if anything can be done to make the hair of the coming generations their crowning glory, it should be attended to. With the spread of the game of golf it ought to be easy for members of the very class that most runs to bald heads to have their brows to the breezes and give Nature a chance. There are few of the other sex who are bald in comparison with the number of men so afflicted. And there can be little doubt that the explanation is to be found in the fact that, nine times out of ten, what lovely woman puts on her head and calls a bonnet is only an apology for a hair covering. Unlike the shirt-waist, the reform involves no disputed question of good taste or politeness. The man without a hat could not be condemned by any woman for lack of courtesy or good manners so far as she was concerned.

"In all the previous fairs of all countries there never was such a show of corsets as there is at the corset section, placed next to the gowns, in the Paris Exposition," says the Paris correspondent of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. "This is because there is a revolution in corsets. They are now all made straight up and down in front, sending the curves on the hips and in the back; and each exhibitor makes a point of accentuating that particular cut more than his neighbor. In one showcase there is the picture of one fleshy woman with the old-fashioned corset curved in the front and a portrait of one with the new pattern. The last does look better because she looks more at ease. Fleshy women were in tortures when tightly laced in an old corset. Now they can smile even after a big dinner, and as all women are now straight up and down up to the hips they do not mind having no shape where there ought to be shape. As for the corsets of the slender women, they design a straight line on all sides, up and down, down and up. It is the style to conceal all femininity with corsets, and, strange to say, when a woman is well gowned the style is graceful, for it gives a serpentine look to the woman. Not long since an American woman said to me at the opera: 'It is astonishing how a woman will shape her physique to

suit the fashions. When I was in Paris some ten years ago, half of the French women were fleshy; now you can hardly perceive one in all these boxes. They must have done something to make themselves slender. I understand that fashions change, but I do not understand that the body changes to suit the fashions.' 'Where there is a will there is a way,' said I; 'women abstain from drinking during their meals, and they have themselves massaged every day. They consult their doctors as to what they should refrain from eating so as to get or remain thin. I do not think any take internal medicines, because the French woman is too fond of her health, and it is not the fashion to look sickly.'"

First Filipino—"Yes, I read the American papers a great deal when I can get them. I like to find out what the Americans are doing over here. But I tell you, I don't like the way Aguinaldo was killed a short time ago. I don't like the position they put him in when he was killed." *Second Filipino*—"The position?" *First Filipino*—"Yes, I think a man of his importance should have top of column, next to reading matter, as he used to have before the Chinese matter came up, instead of being sandwiched in between patent-medicine advertisements."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Highest Award at Paris Exposition.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co. has been awarded the Grand Prix d'Honneur at the Paris Exposition for the superior quality of its Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. This is the highest award given at the Exposition. It has stood first for forty years. Avoid unknown brands.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 19th, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 4% Reg. (new)	9,000	@ 133 1/2	134		
Contra Water 5%	2,000	@ 107	107		
Market St. Ry. 6%	1,000	@ 128	128		
Market St. Ry. 5%	3,000	@ 117 1/2	117 1/2		
N. R. of Cal. 5%	2,000	@ 118 1/2	118 1/2		
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 107	106		
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	10,000	@ 107 1/4-107 3/4	107		
Pac. Gas Imp. Co. 4%	8,000	@ 101 1/2	101 1/2		
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%	26,000	@ 100-100 1/2	100 1/2		
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%	18,000	@ 111 1/2-112 1/2	112 1/2		
S. V. Water 6%	3,000	@ 112 1/2-113	112 1/2		
	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water	175	@ 70-70 1/2	69 1/2		
Spring Valley Water	753	@ 95 1/2-96 1/2	96 1/2		
Gas and Electric.					
Equitable Gaslight	75	@ 3% 3/4	3% 3/4		
Oakland Gas	50	@ 50	50		
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	80	@ 52 1/2	52		
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry.	15	@ 35	33 1/2		
S. F. Gas & Electric	235	@ 53 1/2-54 1/2	53 1/2		
Banks.					
Bank of Cal.	2	@ 410	409		
Street R. R.					
Market St.	350	@ 67 1/2	67		
Powders.					
Giant Con.	205	@ 85 1/2-85 3/4	86		
Vigorit	500	@ 3% 3/4	3% 3/4		
Sugars.					
Hana P. Co.	150	@ 8	8 1/2		
Hawaiian C. & S.	20	@ 87	87		
Honokaa S. Co.	1,070	@ 30 1/2-31	31		
Hutchinson	860	@ 25-25 1/2	25 1/2		
Kilauea S. Co.	30	@ 21 1/2	21		
Makawili S. Co.	805	@ 43 1/2-44 1/2	44		
Pauahau S. P. Co.	2,075	@ 31	31		
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers	24	@ 122 1/2-124	124		

Market dull, prices well sustained. Considerable doing in Honokaa, Hutchinson, Makawili, and Pauahau. Other stocks but little trading in. A new gas company has been incorporated, which, according to one of the directors, is more of an introducer of some new-fangled burner than a manufacturer of gas or other illuminants, and therefore can not be looked upon as a rival to existing companies, unless joined with one now in existence it should offer gas to consumers using the burner at less than prevailing rates. Should this be the case, it would seem to be a necessity for the company furnishing the gas to give all of its consumers the same rate, and not make an exception in favor of the burner users. No bugaboo has been raised against Spring Valley this week, and its price is steady.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24, 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

Stock and Bond Broker.

Telephone Bush 351.

407 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd

Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

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GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer,

409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.



Strengthens System Body Brain and Nerves.

VIN MARIANI (MARIANI WINE)

No other preparation has ever received so many voluntary testimonials from eminent people as the world-famous Mariani Wine. Agreeable and lasting.

Before Meals **APPETIZER**
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Sold by all druggists. Refuse Substitutes. Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th St., New York, publish a handsome book of endorsements of Emperors, Emperesses, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other distinguished personages. It is sent gratis and postpaid to all who write for it.

OVER SIXTY YEARS ESTABLISHED.

ALCOOL de MENTHE DE RICQLES

The only genuine Peppermint Alcohol.

A Refreshing Drink—a few drops in a glass of sweetened water instantly quenches thirst and makes a healthy and delightful drink.

Taken in water or dropped on sugar is an infallible cure for INDIGESTION, STOMACH ACID, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS or NERVOUSNESS; also a sovereign remedy for CHOLERA MORBUS and DYSENTERY.

For the toilet it will be found most excellent for the teeth, the mouth and the bath.

Insist on the name de RICQLES.

Sold by Druggists.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., New York

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,238,372.45
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1900.....28,938,395.12

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.

Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and I. N. Walter.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1900.....\$26,952,875
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....218,593
Contingent Fund.....439,608

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier, R. W. MELCH, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00

SURPLUS.....1,000,000.00

PROFIT & LOSS ACCOUNT, 2,453,469.59

July 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALYDOR.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier
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China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

San Francisco, Cal.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

Geo. J. VALENTINE, President; HOWES S. KING, Manager;

H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier;

H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christensen, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Berningham, Dudley Evans.

Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,

411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dr. Johnson once met the village postman trudging along the dusty road on a hot summer afternoon. The postman observed that he had still a mile to walk just to deliver one newspaper. "My goodness!" exclaimed the sympathetic doctor, "I'd never go all that distance for such a trifle. Why don't you send it by post?"

A school-boy at a prize examination furnished the following biography of the patriarch Abraham: "He was the father of Lot, and had two wives. One was called Ishmale and the other Hagar. He kept one at home and he turned the other into the desert, where she became a pillar of salt in the daytime and a pillar of fire by night."

Cyrus Townsend Brady tells an amusing story in his "Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West" of a little boy he knew on the frontier, who belonged to a family who had trained him to believe in the deep-water form of baptism and was experimenting with the household cat and a bucket of water. The animal evidently did not believe in immersion, for she resisted, bit and scratched until finally the little boy, with his hands covered with scratches and with tears in his eyes, gave up the effort to effect the regeneration of the cat. "Dng-gone you!" he cried, "go and be an Episcopal cat if you want to!"

When "Bob" Taylor was governor of Tennessee, he was noted for being as tender-hearted as a woman, and the way he pardoned out convicts was something awful. He was waited upon by a committee of the legislature, who very flatteringly and in no uncertain way told him that this "wholesale pardoning must stop." "Gov'nor Bob" looked at the committee, tapped a bell, asked for his pardon clerk, and when he came said: "Make out pardons for every man in the penitentiary." The clerk bowed and withdrew. Then the governor looked at the committee, who were staring as if they thought he was going mad. "Gentlemen," he said, finally, "I am governor of Tennessee, and if this committee or any other ever again seeks to interfere with my constitutional right to pardon, I'll sign every one of these pardons which the clerk is making out. Good-morning."

During a recent heated spell, Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, took a run down to Atlantic City, and on arriving made themselves known to none, but went to a bathing-house incognito. Clad in the shapeless bathing-suits that are furnished hapless strangers, they soon issued forth, with a broad-rimmed straw hat tied tightly down upon the head of each. In spite of their shapeless costumes, however, there was something *distinguit* in the appearance of the two men, and so it happened that some of those in the throng that huddled along the beach gazed at them with mild curiosity. One home-like country-woman, evidently on her first sea-shore visit, was especially interested in watching the two men, who were enjoying themselves with constantly increasing gayety. At length the dignitaries heard her say critically to her husband, in what she thought a safe aside: "Well, the old man, he looks kinder thin and peaked, but the old woman—seems to me *she's* quite hearty and strong!"

It once fell to the lot of Lord Morris, always a wit and now a distinguished judge, who had never lost the mellifluous brogue of the West of Ireland, to hear a case at Coleraine, in which damages were claimed from a veterinary surgeon for having poisoned a valuable horse. The issue depended upon whether a certain number of grains of a particular drug could be safely administered to the animal. The dispensary doctor proved that he had often given eight grains to a man, from which it was to be inferred that twelve for a horse was not excessive. "Never mind yer eight grains, docther," said the judge; "we all know that some poisons are cumulative in effect, and ye may go to the edge of ruin with impunity. But tell me this: The twelve grains—wouldn't they kill the devil himself if he swallowed them?" The doctor was annoyed, and pompously replied, "I don't know, my lord; I never had him for a patient." From the bench came the answer: "Ah, no, docther, ye never had, more's the pity! The old hhoys's still alive."

Lieutenant-Commander Gillmore, in his account of his experiences as a prisoner of the Filipinos in *McClure's Magazine*, says that he owes his life and that of his companions to a peculiar incident which occurred when they had been taken into the mountains by a Filipino lieutenant, who had been ordered by General Tino to execute them. He writes: "I have always believed that the lieutenant's refusal to obey orders and execute us was due to the effect produced in his mind by an incident which had occurred a night or two earlier. At one of our stops he had shown me a crucifix which he wore hung by a ribbon around his neck, and said to me: 'The Americans are not Christians.' 'Oh, yes,' I replied; 'all the Americans are Christians.' 'But you never wear any crucifixes.' I opened my jacket

and showed him my breast. A crucifix had been tattooed there years ago, when I was a midshipman. The Tagal leaped to his feet with an exclamation of surprise. He instantly crossed himself. His eyes nearly started out of his head. I explained to him that any one could buy a crucifix and hang it around his neck, but that I had endured pain to have my crucifix pricked in the flesh, and that, as he could see, it must always be with me. There was a marked change in his manner toward me after that."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Oyster Speaks.

"R" There! Here I am again, To perform my popular disrobing act. Borne from my hillyow home, I've come to boss the board, And do a leading business at the feast. Now by my beard! When lolling luscious on my pearly couch My dimpled charms are daintily disclosed, A ruddier rose on maiden cheeks will burn And grizzled gourmets will grow glad again. The summer seas have spent their sweets on me, "Rocked" in the cradle of the deep. Seasoned, made savory in dim green glooms, I'm now in shape to meet all comers! Balm do I bear, and to woozy peace! I cool the coppers of the racketeer, And soothe the dissension in the statesman's midst. Ask not if I'm the product of a trust—Assimilate me without asking my consent. So, set the board with snowy napery, With shining silver, and with gleaming glass! It's up to me to start the courses coursing. Lift! Lift me from my little bed, And tuck me in.

—E. D. Pierson in *New York Sun*.

My Mither-in-Law.

When I courted wi' Maggie her mither did cry That nane could be suited like Maggie and I; But since we've got mairret a change is owre a'; Noo, I canna get on wi' her mither ava! When she tak's a rin up by the fire-side she sits, An' gets on to Maggie for cleaning my huits; She says, "Dinna learn him sic fashion ava." She's a middlesome lady, my mither-in-law. She picks fauts wi' this, and she picks fauts wi' that; She even picks fauts wi' oor innocent cat. She scolds at oor wean when he greets on his maw; She's a heidstronk auld lady, my mither-in-law.

When she speaks o' our neebours she rins them a' doon, An' she thinks there's no mony like her in the toon; If she does any guid turn fu' loudly she'll blaw, She's real fond o' herself, my auld mither-in-law.

Some nicht I will open my mind on her yet, An' tell her o' something she winna forget; I'll tell her she winna come here an' misca' Folks wha niver hae hern'd her, my mither-in-law.

—*Glasgow Mail*.

As to Queer Names.

The man from Punksutawney and the man from Kokomo Discussed the Chinese troubles, and the first said, "Don't you know, I think these Chinese names are queer enough to stop a clock."

"That's right," replied another man from fair Caucomgomoc. The man from Kokomo observed, "By ginger! that's a fact. That's what my brother says—he lives down here in Hackensack."

And still another stranger said the man's comment was true; And added with a smile of pride, "My home's in Kal'mazoo."

Another man took up the strain, "Now, down Skowhegan way And up at Ypsilanti we speak it every day. The names are all uncivilized and heathen in their ring. That's what I told my uncle yesterday in Ish-peming."

"Hohokus is my native town," another stranger said; "And I think all these Chinese names the worst I ever read."

"Quite true," agreed a quiet man; "they're certainly uncanny. That's what my neighbors all assert in Tail Holt, Indinny."

—*Josh Wink in Baltimore American*.

Interviewing Huntington.

"The late Collis P. Huntington was an easy man to interview," said an old reporter recently, "but at the same time he was exceedingly cautious and never talked at random. My first encounter with him was in San Francisco. I was sent to ask him about some railroad connections that he was supposed to have in contemplation, and when I was finally ushered into his private office I found him seated at a table dictating letters to a couple of stenographers. 'I can spare you only ten minutes,' he said, pleasantly, 'but we'll try to make that cover the ground. What is your first question?' I put it in as concise a form as possible. 'U-m-m-m,' said Mr. Huntington, musingly; 'let's have the answer.' I took that, of course, as a refusal to answer the first interrogation and passed to the next point. 'All right,' he said; 'now for the third.'"

That was discouraging, but I gave it to him as briefly and clearly as I could, and, to make a long story short, he completely exhausted all my inquiries, one after the other, without giving me a single reply.

"You may well believe I was thoroughly depressed and disheartened, and was about to beat a retreat, when, to my great surprise, one of the stenographers handed over a memorandum which he had been quietly taking of each question, and Mr. Huntington proceeded to answer them *seriatim*. He wasted no words, but covered every point with the utmost nicety and precision. When he concluded, I read over my notes at his request, and he pronounced them all right. 'Mr. Huntington,' I said, glancing at my watch, 'I see we have still nearly half a minute left, and, with your permission, I'd like to ask you something on my own account.' 'What is it?' said he, looking surprised. 'I am curious to know,' I replied, 'why you made me ask all my questions before giving me any answer.' The old magnate smiled—and, by the way, he had a very genial smile, puckering up a thousand little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and seeming to relax all over. 'That's easily explained,' he said; 'I wanted to find out what you were leading up to before I committed myself.'"

THE CEASELESS NEWPORT STRUGGLE.

One of the best burlesques of the doings of the set of cottagers at Newport who are charged with a craving for sensational display, and running after everything new to whet their jaded appetite for amusement and pleasure, is the following skit, purporting to be a letter from a Newport correspondent, which appeared in one of the New York dailies:

"The ceaseless struggle against that implacable foe of the very rich, *ennui*, still goes on. Several times it really seemed as if the dreaded hugaboo would win the day, and only the most indefatigable exertions on the part of society's ablest leaders have held it at bay. All the old amusements are so very old and tiresome, you know. It's so extremely difficult to hold the attention of these sated minds. They've seen everything, eaten everything, drunk everything."

"Mrs. Simpleton Snagg's boar-hunt in her magnificent villa, 'Bricktop,' was a glittering success. The pig was a prize one, with a jeweled ring in its pink-and-white nose and a gold bangle on its sinuous tail. After being carefully washed in champagne and covered with creamery butter, it was let loose at exactly midnight. The pig had the run of the house, including the magnificent suite reserved for Count Paresis, and the gentle pouter led his pursuers a merry chase. He was finally captured by young Fuzzy Flipp, who, it will be remembered, led the german so beautifully at the Washe-Boards' barn-warming on the 'steenth."

"Everybody says that Mrs. Snaggs simply outdid herself on the boar-hunt, and all the fashionable world is wondering what she will do next. As I overheard young Melisande Biff, who made her debut in '93, you remember, remark to the Prince of Growlerstein: 'Deah Mrs. Snaggs weally makes life seem worth the living, doncherknow.'"

"On the twenty-first Mrs. Gastleigh Green gives her eagerly anticipated merry-go-round circus in her colossal drawing-room, and twenty picked young swells are to do startling hareback acts."

"On the twenty-seventh Lady Biskut-Shuter will have her indoor hurdle-race, in which the Mellow-hunk riders are to participate. The entrance ways at either end of her sandstone palace will be enlarged and an inclined plane is to lead up from the lawn to the hall, which runs straight through the house. The hurdles will be erected in the hall, and the riders are to circle about the lawn and then, one by one, dash up the incline and into the hall, taking the hurdles, and then exiting by the back door. This promises to be one of the fetching things of the season."

"A shoot-the-chutes party is to signalize the coming-out of Miss Lotta Dough. The Dough palace has been filled with carpenters and masons this week. They are building the chutes which will begin at a point some twenty feet above the roof, and then descend at a sharp angle through the entire house, emerging by a front window and skimming over the lawn. The car is Sixteenth Century, and the chutes will be greased with At butterine. Miss Dough and Lord Sax will open the festivities by descending in the first car. The shooting-gowns now in the hands of the *modistes* for this delightful affair are said to be marvels of grace and elegance."

"I regret to announce that the marionette-party, to which Mrs. Heavie Bluff's Boston terrier had invited all the swell dogs of the set, is indefinitely postponed because of the sudden death of a half-sister of Mrs. Vera Flat's French poodle."

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

VVO
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

OVER A MILLION
Bright Women



SILVER
ELECTRO-SILICON
POLISH

It cleans Silver without a blemish whatever the form or finish. If you doubt it's best, why not make the test. Trial quantity for the asking. Box postpaid 15 cts. in stamps. Grocers and Druggists sell it. "SILICON," 30 Cliff St., New York.

Shade Wont Work-

Because it isn't mounted on THE IMPROVED HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER. A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.

Had never told her: *The wife*—"I came very near not marrying you, John." *The husband*—"Yes, I know; but I had no idea you were on to the fact."—*The Smart Set*.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA. NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING! Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900. Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, October 10 Gaelle. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, November 3 Doric. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, November 28 Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, December 22 Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street. D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900. Nippon Maru, Saturday, September 22 America Maru, Wednesday, October 17 Hongkong Maru, Tuesday, November 13 Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First. W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 8 p.m. S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Oct. 17, 2 p.m. J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.: For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., September 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, October 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle. For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., September 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, October 3, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Sept. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, October 5, and every fifth day thereafter. For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., September 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, October 2, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., September 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, October 4, and every fourth day thereafter. For further information obtain company's folder. For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice. Ticket-Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel) GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE. New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. St. Louis, October 3 | St. Paul, October 17 New York, October 10 | St. Louis, October 24 RED STAR LINE. New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon. Friesland, October 3 | Westerland, October 17 Southark, October 10 | Kensington, October 24 EMPIRE LINE. To Alaska and Cold Fields. For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

SOCIETY.

The Phillips-Lymao Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Isabel Lymao, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lymao, to Mr. Robert Ponsall Phillips took place at the California Hotel on Wednesday evening, September 19th. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Bush, of Alameda. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father, Mr. Charles Lymao; Miss Edoe Lymao, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor; Mr. A. Myer was the best man; and Mr. Frank Somers, Mr. Walter Scott, and Dr. Stephen Piper were the ushers. The ceremony was followed by an elaborate wedding supper in the banquet-hall of the hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips left for the south on Thursday, and on their return will occupy their new home on San Carlos Avenue.

Mr. Phillips, who is connected with the firm of Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden, is a son of the late Captain William A. Phillips, who was prominently connected with the commercial growth of this city. He was superintendent of the Oregon Steamship and Navigation Company, harbor commissioner, school director, and inspector of hulls and boilers for the United States Government.

Reception of the Maria Kip Orphanage.

The annual reception of the Maria Kip Orphanage took place at Golden Gate Hall on Saturday afternoon, September 15th, and was a great success socially and financially, over three hundred dollars having been netted by the entertainment. The first half of the programme consisted of Mother Goose melodies sung in chorus or individually, and the other half was devoted to the "Electrical Rag Babies," in which the children of the orphanage impersonated dolls, and used the mechanical motions suggestive of wound-up figures. After the programme refreshments were sold and music was furnished by the Third Artillery Band.

The officers and managers who contributed so largely to the success of the reception were: Miss Carrie Gwin, president; Mrs. W. S. Wood, vice-president; Mrs. Thomas P. Woodward, secretary; Miss Mary Heath, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Sydcoy Worth, treasurer; Miss Elizabeth Brown, Mrs. Sanborn, Mrs. R. B. Sanchez, Miss Eva Maynard, Mrs. E. R. Field, and Mrs. George H. Buckingham.

Among others present during the afternoon were Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. Evan Coleman, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. John Jewett, Miss Anna Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Woodward, Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. R. J. Woods, the Misses Maynard, Miss Kip, Miss Mesick, Mrs. E. H. Rixford, Mrs. Joseph Moody, Miss Moody, Miss Lake, Mrs. Harry Lightner, Mrs. F. A. Colley, Mrs. Charles F. Stone, Miss Hughes, Mrs. M. J. McDonald, and Miss Susie McEwen.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Grace Eleanor Clark and Mr. Roys N. Strohn. The wedding will take place on October 4th in Chicago, at the residence of Miss Clark's relatives, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Loose, of that city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Susie Mboon Smith, daughter of Mrs. A. H. Smith, of Corte Madera, Marin County, to Mr. Edward M. Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones. The wedding will take place in December.

The wedding of Miss Blanche Virginia Breeden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Breeden, of Portland, Or., and Mr. Howard Coles Burnmeister, of Prescott, Ariz., took place at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday, September 19th. The ceremony was performed at 3:30 o'clock by Rev. Dr. W. H. Langdon, of the Presbyterian Church. Miss Genevieve Evans, of San José, was the maid of honor, and Mr. William H. Harrelson was the best man. Only relatives and intimate friends were present. After their honeymoon, which will be spent principally in California, Mr. and Mrs. Burnmeister will live in Prescott, Ariz. The marriage is the outcome of a courtship at Stanford University, where they first met. Both belonged to a while to the class of '01, and Mr. Burnmeister is a member of the Sigma Nu Society.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan gave a dinner at their residence, 2211 Clay Street, on Friday, September 14th, in honor of Miss Hopkins and Mr. Augustus Taylor, who are to be married the latter part of this month.

Mrs. Joseph Marks entertained a few friends at her home on Pine Street on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Josephine De Greayer was the guest of honor.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ramona Yorba Shorb, daughter of the late J. de Barth Shorb, to Dr. John Murtagh, U. S. A., who is attached to the general hospital at the Presidio.

Miss Pearl King recently gave a luncheon at her home in East Oakland, at which she entertained the Misses Jean and Florence Hush, the Misses Mary and Bertha Young, Miss Violet Albright, Miss Anna Clay, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Celia Edwards, Miss Gladys Merrill, and Miss Josephine Arnold, of Colusa.

An informal reception was given Senator Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, at the rooms of the Union League Club at the Palace Hotel on Satur-

day afternoon, September 15th. Among others present were Hon. F. E. Halloway, Colonel George Stooze, Senator George C. Perkins, Colonel J. P. Jackson, Mr. J. S. Spear, Jr., Colonel George H. Pippy, Judge Van R. Paterson, Hon. J. C. Campbell, Mr. A. G. Booth, Mr. William M. Cutter, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. H. D. Lovelock, Judge W. C. Van Fleet, and Mr. S. M. Shortridge.

At least a hundred boxes of silks, laces, furs, vases, tea-sets, and other valuables, especially attractive to collectors, were seized as smuggled goods on the army transport *Solace*, when she was searched at Mare Island, after her recent arrival from the Orient. The goods were sent to the appraiser's store. Among the boxes were some addressed to "Lieutenant H. W. Carpenter, U. S. M. C., Adams Express office, Washington, D. C." Three packages were addressed to "Miss Helen Bryao, 1226 Parallax Street, Mount Adams, Cincinnati, O." One from Lieutenant Hobson was directed to "Miss Annie Hobson, Greensboro, Ala." Another bore the address "Mr. W. J. McElroy, Evans Block, Riverside, Cal." One intended to reach "Mrs. George Richards, care of Hon. R. Q. Mills, Corsicana, Tex.," contains "loot" from the city of Tien-tsin. The man in charge of the box frankly states that the stuff was secured from some of the shops in the Chinese city after the allies had taken possession. Then there were cases addressed "Dr. A. C. Russell, U. S. N., 29 Park Avenue, New Rochelle, New York"; "N. E. Carpenter, 1813 East Seventh Street, Kansas City, Mo."; "Lieutenant A. B. Hoff, care of J. C. Croley, Westchester, N. Y."; "R. O. Morse, Portland, Or."; "D. T. Spurgeon, Seattle"; and "Col. R. L. Mead, U. S. M. C."

Ten years ago a feature of the Native Sons' parade was the appearance of Mr. Dixie W. Thompson, of Santa Barbara, in full *caballero* rig. This year he appeared again, to the great gratification of the oo-lookers, mounted on a handsome horse, with an elaborate and beautifully mounted saddle, with bridle and trappings. The saddle is of typical Mexican pattern, stamped with elegant designs, and studded over with silver ornaments. The leather-facings are set thick with buttons and rosettes; the pommel is incased in silver, the corners of the aprons are tipped with silver; the stirrups are faced and edged with silver half an inch thick, elaborately chased and carved. The saddle-tree is hung with silver rings, fore and aft, to answer all the requirements of the *vagueros* in lacing up his *reata*. The reins, martingale, and whip are composed of solid silver in woven strands. The headstall is covered with fluted silver, with large, engraved silver rosettes at the sides, with decorations of flowers and heads of wheat, with an elaborate nose-piece with silver engraving. The side-pieces are of silver, massive and ornate, with silver chain under the horse's jaw. The bridle-reins and accessories weigh about twelve pounds.

John Dunn was a guest during the summer of the hotel at Bartlett Springs, and while there he had a joke played on him that he failed to appreciate, and because of which he now sues the hotel company. The suit is entitled John Dunn *versus* The Bartlett Springs Company. The complaint recites specifically that Mr. Dunn was, during August, a guest of the company at its hotel; that he had shipped to him at the hotel a case of champagne; that the champagne arrived safely at its destination, but that the hotel clerk allowed the case to be opened by the other guests at the hotel, and further permitted them to drink the champagne. Mr. Dunn states that the value of the good wine with which he expected to alleviate his thirst was thirty-six dollars, and he sues for that amount.

Nearly five hundred oil paintings, pastels, and pencil sketches of the late Raymond D. Yelland are on exhibition at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. All the pictures shown are for sale. They represent every period of the artist's development, and in all make a most attractive collection. Through these pictures one may trace Yelland's wanderings through Holland and England and France, and all the places in this State which charm the artist and the lover of nature.

Professor Louis Dyer, of Oxford University, has been invited by Mrs. Phebe Hearst to cross the Atlantic Ocean and the American continent to deliver six lectures at the University of California on "Mycenaean Greek Art," and, sailing from England about October 10th, will reach Berkeley in time to deliver his lectures in November. He will be the guest of Mrs. Hearst during his stay in California.

Rev. William Ingraham Kip, Jr., has been compelled to give up his work at the Mission of the Good Samaritan on account of ill-health, and left with his mother during the week for Redlands. If improvement is not shown at Redlands the young clergyman and his mother will journey on to Arizona.

Despite all rumors to the contrary, Mr. R. V. Halton announces that his popular resort, the Hotel Rafael, will hereafter be kept open throughout the year.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

The final account of Mrs. Elise A. Drexler, executrix of the will of Louis P. Drexler, her deceased husband, was filed in Judge Coffey's court on Friday, September 7th, with a petition for the final distribution of the estate. The account showed that the cash received from September 8, 1899, to September 6, 1900, amounted to \$469,172.69 and the cash disbursed to \$438,025.33. Among the receipts were some for about \$90,000 that Mrs. Florence Blythe Moore paid on her notes. Other payments by makers of notes which the estate held were: W. H. H. Hart, \$76,103; Agnes Bemmerly, \$16,125; Gallatin & Livermore, \$10,071; N. H. A. Mason, \$14,500; California Oil and Gas Company, \$6,791; Charles R. Lloyd, \$33,113. The other receipts were mainly for rents, interest, and dividends. Most of the cash paid out was invested in United States and railway bonds. Mrs. Drexler's family allowance was \$1,500 per month. A large number of notes held by the estate were said to have no value, among the makers being Charles Montgomery, who signed for over \$7,000; Captain J. R. St. Hubert, \$30,000; C. Desmond and William Corcoran, \$7,000; W. E. Rogers, \$8,500; John B. McGee, \$2,500; W. G. Ross, \$2,834; George S. Ingersoll, \$8,000; J. C. Bedell, \$11,000; Mrs. Charlotte Lichtenberg, \$2,000; and other persons who borrowed smaller amounts. Notes worth \$177,944 still await collection, the largest ones having been given by Mrs. Florence Blythe Moore and jointly by Albert Gallatin and Horatio Livermore. The value of the estate at present is \$1,801,700. Part of it has been distributed already.

Regents Ernest A. Denicke and William T. Wallace have been chosen by the board of regents of the University of California to effect a compromise with the University of Maryland and Mrs. Howard Coit in the bequest left to the university by the late Dr. Charles M. Hitchcock. Under his will the Berkeley institution is to share with the University of Maryland in a fund of \$22,000, the use of which was given to his daughter, Mrs. Howard Coit, during her life. Mrs. Coit desires to arrange a compromise which will permit the closing up of the matter at this time.

The large estate that was left to Charles Templeton Crocker and Jennie Adeline Crocker by their father, Colonel Charles F. Crocker, has constantly increased in value under the management of Mr. Henry T. Scott and Mr. Charles E. Green. Their fifth account as guardians of the property was filed in Judge Coffey's court on Thursday, September 6th. It covers the half-year from March 1st to August 31st, 1900, and shows that the receipts for both of the children in that time amounted to \$744,621.53, half of that sum being placed to the account of each of them. It included three dividends paid by the Crocker Estate Company on the 13,332½ shares of stock owned by the young brother and his sister. A dividend of \$20 per share, which was declared on March 8, 1900, amounted to \$266,653.34; one on March 15th amounted to \$253,320.66; and one on May 17th to \$133,326.66. For the purchase of more real estate and securities for the minors the guardians paid \$663,043.33, the Calvary Presbyterian Church property on Geary and Powell Streets being among their new acquisitions. The balance of cash on hand for Charles Templeton Crocker was \$480,476.69 on August 31st, and that for Jennie Adeline Crocker was \$487,899.44, her personal expenditures being smaller than her brother's. Each of the minors is worth several millions of dollars at present.

Trouble started some time ago in the San Francisco Riding Club. Captain Dilhan, riding-master, and a stockholder, was recently notified that his services were no longer required. His friends appealed to the directors, asking that he be re-instated, but no attention was paid to it, and it is probable that the matter will come before the courts. Four of the eight directors are now fulfilling the duties of their office—J. Dalzelle Brown, secretary; W. B. Chapman, president; and directors Flournoy and Buckingham. Director Sam Knight is in Nome, Miss Farquharson is abroad, Mrs. Fannie Lent, annoyed by the quarrels, has resigned, and Mrs. Hooper, who is suing the club for the death of a valuable horse, has also resigned. The club is not a purely social organization. It combines business with pleasure. Members only are entitled to the privileges of the club.

One of the oldest and best-known mariners on the Pacific Coast, Captain William F. Lapidge, passed away last week in this city at the ripe old age of seventy-eight years. The deceased had been retired from active life for over twenty-five years, his last position being that of commander of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

The Tavern of Tamapais continues to be the Mecca of those desiring a pleasant day's outing. The trip on the Scenic Railway surpasses anything of its kind in this part of the State, and the accommodations at the hotel are excellent.

— BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

Market Street Lot
Near City Hall.

Building will be erected to suit tenant. One Hundred Feet Market Street Frontage. Deep Lot 100 x 145 feet to street in rear. Will build on whole or a part of land on lease for a term of years.

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THE Leading Family and Tourist Hotel in San Francisco, situated in a warm and pleasant part of the city, near the Theatres, Churches, and Principal Stores. Two lines of cable-cars pass the Hotel; Sutter Street line direct from the Ferries. All modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of guests. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, single or en suite, with or without private bath. The excellence of the cuisine and service are leading features and there is an atmosphere of home comfort rarely met with in a hotel. Rates for board and room, \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day. Suites with board for one person \$65.00 per month and upwards. Suites with board for two persons \$120.00 per month and upwards.

O. M. BRENNAN,
Proprietor.

Hotel Rafael

Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Sixteen trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST.

R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

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The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco
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OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee
San Francisco, Cal.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.

First-class quiet Family Hotel.
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Ardella Mills arrived in New York from London this week. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Miss Frances Jolliffe, and Mr. C. R. Tatum were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul Duval have arrived in New York. They will pass a part of the autumn at Hempstead, where Mr. Duval has a country seat.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, the Misses Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot, Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham, and the Misses Brigham were in New York early in the week.

Miss Mary T. Hoffman, who is here on a six-weeks' vacation from Bellevue Hospital, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman.

Miss Eleanor Struoh, of Los Angeles, is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan made a short stay at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Mr. P. F. Butler and the Misses Genevieve and Alice Butler are planning to return to California in January by way of the Suez Canal, the Philippines, and Japan.

Miss Maenie McNutt and Mr. Fletcher McNutt have been visiting in San Luis Obispo County.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels and the Misses Spreckels were at St. Moritz, Switzerland, on September 23d.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Castle sailed for the Orient on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric* on Saturday, September 15th. They are en route for Manila on a pleasure trip.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and family, who are returning from abroad, were in New York early in the week.

Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., after an absence of two years in Honolulu, where he has been engaged in business, is expected home shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley and their daughter and son-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Baer, will leave Somerset, Pa., in a few days for a visit to San Francisco. They will remain two or three days in this city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse.

Mr. John Hays Hammond arrived at Boston from England last week en route to inspect the famous Camp Bird gold mine in Ouray County, Col., which has been sold by Mr. Thomas E. Walsh to an English-American syndicate.

Mrs. W. A. Giselman and Mr. Marshall Giselman sailed from New York for Europe a fortnight ago.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and her son, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, are building two houses facing each other on Lombard Street, having decided to make San Francisco their home.

Mrs. Josephine De Greayer expects to leave for the East next week for a visit of several months. It is probable that Mrs. De Greayer may cross over to Europe before returning to this coast.

Mrs. V. J. Rowan and Mrs. R. W. Coon, of Los Angeles, have returned from Del Monte, where they have been for the past week.

Among the Californians who have recently visited Oberammergau are Mr. W. W. Foote, Mr. P. F. Butler, and the Misses Alice and Genevieve Butler.

Mr. William Dargie, of Oakland, after a stay of some duration in Germany, was at Oberammergau when last heard from. He is not expected home until late in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Perine are registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. John T. Dare, United States appraiser, left on Tuesday for New York, where he will attend a meeting of appraisers from all parts of the country.

Dr. C. W. Doyle, of Santa Cruz, was in town during the week.

Mr. Robert J. Tobin was at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Rev. E. L. Conger, of Pasadena, brother of the United States Minister to China, was at the Palace Hotel early in the week with Mrs. Conger. They are en route East on a visit to relatives.

Miss Grace Sanborn, of Fruitvale, is in Washington, D. C.

Dr. A. E. Nichols, who has been East on a business and pleasure trip, is stopping at the Occidental Hotel on his way back to Honolulu.

Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Leta Gallatin have returned from their visit to Sacramento.

Mrs. J. A. Fillmore and Miss Jessie Fillmore were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Nichols, of Oakland, made a short stay in San José early in the week.

Mrs. Harry A. Heywood, of New York City, is here for a few weeks, visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Taylor, at 1919 Devisadero Street.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn sailed from New York on September 6th for Bremen. After seeing the "Passion Play," at Oberammergau, they will go to Paris.

Mrs. Joel F. Lightner has returned to her home after three months' absence visiting in Pomona and Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kahn have returned from an extended tour of Europe.

Mrs. Edward Stanly and Miss E. Garber arrived from Highland a few days ago, and will spend the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Among the Californians still in Paris at latest mail advices were Mrs. Caroline G. Noble and Miss Noble, Mr. William F. Mitchell, Mr. W. S. Gage, Mr. C. H. Evans, Mr. C. W. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Van Vliet and family, and Mr. E. J. Malero, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, of Pasadena, and Mr. W. O. Bowers, of San Diego.

Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle, Miss Helen Van Winkle, and Mr. Laurence E. Van Winkle have returned from San Rafael, where they have been passing the summer months.

Mr. William Be Dell, who recently retired from the position of traveling passenger agent of the

New York Central lines at Los Angeles, arrived at the Occidental Hotel on Wednesday.

Captain Mighell and family are among the permanent guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. G. A. Knight was a visitor to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Parsons came over from Belvedere during the week, and were at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Sherman and family have taken rooms at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. Fernando E. Guochalle, the Bolivian minister, who is en route to Washington, D. C., is at the California Hotel.

Dr. H. B. de Marville enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. James Tucker left on the Oceanic steamer *Australia* on Wednesday, for Honolulu, where he is to assume the position of examiner of merchandise at the Hawaiian port.

Mr. Thomas McCaleb has returned from New York, where he has been for several months.

Mr. Douglas S. Cone, of Red Bluff, was at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mrs. Singley S. Wood and Miss Wood, of Springfield, Ill., are staying at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hecht, of Boston, and Miss Solie Hecht are guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. L. Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kellogg, Dr. C. W. Sichel, Miss Madeline Sichel, Mr. J. A. Thompson, Mrs. James L. Wilson, Mr. S. S. Seward, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Kane, and Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Sweasy.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Ausley, of Carson, Nev., Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Perkins, of Oklahoma, Mrs. Wollenberg and Miss J. Wollenberg, of Roseburg, Or., Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Kennedy, of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Woodworth, of Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Snider, of Cincinnati, O., Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Clark, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Hull, of Grass Valley, Mr. Oscar Brown, of Vancouver, B. C., Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Scully, of Napa, Judge A. C. Burnett, of Santa Rosa, Mrs. H. E. Yardley, of Sacramento, and Mr. P. A. Dinmore, of San José.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Barnum and Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Betts, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Schneider, of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Werneth, of New Orleans, Mrs. M. A. Powell, of Merced, Miss Louise Stock, of San José, Mrs. Jennie B. Wilson, of Vallejo, Mr. D. R. Lloyd, of Clayton, N. J., Mr. Edgar Barnet, of Berkeley, Mr. D. C. Breed and Mr. H. L. Breed, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. F. Falor, of Massillon, O., Mr. W. F. Barnard, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cody, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hunt, Mrs. William Wills, Miss Dougherty, Miss McFarland, Mr. R. H. Warfield, Miss Edith Duffy, Mr. J. M. Casselman, Mrs. G. F. Shain, Mr. J. P. Shain, and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Haight.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Naval-Constructor Richmond P. Hobson, U. S. N., arrived at Vancouver, B. C., from the Orient on Wednesday, September 19th. He is en route to Brooklyn, where he will report to the commandant, and then ask for a leave of absence.

Captain Edwin V. Bookmiller, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been granted a month's leave of absence, and Mrs. Bookmiller are sojourning in San José. Captain Bookmiller was wounded in the Battle of Tien-tsin in the early part of the Chinese war.

Brigadier-General Adolphus W. Greely, chief signal officer, U. S. A., has returned to Washington, D. C., accompanied by Mrs. Greely, after having been in Alaska all summer inspecting the signal-corps posts.

Mrs. Randall, wife of General George M. Randall, U. S. V., commander of the Department of Alaska, who recently returned from Nome, was a visitor at Vancouver Barracks last week.

Commander Franklin J. Drake, U. S. N., Lieutenant Miles C. Gorgas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gorgas came down from Mare Island early in the week, and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Bell, wife of Brigadier-General Franklin Bell, U. S. A., sailed on the United States transport *Thomas* on Tuesday for the Philippines, where she will join her husband.

Captain W. W. Meade, U. S. N., and Mrs. Meade, and Naval Constructor Lawrence S. Adams, U. S. N., and Mrs. Adams were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Major James Regan, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., who was wounded in the engagement at Tien-tsin, is being treated at the general hospital at the Presidio.

Mrs. Bell, wife of Lieutenant Edwin Bell, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., who recently departed for the East, is visiting her parents, Major William Gerlach, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Gerlach, at their home, 1009 Morgan Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Captain Archibald A. Cabaniss, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., of Fort Wright, Wash., and Mrs. Cabaniss have taken apartments at the Occidental Hotel.

The United States transport *Thomas* sailed for Manila, via Honolulu and Nagasaki, on Tuesday, September 19th, carrying as passengers Companies A, B, C, and D of the first battalion of the Fifth Infantry, and Companies E, F, G, and H of the second battalion of the Eighth Infantry.

Khaki Stationery.

The newest fad in writing papers is style and color of Khaki, with white border for Infantry, red border for Artillery, and yellow border for Cavalry. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, show this in some very catchy new shapes.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Anna Mitter Wood's Concerts.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, the contralto of the First Unitarian Church in Boston, gave a concert at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Thursday evening, September 20th, when the following programme was presented:

"Love Me or Not," Secchi; "Gloria Sole," Scarlatti; aria from "Mitrane," ("Ah! Rendimi"), Russi; cycle of eight songs ("Frauen Lieb und Lieben"), Schumann; "The Year's at the Spring," Rogers; "Persian Song," Burneisher; "The Nightingale," "Rumanian Song," "O Swallow Flying South," Foote; "Maman, Dites-moi," old French; "C'est mon Ami," Marie Antoinette; bergerette, old French; bolero, Thome.

Miss Wood will give another concert at the same hall on Saturday afternoon, September 23th, when a widely different programme will be rendered.

A Special Symphony Concert.

A grand symphony concert will be given at the Tivoli Opera House by Max Hirschfeld, the popular leader of orchestra, on the afternoon of Thursday, October 25th, provided a sufficient number of subscriptions are secured to warrant the heavy undertaking. Mr. Hirschfeld proposes to have an orchestra of sixty selected musicians. The programme will include Hector Berlioz's masterpiece, "Symphony Fantastique: An Episode in the Life of an Artist," which has never been heard in this city; the famous "Kaiser March" and "The Ride of the Valkyries," by Wagner; "The Dance of the Will o' the Wisp," by Rubenstein; and other standard works. Subscription-lists are now open at the Tivoli Opera House and at all the music-stores in the city.

Miss Adler's Concert.

Miss Rose Adler, now of the Opéra Comique, Paris, and formerly a pupil of Miss Marie Withrow, of this city, gave a concert at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Friday evening, assisted by Mr. Arthur Weiss, cellist, and Miss Genevieve May Moroney, accompanist. Miss Adler's selections were:

Bell song, "Lakme," Delibes; (a) "Pourquoi," Saint-Saëns, (b) "Chant Venitien," Bemberg; romance, Popper, Mr. Arthur Weiss, cellist; "La Fee aux Chansons," Bemberg; (a) "Autumn," (b) "Spring," Well; "Caprice Hongroise," Roeber, Mr. Arthur Weiss, cellist; shadow dance, "Dinorah," Meyerbeer; "Le Cygne" (song of dying swan), Lecocq, sung behind the scenes.

The Georges-Marshall Concert.

Miss Grace Barker Marshall, pianist, and Mr. Bert Georges, basso, gave a concert complimentary to their friends last Tuesday evening at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall. A very large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Piano, sonata, op. 10, No. 2 (three movements), Beethoven; song, "Prologue" ("Pagliacci"), Leoncavallo; piano, (a) prelude, Rachmaniuoff, (b) Promenade (Am Genfer See), Bendel, (c) polonaise, C-minor, Chopin; violin and piano, sonata (first movement) Rubinstein; song, "Irene" (aria), Gounod; piano, "Kermesse," Saint-Saëns; songs, "Hindoo Song," Bemberg, "Fill Me a Bowl," Macbeth.

A musicale will be given at Byron Mauzy Hall this (Saturday) evening by the pupils of Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Dorrington.

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*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonora, Carters... Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P
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*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*7.45 A
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*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogdeo, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*12.15 P
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*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.35 A
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*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*8.00 A
*8.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Pa, what's a raconteur?" "Oh, that's a fellow
who never tells shady stories unless he has a full-
dress suit on."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Pretty big: "Blowhard has a big opinion of him-
self." "How big?" "Well, he's beginning to
imagine he's annoyed by camera fiends."—*Puck*.

A split in the party: *First Populist*—"Why, of
course, the Yaller Peril means the Chinese!"
Second Populist—"Aw, shucks! It means the gold
standard!"—*Puck*.

Nimrod—"Pat, did you ever catch frogs?" *Pat*—
"Faith, an' Oi did, sir." *Nimrod*—"What did
you bait with?" *Pat*—"Begorry, Oi bait 'em with
a sbtick."—*Chicago News*.

He helped him out: "And your step-father told
you to get out into the world and earn your own
living? He should have given you a helping hand."
"He gave me a helping foot."—*Cleveland Plain
Dealer*.

Mother (at foot of kitchen stairs)—"Mina, is the
major kissing you?" *Mina*—"Yes, mamma."
"Well, tell him to do it in minor; four tea-cups
have already fallen from the dresser."—*The School-
master*.

Did it with a slam: "I am willing to do any-
thing," said the applicant for work. "All right,"
said the hard-hearted merchant; "please close the
door behind you when you go out."—*Somerville
Journal*.

Safe: *Mrs. von Blumer*—"Dear, dear, I
dropped my diamond ring off my finger this morn-
ing, and I can not find it anywhere." *Von Blumer*—
"It's all right; I came across it in one of my
trousers pockets."—*Bazar*.

"Are you old enough to vote?" asked the tourist
in North Carolina. "I dunno erzackly what my
age is, boss," replied the colored man; "but I kin
tell you dis: I allus was old enough to know better
dan to try to vote."—*Washington Star*.

Its shape: "What is the shape of a ship going to
pieces on a stern and rock-bound coast?" asked
Gasswell of Dukane. "Very bad shape, I should
say; what shape would you call it?" "A wreck-
tangle."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

"I suppose you have learned some valuable les-
sons from the United States recently," said the
stranger. "Yes," answered the Puerto Rican; "the
only trouble is that we can't find any islands littler
than ours to play the same trick on."—*Ex*.

A certainty: *Playwright*—"Sometimes I doubt
whether this play will be a success." *Manager*—
"Nonsense! It has no plot, it abounds in cheap
sentimentality, it is vulgar enough in spots, and the
scenery is fine; it can't help but succeed."—*Life*.

Jackson—"See here, Jimson, that confounded dog
of yours kept up a continual howl under my window
till three o'clock this morning." *Jimson* (firmly)—
"It wasn't my dog, sir." *Jackson*—"I'm glad to
hear that, old man, because I hated to ask you to
bury the body; to whom did you sell him?"—*Life*.

A slim excuse: "A Connecticut girl fell from her
bicycle and hurt her knee. When they examined
the injury in the drug-store, they found she had on
three pairs of stockings—gold, plain white, and the
every-day sort." "No doubt her excuse for wearing
all that hosiery was a thin one."—*Cleveland Plain
Dealer*.

Gratitude: *Young lady*—"Give me one yard of—
why, haven't I seen you before?" *Dry-goods clerk*—
"Oh, Maud, can you have forgotten me? I
saved your life at the sea-side last summer." *Young
lady* (warmly)—"Why, of course you did! You
may give me two yards of this ribbon, please."—
Boston Journal.

Building a reputation: *Sitter* (from Hawville)—
"What's this picture back of me?" *Photographer*—
"That is a painting of the Hotel de Ville, Paris.
It makes a nice background for a photograph sup-
posed to be taken out-of-doors." *Sitter*—"It's all
right. Wait till I get out my toothpick. Now go
ahead."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A slight correction: *Miss Lakeside*—"Goodness!
How tanned you are. You've been in the sun,
haven't you?" *Miss Presyde* (of Boston)—"Most
assuredly not. There are no means, as yet, of trans-
porting one's self to that sphere. I have been
merely basking in the beams which percolated
through the circumambient atmosphere of Atlantic
City."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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"Papa, what is the vain pomp and glory of this
world?" "My son, it's the things we preach
against when we don't succeed in getting them."—
Life.

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A reader of the Argonaut has sent us the following communication, in which he takes exception to most of our utterances in an editorial of last week, and modestly asks to be enlightened:

1122 CHESTNUT STREET, OAKLAND, CAL.,
September 22, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Having read your article to-day, "Bryan's War against Gold," permit me to say, as an independent thinker, that I fail to see why the country's production of silver should not be protected equally with other commodities, and the various mines allowed to yield their riches for the benefit of the respective communities in which they are to be found, by making a double standard. Do not you think the single or "gold standard" benefits the few at the expense of the many? See how the bankers profit by the system which gives gold the full monopoly of all markets! It is, in my mind, begging the question to say "Mr. Bryan, as President, could direct the payment of the interest on over \$800,000,000 of bonds and their principal as it became due in silver." I, for one, would not give Mr. Bryan credit for any such intention, for quite obvious reasons. The dollar would always be the same

legal value, so why not make the 16 to 1 a "standard," and enhance the value of silver in the open market? Would not this be the right way to change the present dishonest coin into an honest one?—i. e., to make it the dollar worth one hundred cents, its true purchasing power? If the present government has the option of redeeming the bonds in "coin" which, as you state, may be either "gold" or "silver," at the option of the government, why should not the ensuing government be intrusted with the same powers, whether Republican or Democratic? If I am not sufficiently posted, would you very kindly explain just exactly and precisely wherein I am at fault, and so that it is easily to be seen why the gold standard is the only one to follow. I am very anxious to know why we should not have silver on a par with gold, when we are so short of gold everywhere in the world. An answer through your next week's issue would greatly favor

Your faithful and impartial reader, EDWARD S. LISHMAN.

Let us premise by saying that the Argonaut had taken it for granted that the questions whether a double standard was available for this country's financial system, and whether a single gold standard was preferred to a bimetallic standard independent of the nations of the world, had been settled primarily by the Presidential election of 1896, and secondarily by the unsuccessful attempt afterward made to interest other nations in the project of providing a uniform double standard throughout all the great commercial countries. We still believe that question was finally settled in accord with the judgment of a majority of the people of the United States, and that it can never be re-opened except by just such indirection as we pointed out to be the supreme danger to be apprehended from Bryan's election.

The people of the civilized world decide in the transactions of business what commodity shall be money. Gold is now the primary money of the world. The laws which make it so are merely the record of the decisions of the people as determined by the customs of business. Gold is worth to-day in the world's market about thirty-five times as much as silver, ounce for ounce. It would be utterly impossible for this country to keep them at a parity of 16 to 1, except to the limited extent to which the people for convenience sake are willing to use silver as a subsidiary coin. That is now being done, and it is all that the United States Treasury can do for silver. It must be admitted as a truism that the cheaper coin in a double standard would drive out the dearer. Gold and silver will only circulate together at the market ratio. The value of gold is fixed by commercial customs and recognized by the laws of commercial nations. Silver is not so recognized, and in consequence it fluctuates in the market in accordance with the laws of supply and demand. That is the reason why we can not "make the 16 to 1 a standard and enhance the value of silver in the open market," as our correspondent suggests. If we should undertake to do so as a nation we should soon have not a double standard but a single silver standard, and our circulating coinage would be at the same discount in the markets of the world as is the silver coinage of countries having a silver standard.

The same effect would be produced if Bryan were given the power to do what we pointed out that he could do in the management of the Treasury. The United States can not independently "make the present silver dollar worth one hundred cents and give it that purchasing power" in the markets of the world. That is the reason we do not attempt it. In other articles we have noted some of the evil effects which would follow a change to what would inevitably be a silver standard if Bryan were permitted to carry out his plans. It is for the reason that we believe that those things could be done and that those evils would follow that we should decline to intrust the "option of the government" to a party whose candidate is pledged to establish such conditions. We know that the Republican party is pledged to maintain the only standard that is safe for the country to maintain. We know that Bryan is pledged to destroy it. Therefore we do not trust the latter to execute the present financial law, nor would we trust him in a position where he could influence the enactment of new ones.

We believe the present standard is the best for everybody—merchants, farmers, and wage-earners, as well as bankers. "See how the banker prospers." Well, see how the others prosper, too. You can get capital from the banks now, but you could not in 1896; and you can get it at a cheaper rate

of interest than ever before in the history of the country. That is because money is brought out from its hiding-places and put into business, and the general confidence in business conditions is good. Who is the banker? He is not some favored entity, but all the people who happen to hold bank-stock. If they prosper, it is a good sign, just as the prosperity of the merchant, farmer, and manufacturer is a good sign. We rejoice in it as we do in the general prosperity. Silver can not be protected "by making a double standard," primarily because we can not make it a world standard. To do so independently would make it a single silver standard, and the opening of the mints to free coinage would cheapen silver simply through its overwhelming production. We can not make an unalterable price for raisins in the world's market. We can only protect our own markets for our own growers, by placing a tariff on importations.

Lieutenant Hobson, who has lately returned from Hong Kong, where he was busy rehabilitating certain ships of the Spanish fleet formerly at Manila, is reported in the Examiner as trying to cast doubt upon the effectiveness of the American fleet's fire in the famous engagement of May 1st. Briefly stated, his contention is that the destruction of Montojo's fleet was not due to the shot fired by the men under Dewey, but to the fact that the Spaniards themselves removed the plugs and so sank their own vessels; that there were no indications of shells having struck the vessels below the water-line.

The first answer that suggests itself to this is that Lieutenant Hobson is not in a position intelligently to offer the criticism. At the time that the vessels were sunk, he was performing valiant and valuable service on the other side of the world. Some months later he was sent to Hong Kong to superintend the repairs on three of the vessels that had been transported several hundred miles from Manila Bay. These vessels were the *Isla de Luzon*, the *Isla de Cuba*, and the *Don Juan de Austria*—by no means the most important vessels of the Spanish fleet. The other vessels of the fleet Mr. Hobson did not see, and of them he has no direct knowledge. These vessels were sunk by their crews, but not until the battle had practically been lost. The *Reina Cristina* was destroyed by fire as a result of the American shells, and the *Castilla* met with the same fate. An attempt to pierce a vessel below the water-line is not usually likely to meet with success. In the case of a modern vessel, with its separate compartments, such fire, even if successful, is not apt to be effective. Nevertheless, the *Don Antonio de Ulloa* was sunk by shells from the American vessels that pierced her hull about the water-line. Admiral Montojo was in a far better position to know the facts than Lieutenant Hobson, and his evidence supports the effectiveness of the American fire.

Admiral Dewey very wisely refuses to be drawn into a controversy over the matter. He points out the fact that the three vessels of which Hobson has knowledge were the least damaged of any in the fleet, and it was for that reason that they were selected for repairing. They were temporarily repaired at Cavite, went to Hong Kong under their own steam, and had been undergoing repairs for some time before Hobson saw them.

Since the struggle in China was initiated the question of the deepest import has been that of conflict among the allied powers. The defeat of China was a foregone conclusion, though it must be admitted that the defense presented was far stronger than had been expected. The United States was forced into the war through the necessity of protecting its accredited representative and its citizens, whose lives were being placed in jeopardy in violation of treaty obligations entered into by the Chinese Government. There were certain of the European nations, however, who entered the controversy with a far different purpose. The enforcement of treaty rights formed the excuse rather than the incentive. Dr. Jordan, president of Stanford University, who has just returned from a visit to Japan, presents the facts of the case briefly.

and convincingly in a recent interview. America, he says, was in no part to blame for the cause of the present trouble. A partial cause may be said to be the seizure of ports on flimsy pretexts. In this respect England and France have formerly received censure, but recently Germany and Russia have been most to blame. The real trouble began with the Boxer uprising, which received the support of the government. The common people of China care little about the outside influences as long as they are not brought to bear on them; but the higher people are very sensitive, and although they are in a position for better judgment than the lower classes, they use the prejudice of the latter class for their own advancement. Japan wants no division of territory, but would be forced to take Corea if Russia should seize Manchuria. The position of Great Britain is the same as that of Japan and the United States. They want to save the legations and secure pledges that the trouble will not occur again.

The position of Germany is apparently somewhat different. That country demands as a preliminary to any peace negotiations that the leaders in the Boxer movement shall be handed over to the allies for punishment. This country declines to take any such position. It demands that the guilty shall be punished—anything less than that would make the war an idle undertaking. But they are to be punished by the Chinese Government itself, and to that end Prince Ching and Earl Li Hung Chang are recognized as plenipotentiaries. This is the only reasonable course to pursue. If the Chinese Government is to have any authority in the future it must be permitted to inflict reasonable penalties upon its own subjects who have been guilty of wrong-doing. Any other course would offer no guaranty of future peace. Germany will probably be compelled to recede from its position. The foreign powers may be anxious for the acquisition of territory, but if so they will await a more favorable opportunity to acquire it.

The present plight of the local Democracy is pitiable in the extreme. All that is required, apparently, in order that there should be a greater number of factions is a larger party membership. The latest family "ruction" is the attack of the *Examiner* on Mayor Phelan and Gavin McNab, who run what is left of the local Democracy. The charge of the *Examiner* is that "the Democratic organization in San Francisco consists of two men—Mayor Phelan and Gavin McNab. The other members of the organization comprise a hundred or more followers, who have to obey the wishes of Phelan and McNab or lose their positions in the City Hall." The paper then goes on to discuss the policy of exclusiveness that is being followed, and to denounce it. The facts may be admitted, but what causes astonishment is the fact that the *Examiner* should admit them. They are the simple and logical result of the work done by that enterprising if erratic journal. The bossism of Mayor Phelan and Gavin McNab alleged by the *Examiner* was supported and fostered by the *Examiner* until some cause of complaint appeared. What that cause is may be known on the upper floor of the Hearst Building, but it is not known outside. The fact that there has been a change of managing editors recently may be the cause of the reversed policy of that extremely personal journal, and again it may not. Whatever the cause, the situation is most amusing.

It is not the *Examiner's* acrobatic performance alone that gives trouble to the local Democracy. The "policy of exclusiveness" has disgruntled many others. Admission to the rolls of the clubs that selected delegates to the convention was practically by card, signed at the City Hall. The opposition to the "organization" was denied a voice in the proceedings and, in the language of the push, the members of the opposition have acquired very "cold feet." They refuse to register and they refuse to vote. Mayor Phelan blames the Democratic press on account of its lukewarm attitude, and the Democratic press blames Mayor Phelan because of his "exclusive Democracy"—a phrase that would suggest to the outside observer almost a contradiction in terms. All of this is very sad indeed, but Republicans may console themselves with the thought that in this family row, as in a fight between two wild-cats, whichever is killed the community is benefited.

Ever since the days when women began to receive the higher education, the discussion has waged with more or less heat over the question whether a college training unfits a woman for domestic life. For a man, the training of a college or a university is regarded as an advantage, since it prepares him to take up one of the learned professions. But, is education to be considered only from the commercial standpoint? Professor Mary Roberts Smith, associate in sociology at Stanford University, would answer in the negative. She has been collecting statistics on the influence of the higher

education upon women, and the results are interesting. The college woman marries two years later in life than the woman who lacks the training; but as the average age is twenty-six years, this can hardly be regarded as a disadvantage. The day when "sweet sixteen" was regarded as a marriageable age has passed, except in tropical countries, where maturity comes before infancy has ended. Among college women the percentage of children is slightly larger than among non-college women, thus refuting the idea that the confinement of the lecture-room and the study interferes with the full development of the physical faculties. Not only is this true, but the percentage of male children is larger among women of college education. As sixty-five per cent. of the college women married professional men, and these are more likely to be men of means, this would promise a larger number of eligible young men in the next generation. Moreover, there is no measurable difference between the two classes, in regard to health before and after marriage, or in regard to the health or mortality of the children. All in all, Professor Smith seems to have made out a good case for the higher education of both sexes, and for the support of such institutions as devote themselves to the education of the future mothers of the country.

The San Francisco supervisors have finally concluded to let the unsightly advertising-fences remain at a height of twenty feet. The daily newspapers have been engaged in a crusade for months against these obnoxious bill-boards. But again the newspapers have failed in this their latest crusade—ignominiously, utterly failed. The daily newspapers of this city are losing whatever modicum of influence they may once have possessed. They are merely the personal organs of three rich men. In this newspaper alliance the people look with suspicion upon their motives in the anti-bill-board crusade. There was once a judge in San Francisco who was reputed to make laudable decisions from impure motives. Correspondingly the people so construe the motives of the newspapers in their assault upon the bill-boards.

But San Francisco should no longer remain looking like a country town because its newspapers are selfish and venal. Let the matter now be taken up by artists and art-lovers. Such a circle once threw down the Cogswell horror when it defiled a San Francisco street. In Europe there exist societies against unseemly advertising. In London the omnibuses have been so burdened with sign-boards that it was difficult to read the name of the route itself. The S. G. A. Society has succeeded in partially clearing off these omnibus abominations, and one of the most hideous sights of London streets will be removed. They are now about to remove the hoardings. Long years ago these monstrosities disappeared in Paris and other Continental cities. In Paris they have been replaced by small ornamental kiosques on the boulevards, serving the double purpose of booths for the sale of newspapers, etc., and the placarding of theatre and other advertisements.

Mayor Phelan has always been an art patron and an art-lover. He has done much to make his native city beautiful, and doubtless will do more. He has just returned from a visit to Europe, and must have been struck on his return by the unsightly bill-board hoardings which deface San Francisco. Why will he not throw the weight of his influence, official and personal, on the side of the art-lovers? Can he not make the supervisors see that the present cross-road system of street advertising is a blot and a blur upon an otherwise stately city?

One of the most interesting facts in connection with the disaster at Galveston was the work of the weather bureau. The hurricane that swept in from the gulf made its appearance first on the coast of Santo Domingo several days before it devastated Galveston. From there it passed into Cuban waters. The usual course of a hurricane from this point is northerly along the Atlantic coast. This particular storm, however, deflected to the westward and toward the coast of Texas. The weather bureau, prepared for such eccentricities, sent out storm signals in both directions, and thus prepared the people of Galveston for a storm long before the disaster began. There was some discrepancy between the actual hour predicted and the beginning of the storm, but that was due to the lack of uniformity in its progress to the westward. Passing from the coast of Texas the atmospheric disturbance moved on to the great lakes. It swept through Oklahoma into Kansas, and thence into Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin. Across Lake Michigan lay the course of the storm, but the warnings of the weather bureau had prepared the mariners for what was coming, and the loss was slight. It has become somewhat popular to scoff at the predictions of the weather bureau, particularly in this city. Prediction here is difficult and often uncertain because of the fact that many of the storms come in from the ocean, where there are no stations to give preliminary warning.

Weather prediction is a result of observation; there is nothing of the occult about it. When the conditions are in any way favorable, the bureau renders services that far outweigh its cost.

The State Central Committee of the Democrats, which is charged with the duty of conducting the campaign for that party in California this year, had a meeting recently to discuss the all-important question of funds. The Democrats do not appear to be willing to back their opinions with the necessary financial support. An even more important question was brought to the front, however, for discussion. The registration in this city has been extremely light and the falling off has been in Democratic districts, raising the presumption that it is the Democrats who are refusing to register. Mayor Phelan called attention to this fact, and urged active measures to get more upon the register. The statement was made that in the interior counties the registration is far more thorough than it is in this city. This merely emphasizes a fact that has been known for some time. There has been a split among the Democrats of San Francisco for several years, and the breach is continually growing wider. The county committee represents one faction, and those of the opposing faction refuse to support its candidates. There are practically no local issues to be settled in the coming campaign, and therefore the dissatisfied Democrats refuse to register. Should the discontent continue, San Francisco may be counted Republican.

For many years the United States Government has paid special high rates for carrying the mails in difficult and inaccessible regions. They are officially known as "star routes." We suggest that the Postmaster-General advertise for bids for a star route or routes in San Francisco. Owing to its mountainous nature they seem to be needed. The *Argonaut* has great difficulty in forwarding and receiving mail promptly from the remote and trackless regions of the Western Addition. We have complained to the San Francisco postmaster, but our complaints do not accelerate the tardiness of forwarding and delivering. Here is the latest instance: On September 26th, a letter was mailed in the Western Addition, on the corner of Laguna and California Streets, at 8:20 A. M., in a box from which the mail is collected at 8:35 A. M. This letter bore an immediate-delivery stamp. It was addressed to the *Argonaut* office, distant from this box about a mile as the crow flies. This letter did not reach the *Argonaut* office until 12:35 P. M., September 26th. When the post-office was interrogated by telephone as to the cause of this tardiness, we were informed that "the Sacramento Street cable-line had broken down." We were much relieved to hear that it was only a cable-line that had broken down, and not the San Francisco post-office. In view of the difficulty of bringing letters from this remote region to the business quarter of San Francisco, we respectfully suggest to the postmaster-general that he organize a star route here. That the snapping of the Sacramento-Street cable should cause a complete paralysis of the United States mail system does not seem to us desirable. There are other methods of carrying mails beside cable-cars. They are carried in balloons, on boats, and by horses and asses. The San Francisco post-office certainly possesses some of these methods of extricating the stalled mails when they are lost in the inaccessible regions of the Western Addition of San Francisco.

The local Democratic ticket is the result of two sessions of the nominating convention. The first meeting, held on Monday evening, was unable to find material for all the places, and a second effort on Tuesday evening met new difficulties in the way of filling vacancies in the ranks where offered honors had been declined. As completed at the adjourned meeting the ticket is made up as follows:

Superior judges—Long term, William P. Lawlor, William R. Daingerfield, Stephen V. Costello, James V. Coffey; short term, Gaillard Stoney.

Justices of the peace—T. I. Fitzpatrick, John Prosek, Joseph T. O'Connor, James E. Murphy, Daniel S. O'Brien.

State senators—Seventeenth district, Joseph M. Plunkett; nineteenth, Thomas E. Curran; twenty-first, W. E. White; twenty-third, Louis H. Ward; twenty-fifth, John J. O'Connell.

Members of the assembly—Twenty-eighth district, Eugene F. Lacy; twenty-ninth, Thomas J. Horan; thirtieth, George C. McLaughlin; thirty-first, John E. Sullivan; thirty-second, Dr. Charles M. Troppmann; thirty-third, Joseph X. Strand; thirty-fourth, William D. Hynes; thirty-fifth, John A. Zollver; thirty-sixth, James McCormick; thirty-seventh, Alexander McCullough; thirty-eighth, Bert Schlesinger; thirty-ninth, W. T. McClain; fortieth, Solomon P. Elias; forty-first, Oscar Sutor; forty-second,

William D. Wasson; forty-third, Eustace Cullinan; forty-fourth, A. A. Cavagnaro; forty-fifth, William H. Gately.

State board of equalization—Hull McClaugbry.

The nomination last mentioned is to fill the vacancy caused by the death of L. B. Edwards. Governor Gage appointed L. H. Brown in the place, and Republicans claim that the appointment holds until the next State election, the position being a State office.

The Republican municipal convention, held Monday evening, made the following nominations for superior judges and justices of the peace, and ratified the nominations made in the assembly and senate districts. The ticket, as completed, is given:

Judges of the superior court—Long term, M. C. Sloss, Davis Louderback, Thomas F. Graham, and Daniel J. Murphy; short term, Frank H. Kerrigan.

Justices of the peace—Percy V. Long, Thomas F. Dunne, G. C. Groezinger, John Daniels, and Henry L. Joachimsen.

State senators—Seventeenth district, J. E. Flynn; nineteenth, R. J. Welch; twenty-first, Edward I. Wolfe; twenty-third, John G. Tyrrell; twenty-fifth, John H. Nelson.

Members of the assembly—Twenty-eighth district, Charles R. Franklin; twenty-ninth, J. F. Collins; thirtieth, Michael McBride; thirty-first, John J. Hourigan; thirty-second, William J. Evans; thirty-third, John Butler; thirty-fourth, E. D. Knight; thirty-fifth, Edward F. Treadwell; thirty-sixth, William J. Guilfoyle; thirty-seventh, Arthur Fiske, Jr.; thirty-eighth, F. W. Roberts; thirty-ninth, Frank B. Macbeth; fortieth, Hamilton A. Bauer; forty-first, Henry C. Dibble; forty-second, Lorenzo Henry; forty-third, Martin W. Brady; forty-fourth, Alexander Campbell, Jr.; forty-fifth, George C. Brown.

The Monastic Orders in the Philippines.

440 JESSIE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, September 26, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In reply to the communication of Mr. J. E. Ludlow, anent my remarks in reference to the friars of the Philippine Islands, I would say that his supposition that "the native races bitterly hate the friars, which is good evidence of their character," is far from being an actual fact. During the Spanish-American War and up to the present time there has been a certain disturbing element, particularly in and around Manila, who have sworn to drive the monastic orders from the islands and to confiscate, if such were possible, their lands and property. The ringleaders of this element are known as "Kaulpunan brethren," otherwise a secret anti-Catholic society who control the press of Manila, which by underhanded methods has spread broadcast the base and malicious reports so derogatory to the friars and religion. The rank and file of the native population are opposed to this vicious organization, and to the means it employs to harass and persecute those who sympathize with the friars. The better class of the natives are as devoted to their religious teachings as they have ever been; it is only the lawless class who follow the rebel leaders that have protested against the friars, and who desire their expulsion. Even were it the reverse, it would be no proof that the character of the friars' is as has been described by men of perverted minds.

As to the missionaries who intend to carry to the benighted (1) heathens of the Far East the gospel of Protestantism, it would be well for them to pause awhile to listen to Rev. Henry Swift, Protestant chaplain of the Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., now in the Philippines. Writing on "McKinley's Wards," to the *Living Church*, from Benilovan, Luzon, he asks (speaking of the natives): "Shall we disturb them? Shall we tell them that Spain's mission to them was a usurpation, that they are mistaken, that they must learn all over again? And shall a hundred denominations pouring in introduce to them the blessings of sectarianism and of unhappy divisions of Christianity, the source among ourselves of so much indifference and contempt for religion or of absolute and despairing unbelief? I am firmly convinced that we should have no part, no intruding here, any more than we should parcel out Italy, Spain, and Portugal into dioceses. We can learn more from these people, more of naïve and active faith than we can give to them." This is the statement of an unprejudiced witness to the religious life of the Filipinos. It is the monastic orders that have made these people what they are, moral, intelligent, and religious. Bigots may decry their work in the islands, and secret lodges may defame their name and character, yet their work of three centuries speaks volumes for their devotion and self-sacrifice, laboring not for the plaudits of men who seek their own vainglory, but for a higher and nobler end. Narrow-mindedness may for a time obscure the domain of reason concerning the religious question of the Philippines; when, however, the mists of error have cleared from the mass of falsehood that has spread over the land, truth crushed to earth will rise to vindicate the persecuted and maligned monastic orders.

J. WALTER REID.

Miss Caroline H. Pemberton, a niece of the Confederate general of the same name, writes to the *Springfield Republican* to protest against holding the whole negro race responsible for the crimes of a few. "I venture to assert," she declares, "that patient faithfulness is just as much in evidence throughout the South to-day as it was during the days of slavery and the Civil War. Only you must look for it in the right place. It can be found among the innumerable house and body servants in probably the same proportion that it was found among the household slaves; it is to be observed in negro overseers having charge of large plantations, and more than in any other class it is to be found nobly developed among the many hundreds of negro teachers—graduates of philanthropic colleges—who are giving their lives in heroic efforts to uplift the ignorant and degraded of their own race in the South."

The postal-service establishment of the United States is the greatest business concern in the world. The revenue of the post-office of New York is more than eight millions of dollars yearly, with a net profit of five millions of dollars.

GAZE DE CHAMBERY.

A Stop in French Savoy—Delights of Shattering Your Itineraries—A Garrison City—The Fire Department Parades—Magnificent Mayors—Busy Harvest-Time.

In traveling, one's itinerary is often changed by trifles. We were at Turin; we were going to Paris; we thought we would break the journey. But where? We looked at the map.

"Let us stop at Chambery."

"But where is Chambery?"

"In French Savoy."

"But what is Chambery?"

"A place where they make gaze."

"And what is gaze?"

"Don't you remember Bret Harte's poem?"

"But yet, just this moment, while sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The finest *soirée* of the year
In the mists of a GAZE DE CHAMBERY
And the hum of the smallest of talk,
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the ferry,
And the dance that we had on the Fork."

Now I never had known exactly what "gaze de Chambery" meant. The line in Bret Harte had always sounded to me like "In the midst of a 'gaze de Chambery.'" Even to the meanest intelligence it evidently had something to do with a ball. I took it to be some sort of a dance—perhaps not the ordinary round or square dance, but a cotillon—one of those curious forms of modern amusement in which prosperous young merchants, promising young lawyers, and rising young bankers gravely carry pink and blue banners and jump through red and yellow hoops. French *Cotillon* means English "petticoat"—that is, the allegorical or personified petticoat—"petticoat" in the sense of petticoat government, for example. See "Les Cotillons Célèbres," by Arsène Houssaye, a history of Celebrated Petticoats like Mesdames du Barry, de Maintenon, and de Montespan.

1. Cotillons;
2. Petticoats;
3. Petticoats nowadays seem to be made of silks;
4. Colored silks;
5. Iridescent silks;
6. Chambery gaze is a kind of colored iridescent silk;

Therefore, cotillon, a dance—cotillon, a petticoat—a silk petticoat; a petticoat of gaze de Chambery. My reasoning seems to be circuitous, but you will see that I get there all the same.

So we stopped over in Savoy and we went to Chambery.

Once before our itinerary had been unexpectedly changed. We were in Munich, and about leaving for Lucerne. We went to Cook's office to buy our tickets—a good place to go, as you will see. I asked for tickets from Munich to Lucerne by rail. The clerk got down the tickets, but before stamping them, said:

"Why don't you go across the lake?"

"What lake?"

"The Boden See. The fare is just the same as by the all-rail journey, and it is much more agreeable. The lake is beautiful, the boats are comfortable, and the table is good. If you go around the lake by rail you will have to pass through three custom-houses."

He was right, for the shores of the lake bristle with Bavarian, Swiss, Wurtemburger, and Austrian custom-houses. This we had not thought of, so we went across instead of around the lake, as he advised. We would never have received such a useful tip from one of those surly Germans, whose red noses glow behind the wire windows in the railway offices. They do not deal in courtesies or smooth words. They deal in tickets.

As a result of this unexpected change, our route took us to the little town of Lindau-im-Bayern. To our shame, be it said, we had never heard of Lindau. It is a pretty little South-German town, with a little garrison, a little fortress, a little mole running out into the lake, crowned at the end with a little light-house. It is the queerest, quaintest little city that one could find in a day's ride. It smacks of Nuremberg, one of the show cities of South Germany, yet, unlike Nuremberg, it is not tourist-ridden. We were so charmed with Lindau that we spent some days there, and then crossed the lake to Romanshorn, in Switzerland, and thence wended our way to Lucerne. One of the delights of travel is to draw up itineraries and then not follow them. Another is to determine firmly to go Somewhere, and then go Somewhere Else.

I have smiled since when I think how much trouble we had trying to go around the Boden See and how much we enjoyed it when we failed. It reminds one of the venerable anecdote of the Yankee traveler in the old days before Germany was united—when the country was made up of grand duchies and ruled over by serene highnesses, each with its own mint, its own postage-stamps, its own custom-house, its

own army, its own field-marshal, and its own Mme. de Pompadour. To one of these minute empires there came a Yankee, much bedeviled by many custom-houses. When stopped on a new frontier for the fortieth time, his patience gave out.

"What country is this?"

"It is the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein."

"How big is it?"

"The area is fifty square kilometers, the pop—"

"Never mind the population," said the disgusted Yankee.

"You're not a country; you're only a *spot*. I'll go around you." And he did.

So with the Boden See. We had looked upon it as only an aqueous spot, and had intended to go around it. But a trifle changed our minds, and we shall always carry with us pleasant recollections of Lindau in Bavaria and of the Boden See.

So, going from Turin to Paris, we thought we would break the journey at Dijon. But when we saw "Chambery" on the map, Bret Harte's poem decided us. It was resolved that we must purchase some gaze de Chambery. So we stopped at Chambery. In the words of the railway folder:

"Chambery is a city of 21,700 inhabitants, formerly capital of the Duchy of Savoy, at present chief city of the department of Savoy, situated on the line from the Rhone to Mt. Cenis. It is traversed by two rivers, the Lysse and Albanne, which empty into Lake Bourget. It is nine hours from Paris, three hours from Lyons, three hours from Geneva, and is 270 meters above the sea."

To which I may add that I never saw any one who had been there, and after going there ourselves and wandering through its sleepy streets, I came to the conclusion that no one ever does go there. There are no hotels there. Pardon—there is one. The "Furnished Hotel of Italy," kept by Mademoiselle Vachiez, on the Rue Denfert-Rochereau. There are many mademoiselles in Chambery keeping shops, and there are also many widows in business there. The shrieking sisterhood who clamor for women's rights would scarcely be understood in that town.

Apropos of the street Denfert-Rochereau—it reminded me of an experience of the Paris municipality. For some centuries there had been a street in that burg called "Rue d'Enfer"—"Hell Street." Board after board of burgesses had tried to change it, but always failed. Names of French heroes were tried—no go; French victories—they would not stick. The Parisian populace blandly ignored the new names, and continued to call it "Hell Street." Finally there came an official with a sense of humor. He no longer appealed to the mind of Paris, but to its funny-bone. So he called it after a notable Frenchman, Denfert-Rochereau. It was simple, you see—Rue d'Enfer, Rue Denfert-Rochereau—only adding a tail. The pun pleased the Parisian populace and "Hell Street" at once lost its evil name and its bad odor.

But if Chambery was deserted of tourists, we found the little French city not uninteresting. Its "sights," so-called, were soon exhausted. There were the castles of the Dukes of Savoy, dating from the thirteenth century; the beautiful Gothic Sainte-Chapelle, dating from the fourteenth century; the monument to "two children of Savoy, the brothers Joseph and Xavier de Maistre," dating from the day before yesterday (it was finished in 1899); and the venerable Tower of the Archives, dating from nobody knows when. Then there were some hideous modern monuments, among them a statue of General de Boigne crowning a granite column supported by four elephants; he was a Franco-Indian soldier who had returned to his birthplace, become pious in his old age, and given largely of his Indian stealings to Chambery charities. There was the garrison of Chambery, with its regiments of infantry, and cavalry, and "chasseurs Alpins." For be it known that on the Franco-Italian frontier there are special foot-soldiers known as Alpine regiments. They are all mountaineers, for the men recruited from the lowlands are not fit for duty in these high altitudes. The dwellers in flat lands not only have flat feet but flattened lungs, and not the highly developed bellows requisite for military duty in the high Alps. At all hours of the day one saw red-legged soldiers hauling forage, fuel, acting as hostlers, chambermaids, and performing other unheroic duties. A group of private soldiers were seated near us at a *café*, and I listened with some curiosity to note what they talked about. It was not of politics, but the trivial gossip of the barracks. What dull, aimless lives they lead! Fancy taking the best three years of a young man's life and condemning him to garrison duty in a sleepy country town. They are conscripts, and enter the service perforce, unlike our American volunteers, who enlist from love of adventure. They are nearly all little men, and not at all like the brawny giants in our American regiments. But little men as fighters must not be despised—*videlicet* Japan.

There are swell *cafés* in the little town where the officers go, and into which the privates do not venture. There also may be found the great men of Chambery. At one of

these we saw Mister the Mayor, a short, fat gentleman, with much dignity and a double chin. He was pointed out to us by our *café* waiter. We were much impressed, and said, "How then! Is that truly Mister the Mayor?" Our admiration greatly gratified the *café* waiter. We spoke of the cosmopolitanism of Chambéry, how much it resembled Paris, and of the brilliant circle of remarkable men gathered at the *Café Jean Bouvier*. The *café* waiter interposed with much gravity to remark that all strangers regarded Chambéry as the most cosmopolitan city of Savoy. As who should say that Haywards is the most fashionable city of Alameda County. Well, provincial pride is easily gratified. I once was seated in front of the Walker House, Salt Lake City, in a tip-tilted arm-chair, while an affable bell-boy conversed with me about the many merits of his native place. As he talked, there floated by a scrawny young woman, with a dish-shaped face. In the centre of this concave countenance, in an aureole of freckles, was imbedded an apologetic pug nose. Her face reminded me of an Ethiopian's ear—as William Shakespeare says somewhere. I gave a start of well-counterfeited admiration and remarked for the benefit of both bell-boy and beauty: "You have some very pretty women in Salt Lake." To which the gratified bell-boy replied: "Pretty women? I should say so! There are more pretty women in Salt Lake than in any city in the United States. Yes siree."

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But I diverge. I wander from Chambéry. Let us return. We were gazing with respectful admiration at Mister the Mayor and the municipal councillors playing at dominoes in the *café*. Not in the plebeian *café* on the ground floor, whither any man might go who possessed a silver coin, but in the *cercle au premier*, or "club," on the first floor, with its balcony looking upon the Street of the Porticoes.

We were again gratified with a sight of Mister the Mayor, but this time in his royal robes, as it were, wearing a swallow-tail coat, a plug hat, and begirt with his tri-colored scarf of office. It was on the occasion of the fraternal visit of the firemen of Annecy to the firemen of Chambéry. Annecy is a sister metropolis some miles away. The firemen of Chambéry, accompanied by the Municipal Brass Band, or *Fanfare Municipale*, paraded in full force, headed by the mayor. At the railway station they received the firemen of Annecy, headed by the mayor of Annecy and accompanied by the Annecy Silver Cornet Band. The meeting of the two mayors baffles my poor pen. I have seen Yosemite when its trails were covered with ten feet of snow. I have seen Niagara in the dead of winter when spanned by a mammoth ice bridge. I have seen Mont Blanc. But for icy dignity, for freezing grandeur, I have never seen anything to compare with the meeting of the mayors of Annecy and Chambéry.

After a joint parade through the city, the two fire departments sat down to a grand open-air banquet in the main square. This was regarded with much curiosity by the small boys of Chambéry, some peasants from the outskirts, and two much edified tourists from the United States.

But Chambéry saw another sight when the drums beat at dead of night, and pyrotechnics cast the light of rockets o'er her revelry. This was when the grand display of fire-works took place, closing this imposing festival. The local paper the next day remarked that it was probably the finest *fête* ever given outside of Paris.

Very likely it was.

But I preferred the Chambéry fair to the fireman's *fête*. I seem dimly to remember having seen firemen's parades in my own country not dissimilar to this Savoy one. But the fair at Chambéry was unlike any of our county fairs. There were booths without number where "barkers" in fluent French invited the passing crowd to enter. Fat ladies in short skirts coyly emerged for a few seconds, quivered, undulated, and disappeared in the hope that their billowy charms might attract the passing rustics. "Lutteurs" (strong men, wrestlers) came to the doors of their booths, curled their biceps, patted their pectoral muscles, and boastfully challenged the local Samsons to enter their booths and wrestle for a prize. Fairies more or less youthful—in pink tights showing many "ladders" and much darning—waved wands at the doors of little theatres and favored the passing throng with dazzling dental smiles. Sharp-eyed "spielers" inveigled dull yokels into wagering their coppers on *tombolas*. Others urged the more robust rustics to blow, to strike, to pull, or to lift their machines for trumpey prizes. In the centre of the square was the greased pole, or "Mast of Cockayne," up which perspiring peasants climbed, clutching at beribboned bacon fitches. Merry-go-rounds, or *carroussels*, whirled about with young men and young women mounted upon cock-horses and wooden bicycles, the young men, with earnest, foolish faces, trying to lance the rings, the young women gravely solicitous about their display of ankles and primly clutching at their ballooning skirts. Painted clowns strutted up and down in front of gaudy booths, whence acrobats emerged at times, did a flip-flap or two, and disappeared. On every hand were stalls for the sale of queer sausages and other mysterious comestibles. And there was food for the soul as well as for the stomach. A piano-organ run by a small gas-engine pulsated on the shuddering air. The governor was out of order, and at times there were eccentric stop-cock *crescendoes*, followed by weird contrapuntal effects coming from a cracked exhaust pipe.

Ah, Music! Heavenly maid! What would life be without music?

Ah, what indeed!

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But again I wander. What of the *gaze de Chambéry*? We had great difficulty in finding it. Shop after shop we entered. No one had it. They had plenty of silk of Lyons, silk of Rome, and silk of Milan, but no silk of Chambéry. Apparently they had never heard of it. Could it be like the snakes in the history of Ireland?—"CHAPTER X.—Snakes in Ireland.—There are no snakes in Ireland." It began to look as if our search for *gaze* in Chambéry

would result in the discovery that there was no Chambéry *gaze*. But a glove merchant at last betrayed the secret which the silk merchants had tried so carefully to conceal. *Gaze* was to be found only at Michard's silk factory. Thither we at once repaired, and found the *gaze* in all shades and colors and patterns.

When in a mercer's shop, and, above all, in a silk-mercer's shop, a mere man had best be silent. Words, no matter how few, only betray his ignorance. If he speaks, pitying feminine eyes regard him, not unkindly, as who should say: "The man really does not look to be such an idiot." But as we were leaving the silk factory my curiosity overcame my prudence, and I said to the smart young woman who had been selling us silks:

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, but can you tell me why in the shops of Chambéry one can not purchase the silk of Chambéry?"

To which she replied, like lightning: "Certainly, monsieur, it is very simple. We do not let the shops have it to sell because we prefer to sell it ourselves."

I went away, pondering on the density of certain people's brains.

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The country round about Chambéry is picturesque and beautiful. It is like Switzerland, but its valleys are larger, its mountains not so stern. It would be difficult to find in Europe a more charming country than this pleasant land of Savoy. And what adds to its charm is that the pleasant land of Savoy is inhabited by pleasant people. It is my experience that the further north you go in Europe the less agreeable you find the people. In Southern Europe they are always courteous; in Northern Europe they are not always so. In Southern Germany they are *gemütlich*; in Northern Germany they are sour. In Vienna the police-officers are more than civil; in Berlin they sometimes are silent and sometimes are surly. In Yorkshire and in other parts of Great Britain this northern trait is carried to an extreme. Let this be disbelieved by patriotic Englishmen, let me quote the remarks of a Yorkshire woman about Yorkshire. Mrs. Gaskell wrote in her life of Charlotte Brontë: "A stranger in Yorkshire can hardly ask a question without receiving some crusty reply, if indeed he receive any at all. Sometimes the rudeness amounts to positive insult." Mrs. Gaskell hastens to add, however, that the Yorkshire folk have "latent kindness." It is sincerely to be hoped so. I think it was in Cornwall that *Punch* found one of its famous jests:

First native (pointing at stranger)—"Who's him?"

Second native—"Dunno. Looks like a stranger."

First native—"Eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

There is a difference, also, between the manners of Savoy and those of Northern France. Much of the so-called Parisian politeness is spurious. A Frenchman will enter a railway compartment, lift his hat politely when he enters, and then will insolently stare a lady out of countenance for hours. Even the waiters have a veiled and polished insolence. In Paris I was at Voisin's one day, and a party of foreigners were dining near us. When the waiter returned their change with the bill, they discovered a bad two-franc piece—a not uncommon discovery in Paris, by the way. They protested, and the waiter took the tray back to the counter. He returned in a moment with the tray high in air and said, with veiled insolence, but in most respectful language and in the third person: "The lady of the counter says that she had no bad money. Is it not possible that these ladies may accidentally have left a bad piece on the tray themselves?"

When southern Europeans come to America, the manners at first must seem to them a little curt. Once I heard a stranger ask a New York policeman at a dock-gate whether his carriage might be driven on the dock. The officer was eating an apple, and paused for a moment with a large spheroidal isosceles triangle in his mouth. Children use two kinds of grunts—the negative grunt and the affirmative grunt—impossible to reproduce on paper. The policeman gave the affirmative kind of grunt, and the isosceles triangle of apple disappeared down his *æso-phagus*. On another occasion I heard a foreigner politely accost an official in blue and brass at a North River pier. "Would you be kind enough," said he, "to tell me if the Sandy Hook boats start from here?" The official replied, laconically, "Sure."

But this curtness does not savor of incivility. On the contrary, wherever I have been in the United States strangers are treated with the utmost kindness, and people frequently go out of their way to direct them.

In Savoy the people seem to me more genuinely kindly than in Northern France. There is much civility in Switzerland, but it is often merely mercenary. We found few or no beggars in Savoy. In fact, we found it difficult sometimes to get the children to accept coppers for being kodaked. In some other parts of Europe the sight of a camera brings them around you in clouds, like mosquitoes.

We took pictures of many children, and many harvest scenes, in the pleasant lands of fair Savoy. For miles around Chambéry there are drives and rides without number; excursions to the many peaks of the French Alps; drives through the smiling fields of the valley of the Rhone; boating trips upon the little lake Bourget, with its picturesque villages and its mediæval abbey of Hautecombe; visits to the "Roman antiquities," on which local antiquarians descend with great gravity; trips to the little gorges, like that of Sierroz, which, though very microscopic, is very pretty; taking pictures of the old mill, below the cascade of Gresy, where an unfortunate lady-in-waiting was drowned, and where stands a monument erected to her by Queen Hortense; visits to Charmettes, where Jean Jacques Rousseau lived when he was exiled from France, in which village, when Savoy was annexed to France, the luckless philosopher found that he had come back out of exile without moving a step; so anomalous was his position that the government finally decided to let him alone. There are all sorts of excursions. If there are "little trips" to be made in Savoy, by mock

mountain-climbers, and pretty ladies in high-heeled slippers leaning on highly varnished alpenstocks, there are also ascents for what the French call "serious alpinists." Many people think Mont Blanc is in Switzerland, but they are in error. It is in France—in the Department of Savoy. And he or she who climbs Mont Blanc is no mock mountain-climber but indeed an "alpiniste sérieux."

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When we stopped over for the *gaze de Chambéry* the harvest was being gathered in Savoy. In Savoy everybody works. In the hay-fields were to be seen old men, old women, and little children—lusty youth as well as sturdy middle age. Over the smooth roadways creaked and groaned the heavy wains laden with fragrant hay. Even the cows work in Savoy, for we met many and many a hay-cart drawn by mild-eyed kine, their udders heavy with milk. We paused at one such team, a pair of handsome cows, drawing a load of hay, with a sturdy, brown-faced woman driving them and a shy kodak perched on top of the hay. We stopped to snap the kodak on them. The handsome cows—which looked like Alderneys, by the way—were called Lorraine and Alsace. When we asked if, in Savoy, cows were worked thus always, their conductor replied: "No, madame; no, monsieur—only for the harvest. In Savoy everybody works at harvest-time." So we gave the wondering child some coppers, and bade them farewell. Lorraine and Alsace took up their burden, the hay-wain creaked and groaned as it started, and we resumed our road to Chambéry. Dusk was falling over the valley as the stream of peasants and people left the fields for their homes. But the intense heat of the midsummer sun still lingered in cut stalk and bruised blade, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of the new-mown hay.

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It was on one of our trips from Chambéry to the curious tooth-like Alp known as the "Dent du Chat" that we met a pair of Savoyard lovers. Around a bend in the mountain road there came a light farm-wagon drawn by two handsome mules hitched tandem-wise with jingling bells. In the wagon were seated a young man, a young woman, and a little boy—the latter evidently playing chaperon. The afternoon sun was shimmering upon the group, and behind them as the road curved over the mountain flank was the vast shadow cast by the lofty Peak of the Cat's Tooth. It was a scene that would have inspired even a professional photographer. We hastened to ask permission to take a picture. I was already fingering some small silver in my pocket. There are peasants who would sell their mother's tomb-stones for *trinkgeld*, but these did not strike me so. I paused, reflected, and released my hold upon the silver. Contrariwise—as Captain Cuttle would say—I alighted, took off my hat, and asked Monsieur whether Mademoiselle would be unwilling to form part of a photographic group. Monsieur looked somewhat confused, but politely doffed his cap and referred the matter to Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle reflected, and thought that, on the whole, she would rather like it. So the photographs were taken with Mademoiselle, Monsieur, and the youth, who was evidently Little Brother. Mademoiselle, with a semi-proprietary air, gave directions to Monsieur as to how he should stand. Although not married, they were evidently soon to be. And he regarded Mademoiselle with a fond and sheepish pride which showed plainly that she belonged to him.

When the pictures had been snapped, I dismissed all thought of the silver in my pocket, and asked mademoiselle for her address, that I might send her some prints of the photographs. She gave it to me with minute care:

"Mlle. Reverdy,

"Care of M. Reverdy, François,

"Vigneron,

"Commune de la Charvaz,

"Département of Haute Savoie,

"France."

And with mutual good-will and kindly salutes on both sides, we parted. As we wound down the mountain-side toward Chambéry, they drove up toward the Cat's Tooth Peak, and the jingling bells of the mule tandem died away in the dusk and the dim forest.

Buxom Mademoiselle Reverdy! Over leagues of land and miles of water I salute you. May the pictures reach their destination safely. May your lover always be as lover-like as when we "snapped" you on the Dent du Chat. And may you always be as happy when you are Madame as you looked that summer evening in Savoy when you were Mademoiselle.

JEROME A. HART.

Examiners in the patent office were inclined to poke a good deal of fun at a contrivance designed to frighten wolves on Western prairies, but it has come into considerable use in the sheep-growing districts of that part of the country. The device is an automatic gun, which goes off at regular intervals, scaring the wolves away from the flocks. It consists of a sort of box, containing a clock-work arrangement, with a small steel barrel projecting from one end. A magazine, also within the box, is loaded with blank cartridges which are fired by the clock-work once in ten minutes or so. By the help of a simple mechanical attachment the intervals between discharges are made as long or as short as may be desired. Wolves do not attack sheep in the day-time, and the gun needs to be in operation only from sunset to sunrise. It is in the spring that the flocks are in danger, the fierce wolves raiding them and carrying off the lambs, and hence the apparatus described is intended to be employed exclusively during that season.

With Langley's "bolometer" a temperature fluctuation as minute as a millionth of a degree can be detected. The fire-fly is possessed of a mysterious power that enables it to emit a strong light without heat enough to affect the most sensitive bolometer.

ITALY'S NEW SOVEREIGNS.

Victor Emmanuel the Third a Surprise to His Subjects—His Innovations in the Chamber of Deputies, the Army, and Court Life—How He Won Queen Helene.

Victor Emmanuel the Third of Italy, though not the youngest reigning monarch, is yet a very young man to be saddled with the troubles of kingship. He is but thirty-one years of age, and his only juniors on the thrones of Europe are Alfonso the Thirteenth of Spain, who is now but fourteen years old and still subject to the regency of his mother; Alexander the First of Serbia, who is twenty-four and recently was married to Mme. Draga Maschin; and Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, who is twenty. Victor Emmanuel is nearest in age to Nicholas the Third, having been born in November, 1869, while the Czar came into the world in May, 1868.

The story of his life is one of Spartan training, hard study, and struggles against physical weakness:

"It was for a long time a question whether the child would live to arrive at years of maturity. From his birth he was small and sickly, and despite the devoted care of nurses and physicians grew up a puny and ailing boy. His early studies were mainly directed by Queen Margherita, who was always extremely intellectual. Modern languages (with several of which he is thoroughly conversant), the dead languages, mathematics, military history, and philosophy formed the most important part of his curriculum. In his twentieth year the young prince had completed his military studies, and his pronunciation was rapid, deservedly so, for his inherited military talent caused him to take passionately and eagerly to the life of a soldier. He was given command of the military division of Naples, subsequently obtaining command at Florence, where he found time, within the space of six months, to write a sentimental novel and gather one of the finest collections of rare coins in Europe. It was here, too, that he became associated with electricians, and was initiated into the mysteries of the science."

In 1890 there were persistent rumors in Europe that Prince Victor was about to be betrothed to Princess Maud of Wales, but nothing came of the projected alliance, and the young man's name was subsequently linked with that of almost every unmarried royal princess on the Continent. It was at the ceremony of the coronation of the Czar and Czarina, in 1896, that the young prince first met the Princess Helene of Montenegro:

"She was almost brought up at the Russian court, for the court of Cettinje offered few facilities for education. She was a great favorite with the Dowager Empress of Russia, widow of Alexander the Third, and formerly Prince Dagmar of Denmark, sister of the Princess of Wales. It is said that Nicholas the Second, observing that the prince was attracted by the brunette beauty of the tall and stately Montenegrin lady, one day suggested that his marriage with one so nearly connected with the Russian court would be very agreeable to him, adding: 'You must get married; marriage makes a man happy. Look at me. I used to be melancholy, I am happy now since I have taken a wife.' This seemed politically an offer of amity on the part of Russia to a member of the triple alliance. The prince spoke upon this hint, and was accepted. The Czar, as head of the Orthodox Greek Church, sanctioned the necessary change in the form of the princess's religion. This pleased Pope Leo, who was anxious to draw closer the bonds of amity between Russia and the Holy See. The princess, accordingly, landed at Bari on October 19th, after a stormy passage across the Adriatic. She went straight to the Basilica of St. Nicholas, where the saint himself is buried, and there before a silver altar, renovated for the occasion by silversmiths from the Quirinal, she made her abjuration, and heard mass according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church and the Apostolic Church. The following day the princess went to Rome, attended by a large body of ecclesiastics, as well as her own friends and the nobles and ladies appointed to receive her. The prince, who had crossed with her in Bari from Cattaro was not present at the abjuration. He hurried on to Rome, where with his father, mother, relatives, and the court he was ready to receive her on her arrival. On Saturday, October 24th, amid great rejoicing, the prince and princess were married at the ancient church of Santa Maria de Angeli, which in some way is connected with the house of Savoy. The altar was placed in the centre of the church, and under the transparent baldachino hangings was placed Titian's 'Assumption of the Virgin,' brought from Venice for the purpose. 'Modern ruins' were cleared away from the piazzas before the church, an arch was erected at the entrance, and all the streets through which the bridal party passed were richly decorated. The young couple did not enter largely into the gayeties of court life at the Quirinal, but lived in seclusion, spending much time cruising in the Mediterranean."

In fact, says a Rome correspondent of the New York Times, it might be said without the least exaggeration that the young Crown Prince of Italy, now King Victor Emmanuel the Third, was practically unknown personally to his future subjects two months ago:

"But as soon as he succeeded his murdered father, the youthful king immediately and unexpectedly revealed a remarkable strength of character which even the most optimistic among the devoted adherents of the Savoy dynasty could hardly have dared to predict. So strong, indeed, has so complete a personal metamorphosis been witnessed in history. The physically delicate and timid young prince, whose special desire since he came of age, thirteen years ago, appeared to be for seclusion and isolation, has now come forward to face 'that fierce light which beats upon the throne' with all the calm dignity of a fully developed and highly promising individuality. And it is not to be wondered at if the Italians, accustomed as they have been to think of their future king as at a misanthropic recluse, who would abandon the Quirinal for the solitary enjoyments of the little island of Monte Cristo, now hail with delight the very different course taken by the new sovereign, who in a few weeks' reign has already succeeded in captivating the sympathy, respect, and admiration of his subjects. Some have gone as far as to christen him the little Italian Kaiser—not in the intention of accusing him of imitating William the Second, but because King Victor Emmanuel, like his imperial friend and ally, is also endowed with a very energetic and active temperament, which amounts almost to restlessness, besides being one of the most highly cultured and learned of European sovereigns."

By introducing greater simplicity in the strict court etiquette, and by well-applied firmness, King Victor Emmanuel has proved, without loss of time, that he has a character both strong and independent enough to impose his will and do away with costly and useless ceremonials, while his memorable conduct on the occasion of the railway smash at Castel Gufiolo gave him the opportunity of proving once for all that he has fully inherited the courage and royal generosity of his ancestors:

"Although a few days only had elapsed since the tragedy which has left a cloud of execration in the heart of every Italian, the murdered king's son did not hesitate to leave the Quirinal at two o'clock in the morning, accompanied by the queen, walking all the way to the railway station in order to reach the scene of the disaster as soon as possible. But an locomotive was ready, although the king had expressed the intention of riding even on the tender or engine itself. The royal couple waited for some time, but, unable to curb their anxiety and impatience, finally left the station, and, halting the first and only passing cab, succeeded in reaching the scene of the terrible accident long be-

fore any of the city authorities had even heard of the collision. The Duke d'Ansta, now heir to the throne, evidently stimulated by this example, has recently been in Lake Maggiore, where great loss and danger to life have been experienced through floods, helping in the organization of relief work, inquiring into causes, and leaving behind, when the worst was over, not only a sum of money, but also a grateful feeling among the people. These two districts, at least, will not breed anarchy. A real innovation of the king is the reduction which he is making in the royal stables in Rome and elsewhere, and in the opening of the royal preserves. The king found four hundred horses in the Quirinal stable, and these he is giving away as presents to the household and to military officers, with the intention of leaving only those absolutely necessary for his own and Queen Helene's use. Many of his game preserves hitherto kept strictly closed have been opened to the public, with glorious results for sportsmen, but their ultimate fate will be that they will by custom become public property."

This and various acts promise well for the future of Italy during the present king's reign, and all the more hope is entertained owing to the fact that it is his serious training, strict military experience, and noble-hearted mother which have caused him to look upon his royal duties of to-day not as a merely ornamental function, but as a great and sacred duty:

"King Humbert, too kind at heart in public as well as private duty, was so anxious to scrupulously keep within the bounds assigned to him by the constitution, that he exercised little if any influence over the political life of the country. The inevitable consequence of this was that for many years past the government of Italy was entirely at the mercy of the petty political parties, which, as is well known to the whole world, were always kept extremely busy waging war against each other in the Chamber of Deputies at Rome. As the sole aim of these various political parties in Italy is the acquisition of power, it follows that the real interests of the country were sadly neglected and the merely personal quarrels between the different members of Parliament occupied the House from one session to another, and became so scandalous as to seriously interfere with the regular business of the whole country."

A striking proof of this was witnessed during the last months of King Humbert's reign, when obstructionism, both personally violent and oratorical, though it proved powerless to unseat the ministry, was perfectly content to render any form of serious parliamentary work utterly impossible:

"In spite of the evident necessity for royal interference, King Humbert abstained from any initiative which would have been calculated to smooth the path which had been rendered so full of public menace. Victor Emmanuel, seeing the result, on the very day of his accession gave evidence of the firm attitude he has since maintained by formally declaring that he knows his royal rights and privileges, and fully intends to make use of them. The signing of new bills, laws, and decrees had become a mere formality for the late monarch—so much so, indeed, that during the last eighteen years of his reign he never once opposed his veto in a new bill or in any single act of his ministers. Victor Emmanuel, on the contrary, since the very first cabinet council over which he presided, gave his royal *placet* to only a very limited number of projects, reserved his judgment on others which he intends to examine and study more thoroughly, and at once vetoed quite a number of bills which he found objectionable. While affirming with fearless decision that his own personality and individual initiative must in future have a large share in the politics and administration of his country, over which he has been called so suddenly to rule, he at the same time insists upon the necessity of personally directing a most highly important department—that for foreign affairs—rightly judging that the foreign policy of a country can not and ought not to be left in the tender mercies of an ever-varying procession of ministers."

But politics and the many cares of this difficult government are not sufficient to absorb the really phenomenal activity of the young king:

"He is never so happy as when pouncing unexpectedly into some of the barracks, where he chats familiarly with the soldiers, asking whether they have any complaints to make, or inspecting them in the barrack-yard. This impetuous wave of youthful energy and activity has been felt in the present reviews, which are no longer a mere parade, as formerly, but have the novelty of being personally directed by the king himself, who appears to take the keenest pleasure in ordering new and quite unexpected evolutions and manoeuvres which, until now, did not enter into the routine of the old generals in command. It can not be denied that many of these venerable officers are not a little amazed and disconcerted by this sudden and determined attitude of King Victor Emmanuel the Third and his ruthless tearing away of the red tape which had insidiously bound even the army within its folds."

As for Queen Helene, it is doubtful whether she will ever become so popular as her mother-in-law, the widowed Queen Margherita:

"There is no doubt that the disappointment freely and unkindly expressed by the newspapers of the Peninsula regarding her failure to fulfill national expectations in the presentation in the kingdom of an heir to the throne, has had the effect of raising a sort of barrier of antagonism between herself and the people at her adopted country. She seems to feel that they resent her childlessness, while they, on the other hand, do not hesitate to express freely the disappointment of the dynastic hope which they had based upon the marriage. Queen Margherita's popularity was a source of strength to her husband as ruler. Even at the moment when, owing to the mistakes, domestic and foreign, of his ministers, he was most unpopular and reviled as 'the Austrian Colonel,' she always remained an object of so much affection on the part of the people of every shade of political opinion that the field daisy was chosen in her honor as the emblem of a number of political societies, some of them, such as the Italia Irredenta, being hostile alike to the government and to the king. But for a queen to be popular in Italy it is necessary that she be of Italian birth and of Italian disposition, and neither the Montenegrin-born Queen Helene nor yet the French-born Duchess Helen of Ansta, who, as wife of the heir-apparent of the crown, may eventually succeed her as queen, is ever likely to give the same amount of political support to her husband as Queen Margherita was able to furnish to the late King Humbert."

Nor is it probable that she will ever share to the same degree as her mother-in-law the duties of her husband as ruler. Humbert was notoriously influenced in many matters by his consort, especially in connection with the triple alliance, which she induced him to join. But Queen Helene is completely dominated by her diminutive husband, who is far too autocratic to accept any advice or to brook any interference, even on the part of his wife, in his duties as ruler.

"The transfer of sugar production from the plantations of the tropics to the farms of the temperate zone is illustrated by figures recently published by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics," remarks the *California Fruit-Grower*. "They show that 95 per cent. of the sugar crop of the world was in 1840 supplied by sugar cane, a tropical product, and but 5 per cent. from beets, a product of the temperate zone; while in 1899 but 34 per cent. of the world's sugar supply was from cane and 66 per cent. from beets. How much of this is due to the disappearance of slave labor which existed in all cane-producing territory at the beginning of the period under review is left to the consideration of economists and sociologists; but it is a fact that the world's cane-sugar crop of 1899 would little more than supply the demands of the United States alone, after filling the needs of the countries in which it is produced."

HONEST PEPE.

The Story of a Waif of Puerto Rico.

When the American governor-general issued his famous order requiring all children to be properly clothed in the street, there was consternation in San Juan (says Captain Henry Rowan Lemly, U. S. A., in a letter to the *New York Evening Post*). Previous to our occupation, the lower or working classes had never thought of putting clothes upon a young child, especially in the country; and as a result, the island was filled with brown little Adams and Eves, without even the Biblical fig-leaf to hide their nakedness.

Puerto Rico, you must know, is nearly as thickly populated as Belgium, and many of the people are very poor. To some parents it was a positive hardship to clothe their numerous offspring, and, moreover, it was not considered necessary, because of the mild climate. The governor-general, however, entertained other views. To his military and somewhat stern eye the picturesqueness of the landscape was not enhanced by any number of naked babies. He would have liked to put uniforms upon them, such is the force of habit and education. Clothing them was at least a step in their "Americanization" (whatever that might mean!), and, to do him justice, he believed that the somewhat abnormal mortality among the infants was due to their nakedness, especially during the season of "northerns." And so the fiat went forth.

For a few days the streets were almost abandoned by the juvenile population of the lower classes. With difficulty could I procure a paper or get my shoes polished; and when the street-arabs gradually re-appeared in motley array, the style and fit of their clothes was somewhat startling. An adult's sack-coat was not infrequently the only garment, and in one instance, at least, a father's waistcoat had to serve his small son in lieu of all clothing. The working-classes usually inhabit the basements of the San Juan houses, where their apartments, often without windows, are grouped about a *patio*, or central court-yard. When an American officer, a soldier, or a native policeman approached one of these habitations, there would be a scampering from the main door of naked children into the gloom of the interior.

I was the fortunate possessor of a smattering of Spanish, and this fact led me to make a daily purchase of *La Correspondencia*, the principal paper of the city, which was usually brought to me by a small urchin, José Santos by name, but better known by the diminutive of Pepe (pronounced Pay-pay). Pepe was old enough to know better, perhaps, but for reasons of economy and comfort, his clothing was generally limited to what might be called, in his case, a suit of primeval innocence.

Indeed, clothes seemed to be abhorrent to Pepe; and when he condescended to wear them at all, they were never buttoned. Any old thing answered the purpose, if handy; and if not, Pepe sold papers and polished shoes, while he himself was as naked as on the day he was born. His unconsciousness of the fact was refreshing. After the publication of the clothing order, however, Pepe disappeared from the public view. Indeed, I was now compelled to walk several blocks for *La Correspondencia*, and I wondered what had become of my smiling and usually alert little friend.

One day, as I passed a densely populated basement in the Calle del Cristo, I heard myself hailed in Spanish by a child's voice: "Say, Mister Officer, please let me talk to you a moment," would be an English equivalent of what was said, but does not correctly translate the polite Puerto Rican Spanish employed.

"Come out of that, Pepe. What's the matter with you?" I said.

"I can't come out, mister. I ain't got no clo'es. And I can't bring you no more papers 'cause de perlice run me in if they see me naked," he replied. There is a vernacular in Spanish as well as in English.

"Well, your father must get you some clothes."

"I ain't got no father, mister."

"Then your mother must get them."

"I ain't got no mother, neither."

"Poor child! What do you want to talk to me about?"

"Mister Americano, won't you 'stake' me? Please lend me some money to get a suit of clo'es with. I'll polish your shoes and fetch your paper every day, for nothing." Pepe's eyes shone like black diamonds.

Of course the little fellow was irresistible and the loan was made, happily upon more advantageous terms for the young borrower.

And for a week no one could have been more faithful. Every morning *La Correspondencia* duly made its appearance and my shoes were neatly polished. And then—Pepe stopped coming!

More than the paper, I missed the smiling countenance, the large and dark eyes, the shock of blue-black hair, of my little friend. His gratitude I could not doubt, because, not content with fulfilling his part of our bargain, he had several times brought me fruit, and only desisted from such practice upon my resolute and almost angry command. Apparently Pepe was lost. I was loth to believe him unfaithful, and inquired for him in the basement of the house in the Calle del Cristo, from which he had accosted me, but the inmates could give no tidings of him. And I never saw him again, which is a bad and unsatisfactory ending for this simple little story; but, alas! it is a truthful one.

Shortly after this episode I left San Juan, and a few weeks later I received a letter from the army surgeon in charge of the small-pox hospital in that city, of which the following is a true extract:

"From the description given me by the little fellow, and the fact of your speaking Spanish with these people, I am sure that you must be the officer in question. He did not remember your name, but said that his own was Pepe. In his last moments his chief concern was not himself, but that you should receive the dollar bill which I inclose. You need have no fear, as it has been thoroughly disinfected."

THE MENPESIAN DISCOVERY.

How an Artist's Color-Scheme Failed.

It all came about through Geraldine having her portrait painted by Mortimer Menpes. Her first epistle on the subject startled my gastronomic nerves.

"I have had the most wonderful experience," she wrote, in a burst of cousinly confidence; "genius has bared its heart and taught me the secret of success. You have heard of Mortimer Menpes, the Coming Man in the London art world, the portrait-painter, the colorist, the Oriental artist of the hour? He and his surroundings are the fad of the day; in fact, he is *unique*. And he has told me how it is done. It is just a food question. You must eat your own atmosphere."

Geraldine always had a queer way of putting things. This last phrase wrinkled my brow till I read the crossing: "He explains that suitable foods are as important as suitable conditions; he won't paint healthy people, for instance, on vegetables." (Only Geraldine would suggest such a thing.) "Now, if he had done me in sauerkraut" (good heavens!) "I should have come out livid. As it is—well, you have no idea how handsome your coz looks—and it is beef—rare beef—that did it. I suppose it's within you, like the kingdom of heaven, and the food has to help just like prayers and going to church—not that he said that, but he set me thinking. And I am sending you Brillat Savarin, and Gouffé, and Theodore Child by mail. For if Menpes has really become a London sensation just by knowing what to eat, why should you not study food and become a San Franciscan sensation? You have the talent, you only lack the method. Now, just sacrifice everything and try!"

Well, I positively did it. To be sure, "everything" did not amount to much, Geraldine being the only one, so far, who rated my artistic temperament at its full value. I threw up my tiny billet as fourth black-and-white illustrator on the *Hornet*, abandoned the little studio on Bush Street where six of us clubbed together to hire models, gave my landlord notice, and resolved to live on my small capital. By the time it was exhausted Geraldine and Menpes would have made me famous.

But as a first preliminary I must secure an edible atmosphere in appropriate surroundings. Further instructions from Geraldine taught me that my sitter's diet should be considered as much as my own; that an inspiring *milieu* was essential; that "color" was everything and "sky-lighting" of no account at all. Now how was I to select? The sight of a gorgeously arrayed heathen Chinese crossing Kearny Street suddenly decided my bent. I would study Chinatown and sacrifice myself on the altar of Chinese cookery! On the Plaza I found bright, airy quarters; Chinatown was at my door and my windows showed me Chinese types rambling around Stevenson's monument against a background of green. Geraldine was delighted. "It is quite fine of you, dear boy," she wrote, "to risk all in the service of Art. Now mind and eat intelligently; it will be the making of you."

The making proved an insipid process, despite all my enthusiasm. I wandered devoutly upstairs in an elaborate Dupont Street establishment (it was long before the plague scare was heard of), where amid Joss-house surroundings, off aristocratic tables, I trifled with dishes which I dared not analyze. I meandered down-stairs in humbler Jackson Street quarters, where I partook of messes that made me shudder. Finally, abandoning the Chinese *chefs*, I indulged in mangoes, persimmons, and sugar caoe, Chinese preserves and Chinese candies, Chinese radishes and Chinese turnips, and saffron-hued Chinese cheeses, till my very liver rebelled. Still, it seemed the right thing to do when painting yellow men much given to "greenery-gallery" garb.

But I was dubious about results, and one day Wills, wandering down from Hopkins, found me sitting disconsolately before my last canvas. He glanced from it to me and from me to it in grim silence.

"Is that all you have to say?" I burst out at last.

"No," he replied, "but I don't know exactly how to put it."

"Put it any way you like."

"Well, I fancy you are suffering from an attack of jaundice."

"Since when have you taken to diagnosis?" I retorted. "Never felt better in my life." Which was a lie, and we both knew it.

"My dear fellow," he protested, "you have had enough Chinatown. Give it up."

"But I want color," I insisted, stubbornly.

"Try Mexico."

It was an idea. Menpes had been to Mexico, and raved about it. I could get the color without going so far. I shifted my domicile to a sunny corner of Broadway, next door to a small Mexican restaurant, where a bull-fight in all its stages was illustrated by vivid oleographs, and culinary proceedings might be studied amid a setting of Mexican pottery. The proprietor was a European of many languages and admirable waiting capacities; his handsome young wife, a pure Mexican, prepared me matchless *enchiladas*, with a crimson flower set in her raven hair; the muscular, hare arms of the black-robed *tortilla*-maker were to be seen grinding the paste up and down her black grater. Dark-eyed young women in bright attire, demure elder women, draped in sable shawls and gliding about like nuns, men of varied costume and complexion, came and went with foreign greetings. Here was my right atmosphere at last! I burned my throat with *chili con carne*, *gorditas*, *posole*, and *salsa chili*, or soothed it with the inevitable *frijoles*, and realized that I could paint Tyrian purple on such diet. Geraldine quite agreed with me.

"Dear old fellow, you are just splendid," ran her epistle; "this must prove an artistic tonic, and I expect great things of you." Then in a P. S.: "Is the restaurant *señora* so very handsome? Paint her portrait for me!"

Geraldine was always fine and large in her ideas, thanks perhaps to an extensive purse. I made a hasty sketch of the *señora*, and I did not make it too handsome, so my coz was satisfied. I was not, for the color ideal eluded me. In vain I painted "Mexico" under every aspect; in vain I haunted Our Lady of Guadalupe and studied the devotional types before the altar; in vain I rushed from Carmela's lower-region dainties to my canvas; no scheme of color was evolved by my brush; my very dreams were monochromatic; and my highest effort was but a gradation of tint. At last I settled that gradation of tint was to make me famous. I even told Geraldine so.

At this stage Wills, of Hopkins, once more looked me up. He whistled, and his whistle got on my nerves. "What's the matter now?" I queried.

For answer he stared hard at the canvas, then into my eyes. "Anything wrong there?" he asked, touching his own significantly.

"What the deuce! Of course not. Have you turned oculist now?"

"All painters are amateur oculists—no dimness, no spots, no strange—"

"Hang it all, what do you mean by putting things into a fellow's head? Of course my eyes are all right. What's up?"

"Color blindness, my boy; you must drop it for a while."

"Eh?"

"Everything in this picture is a lurid red or a salmon red or a rose—"

"That's it," I interrupted, "you have hit it, gradation of tint is my latest fad."

"Does it include scarlet foliage and pink grass?" inquired Wills.

* * * * *

Geraldine was quite nice about it. "Don't worry, it will all come right. You were too positive in your tomato-and-chili diet; you lost the balance of harmony; now rest and eat poetically, colors always artistically mingled on your plate; the results will be wonderful."

Meanwhile the exchequer was diminishing and I had serious thoughts of courting fame by the eccentricity of my lurid tendencies, when Montgomery Street changed my plans.

The racial blends in Upper Montgomery and its cross streets produce types that are artistic joys, but I had never yet seen a type to equal the girl Madonna I met one day on Montgomery steps. I recognized her at once as my necessary inspiration. Diet was all very well, but what was diet without woman? Where would Raphael have been without the Fornarina, Da Vinci without La Gioconda, Rubens without his wife?—and I—well, I had been nowhere so far, but I was to get there now, thanks to my little Madonna. Not that I meant her to be a Madonna—she was a nymph, a dryad, an Egeria, anything that was mythological, ethereal, and rapturously ideal.

Her people could not at first understand why I wanted a studio in their limited quarters and their daughter for model. Those sturdy fisher-folk of the Latin quarter are singularly independent, somewhat strict in their domestic rules, and backward in artistic development. But when they knew that my future depended on painting Egeria, and that suitable surroundings were essential, they gave in gracefully—and charged outrageously.

There was no doubt about the suitable surroundings. That cottage, nestling among the rickety wooden steps of "Nanny Goat Gulch" formed an ideal setting. Little balcony and little garden, with little humming-birds on gossamer wings fluttering about the scarlet fuchsias; harbor view, and flooding electric light when the moon was asleep. The very place for chronic inspiration.

I ate very steadily up to that inspiration, for Egeria was to be a creature issued of rainbow light, a veiled transparency from above. I had read of a man in Oakland who makes flower salads, and flower salads seemed a suitable repast; I taught Egeria to roll rose-petals in sugar, and we ate them of a violet-tinted plate; I devoured nasturtiums, drank fuchsia syrup and dahlia tea; nay, I even sacrificed a couple of humming-birds on my first inspiration day. "You are to be diaphanous," I said to my dark-eyed model, who smiled because she could not understand; "you are to be bathed in pure light, with rainbow shadows, and the humming-bird wings will work into our atmosphere."

It was slow work, however, and, strange to say, Geraldine's letters became singularly unsympathetic, which was discouraging. By the time I laid down my brush I was very weary, I had a frequent sense of emptiness, and a vulgar craving for chops and beer; my purse shared the sense of emptiness. But I had created a poem.

I took my poem to an art gallery, and the art-gallery proprietor required quite an extraordinary amount of persuasion before he would consent to exhibit it. "Why man," I expostulated, "it's a perfectly novel scheme of color, it will draw crowds."

"I dare say," he answered, absently; "no doubt. Scheme of color, did you say? Where's the color?"

One evening, toward dusk, I was moping in front of my scheme of color, which drew no crowd, when a hand touched my shoulder. "Oh," I groaned, "Wills, from Hopkins, of course." But it was Geraldine.

"You back!" I cried.

"Yes, did I not tell you? I wanted to see Egeria!"

"Well? You see?"

"Yes—h'm—it's rather dark now, you know; but light enough to show me that you don't look well."

"There are reasons."

"Funds low?"

"Going that way."

"Now, don't worry; everything comes right. Percy, dear—till your eyes are quite well—you know that color blindness—you are going into papa's office at a good salary; he's agreeable."

"But—"

"No 'buts' at all," and the radiance of her face lighted up

the dim street; "your art will come out by and by, never fear. You see, you don't understand the diet question. I do."

"No doubt; still I fail to see how you—"

"Can regulate your diet? Not even if I order our daily dinner?"

"Geraldine, my dear, your father—"

"Percy, my dear coz," said Geraldine, very softly, "it isn't leap-year, please oblige me by not being a fool!"

I am once more eating my Menpesian way up to art, and Geraldine prophesies great results in the coming days.

A. R. ROSE-SOLEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1900.

THE DEATH-SONG OF THE HEMLOCK.

Ye say I am old—I am old—and ye threaten to hew me down,
Lest the roof of your puny dwelling should be crushed by my heavy crown;

Ye measure my spreading branches, ye mock me with idle fears—
Ye pygmies that creep at my footstool, what know ye of age or years?

I reckon ye all as shadows! Ye are but as clouds that pass
Over the face of the mountains and over the meadow grass;
Your generations are phantoms; like wraiths they come and go,
Leaving no trace behind them in the paths they used to know!

But I! For six hundred rolling years I have stood like a watch-tower, I!

I have counted the slow procession of Centuries circling by!
I have looked at the sun unblenching, I have numbered the midnight stars,
Nor quailed when the fiery serpent leaped from its cloudy bars!

Or ever ye were a nation, or your Commonwealth was born,
I stood on this breezy hill-top, fronting the hills of morn;
In the strength of my prime uplifting my head above meaner things,
Till only the strong winds reached it, or the wild birds' sweeping wings!

It was mine to know when the white man ventured the unknown seas,
And silence fled before him, and the forest mysteries;

I rose, his lowers and steeples that pierced the unfathomed sky,
And his proud domes darkened the Heavens—but above them all soared I!

He builded his towns and cities, and his mansions fine and fair,
And slowly his fertile meadows grew wide in the tranquil air;
He stretched his iron pathways from the mountains to the sea,—
But little cared I for his handiwork! 'Twas the One Great God made me!

The Earth and the Sun and the mighty Winds and the Great God over all,
These bade me stand like a sentinel on the hill-top grand and tall.

Know ye that a hundred years ago men called me old and worn?
Yet here I tower above their graves, and laugh them all to scorn!

For what are threescore years and ten, ye creatures of a day?
Ye are to me like the flying notes that in the sunshine play!
Shall I tremble because ye threaten, and whisper that I am old?
I will die of my own free, lordly will, ere the year has shed its gold!

But till then, as I stood or ever the land of your love was born,
I will stand erect on my hill-top, fronting the hills of morn;
In the pride of mine age uplifting my head above meaner things,
Till only the strong winds reach it, or the wild birds' sweeping wings!—
Julia C. R. Dorr in Bazar.

Even if the war in South Africa were over, and the burghers of the Transvaal had been nomially subdued, England's weakness, from a military viewpoint, would still be deplorable. To the unpleasant but undisputed facts bearing on this subject attention has been of late directed in the *London Times* and *National Review*. It seems that the total number of men landed in South Africa from the outset (exclusive of the forces furnished by the Cape Colony and Natal, Canada and Australia) has been 204,000, of whom 71,000 belonged to the Army Reserve, or Militia Reserve, 21,000 to the Militia, and 20,000 to the Yeomanry, or Volunteers. A deduction of the Reserves, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, who can not long be kept under the colors in foreign parts, leaves 92,000 regulars still liable to service, from which figure must be deducted, however, at least 10,000 time-expired men; another 14,000 to replace the men drawn from India and the coaling-stations; and, finally, the losses through death, wounds, and disease, which can not be far short of 7,000 in the aggregate. That leaves just 61,000 men, every one of whom will be needed in South Africa for at least six months after this writing, while it is admitted that 50,000 or more will be needed for a year. Thus, automatically, does the bulk of the British army vanish, so far as the defense of the British Islands is concerned. It may be that Lord Salisbury has these facts in mind when he shrinks from embroiling England with her Continental neighbors on account of divergent interests in China.

The *United States Investors' Review*, published at Boston, in its issue of July 28th, says:

"Only a blind person can fail to see that remarkable transformations of one kind or another are in store for the race; hence the folly of asserting that the policy of this country, which is destined to play such a leading part in the human affairs of the future, shall be governed for the most part by political maxims uttered more than a hundred years ago. The greatest evil which now confronts this republic is the clamor raised by a certain faction for a settlement of our problems of state by such a method as we have been deprecating. Considerably more than a century ago a certain notable Declaration was made in this country to the effect that all men ought to be free and independent. This is merely a generalization of the French school of Voltaire and the encyclopedists. It is a dictum absolutely lacking foundation in history and incapable of syllogistic justification. It was, however, a handy phrase for us to employ when asserting our right to break away from the mother country; it suited the exigencies of our situation in 1776 admirably, though in itself but a bit of sublimated demagogism. The Declaration was a serviceable means to the end that was at that time desired. To bring forward this Declaration in this year, 1900, in connection with our treatment of the Filipinos and the Cubans, is as gross an absurdity as ever was practiced. To do so is to offer an insult to the intelligence of the people who first subscribed to the Declaration in question."

Texas has added a unique page to history by punishing with imprisonment for life eight men for lynching. The mob lynched James Humphries and two sons because they were suspected of stealing a hog. Both lynched and lynchers were white.

THE CAROLAN FANCY-DRESS BALL.

Some Reminiscences of the Most Notable Costume Balls Which Have Been Given in San Francisco Society.

The Carolan fancy-dress ball, at which flowers and fruits figured prominently in the costumes, was the first large affair of the kind for a long time, and celebrated the completion of the handsome stables at Burlingame. There have been barn-dances and cotillions given in the East in elaborate and costly stables, and the Carolan stables are surpassed by none in design, comfort, or appointment.

The George Goulds, at Lakewood, have a large stable built in the French Renaissance style, with brick and stone trimmings and roofs of slate. Then, too, the George Vanderbilts have a costly stable at Biltmore, near Asheville, N. C., which is built in French Gothic style, of light-gray sandstone, with tiled roofs. These have been written about at various times, and are among the show-places in their vicinity.

The Carolan stables are designed not only for the care of fine driving animals, but as well for the convenience of their caretakers; a coach-house, a large kitchen, pantries, supply-rooms, sick-rooms, and sitting-rooms for the employees. A large room in one of the front corners of the building has been reserved by Mr. Carolan for his own use. It is finished in beautiful carved woods, as are the tables, chairs, and desk.

The buildings are entirely of wood, in imitation of the low, rambling manor-houses of Normandy and Brittany. The roofs are covered with shingles which are neither painted nor stained, but which will turn silver-gray from atmospheric action. Part of the front wall is of dark-red brick, and the doors opening into the court are a dark-green. The effect of the whole is harmonious, the blending of the colors most artistic. There is a large court one hundred and forty-eight feet long and ninety-eight feet wide, as in the old Spanish plans, around which the entire structure is built. The court is surrounded by covered porches in which every room opens. In rainy weather the horses can be exercised here. Midway on each side of the court are large pillars, supporting hay-bins. Beyond one left are the box-stalls; beyond the other, the single stalls, which latter connect by an inner passage with the coach-house. This is at the back of the stables. It is surrounded by a cupola fifty-four feet above the court. There are no windows in the coach-house, which is sixty-four feet square, but the light is admitted from the cupola. Four pillars uphold the cupola. Over the entrance to the coach-house is a large clock, and on each side are old-fashioned coach-lamps. The stables are perfect as to size, accommodation, and appointment. They are large, airy, well-ventilated, and the drainage system is on the latest approved models. The interior is finished in fine natural yellowish pine. The floor is of the same, and so well constructed that the noise of the horses' hoofs can scarcely be heard.

In this beautiful stable and coach-house the ball was held. The electric lights, the decorations, the handsome costumes, made it a scene long to be remembered, and the beautiful interior finishing of the stables furnished a setting which added to the brilliant effect.

Of the fancy-dress balls which have been given in New York one has heard discussions many years later. The first great one was given by Mr. August Belmont in 1867. It was at Delmonico's, and so expensive and elaborate that no one attempted to give another large affair of the kind until Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, now Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, gave her famous fancy-dress ball, which had the merit of novelty and originality, as it was sixteen years later. Twelve hundred invitations were issued six weeks before Easter Monday, the date of the ball. It is said that people in good social standing who were not invited begged for these invitations, and offered anything they could give in exchange for the coveted card. Both Vanderbilt mansions on Fifth Avenue were converted into tropical gardens, and no expense was spared to give the effect of a paradise. To prevent duplicates of the characters represented, each guest was asked to send a description of the costume to be worn. Not only the women but the men wore costly and extravagant costumes, such as Prince Carnival, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Louis the Fourteenth, ordered from Paris, and the New York designers were also kept busy.

A number of quadrilles were danced, the sets representing Dresden china, hobby-horses, Mother Goose, and *opera-bouffe*, this latter causing much comment. Each member of the Mother Goose set was a picture of simplicity and modesty, yet the confusion of form and color was too great to make that quadrille the most effective. Mrs. Paron Stevens, in royal purple and ermine, correct as to the minutest detail, was a stately and admired Queen Elizabeth, but it was generally conceded that Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Jr., as the Duchess of Devonshire, was the most beautiful woman at the ball.

The decided effect of this ball was to lift Mrs. Vanderbilt into the ranks of the first people in town. Before this the Astors, Lansings, and Stuyvesants disdained the moneyed cliques of the Lorillards, Goulds, and Belmonts. In turn the Rutherfords,

Cheevers, and Kanes, with their would-be English following, and the Churchills, Jermes, and Iselins; reached a certain standing by their hospitality to and intimacy with visiting Englishmen. The Vanderbilts were half-way between the Astors and the cliques of the Belmonts and Lorillards. Now a new clique was formed which had the Vanderbilt mansion for rendezvous.

The Bradley-Martin ball was the social sensation of that season. It is of such recent occurrence that the remembrance of newspaper comments and discussions apropos remains with us. The elaborate preparations, the extravagance of the costumes, the floral displays, all necessitating the expenditure of a fortune and the employing of many decorators, caterers, florists, modistes, photographers, etc., were both criticized and praised by many, not only in New York but in all parts of the United States.

Californians have ever been noted for hospitality, and though none of the entertainments given here has attracted the wide attention bestowed on the Belmont, Vanderbilt, or Bradley-Martin balls, still San Francisco has had many brilliant functions which are a part of her social history. More than twenty years ago Mr. Sharon entertained at Belmont as only a California Ceresus could. Although there were many smaller affairs, the fancy-dress ball, the reception in General and Mrs. Grant, and the wedding reception of Miss Flora Sharon and Sir Thomas Hesketh stand out prominently. The guests at the fancy-dress ball came from San Francisco in private cars, and were driven to the hospitable mansion. The decorations were elaborate and the costumes all that could be desired in display of originality and taste. Exquisite fancies in flowers and foliage gave an additional charm to the attractive interior. Every attention was paid to details in providing for the entertaining of the guests.

Shortly after her marriage, in 1883, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a fancy-dress ball and German to sixty of her unmarried friends. The Hopkins conservatories lent themselves to a harmonious floral display, and an atmosphere of music and illumination pervaded the mansion. Mrs. Hopkins as "Cherry Ripe" danced with Mr. George M. Pinckard, who represented Hamlet. Among others were Miss Belle Eyre as Snow, Miss Finn as a Spanish Gypsy, Miss Jarboe (Mrs. Jermine Case Bull) as Juliet, and Miss Jennie Hooker as a French peasant. Mr. Frank Carolan was Fagin in a crimson velvet jacket, cashmere vest, old-gold stockings, and a hat to match of old-gold and lace. Mr. Harry Tevis represented a *matador* in a cherry velvet costume, and Messrs. Frank and Mountford Wilson wore Spanish costumes.

In 1886 the De la Montanyas gave an elaborate fancy-dress ball at their residence on Taylor Street, and, later in the year, Mrs. Volney Spalding, of the Bella Vista, entertained three hundred guests in the same way. Among those whose costumes were especially noticed were Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Piskey, Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury, Miss Julia Shafter (Mrs. Hamilton), Miss Julliffe (Mrs. Spreckels), Mr. Porter Ashe as Winter, and Colonel Richard Henry Savage as the Mikado.

At a children's fancy-dress ball given by Mrs. Fair in honor of her daughter, Miss Virginia, now Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., the decorations were unique. Not only flowers and ribbons were used, but scenes from "Mother Goose" were portrayed, and as the children represented these familiar nursery characters the effect was very pretty. At the table, when Miss Birdie cut the cake, twenty-four canaries flew out singing loudly.

Characters from mythology, ancient and modern history, and personages in idealized costumes made of most expensive materials, passed in review before and were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard on the evening of their fancy-dress ball, January 15, 1888, which was one of the most brilliant social events that have ever taken place in this city. The decorations, by Miss Mary Bates, were on a most elaborate scale; she and her assistants had been engaged on the task of decorating the house for almost a week, and ferns, masses of foliage, hundreds of yards of draperies, and a large amount of fruit transformed the Howard mansion, on Gough and Jackson Streets, into a scene of rare loveliness. The walls were hung with a net-work of trailing vines, the balustrades were covered with heavy foliage, and strung from top to bottom with large Leghorn hats filled with roses. One room was decorated with tall redwoods, making a forest scene; another with roses and a blue sky overhead; still another was a perfect enchanted bower of lights. The apartments used for the service of supper were decorated with oranges and lemons, foliage and draperies, ribbons and *crêpe*, to correspond with their tints. The hall was commenced by a series of fancy quadrilles, first the one called "Popular Sports," in which base-ball, lawn-tennis, and aquatics were represented. There were sixteen dancers in this set: Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. Henry May, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Lina Ashe, Miss Lucy Brooks, Miss Belle Brooks, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. Perry Eyre, Mr. John de Ruyter, Mr. Robert Coleman, Mr. John G. Kittle, Mr. John T. Doyle, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, and Mr. M. Hall McAllister. They were all prettily costumed and much admired. Following this was a *gavotte* in which the dancers were attired in *Directoire* costumes, extremely at-

tractive; those engaged in this dance were Mrs. William B. Collier, Mrs. Carlton Coleman, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Jennie Cheeseman, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Sophie McPherson, Captain Collier, Lieutenant Munt, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Carter Tevis, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. A. C. Smith, Mr. G. A. Newhall, with Master Edward Howard and little Miss Collier, who led the dance. There was the stately Minuet de la Cœur, with the ladies attired as Muses and the army officers in full uniforms, including Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Millie Ashe, Miss Betty Ashe, Miss Minnie Carhitt, Lieutenant Gilbert Cotton, Lieutenant Oscar Straub, Lieutenant L. H. Struther, Lieutenant F. P. Peck, and Lieutenant John A. Towers. Later came Mrs. Howard's quadrille of shepherds and shepherdesses, in most becoming costumes. This very pretty dance was participated in by Miss Nellie Carhitt, Miss Susie Tompkins, Miss Fannie Ellicott, Lieutenant Lucas, Mr. Fred B. Lake, Mr. Alfred Redington, and Mr. Brooks Jones. Afterward a cotillion was danced, led by Mr. Gardner Hammond, of Boston, whose partner was Miss Agnes Howard. There were nine figures, in seven of which favors were distributed. The favors were very pretty souvenirs, and were handed to Mr. Hammond by Mrs. A. P. Hayne and Miss Flora Low.

Miss Julia Crocker (Mrs. Samuel Buckbee), entered society as a California eschscholtzia at a fancy-dress ball given by her mother, Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, in 1893. About one hundred and fifty guests enjoyed the evening, and almost every character in history, fiction, and every-day life was represented. Even the comic element was present, for a Salvation Army corps was one of the features of the evening. Miss Fannie Crocker represented an incandescent electric light.

There has been no ball to compare with the Carolan costume ball for many years. It will long be remembered as a brilliant social event.

INTAGLIOS.

Retrospect.

'Tis not the burden of my sin
That binds my soul in dumb distress,
But that my heart is cold within:
I would I had sinned more—or less.

For while to-night I walk alone,
With flaring torch among the tombs,
I read the lines the years have strwn,
Above their dark and silent rooms.

I see the lessons I have learned
As epitaphs upon the soul,
The ashes of the fires that burned,
The shadow of the un-won goal.

I've learned to put the purpose by,
In fear of cold and loneliness—
Toss steep the road, the prize too high—
I've learned to wait and acquiesce.

Thus for a space I linger yet,
And watch the slowly dying light:
A little while I must forget,
And sleep the sleep of yesternight.
—Herbert Muller Hopkins in the Bookman.

Farewell, Remorse.

Farewell, Remorse! Why should I heap
Ashes upon my head, and weep
Vain tears, with only thee as guest
Within these halls where Beauty, Jest,
And Song their court were wont to keep—
Where oft with rosy feet did creep
The dawn while revels banished sleep?
Now get thee hence—I fain would rest.
Farewell, Remorse?

No? Well, though Pleasure's path be steep,
And swollen at its foot rolls deep
The stream of Death, the way is blest
With flowers; and gladly I the quest
Renew, and hold thy warnings cheap.
Farewell, Remorse!
—Edith J. Hulbert in Harper's Magazine.

Friends.

We who have lived so many days and have
So many uneventful days to live,
The pity of it, that we dare not give,
Out of them all, just one, when I and you
Might meet as comrades meet with clasp of hand
And much to tell and to remember, and
Much to be glad and sorry for—we two.

Shall we choose Summer for our day to dawn—
A day of sun and little winds that fleet
Through woodland ways like touch of dryad's feet?
Shall we go wandering the paths we knew,
Aimless as truant children, with the gay
Glad talk that suits a stolen holiday,
Idlest of happy vagabonds—we two?

Or shall our day come when the Winter snow
Slips at the pane and blurs the land from sight,
And all the hearth is glorious with light
That dances on old prints and tankards blue,
And all the books we cherish over-well
Shall lie beside us while we sit and tell
Old rhymes, old tales, and plan and dream—we two?

We who must live so many empty days,
Let us have one that we can claim our own—
A day that shall be made for us alone.
Nay, friend, it is our very friendship's due,
Our right divine to feel ane another free,
Exquisite joy of camaraderie
That binds the very hearts of us—we two.
—Theodosia Garrison in the Bazar.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The governor-elect of Arkansas is Jefferson Davis. The secretary of state, elected on September 3d, is named Crockett, and the State auditor is named Monroe.

Lady Francis Hope (May Yohe) has decided to return to England shortly, having given up all plans to appear in the United States. Teddie Marks, acting on behalf of N. Hashim, of Koster & Bials, New York, is said to have offered Lady Hope fifteen hundred dollars a week to appear in vaudeville, but the offer was refused.

Naval-Constructor Thomas F. Ruhm, who was recently sent to succeed Naval-Constructor Hobson on the Asiatic station, was arrested the other day near Kure by the Japanese police, when thought he was a deserter from the *Oregon*. The magistrate apologized for the blunder of the policeman, and took the naval officer home to dinner.

It is officially announced that the Duke and Duchess of York will visit Australia in the spring. The duke will open the first session of the parliament of the new commonwealth of Australia on behalf of the queen, when in the announcement says that she desires to give this special proof of her interest in all that concerns the welfare of her Australian subjects.

Mme. Réjane, the French actress, is trying to protect her name against the aggressions of a dress-making establishment that calls itself "Mme. Réjane." She has written to the newspapers and may take the matter into the courts. The question of propriety will be a puzzling one, for though none of the dressmaking partners has a name at all like Réjane, the actress herself also assumed the name, as she was legally Gabrielle Réju before she became Mme. Porel.

According to the Allahabad *Pioneer*, one Hazan Kurim died in the village of Jajrani, in Banda, and his widow, Mussamat Bhagnia, made up her mind to burn herself on his funeral pyre. A considerable amount of preparation appears to have been made. Different people were called in to prepare the lady for the ceremony, birds were painted on her feet, and bangles placed upon her, in order that she might become a *suttee*. The fact was proclaimed in the village by a drum being beaten, and practically the whole village assembled to see the lady burn herself on the funeral pyre. It appears from the evidence that none of the people present would venture to fire the pyre, and that the lady had to do it herself. When the flames began to shoot up, her courage failed her; she jumped down from the pyre and was taken away by her relatives.

Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, the young millionaire who recently entered the ministry, preached his first sermon in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, in New Haven, Conn., on September 16th. A little before the service he said to a Yale professor: "I almost wish that I was a poor man. The money that I have inherited is an incumbrance to me. People will never forget that I am wealthy, and that in spite of all I can do my advent in the priesthood has been sensational. Could I have become a minister without attracting all this attention I could have done more good. It is discouraging to me, because in my audiences I shall not be able to know whether the people are worshippers or are there out of curiosity. And what can a rich man do? If he helps the people of Galveston, he will be immediately advertised in all the papers. But I am going ahead and live down my reputation as a rich man. I want to be a humble preacher of the word of God, and I hope, somehow, to make the people forget that I have been called a millionaire."

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LITERARY NOTES.

An Allegorical Religious Romance.

A novel inscribed "to all those churches who quarrel in the name of Christ," evidently is intended to be taken seriously. Marie Corelli so dedicates her latest work, "The Master-Christian," and the title and inscription will attract the attention of many who have given the earlier books of the author little consideration. As a novel, this composition will reach a higher mark in the regard of Miss Corelli's admirers than any that have preceded it, for while it is wildly imaginative and loosely constructed, it has many melodramatic scenes and is florid in style from the first page to the last. As an allegory, bearing on the unfaith and lack of works in the churches, its sweeping denunciation, its unreal figures, and its lurid atmosphere destroy the effect of the bits of good reasoning and touches of power and pathos scattered here and there through its forty long chapters.

The central figure of the tale is a kindly, truly pious old cardinal, who has passed a long and unselfish life in a quiet diocese, and at the last is taking a tour through France for his health. At Rouen he is found at the beginning of the story, and here at midnight, before the closed doors of the cathedral, he meets a child of mystery—a boy who is friendless and forlorn, and unwilling to tell whence he has come—and takes him to his heart. From the first, the appearance of the youth gains the favor of the old priest, and his conversation, his thorough knowledge of the letter and the spirit of the gospel, make an impression that is strengthened as time goes on. A little cripple is brought to Cardinal Bonpré at Rouen, and he prays for him, holding out no promise or encouragement, but Manuel, the boy, touches him, and after the two have gone on their way the cripple is suddenly healed. In Paris the cardinal and his ward meet a selfish, sensual abbé, and in a single interview renew his youthful faith and strengthen him for a public confession and reparation for his greatest sin. After this act, which causes a scandal in the church, the cardinal meets the penitent priest and befriends him, and for this some clerical enemies report him at the Vatican, and also charge him with trickery in bringing about the alleged miracle at Rouen.

Cardinal Bonpré is summoned to Rome, and, accompanied by Manuel, faces the Pope. In this scene the boy boldly attacks the policy of the head of the church, his hermit-like existence, his hoarding of wealth and treasures of art, his contention for a restoration of temporal power, and asks him to come out with him to the people, to aid the poor, to visit the sick, to do as Christ did when on earth. Confusion and terror follow this outburst from the boy, and during the excitement they leave the Vatican and soon after the city. In England the two make new friends, but a letter from Mgr. Moretti demands that the cardinal acknowledge his past errors, return to the church, and abandon the blasphemous youth with whom he is associated, on pain of excommunication. The cardinal replies gently but firmly, though the blow is a crushing one to him, and that night with Manuel he goes to a tabernacle constructed for the use of the Christian Democrats and their leader, and there death comes upon him while Manuel stands before the cross, glorified with a supernatural radiance that attests his divine character.

There are two romantic interests woven into the story. One is the love of Angela Sovrani, a gifted artist, who, though a woman, paints a great allegorical picture, equal to the work of the old masters, and thereby loses her lover, a rival painter, and almost her life. The other is that of Aubrey Leigh, an iconoclast who labors among the people for true religion, and a beautiful countess who is won by his splendid mental gifts. The church, represented by its Roman officials, meddles in these love affairs, but the plotting priests are overcome at the end.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Basis of American Advancement.

A volume of timely interest and of enduring value to all who give consideration to the problems of our government is offered in "Protection and Progress: A Study of the Economic Bases of the American Protective System," by John P. Young, editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. The research, method, and exact statement that mark earlier volumes from Mr. Young's pen are as impressive in his new book, and beyond these there is an original, or, at least, a novel train of thought that fully justifies the presentation of another work upon a subject that has had many expositors. From the preface these lines are quoted:

"The purpose of the writer in presenting what he conceives to be the true object of the protective policy is to combat the erroneous idea that the only useful function of the system of protection is to assist in the establishment of a domestic manufacturing industry. This opinion is now freely expressed by authors who concede that protection performs a valuable service to a nation by artificially calling into existence industries whose growth under so-called natural conditions would have been slow, perhaps impossible; but who contend that when this result has been accomplished the industries created should be left to work out their destinies under a system of unrestrained competition. Those who hold to this view have been led astray by the false teachings of professional econo-

mists who have failed to perceive that no system of political economy which merely considers the present can be sound."

In the space of a brief review no fair outline of the argument of the work can be presented. It can only be said that the author has examined his subject with care, digested the facts and opinions set forth by a score of earlier writers in the same field, brought to the notice of his readers many important statements and admissions, marshaled an array of statistics that would be formidable in appearance as well as meaning but for their careful arrangement and lucid application, and summed up his conclusions tersely. The volume merits and will receive the attention of thoughtful men at home and abroad.

Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Two new volumes of Eugene Field's work, "Sharps and Flats," are soon to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons. These books are to be made up of sketches and verse—one volume to each—extracted from the column headed "Sharps and Flats" that he used to contribute to the Chicago Daily News.

The hero of F. Marion Crawford's new historical romance, "In the Palace of the King," is the famous Don Juan of Austria, son of Emperor Charles the Fifth, who won back Granada a second time from the Moors.

"The Slavery of Our Times" is the title of Tolstoy's new work. It is an inquiry into the results of modern industrialism. The fundamental idea of the book is the negation of coercion.

"A Woman Tenderfoot" is the title of a forthcoming book by Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson, wife of the famous artist, author, and lecturer who has been making us all acquainted with his wild animal friends of late years.

The title of John Strange Winter's latest novel indicates a study of marital relations. It is called "A Self-Made Countess; or, The Justification of a Husband." According to the London Literary World, this is Mrs. Stannard's seventieth book.

Richard Harding Davis's South African book, which is now in preparation by Charles Scribner's Sons, will be entitled "With Both Armies in South Africa."

Sixty editions have appeared in Germany of Father Hammer's translation of General Wallace's novel, "Ben Hur." The translator obtained the author's consent to make some changes in the story, in order, it is stated, to adapt it to European ideas.

Arabella Kenealy, whose new story, "Charming René," has just been brought out, is a daughter of the late Edward Vaughn Kenealy, counsel for the defendant in the famous Tichborne case of thirty years ago in England.

That mighty English hunter, Frederick Courteney Selous, has another book of his adventures ready for publication entitled "Sport and Travel, East and West." The part that relates to the West will be of particular interest to Americans, because it deals with his experiences in the Rocky Mountains.

Kalman Mikszath is a Hungarian writer of novels, said to be second only to Maurus Jókai in the popularity he enjoys among his own countrymen, although outside of Hungary he is almost unknown, even by name. A book of his, bearing the queer title of "St. Peter's Umbrella," has just been published in this country.

A careful estimate of the fees paid by visitors to the various Shakespeare shrines at Stratford-on-Avon shows that the town derives from this source a comfortable annual income of something over ten thousand dollars.

Augustus Hare has finished the "Story of My Life," ending the tale with this, the last year of the century. The three volumes cover the last thirty years. It has thus taken six big books to complete Mr. Hare's account of himself.

The second number of the Mark Hopkins Institute Review of Art, compiled and edited by the curator of the art association, Captain Robert Howe Fletcher, contains, besides a picture of the new Mary Frances Searles Art Gallery, reproductions of recent pictures that have been presented to the association, of some of the work of the students in the school of design, and of several of the monuments that have been presented to this city within the past few years.

The industrious Charlotte Yonge has written a story of mission life in China. It is entitled "The Making of a Missionary; or, Day Dreams in Earnest."

"Dr. North and His Friends," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, which has been running as a serial in the Century, will be published in book-form by the Century Company this month.

We are told by Frederic Harrison that, as a burial place, Westminster Abbey is now absolutely full. Not a foot of ground remains for burial, not a square yard of space for a memorial. The Ruskin committee, with the architect, searched every available corner, and barely found a free square yard for

their memorial to the author of the "Stones of Venice." Mr. Harrison suggests that an annex should be built. If this is not done, the great Englishmen of the future will have no monuments in the abbey.

"Songs from Bohemia," by Daniel O'Connell, will be issued by A. M. Robertson on October 15th.

The first number of Clement Scott's new weekly paper, the Free Lance, will be published in England on October 6th. Mr. Scott has surrounded himself with a brilliant staff, and will write on the drama himself.

"Dr. Dale" is the title of a novel by Marion Harland and her son, Albert Payson Terhune, which is to be published this month. The action of the story takes place in the oil lands of Western Pennsylvania.

Henry George, Jr., has completed the life of his father, on which he has been working for a number of years. It will be issued early in October.

"Observations of Jay (a Dog), and Other Stories," by Morgan Shepard—a little book of a dog's views upon life, children, and other dogs—is announced by Elder & Shepard.

A volume entitled "Idyls of Eldorado," by Charles Keeler, will be issued by A. M. Robertson on October 10th.

Governor Theodore Roosevelt's monograph on "Oliver Cromwell" has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is gotten up similar in form to the author's work on "Rough Riders," and contains forty illustrations from original drawings by distinguished English and American artists, besides a number of portraits, facsimiles, and documents.

Re-Organization of the Harpers.

Alexander E. Orr, the purchaser of the property and franchises of Harper & Brothers, and William A. Nash, Stephen Baker, William M. Laffan, and Augustine J. Smith, of New York, whom he has associated with him, incorporated with the secretary of State on September 21st as "Harper & Brothers," intending to publish the weekly and monthly periodicals issued by the old co-partnership firm. The capital stock is \$2,000,000, divided into 20,000 shares of \$100 each. The directors are George B. M. Harvey, Alexander E. Orr, William M. Laffan, Frederick T. Leigh, William A. Nash, J. Henry Harper, Arthur D. Chandler, and Frederick A. Duneka, of New York, and Clarence W. McIlvaine, of London, England. The plan of re-organization contemplates the issuing of \$1,500,000 first-mortgage 5-per-cent. 100-year gold bonds. All but \$170,000, reserved in the treasury to provide working capital and re-organization expenses, is to be used in paying debts. An issue of \$2,000,000 in 50-year income bonds with voting power is provided for to be delivered to the general creditors at par, the excess to remain in the treasury.

Publishers' Fall Announcements.

Among the books announced for fall publication by D. Appleton & Co. are:

"The Boers in War: The True Story of the Burghers in the Field," by Howard C. Hillegas; "Pine Knot: A Story of Kentucky Life," by William E. Barton; "In Circling Camps: A Romance of the American Civil War," by J. A. Altschuler; "The Girl at the Halfway House: A Story of the Plains," by E. Hough; "A Private Chivalry," by Francis Lynde; "The Flower of the Flock," by W. E. Norris; "The Jay-Hawkers: A Romance of Free Soil and Border Ruffian Days," by Ardela E. Orpen; "Brown of Lost River: A Story of a Ranch," by Mary E. Stickney; and "The Last Sentence," by Maxwell Gray, in Appleton's Town and Country Novels; "The Law in Its Relations to Physicians," by Arthur N. Taylor; "Familiar Fish: Their Habits and Capture," by Eugene McCarthy, with an introduction by Professor David Starr Jordan; "Animal Life," by Professor David Starr Jordan and Vernon L. Kellogg; and "The Storied West Indies," by Frederick A. Ober.

Among the books announced for publication this fall by the Macmillan Company are:

"In the Palace of the King: A Love Story of Old Madrid," by F. Marion Crawford; "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill; "Richard Yea and Nay," by Maurice Hewlett; "The Hosts of the Lord," by Flora Anna Steel; "The Soft Side," a volume of short stories, by Henry James; "Who Goes There?" a story of a spy in the Civil War, by B. K. Benson; "A Breaker of Laws," by G. Pett-

Ridge; "The Bennett Twins," by Grace Marguerite Hurd; "Foes in Law," by Rhoda Broughton; "Rulers of the South: Sicily, Calabria, and Malta," by F. Marion Crawford; "William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man," by Hamilton W. Mabie; "Coventry Patmore: His Family and Correspondence," by Basil Champneys; "Stage-Coach and Tavern Days," by Alice Morse Earle; "Along French Byways," by Clifton Johnson; "Spanish Highways and Byways," by "Fra Angelico and His Art," by Rev. Langton Douglas; "Botticelli and His School," by G. N. Count Plunkett; "Van Dyck and His Works," by Lionel Cust, F. S. A.; "The Clergy in American Life and Letters," by the Rev. Daniel Dulaney Addison; "The Hoosier Writers," by Meredith Nicholson; "The Men Who Made the Nation," by Edwin E. Sparks; "The History of Colonization from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," by Henry C. Morris; and volume one of "A General History of Modern Times" devoted to "The Renaissance," edited by Lord Acton, professor of modern history, Cambridge, England.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Chinese War of 1860.

"Napoleon Third at the Height of His Power" is the title of the fifth volume in the late Baron Imbert de Saint-Amand's series, devoted to the Court of the Second Empire, and the book records the events following the war with Austria for the liberation of Italy. The author again cites for us passages from forgotten diaries, hitherto unearthed letters, extracts from public proceedings, and the like, and contrives to combine and arrange his material so as to make a great many very vivid and pleasing pictures.

The year 1860 was a notable one in the career of Napoleon the Third, for then he was at the height of his power, both initiated and controlled political movements of vast moment, and figured as the real arbiter of Europe. De Saint-Amand describes from the inside the conditions which resulted in the re-adjustment of the map of Italy, whereby Nice and Savoy became French; how Central Italy, outside of Rome, united itself with the Piedmontese Kingdom; and how Naples and Sicily were also added to Victor Emmanuel's domains through Garibaldi's romantic and adventurous campaign. The last chapters of the volume will doubtless be read with the most interest at this time, for they deal with the Chinese War of 1860, when France and England forced their way to Peking and brought the Chinese to terms.

Of the causes of the conflict, De Saint-Amand says:

"At the beginning of 1855 a French missionary, M. Chapdelaine, had been tortured and put to death. In 1856, in the waters of Canton, a small vessel carrying the British flag had been captured by the Chinese authorities. France had been unwilling to leave England to avenge herself alone. In 1857 the fleets of the two oceans bombarded Canton. In 1858 they forced the defenses of the Peh-ho and sailed up the stream to Tientsin. The frightened Chinese concluded to come to terms. June 27, 1858, a treaty was signed which opened new ports to Europeans, proclaimed the free exercise of the Christian religion, stipulated for a war indemnity for the allies, and provided that the ratifications should be exchanged at Peking. The following year the ministers of France and England, MM. de Bourboulou and Bruce, left Shanghai, with the intention of going to Peking to exchange the ratifications of the treaty, as had been agreed upon. On reaching the mouth of the Peh-ho, they found it blocked. The Chinese forts on either bank covered the gunboats of the two powers with their cross-fires. Four hundred and thirty English and fifteen Frenchmen were disabled, and the two diplomats were obliged to return to Shanghai. This happened June 25, 1859, the very day after the Battle of Solferino."

The outrage could not go unpunished:

"The cabinets of Paris and London concerted together the measures to be taken in order to take a signal vengeance on Chinese disloyalty, but did not come at once to an agreement concerning either the importance or the object of the new expedition. Napoleon the Third desired the military operations to be pushed as far as possible, so as to leave a lasting impression on the Chinese mind. On the other hand, at a time when serious difficulties were arising between him and the Holy See, the emperor liked to give a striking pledge of his solicitude for the cause of Christianity, and enjoyed defecating the cross in China with the sword of France. The more dangerous an enterprise, the more it charmed him. The more distant a country, the more it pleased him to display his eagles there. The queen's government hesitated. The difficulties it would experience in sending an army corps so far, and the fear of having again to admit the superiority of French arms, as in the Crimea, deterred it from any decisive step. But the emperor insisted, and after active negotiations, which occupied the months of September and October, his opinion finally prevailed. A grand demonstration was recognized as insufficient, and the Chinese war decided on. France promised a contingent of twelve thousand men, and England one of eight thousand, a portion of which was to be detached from the army of India."

We pass over De Saint-Amand's chapters on the taking of the Taku forts, the ambush of Tuen-Chan, and the decisive Battle of Peking, and quote at length from his vivid account of the looting of the Summer Palace, a magnificent imperial residence some miles to the north-west of Peking:

"The Summer Palace, favorite dwelling-place of the Emperor Hien-Fu, who prefers it to his residence in Peking, where he over sees except to preside at the annual ceremonies, surpasses in splendor and gorgeous oddity all that an Oriental imagination could devise. The barricaded gates are cleared during the night and opened the next morning, September 7th, General de Moutaubau, accompanied by Generals Jamio and Collineau and Colonel Schmitz, enters the marvelous residence, abandoned by the Chinese sovereign since yesterday. 'It is impossible,' said the commander-in-chief in his report, 'to describe the magnificence of the numerous constructions which succeed each other over an extent of four leagues, and which are called the 'Summer Palace'; a succession of pagodas containing all the gods in gold, silver, or bronze, of gigantic dimensions. For instance, a single bronze divinity of Buddha is about seventy feet high, and all the rest is in proportion—gardens, lakes, and curiosities amassed for centuries in buildings of white marble covered with dazzling tiles—to which may be added views of an admirable extent of country.'"

Here is De Saint-Amand's picture of the enchanted scene, the mass of riches, and the accumula-

tion of wonders which greeted the eyes of the invaders:

"Separated by lakes, bridges, artificial eminences, the innumerable pleasure-houses, whose grouping constitutes what is known as the Summer Palace, seem to be scattered broadcast in an immense park, designed in rectangle, and surrounded by walls. The buildings occupied by the emperor are superb. Nothing could be more majestic than the throne-room. It is fifty yards long by twenty wide and fifteen high. In the oratory, the walls, ceilings, tables, seats, pedestals, are all of gold, enriched with precious stones. In the state apartments, as in the smallest rooms, there is a prodigious accumulation of objects of art and precious things; candelabras, crystals, porcelains, censers, fabulous divinities, objects in Oriental jade, in gold, silver, lacquer, ranged on shelves, as they are in European museums. Near the buildings occupied by the emperor are magazines filled with silks, furs, provisions, everything required for the support of his military household, which was composed of not less than ten thousand persons. The Jesuits who came to China in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and were in great favor with the court of Peking, doubtless gave advice as to the construction of this Versailles of the Farthest East—this Versailles far more spacious than that of Louis the Fourteenth."

"The park, whose very lofty walls are not less than fourteen kilometers in circumference, is not less extraordinary than the palace. Here are deep grottoes filled with statues of gods and heasts. Yonder is the great lake, with the wharf for the imperial hawks, and the sovereign's fishing-boat. Here, too, is an exact miniature copy of the tower of Nankin, with its innumerable stories. Everywhere pavilions and pagodas, streams and islands, thickets and labyrinths, observatories and kiosques. One goes from surprise to surprise, from one dazzling splendor to another."

As he passed through on his tour of inspection, General de Moutaubau placed sentinels, and confined to two officers, MM. de Brives and Schoelcher, artillery captains, the care of keeping everything intact until the arrival of the English:

"No ovens of them has yet been obtained, although for the last hour a caisson has been dispatched every five minutes on the esplanade opposite the palace, in order to apprise them of the whereabouts of the French army. The two captains perform their tasks scrupulously. Not a thing is stolen while their surveillance lasts. Unfortunately, this was not the case afterward."

"At half-past eleven the English army at last arrives. Sir Hope Grant and Lord Elgin enter the Summer Palace. Commissioners are at once appointed to relieve the two captains and collect the most precious objects, an equal share of which is to be given to each army. The division is made between the allied chiefs that very evening in the throne-room. General de Moutaubau has a selection of the most remarkable objects set aside to be offered to Napoleon the Third, the Empress Eugénie, and the Prince Imperial. A similar collection is destined for the Queen of England."

"A renewed search on the following day, October 8th, leads to the discovery of gold and silver bullion, which is distributed as prize-money to a regular manner, proportionately to the different ranks. Private soldiers and sailors get about thirty-five dollars apiece."

Until this time all rules of discipline had been strictly maintained. Things, however, did not continue so throughout the day:

"It is suddenly learned that the Chinese of the neighborhood have entered the park, then that they have set up ladders against the palace walls and begun to plunder. Word comes at the same time that attempts are being made to burn portions of it. A first sound of the bugle calls the men to duty. A company of arms is summoned to punish the Chinese thieves. A second call is sounded. Unarmed soldiers with canteens and buckets are required to form a chain and prevent the ravages of fire."

"The emperor, a violent, irresistible threatholder and pushing at the guarded gates. The sentinels are shoved aside. Everybody enters along with the armed company and the laborers demanded. Each takes whatever he can lay his hands on."

"Moutaubau could no more prevent his troops from passing through the great gate at the Summer Palace than Napoleon, for all his prestige as a demi-god, could have held his armies at the moment of the *sauve-qui-peut* of Waterloo. There were troopers with their heads buried in the red lacquer coffers of the empress, others half-hidden by piles of brocades and silks, still others filling their pockets, their shirts, their caps with rubies, pieces of rock crystal, and thrusting great pearls into their breasts. It was like a hashish-eater's dream. The English stole as the French did, but more methodical."

The allies quitted the Summer Palace October 9th, and on the 18th, overcome with indignation at the abominable cruelties committed by the Chinese to foreigners who fell into their hands, Lord Elgin thought it necessary to strike a great blow by a terrible example. Accordingly, he had all that remained of the Summer Palace razed to the ground and burned. He sent an English division from Peking which went methodically at the business of iconoclasm. The palace, the pagoda, museums, magnificent libraries, were given to the flames. Nothing was left but cinders.

The volume is translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martio, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Miss Braddon's own novel, "The Infidel," deals with the Wesleyan movement of the last century, and the central interest is to be found in the love of one of the new religionists for the infidel heroine.

New Publications.

"Boh Knight's Diary at Poplar Hill School," by Charlotte Curtis Smith, may be recommended to the boys. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Dr. Ezra P. Gould has made a volume of the results of his studies with his classes in the Philadelphia Divinity School and entitled it "The Biblical Theology of the New Testament." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

A new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's alluring story, "Treasure Island," has more than forty fresh attractions in the form of original illustrations by Wal Paget. The volume is handsomely made, and will please readers old and new. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Hypnotism in Mental and Moral Culture," by John Duncan Quackenbush, presents a study of mental action and will-power that is not repelling to the general reader. It describes many strange experiences, and presents many novel suggestions, and its conclusions are somewhat startling. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Knighly feats of arms in the tourney and on the field of battle, with episodes of love and jealousy to spice the story, make up "The Glory and Sorrow of Norwich: A Chronicle of Those Pearls of Chivalry, King Edward III. and His Son Edward the Black Prince," by M. M. Blake. A youth who becomes a squire and then a knight, and unhorses the prince at the tournament, gives the words of the record, and his style is terse and often happy. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland will win many new friends with her volume, "Po' White Trash, and Other One-Act Dramas." But one of these little plays—the title-drama, presented by the Frawley Company during the season of 1898—has been seen here, and that one is not the best of the collection. There are nine of the plays; three or four of them are for two characters only, and all seem fitted to win success on the stage. They read better than most latter-day dramatic compositions of their scope. Published by Herbert S. Stoeck & Co., Chicago.

Henry Clews gives many facts concerning the great financial centre of the United States—and soon to be acknowledged as the financial centre of the world—in his book, "The Wall Street Point of View," but the volume is not devoted altogether to financial undertakings and methods. There are essays on collateral subjects, such as the power of the President, the tariff, the labor unions, and the trusts, and there are many historical reminiscences and personal anecdotes. The work is written in an easy style. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Middle Five: Indian Boys at School," by Francis La Flesche, is a volume of sketches that deserves the attention of all who care to know more of the red men of America. It is written by a lodian who was born in a dome-shaped earth lodge in Nebraska, a member of the Omaha tribe, and describes his boyhood at the mission school, his playmates, their earlier remembrances, and their impulses and ambitions. It is a simple, unaffected record, containing much that is of novel interest. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Marie Corelli turned her pen from fiction long enough to write a vigorous and well-balanced criticism of present conditions in England, under the title "Patriotism or Self-Advertisement?" and it has been printed as "a social note on the war." Kipling's poem calling English soldiers "absent-minded beggars," selfish schemes of pretended charity, the cheap newspapers, weak public officials, and silly society women who went to South Africa as to a picnic, are a few of the topics mentioned incisively. Published in paper covers by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 25 cents.

A book addressed particularly to teachers and students of teaching, but which has a far wider interest than is represented by the teachers' profession, as it appeals to all persons directly interested in the education of children, is "The Art of Study," by B. A. Hinsdale. While the principles laid down in this work have the closest application to study and teaching, they also apply to all other learning and teaching processes. It is a volume of two hundred and sixty-five pages, solidly printed, with prominent topical headings and a good index. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

His latest volume, "The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War," is one of the most entertaining if not the most valuable of Professor John Fiske's series of historical studies, perhaps because much of its contents are matters of personal knowledge rather than of research. The work aims "to exhibit an outline of the military events which brought about the overthrow of the Southern Confederacy by turning its left flank," and to those familiar with Professor Fiske's style of praise of his comprehensive view, careful methods, and logical statement is necessary. The score of maps presented in the book are from the author's own sketches. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

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Care of the Face, the Hands, the Feet, the Hair, the Teeth, the Eyes, the Ears.
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I well remember my first visit to the circus. I had half-a-dollar and had invited another boy to go with me, and found that the admission for children was fifty cents each. It was in the palmy days of old John Wilson, and he was taking tickets at the door. My friend and I, finding we had not money enough to go in at the entrance, determined to adopt the usual boyish expedient and crawl under the canvas. We had reached the rear part of the tent with this end in view when several other ends came into view. They were the ends of other small boys who had been dragged from beneath the canvas by an attendant with a hooked cane, which he inserted in the waistbands of their little breeches and then applied the other end of the cane where it would do the most good. This painful spectacle so impressed our youthful minds that we returned to the front of the tent and appealed to the generosity of John Wilson. He allowed us both to go in for fifty cents. Years have passed and John Wilson is dead. His one-ring circus is perhaps eclipsed by the three-ring circus of the Ringling Brothers, but not for me. I never shall forget my boyish joy when John Wilson let me into his circus for twenty-five cents.

Aside from my boyish ideas, however, I must admit that the Ringling Brothers' Circus seems a good one. It is admirably managed, the liveries and uniforms are bright, the costumes of acrobats and equestrians are clean, and the clowns are amusing. Perhaps the funniest thing they did was the "Sooner Band," when a number of them played the "Washington Post March" and other selections just about half a tone off the key. To any one with a musical ear it was intensely funny, but the average circus audience is not so gifted, and I do not think that they detected much difference between the playing of the "Sooner Band" and that of the "Ringling Band."

There are some dashing acrobats in this circus, one group notably, of three men and women, who appeared in evening costumes, sometimes called "full dress." They did all the acts usually performed in gymnastic rig, including the forming of pyramids and turning of double-somersaults and "twisters" from shoulder to shoulder. There are some fine riders in the company, both male and female, although none, perhaps, equal Omar Kingsley, the "Ella Zoyara" of circus fame. Although a man, he excelled any of the female bareback riders in their own bareback acts. Among Ringling's women acrobats there is perhaps none who can compare with the famous Leona Dare. But then her kind comes perhaps only once in a generation.

It is odd to note how the female performers, both acrobats and riders, incline to yellow as a color for their costumes. In the vast tents of modern circuses some color must be worn that strikes the eye. White looks dingy at a distance; even red is not easily discerned a couple of hundred feet away, but yellow starts out of the dingy tent-shades with a flare.

But, after all is said, the stars of the Ringling circus are not the men and women, nor even the horses, but the elephants. The herd of over a score of elephants is admirably trained, and the animals do all the things we have all of us seen on all the circus posters all our lives, but never before in the ring. They stand on four legs, on three legs, on two legs, and on one leg, indifferently, and with equal ease. The spectacle of a bespectacled elephant leading an orchestra of leviathans with a three-and-a-half-ton elephant dancing to their music, would make even a professional mourner smile.

When Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, who are appearing at the Orpheum in "A Modern Marriage," sent word ahead last week that they would need a six-months-old baby in the cast of their sketch, Manager John Morrissey advertised in the papers for one, stating explicitly that the mothers were not to bring their promising babies until ten o'clock on Sunday morning. This condition did not restrain the applicants, and they commenced to arrive bright and early Saturday morning, in the hope that they might get a private audience with Morrissey and commit him to a choice before the appointed time. But they failed, for Morrissey, who had set Sunday morning that the choice should fall upon Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, fled and turned the competitors over to the press agent for instructions. At ten o'clock on Sunday morning some twenty mothers and babies were on hand, when Mrs. Jackson, with a woman's intuition, decided for Anastasia Martha Smith. That her choice was well made was proved at the afternoon performance, when the six-months-old lady made her debut. She was afraid of nothing and smiled at the proper time. There were long faces

when the edict went forth, but the temptation to examine each baby at close range got the better of disappointment, and the gathering resolved itself into a baby show, the mothers exchanging experiences and getting acquainted.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Eddie Foy in "A Night in Town."

Clay Clement and L. R. Stockwell will be seen for the last time in Piner's "The Magistrate" this (Saturday) evening at the Columbia Theatre, and on Sunday evening Eddie Foy, the popular comedian, returns to town with a new farce comedy, "A Night in Town." It is said to be a translation of an Italian comedy, and in England was produced successfully under the title of "In Town." Mr. Foy plays the rôle of David Scrum, a victim of the cigarette habit, who through constant use of this obnoxious indulgence has frequent and amusing lapses of memory. Here are the names of a few of the songs which the leading members of the company will introduce: "The Man from Cripple Creek," parodies on "The Blue and the Gray" and "That's a Picture No Artist Can Paint," "The Girl with the Rainy-Day Skirt," "A Terror from the West," "That's What We Saw When We Went In," "Ma Ebony Queen," and "Ain't It Marvelous."

The original New York and Chicago production of Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis" is announced as the next production.

A Revival of "The Sporting Duchess."

The Frawleys are to revive the famous English melodrama, "The Sporting Duchess," at the Grand Opera House next week. This was the play which inaugurated the Frawley season at the California Theatre last November, and it will doubtless duplicate its former success. It was first produced by Sir Augustus Harris in London, a few seasons ago, and subsequently enjoyed a long run at the Academy of Music in New York. The melodrama abounds in striking situations, which are said to be founded on the eventful life of an eccentric Englishwoman of the nobility, who ran a stable in England under the name of "Mr. Milner." "The Sporting Duchess" calls for a long cast and an especially elaborate setting, two of the most striking scenes being Tattersall's, the great auction mart for horses, and the Derby race, which closes the play. Mary Van Buren, who formerly played the part of Vivian Darville, the adventuress, will in the present production appear in the title rôle.

A revival of the naughty French comedy, "In Paradise," will follow.

Camille D'Arville's Farewell to the Stage.

Camille D'Arville, now Mrs. Crellin, of Oakland, will make her last professional appearance on the stage at the Orpheum during the coming week, and will then retire to private life. Her many friends and admirers will doubtless give her an enthusiastic farewell reception, for she is deservedly the most popular prima donna who has appeared on the vaudeville stage. Miss D'Arville will sing a number of songs in which she has not been heard here before. Among the other new-comers will be Julia Kingsley and company in Fred J. Beaman's farcical absurdity, "It Always Happens"; Belle Davis, the "coon" ballad singer, who will be assisted by "three of the blackest and most musical pickaninnies who have been seen here"; and the Three Poiriers, in a novel ring-and-bar act.

Those retained from this week's bill are Merritt and Murdock, Wayne and Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Kolb and Dill, and the Biograph.

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

The bill at the Tivoli Opera House next week will be a varied one, consisting of "The Huguenots," "Mignon," "Carmen," and "Faust." On Monday night "Mignon" will be sung, with Polletini, Russo, Anna Lichter, Frances Graham, and Nicolini in the leading rôles. Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights and Saturday matinée, "The Huguenots," which has not been heard here since the last visit of the Ellis Opera Company, is the bill, with Barron Berthald as Raoul, Ferrari as Nevers, Nicolini as Marcel, Schubert as St. Bris, Effie Stewart as Valentine, Frances Graham as Urbano, and Italia Repetto as Queen Marguerite.

For Wednesday night "Carmen" is to be given with Frances Graham in the title rôle, Russo as Don José, Anna Lichter as Michaela, Schuster as Dancaïro, and Salassa as the Toreador. For Friday night "Faust" will be sung, with Russo as Faust, Anna Lichter as Marguerite, Frances Graham as Siebel, Nicolini as Mephisto, and Salassa as Valentine.

The opera to be given on Saturday night will be announced in the daily papers.

Mrs. Sarah R. Shafter, mother of Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, Mrs. John R. Orr, Mrs. Edward Goodrich, and the Misses Bertha and Eva Shafter, died at her home in Oakland on Saturday, September 22d, in her seventy-seventh year.

Rubies, when fine, are from five to ten times more valuable than diamonds of the same weight. A four-carat ruby may be worth from \$7,000 to \$15,000. A ten-carat ruby recently sold for \$50,000.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"The Duke of Cambridge."

120 STRAND, LONDON, W. C.
September 4, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Being a mere Britisher, I naturally hesitate to question any statement made by you concerning British royal personages. Whence, indeed, should we, in this country, derive our information about our "royalties," were not the American editors so kind as to publish such information and our editors so obliging as to copy it? If you had not said so, gentlemen, I should not have supposed that the offspring of a morganatic marriage were necessarily illegitimate—so I must thank you for enabling me to clear my mind of an error. I should have thought that when a male royal personage and a female non-royal personage went to church together, and were "joined together in holy matrimony," they were thenceforth man and wife (though not prince and princess), and that their children, should they be blessed with any, would be just as legitimate as those of, say, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, were they blessed with any. I should have supposed that it was the rank only and not the legitimacy of those children that would be affected. But now I know from you that such is not the case, and I am much obliged to you for putting me right.

Your obedient servant, A BRITISHER.

[In reply we shall confine ourselves to definitions, etc., from English sources alone.—EDS.]

ILLEGITIMATE—Born out of wedlock; contrary to law; not genuine.—*Stormonth's English Dictionary*.

LEGITIMATE—Lawful; born in wedlock; genuine; real; not false.—LEGITIMACY—accordance with law or established usage; lawfulness of birth, as opposed to bastardy.—*Stormonth's English Dictionary*.

"MORGANATIC MARRIAGE"—"In the left-handed or 'morganatic marriages' of the German royal families we have the nearest approach ever made by concubinage to true marriage. . . . Under the Royal Marriage Act in England a union of this kind has no matrimonial effect whatever."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, volume XV., page 569.]

An Appreciative Subscriber.

MACON, GA., September 17, 1900
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inclosed find post-office order for four dollars for renewal of my subscription to the *Argonaut*, which expired May 8th. Owing to absence from the States, I failed to renew. Can I renew from date of expiration, getting back numbers? I hate to miss any of the *Argonaut's* valuable articles on current events at this particular time in our stirring, history-making epoch. I also wish to say how much we appreciate the California *Argonaut* in our Georgia home.

Very respectfully, IDA L. HOLT.

Seth Abbott, of San Diego, Cal., father of the late Emma Abbott, the famous American opera-singer, is confined in a cell in police headquarters in Lowell, Mass. He has an income of one hundred dollars a week left him by his daughter, and has gone insane over his money. He was arrested recently for throwing money away on the streets and giving it to clerks in stores, and although he was dressed in broadcloth the police locked him up because they did not know his identity. Now that it has been discovered, he will be given a more comfortable room at the Lowell City Farm.

IN COMPETITION WITH THE PRODUCTS OF breweries all over the world, John Wieland Brewery, of San Francisco, has been awarded a medal and certificate by the International Jury of Awards at the Paris Exposition for its exhibit of "Extra Pale Lager Beer." The announcement received states that the award was made on "purity and flavor," two points of particular importance. This success is gratifying, not only to the brewery, but to all who take pride in the merit of California productions. It gives to the brewery and its product an international reputation, and establishes the superior excellence of the "extra pale lager" as compared with the famous brews of all the nations offered in competition at the exposition. It was a victory for California and a San Francisco brewery over American competitors not only, but over the most eminent brewers of Europe as well. The news of the award came in a letter from Varney W. Gaskill, secretary of the California Paris Exposition Commission of 1900, under date of August 28th. The decision of the jury of awards is noteworthy, aside from its stimulation of local pride, and the satisfaction of the brewers, as it is the strongest evidence that consumers here are assured a beverage of the best flavor that is strictly pure. Those who know of the John Wieland Brewery, and there are few who are not acquainted with its product, will feel an especial interest in the victory won on such grounds.

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RIVAL NELL GWYNS.

The Loodoo theatrical season practically opened with two Nell Gwyn plays, and the illustrated papers make a great feature of this revival of interest in the witty mistress of Charles the Second, who, despite her offenses against the proprieties, still counts in the calendar of personages. In "English Nell," the version produced at the Prince of Wales's, and founded on Authooy Hope's novel, "Simoo Dale," Marie Tempest, who has hitherto been identified with the comic-opera stage, has the title-role. The two characters that dominate the play are not Simon Dale and Barbara Quintoo, the real hero and heroine of the story, but Nell Gwyn and King Charles.

London *Vanity Fair* thus outdoes the plot of "English Nell":

"At certain-rise we find Nell playing with Master Simon Dale's heart, while the haughty Barbara looks on, petulantly tearful. Nell's holiday in the country ends abruptly, for she receives a 'call' to return to town and 'Charles' on the instant. Her departure brings down the curtain. We next find Simon, Barbara, and Nell in town; and we make the acquaintance of the king, who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one. Mr. Hope has allowed the king to say many good things; he is without doubt the most amusing personage in the comedy, and his absence from the scene is a distinct loss. After Simon has thrown up his commission in the guards—oo findiog it has come to him through Nell—we pass to Dover Castle, where Simoo 'drinks of the king's cup,' according to the prophecy of the wise woman, Betty Nasroth. The cup is poisoned, but Simon is a hero, and so the fluid harms him not. But it enables him to feign drunkenness in order to defend Barbara from the too-pronounced advances of James, Duke of Monmouth; and, the defense of the lady accomplished, Simon realizes that he has made a foolish move. Thereupon happens Nell at the castle. She takes the lovers under her wing, and, after she has given us a really delightful comedy scene with Charles, escorts them from Dover to safety.

"Come to Canterbury, Simon apparently wavers in his devotion to Barbara, Nell seeming to desire his love. But Barbara is the heroine, and, after the manner of her kind, carries a little song with her to keep Simon from danger. She sings it at the psychological moment and defeats Nell, who takes her defeat very kindly. She carries the lovers to her house at Chelsea, where later she receives her dismissal from the favor of Charles. But Nell is not cast down, for she is strong in her belief of the king's word being kept; and in the long ago he vowed that he would come and say good-by in person. He comes. Again we have a delicious comedy scene between the two, and the curtain comes down upon the royal lover with his lady restored to happiness and favor."

The Haymarket Theatre version, "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," by Paul Kester, produced in America several years ago by Mme. Rhea, is likely to prove the more popular, because of Julia Neilson's vivacious impersonation of the title-role. Says the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"Julia Neilson looked the part to perfection, and the king's falling an instant victim to her charms—in the capital scene of the first act—carried complete conviction. What man on earth could have resisted the adorable familiarity of so sweetly beautiful a girl? Not only in this scene, but throughout the piece, Miss Neilson acted with a vivacity, a tenderness, an earnestness, and a sense of humor that carried all before her. She had so much to do and did it so well that the success of the play was never for a moment doubtful.

"Paul Kester was perforce handicapped, as have been all the playwrights who have made Nell Gwyn their heroine, by the lack of ready-made dramatic material. Nothing in the life of the actress who won the heart of the king, and of the people as well, lends itself in the least to effective stage treatment. The author's task was to make bricks without straw. And Mr. Paul Kester found salvation, as did his predecessors at the Prince of Wales's the other night, by making Nell the good angel of lovers in distress, the *dea ex machina* of the intrigue furnished by minor characters. This method gives ample opportunity for the representation of individuality, which is, after all, the chief requisite of comedy. Mr. Kester introduces Charles the Second in a like manner—not as the chief agent of the plot, but as spectator, commentator, and final arbiter. He has not, however, supplied either the Merry Monarch or his mistress with the traditional wit that made Messrs. Hope and Rose's play so entertaining; his Charles, whose *raison d'être* is his wit, falls therefore far short of his rivals' king in spirit and effectiveness, and Mr. Fred Terry, whose make-up was as good as that of Mr. Frank Cooper, must not be held wholly answerable if he did not produce a result as satisfactory as that of his rival actor.

"If Mr. Kester's dialogue is not equal to that of 'Little Nell,' his plot is, on the other hand, considerably stronger. Sir Roger Fairfax, a former lover of Nell's, returns from exile, without the king's leave, in order to marry his sweetheart, Lady Olivia Vernon, a ward of Lord Jeffreys. In the first act Nell saves the lady from the insults of gallants at the door of the theatre in Drury Lane. In the second act she hides the lover in her house in Pall Mall. The king visits her and presently Jeffreys's minions come in pursuit of Fairfax. The king withdraws to another room. The guards insist on searching the house. Nell stands in front of the door which conceals the king. Jeffreys removes her by force, and his majesty is discovered—an excellent situation. Fairfax, behind the other door, is forgotten. But Jeffreys secures him at last, and in the third act he is tried and condemned, and Lady Olivia commanded to marry Lord Rochester, whom she hates. Nell, by assuming the judge's robes and wig, imposes on one

of the servants, and contrives Lady Olivia's escape to the palace. In the pocket of the robe she discovers letters proving Fairfax's innocence, and in the end she succeeds in bringing about the union of the lovers, the favor of the king, and the dismissal from his court of his notorious courtisans, Lady Castlemaine and the Duchess of Portsmouth."

Both plays have been elaborately staged and are sure to enjoy good runs, for the rivalry, instead of working injury to either production, seems only to have stimulated curiosity to see both and make comparisons.

Influence of Women on the Stage.

Mary Shaw, who is acting one of the leading roles in the revival of "Ben Hur" in New York, contributes an article to the *Criterion* entitled "How Women Rule the Stage," in which she alleges that "in America the stage is ruled, molded, and supported in accordance with feminine taste, feminine wishes, and feminine fancies." She quotes the late Augustin Daly as saying that "the American stage is made by women for women," and that counting matinee and evening performances together, "eighty-five per cent. of American audiences, at least, are women." She contends that not only the plays, but also the actors, must please the women or fail hopelessly. And, to please them, these actors and these plays must, more or less, respond to their ideals. Continuing, she says:

"Frankly, I am doubtful whether, in a large number of cases, these feminine ideals are either very artistic or very reasonable. Many women, both on and off the stage, have minds so constituted as to be capable of enjoying and encouraging the highest in stage art. Happily there are many of this class. Others, I fear, though I do not care to say whether they do or do not form the majority, judge art (more particularly dramatic art) by somewhat infantile standards.

"It is not the fault so much as the misfortune of many feminine play-goers that they are apt at times to be narrow and also illogical in their attitude towards the stage. Women's lives are not so broad as men's. It is said that women hate ironic plays. And I am sure, at any rate, that they dislike all plays which satirize their sex. They love the plays which seem to show them at their best—plays in which they are painted as superior to men; more magnanimous, more noble, or more clever. They shrink instinctively from comedies in which the man outwits the woman. Dumas fils, who fathomed all the mysteries of femininity, was thoroughly conscious of this. When he had written his 'L'Ami des Femmes' ('The Squire of Dames'), he predicted its failure—because, as he knew, it would displease the women. The hero in the play saw through the heroine. That, the author foresaw, would be objectionable to the average woman, both in the theatre and out of it.

"To please the average audience, in which women so largely predominate, the playwright and the actor must touch certain chords. If they can touch them in a certain way, the response will be immediate, sure, and general.

"One of these chords is motherhood. Developed or undeveloped, the maternal instinct exists in every woman. And nothing is more easy than to play on it. The most skillful and most truthful scene, interpreted by the most able actor, may miss fire. But if a character, impersonated by an actress of even moderate ability, can only be made to put her handkerchief to her eyes, exclaiming, 'My child! They would part me from my child!' numbers of women in the audience will begin weeping. And, strange as it may seem, the proportion of those who weep will be almost the same every evening.

"In no detail of art is women's influence more potent than in the matter of acting. Women may like actors for this or that attribute. Chiefly, however, they love actors to seem masculine. That is why many a good artist, of fine quality, is less popular than other actors of inferior art, men, it may be, who have 'robustious' methods, men who rant. The masculinity outweighs the art.

"The gallery, I have found, is quicker to appreciate good art than either the balcony or the orchestra. Why? If you insist I will hint at an explanation. Few women in most play-houses affect the gallery. That may have something—a very little—to do with it.

"We are dealing with a serious matter. The women who support our stage may make it, or they may mar it. They may encourage or discourage worthy plays. They may improve our actors, and they may debase them.

"Women in the American theatre are all-powerful."

Julia Arthur, the well-known actress, has surprised her friends by announcing that she has determined to return to dramatic life this season. Early in the summer she declared that with her husband, Benjamin P. Cheney, the Boston millionaire, she would retire to private life. She has reconsidered her determination, however, and has in preparation a new version of "Hamlet" entirely different from that interpreted by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. The production, she says, will be far more elaborate than any play she has produced for some time. It will be brought out in New York in March, probably at the Broadway Theatre.

If you want to enjoy an inexpensive day's outing, take a ride on the Scenic Railway through picturesque Mill Valley to the Tavern of Tamalpais. For time-table see ad elsewhere.

Mrs. Elizabeth Agnes Provines, mother of Archibald Clavering Gunter, the novelist, died at her home in this city on Sunday, September 23d.

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—J. W. Bucy in Puck.

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I'm the happy farmer,
I'm io my highest glee;
Every man who makes a speech
Is talking straight to me;
Hopes I'm making money—
I'm a regular pet,
Politicians all seemed scared
For fear I'll get in debt.

I'm not wearing broadcloth,
I've no horseless rig.

Just the same, at present
I am feeling mighty big.
It kind o' puts a person
In a satisfying mood
To find that he's the object
Of so much solicitude.

—Washington Star.

Bryan and Croker.

I am dying, Croker, dying,
Flits the White House vision fast,
And Expansion's coming shadows
Gather on November's blast;
Let thine arms, O Croker, clasp me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to my great heart-sorrows,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my Pop. and Anarch legions
Bear their red flags high no more,
And my wreck'd and scatter'd platform
Strews dark Philippine's fatal shore,
Though no G. A. R.'s surround me,
My ambitions to fulfill,
I must perish the true fakir,
Die the great jaw-boner still.

Let not William's brave adherents
Mock the Silverite laid low;
'Twas no gold man's arm that felled me,
'Twas your Ice-Trust struck the blow;
I who worshiped on thy bosom,
Turned aside from Western ray,
And who, drunk with thy orations,
Madly threw my gold away.

As for thee, thou Boss of Tigers
Thou enchanter of the Thogs,
Guard my path back to Nebraska,
With a regiment of your Pugs.
Give McKioley golden crosses,
Let him in the White House shine;
I can scorn e'en Teddy's triumphs,
Basking in a love like thine.

I am dying, Croker, dying;
Hark! the exultant Patriots cry.
They are coming! Quick, my jaw-bone,
Let me front them ere I die!
Ah! no more amid the campaign
Shall my voice exulting swell;
Tammany and Altgeld guard thee!
Croker, Washington, farewell!

Stonyhurst College had a picture of the Madonna, which was presented to it seventy years ago by Lady Arundel of Wardour, who bought it in Rome for twenty-five dollars. The painting turned out to be by Carlo Crivelli, and has just been sold by the college for a large sum, said to be twenty thousand dollars.

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VANITY FAIR.

M. Henri de Rénier, the French poet, who in the course of his tour of the United States last winter gave a series of interesting lectures on French literature at the State University, at Berkeley, prints some queer criticisms of America and things American in the *Gauleis*. The death of Mr. C. P. Huntington, the multi-millionaire, gave M. de Rénier this golden opportunity. "From nothing," he says, "he obtained something which in America is everything—riches. America is proud of her rich men because they are a sort of national product, the visible evidence of common effort. In a country whose ideal is money the possession of it in great amounts is almost a dignity, or at least an example and an encouragement. Germany glories in Goethe or in Wagner, Italy in Michael Angelo or in Dante, while France has many selections in the domain of genius where the spirit of the race can be honored. America follows in the same line; but she knows very well that the few great artists she produced are only hers by accident. Consequently her national pride turns to those who best represent her veritable aspirations, to her mighty men of money. To them alone she renders her most sincere homage."

De Rénier admits that American scenery is not without its beauties, but he declares that the towns have done much to spoil it. "The towns are the ugly, disfiguring spots of America, and they are multiplying from day to day. Some of them, only ten years old, have become immense. The extraordinary Chicago is an example of these sudden and wondrous growths. It dates from yesterday, and already it seems eternal. It is the Rome of business, just as New York is the Carthage. Nothing can be uglier than New York or Chicago, because they have not that provisional air which makes us forgive our European cities their docks and their factories. But in New York and Chicago the docks and the factories constitute the cities proper, with the streets, the noise, the methodical numbering of the streets, and the division by squares of the houses. Evidently all this is intentional, as can easily be seen from the way the same disposition is reproduced all over the country, from the great city to the small town, and even to the little village. Go from the East to the West and you will find the same condition always in evidence, the same ugliness due to hasty and utilitarian construction. Even Washington itself, the official city, the most "architectured" town in the Union, can please nobody who admires anything better than a wretched copy of the antique, like the Washingtonian Capitol."

"When a stranger crosses the Atlantic," says De Rénier, "one of the first pleasures that Americans promise him is that of being able to travel immense distances in perfect comfort. 'Railroad traveling in America,' they say, 'has none of the inconveniences that it presents in Europe. You are not shut up in a wagon without air and without room. You can sleep as you would in your own bedroom. You can eat and smoke in comfort and enjoy every luxury. Our enormous locomotives will bring you rapidly across the plains of the Union and over the mountains. You will travel from the lakes to the forests, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and enjoy the changing scenery and climates.'" It was after such promises that De Rénier twice crossed the American continent on different railroad lines, and found, to his sorrow, that the boasted traveling comforts in America were far from what they were represented to be. "How can one sleep," he asks, "on the horrid little bed that the traveler gets in a car which contains at least thirty of them, all occupied, because the train called 'limited' is ordinarily full from end to end? You are half-smothered behind a heavy curtain. When you get up you find the wash-room occupied by a gentleman who takes his time. You will find the same gentleman in the smoking-room and in the dining-room, or in his seat before his little portable table drinking soda and whisky, or playing cards with a partner. Surely the narrow French railroad car, with only eight persons at most, is far more comfortable. There you have to deal with your traveling companions only. But on American trains you have the entire crowd of travelers for companions. That lasts four or five days; and toward the end of the journey the nigger waiter is bound to become quite familiar with you, if you are weak enough not to treat him in the American fashion—that is to say, very rudely. Of course there is a parry for all this misery. It consists in hiring a sort of cabin-car, where a rich man can be alone or take with him the ever-faithful *vis-à-vis* of riches—*ennui*."

A unique campaign for the suppression of the cigarette-smoking habit has just been inaugurated by the young ladies of Brooklyn Heights, N. Y. They have organized a club which has been called "The Anti-Cigarette League," with Miss Augusta Hallan as president, and have passed the following resolutions: "It shall be the duty of every member to do all in her power to stop the use of cigarettes by young men. Each member agrees to speak to at least one young man each day on the evil effects of cigarettes; a list of names of users of cigarettes shall be furnished at each meeting, with names of those ready spoken to. If, after being spoken to

on two occasions, a young man shall still persist in using the offensive weed, all the members shall agree not to speak to or notice him upon any occasion until he shall provide positive proof that he has abstained from them for fully four weeks. The use of pipes or cigars shall be permitted. These rules shall be printed and copies given to any young man who persists in using cigarettes after being once told of the ideas of this league. A social gathering shall be given once each month during the fall and winter at the homes of the members, to which shall be invited those of our male friends who have stopped using cigarettes." Some of the young men have sneered at the possibilities that lie behind the newly formed Anti-Cigarette League and have vaguely hinted at a crusade on their part against ice-cream and chocolates and other dainties. The girls, however, parry this thrust by pointing out that all the desirable girls in Brooklyn Heights belong to the league, and so if any young man wishes the society of any young woman in that neighborhood there is no question that he must drop cigarettes.

The September "fox" hunts at Newport—without a fox, of course—have drawn fair crowds to the meets, but they did not awaken the enthusiasm they used to. In the early halcyon days of fox-hunting about Newport there were crowds at the meets, in carriages, on horseback, and even on foot, and most of these followed the chase as closely as possible along the country roads, wherever wily Reynard led the hounds and the hunters. Then there was genuine sport and plenty of hard riding over fences and ditches, down dale and up hill, until the fox was brought low. When the trail began to be laid out, both the spectators and the riders had a better show, but less sport and excitement. The trail was carefully laid where the way would be easiest for the hunters, and if it were impossible to make it light, otherwise a rail or two could be readily left down from a fence to make a jump less difficult and dangerous. It was also made to run near the highways, or within good viewing distance, so that the spectators might lose but little of the course. In the old fox-hunting days, too, it used to be the custom for the hunters at the end of the season, or at some time during the continuance of the chases, to give the farmers a hunt-supper as a sort of recompense or evidence of good feeling for the privileges extended to the followers of the hounds in the use of their land for the hunts. After the fox was eliminated from the hunt and the anise-bag course was laid out at pleasure, it was possible to avoid practically all damage to the land traversed in the run, but the custom of giving the hunt-supper to the farmers was still continued. That practice was followed this season, for on Saturday last the farmers and their families and their friends were invited to gather at Southwick's Grove for a grand hunt-supper and dance.

In his book on "South America—Social, Industrial, and Political," Frank G. Carpenter thus writes of the social life of Chile's aristocracy: "The rich Chileans live like princes, and spend enormous sums of money. I have been in Santiago houses which have upward of fifty rooms, and which are furnished as expensively as some of the palaces of Europe. Many of them have their billiard-rooms and ball-rooms. They contain fine paintings, statues, and elegant furnishings. The curtains in one palace in the Alameda cost two hundred thousand dollars. Another house is a reproduction of the Alhambra in Spain, and a third, situated in a garden of five acres, has a series of beautiful halls, ending in a Moorish bath-room, with a marble pool in the centre of the floor. These great houses are commonly of one or two stories, the rooms running around *patios* or gardens. They have ceilings frequently fifteen or sixteen feet high, and are furnished more with regard to striking effect than to comfort. Much of the furniture is plated with gold-leaf, and the general style of the hangings is French. There are no fire-places in the Chilean houses. There are no stoves or chimneys with which they could be connected if desired. Though Santiago has a temperate climate, it is sometimes as cold as Atlanta, Ga., in winter. Chilean gentlemen keep on their overcoats and ladies their furs in the parlors, and it is not an uncommon thing for men to wear their overcoats over their dress-suits when at dinner. At the Santiago opera both sexes always appear in full dress, the ladies usually resplendent with diamonds. The people pay but little attention to the music, devoting most of their time to looking at one another. In order that they may do this the better, the lights are never turned down. Ladies take their hats off when they enter the boxes, and the men bare their heads during the acting, but as soon as the curtain goes down every man puts on his hat. Between the acts, ladies and gentlemen go out to promenade in the lobbies, where there are restaurants at which the ladies can have ices and the men, if they wish, can have everything from champagne to a variety of cocktail which was introduced into Chile by a former United States secretary of legation. It is, indeed, the one thing American which now holds and will always hold its own in Chile."

The right of a woman in England after divorcing her husband to retain his name and title upon her re-marrying is affirmed in a curious opinion by the court of appeal (points out the *New York Evening*

Post). The Countess of Cowley, after getting a divorce from Earl Cowley, re-married and continued to style herself Countess Cowley. Then an injunction was granted to the earl restraining his former wife from using his title. The court of appeals stated that there was no doubt that Earl Cowley possessed in his title an incorporeal hereditament, and that his former wife had no legal title to the designation Countess Cowley. But the difficulty with the earl's case was that the injury he complained of was not an injury or damage cognizable by law. Even if an action of trespass could be maintained in defense of any such supposed right which the earl might have, the court thought that the countess's act could not be described as a trespass, for the reason that her act amounted, at the most, to a true assertion that she was once the wife of Lord Cowley. Developing the law of the case, the court said: "Though a person has no property in his name, his status, whether married or single, is recognized by law, and carries with it certain rights and obligations; yet he could not complain if a woman who was not his wife claimed to be his wife, or enjoy her from so doing unless she did it maliciously. We are not, of course, dealing with a common-law action of defamation which might conceivably be supported by such facts. In the present case the lady has married again, but the right claimed by the earl would, if allowed, be equally effective to restrain her, whether she had married again or not. It is unnecessary to consider whether social usage would support the lady in continuing to use the style Lady Cowley. The existence of such usage might be material in any proceeding where malice was part of the cause of action, but it is irrelevant on the present inquiry."

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, September 26th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	600	@ 109%		109%	110%
Edison L. & P. 6%.....	25,000	@ 130		130%	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	9,000	@ 107%		107	107%
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	22,000	@ 118		117%	118%
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	3,000	@ 118%		118%	119
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 106%		106	107
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	19,000	@ 107%		107%	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	1,000	@ 117		117	118
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	6,000	@ 104%		104	
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%.....	16,000	@ 100%		100%	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	44,000	@ 120%		120%	120%
S. P. Branch 6%.....	10,000	@ 133		133%	133%
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	5,000	@ 102		102	

	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	150	@ 69%—70		69%	70%
Spring Valley Water.....	206	@ 96—96%		96	96%
Gas and Electric.....					
Equitable Gaslight.....	475	@ 3%—3%		3%	3%
Mutual Electric.....	20	@ 10		10	
Oakland Gas.....	15	@ 50		50%	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	33	@ 52—52%		52%	
Pacific Lighting Co.....	10	@ 44		44%	
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry.....	76	@ 35		35	37%
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	265	@ 53%—53%		53%	53%
S. F. Gas.....	250	@ 5		5	5%

	Shares.	BANKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
First National Bank.....	14	@ 287%		285	300
German Svgs & Loan.....	2	@ 189%		1880	1900
Street R. R.....					
Market St.....	25	@ 67		67	67%
Powders.....					
Giant Con.....	56	@ 84%—85%		84%	85
Sugars.....					
Hana P. Co.....	25	@ 8		7%	8
Honokaa S. Co.....	25	@ 31		30%	31%
Hutchinson.....	40	@ 25		25	26
Kilauea S. Co.....	45	@ 21%		21	21%
Makaweli S. Co.....	87	@ 43%—44		43%	44
Paauhau S. P. Co.....	75	@ 31		30%	31%
Miscellaneous.....					
Alaska Packers.....	126	@ 124%—125		124%	125
Oceanic S. Co.....	25	@ 93%—93%		93%	94

The market is again in the doldrums and not a sign of a breeze to carry it out of them. Political uncertainty, "public utilities," and no manipulating have taken the wind from the sails of all of the securities, and left them rolling in the trough. Yet for legitimate dividend investments, what can be found safer than many of the securities that are listed on the Stock and Bond Exchange, and where can better interest be obtained? An old Comstock king once said: "Buy 'em when they're low and sell 'em when they're high." Considering the dividends now paid and assured for the coming year, they certainly, in many cases, are "low."

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEORGE R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW,
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A. W. BLOW & CO.
Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.
Stock and Bond Broker.
Telephone Bush 351.
407 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd

Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.
In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.
GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer,
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Essentially Hygienic
For the HEALTH For the TOILET
Over Sixty Years of Increasing Popularity.
Assists digestion and maintains or re-establishes a healthy circulation of the blood; indispensable to those who value health.
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TOILET POWDER
A Positive Relief for Chapped Hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin.
"A little higher in price, perhaps than worthless substitutes, but a reason for its 'delicious' after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Sample free."
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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
526 California Street, San Francisco.
Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,238,372.45
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1900..... 28,938,395.12

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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.
532 California Street.
Deposits, July 1, 1900.....\$26,952,875
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 218,593
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS.....1,000,000.00
PROFIT & LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,453,469.59
July 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; L. L. LYMAN, Asst. Cashier;
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.
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Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD.
Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,
411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Scottish peasant, boasting of his relationship to the Duke of Argyll, explained the connection in this way: "The duke's piper's sister's wee laddie has a wee doggie that's ain brither to my aunt's wee laddie's doggie."

In the course of the terrible march of the Irish Fusiliers from Dnndee to Ladysmith the men were much fatigued, owing to the rough journey. One man in particular stumbled along as if walking in his sleep. An officer passed. "Sir," said Michael, "what country is this we're marching over?" "The Natal tableland, my man," was the reply. "Bedad, sir," said Michael, "I think the table's turned upside down, and we're walking over the legs of it!"

The night clerk of a leading hotel of Washington, D. C., says that last winter a Southern congressman came to him and demanded that his room be changed. When asked what displeased him, he replied, angrily: "Well, that German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarinet so that I thought I never would go to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding at my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'If you please,' said the German, 'dot you would schmore of der same key. You was go from B-flat to G, and it spoils der moosic.'"

The following excerpt from Margaret Macaulay's little volume on her brother, which was printed in 1864 for private circulation, shows Macaulay's catlike ability always to fall on his feet: "One day Tom said jokingly that there are some things which always inclined him to believe in the predominance of evil in the world. Such, he said, as bread always falling on the buttered side, and the thing you want always being the last you come to. 'Now, I will take up volume after volume of this Shakespeare to look for 'Hamlet.' You will see that I shall come to it the last of all.' The first volume he took up opened on 'Hamlet.' Every one laughed. 'What can be a stronger proof of what I said?' cried he; 'for the first time in my life I wished that what I was looking for would come up last, and for the first time in my life it has come up first.'"

Henry W. O'Melveny, of Los Angeles, had a unique experience last week at Madera, where he arrived at midnight, dirty, unkempt, and unshaven, after a ten-days' fishing trip in the interior. After settling down in the deserted station, to await the arrival of the Los Angeles train, O'Melveny decided to purchase his railway ticket before the ticket-window opened. Only a week before, the railroad agent of a neighboring station had been robbed, so when the traveler opened the side door of the ticket-room and walked in, the Madera agent instantly sized him up as a road-agent, and, drawing his gun, held it in his right hand, while with his left he drew his money from the drawer and, thrusting it into the open safe, slammed the door. Then, keeping O'Melveny covered with his revolver, he reached over and rapped out on the telegraph key for the benefit of the assistant-operator in the next room the single word "tough," while the assistant answered in the same fashion, "Yes; very tough." In the meantime O'Melveny had extracted a twenty-dollar bill from his pocket and requested a ticket to Los Angeles. The tender of so much wealth by such a disreputable fellow was positive proof in the agent's mind that it was a scheme to have him open the safe for change and then rob him. Backing away as far as the partition would permit, and holding his revolver ready to fire, the agent was about to take desperate measures, when his assistant recognized the supposed robber and rapped out on the key: "Los Angeles lawyer; O. K.; not half as tough as he looks." Mutual explanations followed.

When Robert Toombs, of Georgia, was a young man in his twenties, he raised a volunteer company and joined General Scott, who was then conducting a campaign against the Indians in Florida. Scott knew the character of his red enemies, and was in no hurry to attack them in the positions which they had chosen. His delay did not suit the Georgia captain, who one night paid a visit to the general's tent, where he found Scott engaged in a pleasant conversation with a dozen officers of high rank. When asked what he desired, Toombs said in a stern tone, "I desire to know, sir, whether the army will march against the enemy within the next few days." "I am not ready yet to answer that question," replied the general, with a smile. "Then, sir," continued the youthful captain, "I will notify you that unless the army marches to-morrow I propose to go forward with my company into the very heart of the Indian territory!" When this astounding declaration was made, the officers expected the general to administer a withering rebuke; but as Scott admired the youthful captain's bravery and was willing to overlook his breach of military discipline, he contented himself with answering in a quiet, soothing tone: "Very well, captain—very well, captain, use your own pleasure, by all means. Take your company to-morrow and

March into the Indian country. We may follow you a few weeks later. But don't wait for us. Take your company and go ahead. Good-night, captain!" Toombs, of course, did not march his company against the enemy the next day, but remained at his post, and was an exemplary officer during the remainder of the war.

AMERICAN NERVE IN LONDON.

It is believed that the first Americans who ever succeeded in bluffing their way into the House of Lords are Dr. Frederick L. Forker and Mr. Ralph D. Smith, of Binghamton, N. Y., who recently returned from a European tour. According to the New York Sun, they visited the vacant chambers in Parliament Building when they first went to Europe, four months ago, but at that time neither House was in session. When they returned to London, early in July, and learned that both Houses were in session, they determined to try to witness the working of the most dignified and august body in the world, the House of Lords.

Inquiring at their hotel they learned that no tickets are issued for admittance to that House, in fact that there are no admittances, except to friends, who are taken in by members. They learned that the American embassy has two tickets each day for admission to the House of Commons, and that it is also much easier to get admitted to that body through some member.

They visited the embassy, but learned that all tickets were spoken for weeks in advance. The attaches of the embassy could suggest no way in which they could secure admittance unless they knew some member. After a day's unsuccessful effort to place a member of Parliament on their acquaintance list, they visited the agent of a steamship line, who had shown them courtesies when they first landed. He could suggest nothing, until he remembered that he knew a member of the lower House. He promised to see what he could do for the tourists.

That night he came to their hotel bringing them two tickets from his member acquaintance which would admit them to the House of Commons. When they suggested their desire to visit the House of Lords to several Englishmen, the Britishers simply gaped in wonder at the men whose nerve would prompt them to think such a thing.

On July 19th the tourists were admitted to the gallery of the House of Commons, where they listened for some time to the weighty discussion on the advisability of permitting the Irish language to be taught in the schools of Ireland. This debate soon became too tame for the Americans, and they left the House in quest of larger game.

They started down the long hall leading to the assembly chamber of the upper House. Soon they were stopped by the uplifted hand of a guard. "S-t. You mustn't come here. The House of Lords is in session."

The Americans were not to be stopped by such trifles. They engaged the guard in conversation, and soon worked themselves into his good graces. Then they explained the situation, and asked him to help them get into the House.

"Don't you know some lord?" inquired the good-natured fellow.

The Americans admitted that they had no lords on their calling-list. The guard scratched his head in perplexity. Finally he suggested:

"Well, I'll tell you. Just bide a bit, han' per'aps some lord will come out."

The tourists "bided several bits," but none came. More scratching of his head brought another idea to the guard, who suggested:

"Now, don't tell no one that I told you, but go down to the door there and inquire for Lord Aberdeen, and see if you can make it."

The Americans believed that this was good advice, as it put them one guard nearer the goal. They presented themselves to the stiff officials, who stood at the outer door of the House, and Mr. Smith said:

"We would like to see Lord Aberdeen."

The guards were inclined to argue the question, but the Americans stood their ground, emphasized their demands, and convinced the guards that they were important dignitaries. Their cards were carried in to the former governor-general of Canada.

"Does his lordship expect you?" inquired one of the guards.

"I don't know as he expects us to-day," replied Mr. Smith.

"But the waiting-time, my brothers, was the hardest time of all," explains Dr. Forker, in describing the incident. "As we stood there we had time to think of the sublime nerve of the thing, and the perspiration stood out on our faces. We wondered how we were going to know his lordship should he come out. But we were too far into the game to throw up our hands. While we stood debating what we should do next, the guard loudly announced: 'Lord Aberdeen.' Turning, we saw behind us a pleasant-looking but very dignified, well-dressed man of middle age, and then we knew we had got to see the game to the limit."

Putting on his best brand of bluff, Mr. Smith stepped up to his lordship and began:

"Mr. Aberdeen, we owe you an apology, but we wish to get into the House of Lords, and we were referred to you to take us in."

"Mr. Aberdeen was too much surprised to speak at first, so the young attorney explained.

"We have just come from the House of Commons."

"How did you get into the House of Commons?" inquired Lord Aberdeen.

"On tickets from a member."

"What member?"

"Why it was—ah—it was—what member was it, Doc?" inquired the nonplused attorney, ending his sentence in an aside to his companion.

"Damfino," whispered back the physician, "I never thought to look at the ticket."

"Well, really, Mr. Aberdeen, we've forgotten the member's name," explained Mr. Smith, "but we just came from the lower House, and we were referred to you to take us into the House of Lords."

"A very wise adventure, gentlemen," suggested his lordship with a trace of sarcasm. But his twinkling eyes showed that he appreciated the humor of the situation. "Come with me," and he led the way through the ante-rooms, opening into the assembly chamber.

When the stairs leading to the gallery were reached he reflected a minute and then said: "I think I won't send you into the gallery; come this way," and he led them on to the floor of the House.

His lordship conducted the Americans up to the bar of the House, stood with them for a short time, pointing out Lord Salisbury and other prominent members, and then found seats for them.

The Americans listened to the debate for some time, having an opportunity to hear Lord Salisbury speak briefly. A few minutes later Lord Aberdeen, on leaving the House, came up to the tourists, explained a few points about the debate, and cordially shook hands with them as he went out. They followed him shortly, reflecting on what can be accomplished by bluff and Yankee nerve.

MOTHERLY ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

By Mrs. Lydia Pinkham Maginnis, President of the Colonial Daughters of the Dames of the Revolution.

HOW TO WASH THE BABY.

As a rule babies should be washed by hand. Machine-washed babies do not mature so rapidly, and being rubbed on a wash-board is likely to wear holes in the baby.

The baby should be put to soak over night in lukewarm water in which has been dissolved a handful of pearlina. This takes the place of the old-fashioned way of leaving him in a wash-boiler on the stove for three or four hours, and saves much labor.

In the morning, after rinsing in three waters, add a little ball blue to the last and pass the baby quickly through it. Too much blueing is apt to give the baby a faded look.

We do not think that babies should be put through the wringer too soon after washing. Better results are obtained by hanging them on the line at once, if it be a sunny day. Otherwise they may be hung up before the kitchen fire, and, when thoroughly dry, starched and ironed at your convenience.

TYPE-WRITERS AND THEIR EMPLOYERS.

Many a young girl who has entered on her career as a type-writer has through ignorance made mistakes which, if warned in time, she would have avoided.

Type-writers should invariably be kind to their employers. It must be remembered that they are men after all, and that an occasional kind word will do much to lighten the cares of a busy day.

You will add brightness to your surroundings if every day on your way to the office you stop at the florist's and get a dozen or two American Beauties or a couple of bunches of violets to place on your desk. At the close of the day you can put a flower in your employer's button-hole. This is a little attention which his wife will be bound to appreciate.

Always hum a tune when at your work. Type-writing to a rag-time accompaniment lacks the monotony which is apt to bore your employer.

If he is in the habit of swearing at your mistakes, do not rebuke him before the office-boys, as it might hurt his feelings.

Find out when his birthday occurs and mark the event by giving him a bottle of champagne or a box of cigars. An employer always appreciates thoughtfulness on the part of his type-writer.

Do not wear a décollet gown in the office. You might catch cold, and your coughing would annoy your employer.

If you will bear these little suggestions in mind, dear girls, you will not only be successful in business, but much happier in your daily life.—*Life's Burlesque of the Ladies' Home Journal.*

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Scotch Whisky

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Wednesday, October 10
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, November 3
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Wednesday, November 28
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, December 22
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND
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Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.
America Maru. Wednesday, October 17
Hongkong Maru. Tuesday, November 13
Nippon Maru. Thursday, December 6
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 9 p. m.
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Oct. 17, 2 p. m.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., September 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, October 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, 11 A. M., September 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, October 4, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Sept. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, October 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., September 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, October 4, and every fourth day thereafter.
For further information obtain company's folder.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., September 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, October 2, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
New York. October 10 | St. Louis. October 24
St. Paul. October 17 | New York. October 31

RED STAR LINE.
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Southwest. October 10 | Kensington. October 24
Westernland. October 17 | Noordland. October 31

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For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

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Sunday Call 1.50
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San Francisco, Cal

SOCIETY.

The Taylor-Hopkins Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Helen Hopkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins, to Mr. Augustus C. Taylor, son of Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, took place at the summer home of the bride's parents at Menlo Park, on Wednesday, September 26th. The ceremony was performed at half-past twelve P. M., by the Rev. E. L. Parsons, of San Mateo, assisted by Rev. Frederick W. Clampett, of Trinity Episcopal Church, of this city. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father, and the bridesmaids were the Misses Edna and Georgia Hopkins, sisters of the bride, Miss Carrie Taylor, sister of the groom, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Mollie Thomas, and Miss Caro Crockett. The best man was Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., brother of the groom, and Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, and Mr. Harry M. Simpkins acted as ushers.

The ceremony was followed by an elaborate wedding breakfast served in the lawn-tennis court, which had been transformed into a bower of beauty.

A special train left San Francisco at eleven o'clock carrying the guests, and others came from Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood City, and Belmont. Among others at the ceremony and breakfast were:

Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Bissell, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bruguère, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander G. Eells, Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Follis, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. James O'B. Gunn, Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head, Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph King, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Macondray, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Robert Mackenzie, Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Paige, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Russell, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Schwerin, Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. Chaucey Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Zeile, Mrs. McMullin, Mrs. Andrew Martin, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mrs. Percy Selby, Miss Laura Dudley Bates, the Misses Carolan, the Misses Cadwalader, Miss Sarah Collier, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Katharine Dillon, Miss Alice Findlay, the Misses Hager, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Anna Head, the Misses Josselyn, Miss Kittle, Miss Latham, Miss Maynard, the Misses McMull, Miss Laura McKinstry, the Misses Morgan, Miss Adelaide Murphy, the Misses Preston, Miss Pierce, Miss Redding, Miss Simpkins, the Misses Stubbs, Miss Bertha Smith, the Misses Taylor, Miss De Guigne, the Misses Zeile, Mr. J. William Allan, Mr. Thomas Berry, Mr. Emile Bruguère, Mr. Francis Bruguère, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Clarence Follis, Senator Charles N. Felton, Mr. William R. Heath, Mr. George Loughborough, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. Edgar Mills, Mr. George A. Newball, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Henry Reddington, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Edward Sheldon, Mr. Lawrence I. Scott, Mr. P. N. Tompkins, and Dr. Harry A. Travis.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left Menlo Park later in the afternoon for an extended honeymoon.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Follis to Mr. Frank W. Griffin. Miss Follis is the daughter of the late R. H. Follis, the mining millionaire, a sister of Mr. Clarence G. Follis and Mr. James H. Follis, who married Miss Mary Bell Gwin some months ago. Mr. Griffin is general manager of the Consolidated Gold Dredging Company on Feather River, near Oroville, is a graduate of Harvard College, and a member of the University Club. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The engagement of Miss Edna Hopkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins, to Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., second son of Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, was rumored at the Taylor-Hopkins wedding at Menlo Park on Wednesday. Neither of the families have denied it.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Kilsyth Livingston, of New York, and Mr. Charles J. Welch, son of Mrs. Bertha Welch, of this city, which has been set for October 24th, will be solemnized in the private chapel of Archbishop Corrigan's residence, on Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street, New York. Miss Livingston will be presented to the groom by her uncle, Mr. Van Burgh Livingston. Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Eugene Lent, the groom's sister, and his brother, Mr. Andrew P. Welch, will go on to New York for the wedding. The Trowbridge residence, West Forty-Seventh Street, has been secured for a home for the young people, who expect to spend a season each year in Honolulu.

The engagement is announced of Miss Martha

Hutchinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hutchinson, of Oakland, and Mr. Bernard Ransome, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Leslie Ransome, of New York.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elsie Grabam Bell, daughter of Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Gilbert Hovey Grosvenor, son of Professor Grosvenor, of Amherst College. Mr. Grosvenor has recently been appointed managing editor of the *National Geographic Magazine*.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Cora Fairchild, of Gainesville, Tenn., and Surgeon M. Crawford, U. S. N., who was stationed on this coast a few years ago, and is now in New York.

Mrs. Frances Carolan will give a servants' ball in the stables at "Crossways" next week, to which all the servants at Burlingame and surrounding places have been bidden.

Mr. Fred A. Greenwood gave a dinner in honor of his sister, Miss Jane Greenwood, and her fiancé, Dr. Ernest Dwight Chipman, in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Monday, September 24th.

Miss Butler gave a luncheon at the Hotel Rafael on Friday, September 21st, at which she entertained Mrs. Lyman C. Bent, Miss Bernie Drown, Miss Charlotte E. Wood, Miss Ida Gibson, and Miss Mary Stubbs.

Mrs. Augustin S. Macdonald is to give a tea and reception at her home, "Blink Bonnie," Linda Vista Terrace, Oakland, in honor of Mrs. Andrew L. Stone on Wednesday, October 3d, from four to six. Mrs. Macdonald will be assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Eckert Stone, Mrs. P. A. Williams, Miss Amy McKee, Miss Berenice Macdonald, Miss Florence Dunham, Miss Elizabeth McNear, and Miss Caroline McDougal.

Mrs. William W. Morrow gave a luncheon at the University Club on Wednesday, September 26th, in honor of Lieutenant and Mrs. Arthur Bainbridge Hoff and Miss Agnes Cooley, of New York, who have recently returned from Japan and left for the East on Wednesday evening. Others at table were Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. A. F. Fechteler, Lieutenant Henry L. Roosevelt, of Mare Island, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morrow, and Miss Morrow.

The Friday Night Club, the only dancing club of Oakland which has organized this season, gave an assembly at Reed Hall on Friday, September 28th.

Mr. A. J. Waterhouse will give a reading for the benefit of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association at Century Hall, Tuesday, October 2d, at 8 o'clock P. M. Mrs. Charles Dickman will sing, and the Press Club Quartet and a quartet of University girls, in cap and gown, have also volunteered.

Golf Notes.

Golf is having quite a boom in San José, where the ladies who are members of the Linda Vista Golf Club are manifesting much interest in the game. The course is a 9-hole one, and the club house is situated on an elevation in the foot hills, about two miles from San José, along the Alum Rock Road. W. J. Bradley makes weekly trips from San Francisco to San José to instruct the tyros of the latter town. Among the ladies who already play a fair game are Mrs. John Carroll, Miss Edna Bowman, Miss Estella Lion, and Miss Swiebert. Among the men, Guy Vachell, A. C. Kuhn, R. W. Hersey, and Marshall Bond are the most expert. The tournament over 18 holes, medal play, for men, was won by Guy Vachell, with a score of 102. The ladies' match was won by Miss Minnie B. Houghton, of the San Francisco Golf Club, with a score of 122.

The final round for the men's championship of the Los Angeles Country Club took place between E. B. Tufts and J. E. Cook over 36 holes, match play. On the first 18 holes E. B. Tufts was 1 up, but J. E. Cook won, 2 up, after a close and stubborn contest. F. H. Edwards won first place in the second division, beating F. Stephens, 5 up, 4 to play. The ladies' championship was won by Mrs. W. T. Bishop, who defeated Mrs. E. D. Silent, 6 up, 5 to play.

There is a golf links now in San Joaquin County, where the people of Oakdale, Modesto, and Ripon practice the royal game. The course is on the banks of the Stanislaus River, near the Bailey ferry, and the club already has about fifty members.

The championship of the Redondo Country Club was won recently by N. F. Wilshire, who defeated R. D. Osburn, 6 up, 4 to play, over 36 holes.

Alfred Tobin, a son of the late Richard Tobin, died at the home of his mother, at the corner of Taylor and California Streets, on Monday, September 25th. He had been in delicate health for some time, and contracted pneumonia early last week, which hastened his death. He was thirty-nine years old, a native of San Francisco, and was graduated from St. Ignatius College and the Hastings College of the Law. Alfred Tobin was associated with his brother, Supervisor Joseph S. Tobin, in the practice of law under the firm name of Tobin & Tobin. The deceased was a director of the Hibernia Bank, and was interested in several other enterprises.

The Channing Auxiliary announces a course of eight lectures, with readings, by Mr. Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California. They will be given in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church, corner of Geary and Franklin Streets, on successive Fridays, commencing October 12th.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Dorrington-Harris Musicales.

A musicale was given by the pupils of Mrs. Dorrington and Mrs. Harris at Byron Mauzy Hall, on Saturday evening, September 22d, at which the following programme was rendered:

Quartet, selected, Masters Ferno Shule, Leon Netter, Ernest Charleston, and John Dorrington; solo, "Thoughts at Twilight," Weiss, Miss Lottie Whitehead; solo, "Elsie Gavotte," Seiler, Miss McVickar Tibbits; solo, "St. Patrick's Day," Richards, Miss Agnes Gibney; quartet, "Silver Stars," Bohm, Misses Myra Fast, Mabel Taggard, and May and Ernest Charleston; solo, "Carmen," Bizet, Miss Tessie Netter; solo, selected, Miss Margaret Tibbits; solo, "Faust," Gounod, Master John W. Dorrington; quartet, "Elaine," Holst, Miss Lillie Dallman, Mesdames Hendy, Dorrington, and Harris; solo, "Aolian Harp," Smith, Miss Dollic Lewis; solo, "Il Trovatore," Verdi, Miss Ruth Jacobs; quartet, selected, Misses Rose Rosenstein, May Harris, and McVickar and Margaret Tibbits; solo, "Martha," Flotow, Miss Florence Cohn; solo, "William Tell," Rossini, Master Ernest Charleston; duo, "I Puritani," Berg, Mesdames Harris and Dorrington; solo, "Moonbeams on the Lake," Mack, Miss May Charleston; solo, "Rustling Leaves," Lange, Miss Rose Rosenstein; quartet, "Le Premier Bal," Streabog, Misses Tessie Netter and Ruth Jacobs, Masters Leon Netter and John Dorrington; solo, "Caprice Bohemia," Boyd Wells, Miss May Harris; solo, "Maritana," Wallace, Miss Myra Fast; solo, "La Festa," Holst, Miss Lillie Dallman; duo, "Flag of Honor," Holst, Misses Dollic Lewis and Florence Cohn; solo, "Neapolitan Boat Song," Wachs, Miss Mabel Taggard; solo, selected, Master Leon Netter; solo, "Con Amore," Beaumont, Miss Ida Lablang; duo, "Gypsy's Jubilee," Seiler, Misses Lottie Whitehead and Agnes Gibney.

Miss Anna Wood's Concert.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, the contralto of the First Unitarian Church in Boston, will give her second and last concert, before departing for the East, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall this (Saturday) afternoon, when the following programme will be presented:

"Bois E. pais," "Come, Sweet Morning," old French; "The Little Red Lark," old Irish; aria from "Alceste," "Divinites du Styx," Glück; "Morning Dew," "Mother Sorrow," Grieg; "Wie bist du meine Königin," "Vergebliches Standchen," Brahms; "Wiegenlied," fourteenth-century air; "Serenade," Strauss; "A Summer Night" (by request), Goring Thomas; "Song of Four Seasons," "The Roses are Dead," "Autumn" (folk song), "Thro' the Long Days," "Love Me if I Live," Foote.

Unusual interest is being manifested in the grand symphony concert to be given at the Tivoli Opera House on Thursday afternoon, October 25th, by Max Hirschfeld and his selected orchestra of sixty musicians. Orders for seats are rapidly coming in, but in order to avoid any disappointment in the allotment of seats the management urges prospective patrons to place their orders as soon as possible at any of the music stores in the city, or at the Tivoli box office.

The first concert of the fifth season of the Minetti String Quartet is to be given at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Friday afternoon, October 5th, beginning at three-fifteen precisely.

In recognition of the benefits San Francisco has received at his hands, and especially in appreciation of his recent gift of the music-stand in Golden Gate Park, Mr. Claus Spreckels was waited upon Tuesday evening at his residence by the directors and former directors of the Merchants' Association and presented with a beautifully engraved silver tablet. The presentation was made by Vice-President Grant immediately after an address of welcome on behalf of the association by Frank J. Symmes. Mr. Spreckels repended feelingly, and conversation and responses to impromptu toasts followed. The tablet is a solid-silver slab set in ebony, having the portrait of Mr. Spreckels and the music pavilion photo-engraved directly on the silver plate, followed by an engraved testimonial to the donor of the pavilion.

The steamer *Nippon Maru* which sailed on Saturday, September 22d, for Japanese and Chinese ports via Honolulu, took a good passenger list and a full cargo of freight. The passenger business of the Japanese steamers is steadily increasing, the accommodations on the *America Maru*, to sail on October 17th, having already been engaged.

It is expected that the steamer *Zealandia* will return from her excursion trip to Hawaii with the Mystic Shriners in time to open the route between this port and Tahiti, leaving the Oceanic steamer *Australia* to continue on the Honolulu route.

— BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 173 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who have been passing the greater part of the summer in France, arrived in New York from Liverpool early in the week on the White Star steamer *Oceanic*. They were accompanied by Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, who has been traveling in Europe with Mr. Charles E. Green, of this city, and the latter's son.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Ardella Mills, who arrived in New York a fortnight ago from London, are expected home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Rutherford arrived in New York from Liverpool early in the week on the White Star steamer *Oceanic*. Mrs. Crocker and the Misses Rutherford are expected in California in November.

Mr. John D. Spreckels, who departed early in the week for Philadelphia to be present at the trial trip of the Oceanic Steamship Company's new steamer, *Sierra*, on October 1st, will remain in the East until the return of his family from Europe early in November.

Mr. R. H. Pease and family, who have been spending the past three months in Portland, Or., have returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. J. A. Folger expects to leave for the East soon, to remain during the winter.

Mrs. R. T. Sprague and the Misses Sprague were in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay, who have been spending the month of September at Dunachten, the moor in the Scottish Highlands which they leased, will sail from Europe for New York on October 17th.

Mrs. John Boggs has leased the Asa Wells residence, 2118 Pacific Avenue, and will occupy it October 1st. Miss Alice Boggs, who has been traveling through the East for six months, will return home in a few weeks.

Judge and Mrs. William W. Morrow have returned from their visit to Portland and Seattle.

Mrs. Adam Grant has been sojourning at Paso Robles during the past fortnight.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs has arrived from New York for a stay of some duration.

Colonel and Mrs. George W. McFarlane, of Honolulu, accompanied by Miss McFarlane and Miss Florence Greenebaum, of this city, left last week for an extended trip through Europe and the Orient.

Mr. W. J. Hogg, Miss Mabel Hogg, and Miss Florence Callaghan were the guests of Mrs. Nellie G. Arques, at San José, last week.

Miss Alice M. Mullins and Mrs. Charles Wyndham, of London, who have been traveling in Southern California during the past fortnight, leave for England the latter part of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Pringle, of Oakland, have taken a house on Buchanan Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Dougherty and family came over from San Rafael early in the week, and were at the Palace Hotel.

Judge W. B. Gilbert, of the United States Circuit Court at Portland, is staying at the Occidental Hotel for a few days.

Mr. A. W. Lyser was in New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. McBride, Mrs. C. D. Blaney, and Mrs. R. D. Kirkwood, of San José, were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Dickie, of San Mateo, were at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fairchild, of Los Angeles, are among the permanent guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

A party including Mrs. Albert Miller, Miss M. A. Miller, Mrs. W. F. Herrick, Mr. P. L. Miller, and Mr. William A. Miller, of Oakland, enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. W. A. Hawley, of Santa Barbara, has taken permanent quarters at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. C. F. Mullins and Miss Maud Mullins have returned from a trip to the Yellowstone Park and a month's big game hunting in the Rockies.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Gay are back from their Eastern trip, and have taken apartments at the Occidental Hotel, prior to returning to their home in Honolulu.

Mrs. F. G. Waterhouse is at the Hotel Pleasanton en route to the Farallones, where she will spend two weeks.

Among the week's visitors at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. Robert M. Price, of Oakland, Miss Louise Quigley, of Los Angeles, Mrs. E. H. Tracy, of Boston, Mr. John W. Russell, of Colombo, Mr. Melville D. Dinkelspiel, Mr. R. G. Broderick, Mr. Eugene de Conlon, Mr. S. B. Costigan, Mr. George Fritch, and Mr. C. Warren.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Devlin, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Charlesworth, of Pleasanton, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, of Grass Valley, Mr. and Mrs. G. Simon, of Honolulu, Mr. W. W. Wells, of Chicago, Mr. A. G. Burnett, of Santa Rosa, Mr. and Mrs. S. Blackson, of Vancouver, British Columbia, Mr. J. L. Hackett, of Louisville, Ky., Mr. A. P. Bennett and Mr. William Isbister, of Palmerston, New Zealand, Mr. George C. Anderson, of Chicago, Dr. D. Smith, of Livermore, Mr. E. C. Merritt, of Santa Rosa, Mr. E. F. Tamm, of Los Gatos, Mrs. E. A. Preno, of Los Angeles, Mr. M. S. Arndt, of Stockton, and Mrs. E. L. Gill, of Honolulu.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Smith, of Sacramento, Mr. W. C. Lawrence, of Portland, Or., Mr. and Mrs. M. Harris, of Monterey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Flaville, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Bittmann and Miss E. Bittmann, of Leavenworth, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Miller, of Indianapolis, Mr. and Mrs. M. Howard, of Oakland, Miss C. Palicki, of

Honolulu, H. I., Mrs. Thomas Ryan, of Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs. W. F. Kammeron and the Misses Kammeron, and Dr. William Babcock, of Los Angeles, Mr. S. M. Farley, of Butte, Mont., Mrs. F. H. Hayes and Mrs. C. C. Stevenson, of San Rafael, Mrs. F. J. Lowrey, Mr. F. D. Lowrey, and Mr. A. J. Lowrey, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. John Floyd Waggenmann, of Washington, D. C., Mr. Walter E. Norris, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Woods, Dr. and Mrs. D. O. Lewis and Miss Aubrey Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Blow, Mrs. Ira Venn, Mrs. Emily C. Thomas, and Miss Mildred F. Thomas.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain Theodore F. Kane, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kane, of New York, are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, of this city, at her home on Jackson Street.

Major George Ruhlén, quartermaster department, U. S. A., who has been stationed for two years at Honolulu, arrived at the California Hotel on Sunday last, accompanied by Mrs. Ruhlén. He will exchange places with Major Robinson, quartermaster, U. S. A., at Seattle.

Assistant-Paymaster F. K. Perkins, U. S. N., is visiting at the home of his father, Senator Perkins, at Vernon Heights, Oakland.

Mrs. John Irwin, Jr., who has been visiting Commander and Mrs. Phelps at Mare Island, leaves shortly for New York to meet her husband, Paymaster Irwin, U. S. N., who is attached to the United States steamer *Buffalo*, now en route for home from the Orient.

Captain Charles H. Martin, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved as head of the sanitary department in Manila and ordered to China.

Mrs. J. J. Bradley came down from Vancouver Barracks last week to join Captain Bradley, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who returned from the Philippines on the transport *Hancock*.

Assistant-Surgeon M. K. Elmer, U. S. N., has been ordered from the Boston Navy Yard to accompany a battalion of marines to Mare Island, then to duty on the *Ranger* to relieve Assistant-Surgeon H. E. Odell, U. S. N. The latter has been ordered to accompany a detachment of marines to the Asiatic station, where he will then relieve Assistant-Surgeon J. C. Thompson, U. S. N., who has been detached from the *Newark*, and directed to proceed home and await orders.

Major Henry Wygant, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., is spending the winter in New York.

Lieutenant Miles C. Gorgas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gorgas came over from Mare Island on Wednesday and made a short stay at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain Henry Leonard, U. S. N., has been detached from duty with the marine regiment in China and ordered to the hospital at Mare Island for treatment.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis H. Harrington has been promoted to the rank of colonel United States Marine Corps, Major Otway C. Berryman to the rank of lieutenant-colonel United States Marine Corps, and Medical-Director G. W. Woods, U. S. N., has been retired.

Mrs. Guilfoyle, wife of Captain J. F. Guilfoyle, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., during the absence of her husband in the Philippines, will be located at 1722 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Dorn, wife of Lieutenant-Commander E. J. Dorn, U. S. N., who has been visiting friends at Annapolis for some weeks, is expected in this city soon, en route to Samoa, to join her husband, who is now on duty on that island.

Lieutenant John A. Jackson, Thirty-Third Infantry, U. S. V., was at the California Hotel during the week.

Among the officers who arrived on the United States transport *Grant* on Saturday, September 22d, were Colonel J. M. J. Sanno, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel James R. Campbell, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. V., Major J. A. Augur, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain George Palmer, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain Edward Chynoweth, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain Charles W. Jefferson, Forty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. V., Captain George E. Gibson, Thirty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. V., Lieutenant Henry Page, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., Lieutenant E. E. Haskell, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant John A. Jackson, Thirty-Third Infantry, U. S. V., Lieutenant Jesse L. Hall, Thirty-Third Infantry, U. S. V., Lieutenant W. E. Safford, U. S. N., and Lieutenant A. B. Hoff, U. S. N.

The *Ventura*, the third and last of the big freight and passenger steamships that are being built in Philadelphia for the Oceanic Steamship Company, was launched on Wednesday, September 26th, at Cramp's ship-yard. Miss Elsie Cronsmiller, niece of Mr. John D. Spreckels, president of the company, gave the vessel its name. The *Sierra* and *Sonoma*, the *Ventura*'s sister ships, will go on their trial trips in a few weeks. The *Ventura* is 400 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 23 feet deep. She is 6,000 tons gross register, with twin screws, and 7,500 horse-power. All three of the vessels will ply between San Francisco and Australian ports.

Mrs. Emily Scott Wilson, widow of Samuel M. Wilson, died on Saturday, September 22d, at her late residence, 711 Pine Street, after an illness of many months. Mrs. Wilson was the daughter of John Scott, a well-known lawyer in Missouri, where Mrs. Wilson was born seventy years ago. She came with her husband to California in the pioneer days, and since then had resided continuously in this city. Mrs. Wilson's death means a division of the Wilson estate, which was left intact when Mr. Wilson died in 1892.

The Tanforan Fair.

The opening of the San Francisco and San Mateo Agricultural Association's Fair at Tanforan Park was inaugurated on Monday last with excellent trotting races by members of the Golden Gate Park Driving Association, and on Tuesday the judging of horses in the horse-show exhibits began. The first exhibition of the day was that of roadsters in harness to buggy. K. O'Grady's gelding Gulliver was awarded the blue ribbon on the points of manner, style, and conformation. John Curley's filly Belle and Thomas Waite's mare Belle were disqualified on account of being attached to sulkies. In the second exhibition—ponies in harness—Henry J. Crocker's Bessie was the only entry, and was awarded the blue ribbon. K. O'Grady's mare Maggie B. received first prize in the class of roadsters (pacers).

Three saddle horses were entered in the class between fourteen hands two inches and fifteen hands two inches, the blue ribbon going to John Parrott's gelding Padre, the red ribbon to Francis Carolan's mare Diana, and the white ribbon to an unnamed horse entered by J. Downey Harvey. In pony tandems there was also a close contest. Prizes were awarded as follows: First, John Parrott's gelding Pal and filly Chum; second, Francis Carolan's geldings Blaze Away and Fiddlesticks; third, Peter D. Martin's unnamed ponies. Charles Newman showed a spick and span pair of roadsters in Maud Newman and Neerbell and received the blue ribbon in recognition of their fine appearance and fine gait. For horses in harness Henry J. Crocker's Cloverdale, driven by John Carroll, was judged the best, and accordingly was awarded the blue ribbon. Charles Templeton's Ben Bolt won the red ribbon and H. J. Crocker's Moorland the white ribbon.

Owing to a mishap to John Parrott's tandem, there was left in the tandem class for novices only H. J. Crocker's Cloverdale and Moorland, and they were awarded the blue ribbon.

The chief feature on Wednesday was the pony and steeple-chase racing. The grand stand presented a brilliant appearance, especially after the arrival from San Mateo of the guests of the Taylor-Hopkins wedding. The gayly gowned spectators were liberal in their applause, and as each winner of the coveted blue ribbon sped by the stand he was greeted enthusiastically.

In the first game of the polo tournament on Tuesday, a team composed of Thomas A. Driscoll, Peter D. Martin, and Charles Dunphy defeated a team composed of John Lawson, Walter McCreery, and Francis Carolan by a score of 7 to 1. In the second game, on Thursday, the victors again defeated a team composed of John Lawson, Walter McCreery, and Robert Bettner by a score of 5 to 2.

The entries for the Pacific Coast championship field-day to be held this (Saturday) afternoon have exceeded all expectations. There are one hundred and twenty-three entries in the twelve events, exclusive of the Academic Athletic League relay race, in which it is expected that eighteen men will compete. The most sanguine members of the Olympic Club, under whose auspices the field day will be held, expected no more than sixty entries, but more men entered from the Academic Athletic League and from the University of California and Stanford University than was anticipated. The most successful field day ever held on this coast is thus assured.

In the death of Colonel John P. Jackson, collector of the port of San Francisco, on Tuesday, September 25th, public affairs in California lost a figure that had been prominent for thirty years. Colonel Jackson was born in Cleveland, O., studied law in the office of Bellamy Storer, and was a companion of Benjamin Harrison. He practiced law in Cincinnati for fifteen years, fought in the Civil War, and in 1867 went to Europe to sell the bonds of the California Pacific Railway. He was successful in his negotiations, and on his return was made president of the road. He built the Stockton and Copperopolis road and the Visalia branch of the Southern Pacific. He bought and sold the Donahue road and superintended the construction of the Los Angeles and Santa Monica line. Twice he was editor and proprietor of the *Evening Post*. He was an ardent Republican, well known as a public speaker, and was interested in politics and public affairs up to the week of his death.

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GOING -TO- MEXICO ?

The Southern Pacific Company will run a Special Train of Pullman Sleeping Cars from San Francisco to the City of Mexico, leaving on Wednesday, November 14th, and passing Los Angeles on the following day.

The round-trip rate from San Francisco will be \$80; from Los Angeles, \$70, and proportionate rates from other points.

It is calculated that the excursion will require about 30 days, but tickets will be good for 60 days, so that those who wish may prolong their visit. Very complete arrangements are provided for side trips. Mexico is famous for its strange, quaint, and curious attractions, but unfortunately not all of them are found on the main avenues of travel. They can be visited at small cost, and should not be omitted.

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LEAVE	From Sept. 12, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runney, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express - Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express - Ogden and East.....	*12.45 P
*8.00 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*9.45 A
*8.30 A	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carthers.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations, Los Angeles Express - Martinez.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations	*5.45 P
*10.00 A	The Overland Limited - Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Menlo Park, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*11.00 A	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*5.45 P
*12.00 M	Sacramento, River, Sacramento, Menlo Park, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*5.45 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*5.45 P
*3.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A
*5.00 P	Stockton.....	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	New Orleans Express - Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail - Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.45 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail - Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*12.15 P
*7.00 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.45 A
*8.05 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*11.00 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

*7.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	*18.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Alhambra, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	*18.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	*6.50 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY From SAN FRANCISCO - Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)

*7.15	9.00	11.00 A. M.	1.00	*2.00	13.00
*4.00	9.00	11.00 P. M.	*6.00		

From OAKLAND - Foot of Broadway -

10.00 A. M.	12.00	*1.00	12.00	*3.00	14.00	*5.00	P. M.
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COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco, San Jose and Way Stations (New Alhambra Wednesday only).....	*1.30 P
*7.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	*18.35 P
*9.00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.30 P
*10.40 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	19.00 A
*16.30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	18.35 A
*17.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	18.00 A
*18.45 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bill—"Wot did 'Arry get for pickin' up the loidy's purse when sbe dropped it?" Jim—"Six months."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Yes, he boasts that he has lived nearly seventy years without ever having been inside a bank." "What is he—a bank-director?"—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

An exception: "There's one thing about this glorious country. Every man in it has a chance to be President." "Not every man." "Yes, sir!" "No, sir! There's Bryan."—*Life*.

In memoriam: "I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that locket of yours?" "Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive." "Yes; but his hair is all gone."—*Tit-Bits*.

A reflection: Mrs. Johnson—"What I said to Mrs. Simpkins was dat I didn't bleep yo' husband ebbah robbed a hen roos' in his life." Mrs. Black—"Yo' done mean to insinuate be ain't got de nerve?"—*Puck*.

A quick answer: "Paw, what is stage fright?" asked the boy, opening his bag of popcorn. "Stage fright?" repeated his father, pointing to a veteran of the chorus; "why, there is one."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Misunderstanding: The editor—"I guess our correspondent must have been alluding to shoes." The assistant—"Why so?" The editor—"He says the St. Louis girls were there in large numbers."—*Chicago News*.

A false idea: Manager—"I would like to have you make a dramatic version of this popular novel." Playwright (wearily)—"But that will necessitate my reading it." Manager—"Not at all. We don't want you to spoil the play."—*Basar*.

"Do you see that very ordinary-looking man over there?" "Yes; what of it?" "He's a man with a history." "A man with a history! What has he ever done?" "Nothing at all. He's selling the history by subscription."—*Chicago Post*.

Lady—"Some weeks ago I bought a plaster here to help me get rid of rheumatism." Druggist—"Well, ma'am, I hope it did its work." Lady—"Yes, but now I want something else to help me to get rid of the plaster."—*Boston Beacon*.

Wife (to husband returning at three A. M.)—"What time is it, dear?" Husband—"One o'clock, I think." (Clock strikes three.) Wife—"Why, it just struck three, sir." Husband—"Ridiculous, my dear; that clock must stutter."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"All the banners on Market Street are for McKinley and Roosevelt," remarked a wily politician to his friend the other day. "But banners don't vote," replied the other. "No," agreed the politician, "but they show which way the wind blows."

A young wife's sorrow: "Isabelle writes me that life with her Hungarian count is just killing her." "You don't say! Has he already ceased to love her?" "No; but he talks in his sleep in his native language and she can't understand a word he says."—*Indianapolis Press*.

Wife (who has been struck by a bicycle)—"Never mind, dear. Don't make a scene of it." Husband—"What! Do you think I'll let him go without saying what I think?" Wife—"But I'm not really hurt." Husband—"That doesn't matter. A little more and he might have run into me."—*Tit-Bits*.

In the very vortex of the bargain rush a man was struggling. "Mercy!" he shrieked. But the women bore him down and trampled him under foot. "The nerve of him," sneered they, one to another, "to wear a shirt-waist and then ask special consideration by reason of his sex!"—*Detroit Journal*.

Life says: "There is a rumor that 'Tommy and Grizel,' by J. M. Barrie, now creeping its slow length along in *Scribner's Magazine*, is to have an end. It is said that the publishers are going to prevail upon the author to wind it up in the same year that our war with the Philippines will close—whenver that may be. But even this is encouraging."

Miss Olive (of St. Louis)—"Say, cousin, what's a periphrasis?" Miss Browning (of Boston)—"A periphrasis is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an infinitesimal ideality interred in a verbal profundity." Miss Olive—"Thanks; I thought it was something like that, but I wasn't quite sure."—*Chicago News*.

All over the world, babies have been benefited, during the teething period, by Stedman's Soothing Powders.

Bitter logic: Small boy (in fish market)—"Have you any dry fish?" Fisherman—"Yes, sonnie." Small boy—"Well, give them a drink, then."—*Harlem Life*.

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—THE—

Argonaut Clubbing List for 1900

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Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.10
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazar.....	6.70
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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The ingenious scheme of Bryanism is now fairly before the people, and no one able to read and think will have any one but himself to blame if he is led into the trap that has been set for him. It is conceded that every intelligent, patriotic voter intends to cast his ballot this year for the good of his country. Notwithstanding the fact that the fusion platforms which Bryan has accepted are filled with demands for the immediate restoration of the free coinage of silver, and denunciations of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Democratic candidate and his coadjutors are saying in

effect to the people of this country: "Give us control of the machinery of this government and we will save you from imperialism."

That is their single plea for election. That they are simply masking their purpose to place the finances of the country on a silver basis is evident from their failure to fix imperial purposes upon their opponents, and from their own declarations of what they will do for silver if they ever get the chance. We have stated what Bryan as President could do, and quoted a few of his innumerable utterances which bind him to do it. The only hope of his sound-money apologists among Democrats is that the Republican party will take a bond of fate this winter by tying his hands by legislation. This no party can do. No law can be passed that will permanently preserve the present monetary standard. It is safe only in the hands of its friends. The only way to defeat free silver is to defeat the party which advocates it.

However politicians may try to conceal it, the man who votes for Bryan votes for the restoration of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The restoration will begin at once by the payment of every government obligation in silver that is not protected by a gold redemption clause. If the government pays in silver, its receipts for customs and taxes will be in silver to the extent of silver in circulation. Gold will be at a premium and will be hoarded or exported until it finally disappears from circulation. Congress will be convoked, a free-silver bill passed, the mints opened to the free coinage of the white metal, and the finances of the United States will then be comparable to those of Mexico and China. Does such a prospect interest the voters?

There is none so rich or so poor that he can escape the evils of a debased financial system. The free-silver movement is a movement for inflation, and is the logical successor of the proposed greenback inflation which, to a great extent, was abandoned in 1876, when silver began to take the place of paper. Its sponsors contend that it will raise prices. It undoubtedly will, but it can not raise intrinsic values. It may double prices, but it will do so by cutting in two the standard of value by which prices are measured. The products of our soil might bring twice as many dollars, merely because the dollars were worth only half as much as now. How would that benefit the farmer? It would ruin every farmer whose land is mortgaged. Every mortgage is payable in terms of gold. If any power decreed that it might be paid in silver, it would not only be unconstitutional but it would be repudiation and dishonor. The mortgagee would either have to buy gold at 100 per cent. premium, or pay two silver dollars for every one in gold which his obligation called for. The farm mortgage is not alone in this. Every bonded debtor would share in the disaster. Including the bonds of railroads, industrial corporations, counties, and municipalities, there is more than \$2,500,000,000 of such indebtedness now extant, the settlement of which would mean repudiation, or ruin, or both.

Would the poor man profit? There are about five million savings-bank depositors in the United States, and their savings represent more than \$2,000,000,000. If the standard is debased they would be paid in silver, which would amount to an actual confiscation of one-half their hard-earned accumulations. The wage-earner would suffer more than the capitalist. The latter can stagger along through the storm. The former is dependent on his daily remuneration for toil. His chance to work would be cut down by the closing of industries, while the price for his labor would be the last value to rise because the demand for labor would be vastly less than the supply, the latter being enhanced by the wreck of industries.

Let no one say that this is a fancy picture. Every voter not deceived by glittering phrases or blinded by partisanship knows that we would enter upon its realization the day that Bryan's election should be announced. Bryan's purposes are clear, and their effect is undoubted by many who are supporting him. They merely hope that he will not execute them. In 1896, Carl Schurz said that the price we would pay for Bryan's election would be the subversion of business

and national credit, indefinite industrial paralysis and distress, ruthless spoliation of savings, increase of idle labor, and the curtailment of the value of wages. The price we would pay now would be as much greater as we have more to lose. The single issue is the cost to this country of Bryan's election. We refused it to the greenback inflationists. Shall we pay it to the silver inflationists of Bryanism?

The Pacific Commercial Museum was formally organized last week, and Irving M. Scott was elected executive governor and president of the organization. The selection was one of the best that could have been made, since Mr. Scott has been most prominent in advancing the interests of this State. The remaining members of the board of governors and of the advisory committee guarantee the success of the institution. It is many months now since the Argonaut first advocated the establishment of such a museum in this city, but any movement that is to have permanent effect requires time for its fruition. During January of this year attention was called in these columns to an article by Professor George Davidson, describing the inauguration and growth of the Philadelphia museum. Supplemental to this was the suggestion of Professor Carl C. Plehn, of the State University, urging the establishment of a similar institution in this city, which the Argonaut cordially endorsed. Out of this suggestion grew the meeting of prominent merchants and educators, who took the initial steps toward inaugurating the institution which has now had its foundation stones laid.

Since experience is one of the most valuable of teachers, it is well to recall the history of the Philadelphia museum. It grew out of the exhibits of varied products that were presented at the Columbian exposition at Chicago. Certain residents of Philadelphia purchased these exhibits and presented them to the city as a nucleus for a permanent museum of the commercial products of all countries. Both the State and federal governments made appropriations for the support of the institution. The city council, corresponding to the board of supervisors in this city, took an active interest in the matter, and named a board of twenty trustees composed of high State and city officials and prominent citizens. There is also an advisory board representing the various commercial bodies of the city and State. In the museum are to be found samples of the products of foreign countries, both in their raw state and as manufactured material, to the number of more than two hundred thousand. The museum proper, while it furnishes most valuable information to the merchant and the manufacturer who desire to extend their business in foreign countries, is by no means the most important feature of the institution. Supplementing this is the bureau of information furnishing tabulated details and statistics concerning every feature of the exhibit. All accessible reports regarding foreign markets, prices, tariffs, and other matters of interest to the shipper are kept on file and up to date. The standing of business houses throughout the world is made a matter of record.

The value of such an institution in San Francisco can not be over-estimated. The growth of commerce with ports on the Pacific Ocean has been very great during the last few years, and will be greater in the future. San Francisco is the natural port of entry on the western coast of the United States, and it needs only to develop the trade that is knocking at its doors. The Philadelphia museum has agreed to exchange with the museum in this city, and in a short time after it is opened the new enterprise should be a flourishing institution.

The evident purpose of the Democratic party in the campaign that is now in its incipency is to make trusts the paramount question in this State at least. The platform adopted by the national convention placed the opposition to expansion in the lead, but the utterances of Bryan and the local orators who espouse the Democratic cause, as well as the outpourings of the local organs, have all been directed against the trusts. In the Examiner, which is supposed to be the mouthpiece

priest of the Democratic faith, a cartoon appears almost daily ringing the changes upon this one question. It may be admitted that the trusts are responsible for certain abuses that have harmed every community to which their operations extended. In certain cases they have increased the prices that consumers have to pay for commodities; in other cases they have crushed the small dealer and forced him out of the business. But these are criticisms that lie against the individual organization rather than against trusts in general.

The cry of the Democrats against the trusts is insincere; their purpose is simply to gain political capital by appealing to greed and prejudice rather than reason. The insincerity of the outcry is most clearly demonstrated when the arguments of their speakers are analyzed. The Standard Oil Trust has long been the target for the shafts of their malice. Other trusts whose homes are in the Eastern States have sustained their attacks. But the trusts we have at home are apparently harmless, for they are either ignored or sustained in the addresses of the Democratic speakers. The wine companies of this State have formed a trust whose avowed purpose is to increase the price paid for California wines. Nobody has heard a word of protest against the exactions of this monopoly. The raisin-growers have formed a trust that has raised the price of raisins. The fruit-canners have formed a combine that may be called a trust. The fish-canneries are members of a trust. These organizations, which are simply combines of the larger producers in certain local branches of industry, have formed trusts, but they foster certain industries that are local, and therefore they are praised and sustained rather than abused.

Twenty years ago, when General Hancock was a candidate for the Presidency, a cartoon was published representing him sitting in a chair, with a most puzzled expression on his face. Underneath was the legend, "Who is Tariff, and why is he for revenue only?" The cartoon was inspired by Hancock's remark that the tariff was a local issue only. The tariff is, and the trust is. The Democrats favor the local trust, and denounce the trust whose home is in another State. Unfortunately, the Republicans do the same. They deny with fervor the assertion that they favor trusts, and demand that the trusts shall be exterminated. At the same time, they rejoice over the success of local trusts, and urge their extension. The trust, like anything else, is good when it does well, and bad when it does ill.

For many years an active agitation has been conducted in this country in favor of granting to women the privilege of voting at political elections. It can not be said that much success has been achieved. In Colorado, Idaho, Utah, and Wyoming they are given the full franchise. In Kansas they vote in city elections. A number of States grant them the franchise in questions relating to schools. Yet the movement can not be said to be advancing or to be gaining in strength. Two years ago the question was voted upon in South Dakota and defeated by a large majority. A constitutional amendment in this State favoring the extension of the franchise to women was overwhelmingly defeated. In New York State there is a strong association of women organized to oppose this extension of the suffrage.

An Eastern publication has recently printed the views of a number of prominent women regarding the influence of their sex in politics. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore declares that the influence of women is felt very strongly in politics in Massachusetts, and particularly in those elections in which the temperance question is an issue. He says it is no uncommon thing to hear a man declare that he has no time to read and think on some particular question, but his wife has, and he thinks she is right. In such a case there can be no question that the woman and not the man should be the voter. She further says that women do not take part in school elections because they have no voice in the selection of candidates and can only indorse what has been done by the political bosses. A very similar complaint has been made by the male sex with regard to general elections. As to the influence of women in politics, she cites the case of Congressman Roberts, the Mormon representative of Utah.

Mrs. Antoinette Konikow says that modern progress has developed a new economic system, and has broadened woman's horizon. She has entered the commercial field, but her influence in politics is not much felt, and will not be felt until she has the same political rights as man. Not many understand how economic forces are preparing woman for the political field; it is the socialist who will aid her in her struggle for political rights. Miss Mary E. Corbett is more hopeful. She says that woman has a decided influence in politics, and whether as wife, sister, mother, or daughter, is often directly consulted on public affairs as well as on matters of business. If given the ballot in all things, however, she would soon lose that sentimental side of her character that appeals to man's highest and noblest impulses. Miss Alice Stone Blackwell declares that women have influ-

ence in politics, and therefore should have the ballot in order that their influence may be intelligent and responsible. Rev. Mary T. Whitney thinks that the political influence of women is not confined to the States in which woman's suffrage exists. The most intelligent women in all States help to mold public opinion. With all, the indirect influence of women is dwelt upon, and but few men will be found who do not acknowledge that this exists.

A recent telegram from New York announces the fact that a number of mercantile houses are inserting a clause in their contracts to the effect that the agreement shall be void in the event that Bryan is elected President; that the "void" clause is becoming as common as was the "payable in gold" clause a few years ago. This can hardly be called good politics, and, to say the least, it is injudicious. The American people resent very strongly any attempt to coerce their political action, and are apt to be turned away from the Republican ticket rather than toward it when any such attempt is made. The old spirit that found its expression in the formula "millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," is still alive in the land, and the attempt of these over-zealous partisans may result in harming rather than favoring their candidate.

During the election of 1896 a "sound money" parade was organized to take place on the Saturday preceding the election. The laboring masses turned out in this city as they did in the cities throughout the Eastern States. It was one of the most extensive political parades that had ever been seen in this city. The number in line was estimated at from thirty thousand to thirty-five thousand men. The daily papers of Republican faith chronicled it as "The Greatest Political Demonstration Ever Witnessed in the West," "Honest Workingmen Demand the Honest Dollar and Protection for Products Made at Home." Editorially the *Call* in a most glowing article, headed "Victory Assured," told how the people were all for McKinley. Yet many of these same men who walked in the parade had Bryan buttons under the lapels of their coats and voted for Bryan on election day. Despite this Republican parade of thirty thousand, McKinley received a plurality of only three hundred and ninety-two votes in San Francisco. McKinley can be reelected this year. The doubting ones can be brought into the fold. But it is to be accomplished by argument, not by threats. Appeals to reason will win most votes for the Republican ticket.

The Galveston finance committee sends out word that on October 1st the total of subscriptions received was \$781,000. This more than three-quarters of a million is not enough, as the committee says that all of the money has been expended in burying the dead, removing debris, and feeding the survivors, and that they must still house and feed more than eight thousand homeless people. No doubt the generous people of the United States will continue to contribute, although their contributions will now fall off in volume, as is natural. Still, even if the great river of subscriptions diminishes to a trickling rill, the American people will have done much. About \$800,000 received and \$100,000 more on the way—nearly a million of money—that is a large sum to give to Galveston. But large as it is, let us hope that it will be more.

The Puerto Ricans, by the way, are contemplating this great outburst of beneficence with mingled feelings. When they had their hurricane last year, shortly after being made a part of this great country, we gave them nothing but good advice, yet their catastrophe was even more awful than that of Galveston. We gave them good advice, a promise of free trade, and hopes of money. Then we did not give them the promised free trade, and gave them no money, but more good advice.

However, we have treated Texas better than Puerto Rico, although the little island has been made a sister in this great republic. Texas is a full sister. Puerto Rico will find that she is only a step-sister.

The veracious society reporters inform us that Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has leased the C. P. Huntington mansion in New York, on Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street. Mr. Vanderbilt is to pay fifty thousand dollars house-rent for one season for his furnished house. The society reporters become sentimentally reminiscent in mentioning this house-renting item, and one of them says: "The Huntington house is associated with the tenderest and bitter memories of George Vanderbilt's wooing and wedding of Banker Wilson's daughter. It was this frowning granite pile that he passed a dozen times each day when his light hansom dashed between his unrelenting father's home and the conventional brown-stone domicile of the Wilsons just below Forty-Third Street." The reporter's attempt to gild a modern love-story with the

tints of romance is superhuman. But it is difficult to depict an idyl in such a setting. Can any one born on 'Steenth Avenue, between P and Q Streets, be romantic? The lover who "dasbes in a light hansom to a conventional brown-stone domicile" is modern, but not thrilling. Such a lover recalls but dimly Leander swimming the Hellespont or Young Lochinvar coming out of the west.

We Californians are always proud of an eloquent Californian. Whenever a delegation goes to a national convention with one of our favorite sons at its head—a Barnes, a Knight, or a Shortridge—we always take a placid pleasure in the subsequent bewilderment of the older States. We want them to know that we have some good talkers out here in the West, by gosh, as well as in the effete East. Still we are at times doubtful and disturbed. When the conventions take place the Associated Press always gives a great deal of space—in our own papers—to our own orators and not quite so much to the Cicero from Kansas, the Demosthenes from Indiana. Misled by the respective allotments of telegraphic space, it is possible that we Californians may at times over-rate the effects of our California orators' eloquence as it reverberates down the corridors of time. Perhaps in Kansas they may be listening to the Cicero from Kansas. Perhaps in Indiana they may be hearkening to the Demosthenes from Injnan.

But we have been loyal to George Knight. We did believe that our George's voice had won the ear of the nation. He is a good speaker, is a good fellow, and has a good voice—eminently a national-convention voice. We were much gratified when the Associated Press told of his triumph at the convention in Philadelphia. Now comes a request from the national committee for Mr. Knight to speak in the Middle East and West. The request—which comes to Colonel Stone of the California committee—is highly complimentary. But what demon impelled Colonel Stone to print the letter verbatim? It is not signed by Senator Hanna, but by "Willis George Emerson, vice-chairman, speakers' bureau." Of this gentleman we never heard. But apparently he never heard of our George, for he speaks of him as "a Mr. Knight of your State." It is an old jest in the English army that glory means being wounded on the field of battle and having your name misprinted in the *Gazette*. Our George's experience is not dissimilar. To win the plaudits of the nation, to have his name in the twenty-five thousand newspapers of the United States, and then to be invited to speak by a vice-chairman of a mere bureau of a side-show of the national committee, and to be called by him "A Mr. Knight of your State"!

The *Coptic* quarantine scandal has again opened up the batteries of the *Chronicle* against Dr. Kinyoun, the federal quarantine officer. At the time of the bubonic plague, some months ago, this official bore the brunt of the *Chronicle's* attack. That journal carried on a very active crusade against the doctors, and came out with flying colors. The bubonic plague was not very creditable either to the press or the municipal officials of San Francisco. About the only San Francisco institution that came out of it with credit was the *Chronicle*. But while it won its fight against the plague fakirs and the board of health, it did not win its fight against Dr. Kinyoun. He has retained his position, and still holds it, despite the *Chronicle's* renewed attacks. Yet that journal is a stalwart Republican organ, and Mr. de Young is supposed to be *persona grata* to the administration. If so, it seems extraordinary that Mr. de Young has not been able to obtain so small a favor as the official head of Dr. Kinyoun on a charger.

The census bureau has announced that the population of Los Angeles for 1900 is 102,479. For 1890 it was 50,395. This shows an increase of 103.35 per cent. from 1890 to 1900. The population from 1880 to 1890 increased from 11,183 to 39,212, or 350.64 per cent. The enormous percentage of increase was during boom times. It could not be expected to continue. But in the last ten years Los Angeles has more than doubled.

What is the reason that the southern city has so far outstripped San Francisco? She is younger and smaller, it is true, and therefore could expect a larger percentage of increase, but the difference is something tremendous—14 per cent. for San Francisco and 103 per cent. for Los Angeles. There can be no comparison in point of natural advantages between the "back country" which feeds each city.

Tributary to San Francisco are the Santa Clara, Sonoma, Napa, Livermore, Sacramento, and San Joaquin Valleys—some of the richest valleys in the world. The San Gabriel, San Fernando, and Santa Ana Valleys, feeding Los Angeles, are smaller and inferior in every way. San Francisco is a sea-port. Los Angeles is eighteen miles from the sea. True, Los Angeles has two trunk railroads, but so has

San Francisco, and the Golden City in addition is a terminus and port of call for scores of steamship and sailing packet lines. Yet San Francisco increased 14 per cent. and Los Angeles 103 per cent. Again we ask what is the matter with San Francisco?

The election which has been in progress in Great Britain during the week past is one of great importance. The conflict has been fought, as far as the government party could control it, on the question of the war in South Africa, and every effort has been made to meet the criticisms of the opposition regarding the causes of the military movement, the manner in which it has been conducted, and the course outlined for the future. The present ministry has been in power more than five years, and its shortcomings have given Liberal speakers and journals many opportunities for serious discussion. But the people evidently are satisfied with the general results. So far, the candidates of the Conservative or Unionist party have been successful beyond the expectations of their friends. Many seats have been gained in Parliament, and though eminent Liberals have been returned by good majorities in several instances, the tide has set strongly against their party. The London *Daily Mail* calls it "the rout of the pro-Boers." The outcome of the contests at the polls already held makes it certain that the costly victories in the Transvaal will be followed by the annexation of the two South African republics to the British Empire.

A dispatch from Honolulu says that the laborers who continue to work on the plantations will not do more than seventy-five per cent. as much labor per day as they did when they were under contract. In addition to this, wages have gone up nearly five dollars a month. The planters do not consider the situation satisfactory; but how about the laborers? Would not most of us prefer to have our labor hours shortened and our wages increased? That is what annexation was intended to do.

Among the numerous disappointments which the census brought to aspiring cities, probably that of Omaha was most bitter. That city not only did not increase nor even stand still, she slid backward. She lost thirty-eight thousand in ten years. As a result the census is a tender topic in Omaha. Almost as it is said about it as in San Francisco, whose percentage of increase was lower than that of any other large city in the country.

But there is another California city which is almost as much embittered as Omaha. That is the metropolis of Grass Valley. In 1890 the census gave Grass Valley a population of 4,032 inhabitants. The impression has prevailed in Grass Valley that the census of 1900 would show a population of 8,000. Like its sister cities of New York and Chicago, Grass Valley has been annexing territory. There is a great deal of it up around Grass Valley, by the way. Grass Valley has annexed the adjacent cities of Gold Hill and Boston Ravine, and conservative citizens estimated that at least 1,500 were added to the population by this annexation. But the cold and unfeeling census bureau gives Grass Valley only 4,180 inhabitants, an increase of 48 since 1890. Not 48 per cent., but 48 inhabitants. It is needless to state that considerable indignation is expressed by the citizens.

The usual explanations of disappointed cities are made that "vast numbers are at the sea-side and at the springs." We have often wondered in census years how "the springs" have been able to handle such large numbers of visitors in their choked, swollen, and congested condition. This year, however, the crowded condition of "the springs" has been lightly relieved by the abnormal number of absentees at the Paris Exposition. We have made a careful estimate of the number of men and women in disappointed American cities and find that there were about 5,000,000 Americans at the exposition this year. Probably the missing 38,000 from Omaha and the missing 4,000 at Grass Valley had a good time enjoying themselves in the Parisian Midway.

The latest news from Hawaii is that "the Republicans fear that they will not poll a heavy vote among the Hawaiians." On the same day there is published a cablegram from Puerto Rico saying that "the federal party has passed resolutions affiliating itself with the Democratic party in the United States."

In both these island possessions of ours the trouble seems to be that the natives demand a more liberal form of government. There is an old saying that "Republics are always ungrateful." We Republicans have annexed these islands and given them freedom. Now they want more.

La Rochefoucauld has defined gratitude as "an expectation of favors to come." These island republics of

ours define gratitude thus: "Accept from the Republicans what you can get and then vote for the Democrats." If we make States out of them they will probably do as our Rocky Mountain States did—accept statehood at the hands of the Republican party and then vote the Democratic ticket.

The late Dr. J. H. Stallard, of Menlo Park, offered a prize of one hundred and fifty dollars, to be competed for by the students of Berkeley and Stanford, for "the best essay on the principles of the Declaration of Independence." After a number of months, the time-limit expired on October 2d, and although repeatedly stirred up by their respective faculties, only five essays were submitted by the Berkeley students, and by the Stanford students no essays at all. It would seem that the Declaration of Independence is distinctly out of fashion.

At a Republican meeting in Cooper Union, New York, on the evening of September 14th, John S. Wise, the Virginian and ex-Confederate, who sent three sons to the war against Spain, made a short speech which caused great laughter and applause. Some of its more striking passages are quoted:

"Americans delight to bestow zoological and ornithological titles upon their great men. We have our lions, elephants, tigers, our eagles, our game-cocks, and falcons. It is time that Bryan should be given some fitting appellation, such as is bestowed on other great men of his class. And what shall the title be? A name occurs to me, and, if I mistake not, it has not been pre-empted. Why not call him William Camel Bryan? Let us consider its appropriateness.

"Of all the animal creation none are so able as the camel to exist for an indefinite period without visible sustenance. Without food, without water, the enduring beast traverses unflaggingly the arid desert, just as Bryan has demonstrated his capacity to exist so long and talk forever upon nothing. He is, too, an evolution of the camel type. In 1896 he appeared as a political beast of burden, with a single hump—16 to 1. If you did not ride on that protuberance then you could not ride at all. That was in his political infancy. He was then but a rudimentary camel of the dramedy type, such as we find in Egypt and Assyria. But the hump was not suited to its burden. Too many fell off.

"After a short lapse of intervening years and with hard experience he re-appeared. This time he comes with two humps, a full Bactrian double-tufted camel of the desert. The old hump of 16 in 1896 is true, but he has grown another and a larger hump, labeled 'imperialism,' which he assures us is paramount, and between these two humps or pair of mounds we are told that there still remains a short section of genuine old Democratic backbone, to which these unable to ride on either mound may slide, safe to the gentle depression between the two, from the danger of falling off the back of reconstructed Democracy. . . . Bryan, the product of the silver trust, the candidate of the voting trust, the self-constituted guardian of the labor trust; his campaign directed by Jones, the head of the round-bale cotton trust, and his treasury replenished from the ice trust and the chicken trust; is leader of a crusade against trusts, and his party, which has never passed an anti-trust measure, denounces the Republican party, whose anti-trust laws are the only ones upon the statute books; laws which, although enacted before a Democratic administration came into power, were denied enforcement by Richard Olney, Democratic Attorney-General, and were yet found vital and effective when the Republicans were restored to power. . . .

"Mr. Bryan is quoted on the subject of trusts as saying that any man who speaks of good trusts and bad trusts is like one who speaks of good kings and bad kings, and he caps the climax by exclaiming: 'I hate kings of all kinds!' Aye, there is the rub. I hate! There is the inherent and insuperable obstacle in Bryan becoming President of a nation where live is in the majority over hate. Every element of following which he possesses is based upon some hate which is dominant in the groups which he leads. His candidacy is founded upon the combining of these several hates, and his administration would be based upon the gratification of these diverse revenges. He himself is the creature of the hate of the silver barons, of all who will not take their product at their own price. Every man of middle station in this land should have a grudge against William Jennings Bryan for seeking to array class against class, and forcing the middle-station man to take sides with one or the other, when his natural inclination and reason tell him that friendly association with all is possible and right."

The Real-Estate Holdings of the Friars.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 1, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I write with much interest the communications of Messrs. Reid and Ludlow concerning the Philippine friars and their valuable and ill-gotten real-estate holdings. I do not think there can be any question with fair-minded Protestants as to the rights of the matter. Doubtless all Roman Catholics believe that whatever these Roman Catholic friars got by hook or the bishops got by crook they are entitled to hold. But is the United States Government—which is not yet a Roman Catholic one—is that government justified in upholding the foreign friars against the natives? Putting the matter on selfish grounds: If the natives' land is to be taken away from them, why not take it for ourselves? Why give it to the Roman Catholic Church? We have taken the land away from Spain, why give it to Spanish monks?

A late contribution to this discussion is in a dispatch dated October 1st, in which Archbishop Ireland is quoted as saying: "In one of the audiences which he granted me, the Pope said: 'We are well pleased with the relations of the American Government to the church in Cuba and the Philippines. The American Government gives proof of good will and exhibits a spirit of justice and respect for the liberty and rights of the church. You will thank to my name the President of the republic for what is being done.'"

I do not wonder that the Pope is thankful to the President. The whole Roman Catholic Church and all the Roman orders of monks should also be thankful to the President. Few rulers are so generous to foreign ecclesiastical bodies. Very truly yours, D. M. JOHNS.

Governor Roger Wolcott, of Massachusetts, has declined the offer of the post of ambassador to Italy. The position was tendered Mr. Wolcott upon the receipt of the resignation of Ambassador Draper.

The trans-Siberian railroad will be completed at the present rate of working in about two years, the cost probably considerably exceeding the original estimate of \$175,500,000.

THE PRIVILEGES OF THE FRIARS.

A Memorial of the Monastic Orders to the Spanish Government—Filipino Watchwords—History in a Painting—Pomp and Glitter of Ecclesiastical Ceremonial.

All the evidence against the friars in the Philippines does not come from the opposition, or from unprejudiced observers. The monastic orders have issued statements concerning the situation. A copy of a memorial of the Philippine friars, addressed to the Spanish Government just before the American war with Spain, was printed in the *Rosary Magazine*, a publication of the Dominican Fathers in Somerset, O. This memorial contains the friars' statement of their case. It frankly recognizes the hostility, not only of the Filipinos but of Spanish residents in the Philippines, to the religious orders in the archipelago. A summary of its arguments was published in the *Outlook* last April, from which these lines are quoted:

"It affirms that 'if we had given the faintest mark, not of sympathy, but even of toleration, to the men who were scattering broadcast false notions of liberty condemned by the church, the religious congregations would never have been disturbed.' It attributes the hostility to the orders to the fact that 'our standard is no other than the syllabus of the great Pontiff, Pius the Ninth, so frequently confirmed by Leo the Thirteenth, wherein all rebellion against the legitimate powers is so energetically condemned.' It demands the support of the religious orders as 'the sole Spanish institution, preeminent and deeply rooted, which exists in the islands, a vigorous organization well adapted to those regions.' It implies that the hostility of the Filipinos to the orders is due to their passionate desire for the principles represented by the watchwords 'Free Thought, Liberty of the Press, Secularization of Education, Ecclesiastical Liquidation, Suppression of the Privileges of the Clergy.'"

The memorial does more than acknowledge, it emphasizes the hostility of the people to the orders, and demands, at least by implication, that opposition to the orders and their teachings shall be prevented and punished, and concludes:

"Of what use is it for us to teach the people to be docile and submissive, when their worst passions are excited by others who tell them to make nothing of our teaching? What professor could teach efficiently if his pupils were met outside the class-room by respectable persons who told them to despise his lessons? The civil authority, according to the teaching of the church, ought, as far as possible, to be a bulwark in religion and morality. If the government, therefore, does not protect us from the avalanche of insult hurled against us, if it does not root out the secret societies, if it allows our sacerdotal character to be trampled under foot, while our enemies destroy the fruit of our labors, we regret to say that we can not continue our ministry in the islands."

Rev. Father J. Algué, S. J., director of the Manila Observatory, made the following admission and plea in a recent letter to the *Independent* on the Philippine question:

"From the beginning, the most faithful and loyal supporters of the new order of things have been the most prominent Catholics. Some have felt that it is better to come under American rule than to come under Filipino rule, as they saw the Filipino laws confiscating church property. This is the general view of the most prominent Catholics. But they also feel that the American Government should take into consideration that the civilized people of these islands are Catholics, and so avoid unnecessary opposition and difficulties. We ourselves of the Jesuit order, although we have kept strict neutrality in political matters, without interfering with our relations with the Filipinos, have been in most friendly relations with the Americans, and with the army and navy officers. There are many of them whom I regard as personal friends."

Harold Martin, representing the Associated Press in the Philippines, included this description in one of his letters:

"In the palace of the former Spanish captain-general of the Philippines, in a room now occupied by a member of General MacArthur's staff, there hangs a good oil painting by a Spanish artist representing a Spanish captain-general attired in the stern war trappings of a century ago, seated at a table in the act of signing some decree. The face of this soldier is young, brave, and determined, and one imagines the paper he is about to sign to be a good decree, and one that the soldier is honestly glad to make a law. Through a private door, behind the soldier's desk, there enters a priest, who touches the captain-general on the shoulder, making him pause in the act of writing and look around apprehensively. It is positively a speaking picture; the priest's face is intelligent, shrewd, unscrupulous, and troubled. One can almost hear him say: 'General, that decree must not be signed, it conflicts with my interests.' This picture is a condensed history of these islands. It is worthy of preservation, it should be seen home."

Ramon Reyes Lala, whose knowledge of the islands and their people is intimate, wrote for the *Independent* a graphic description of Easter festivities in Manila, and prefaced his sketch with these declarations:

"The Filipino dearly loves a feast. It has for centuries been the only recreation allowed him; and he has come to anticipate its gayeties and its liberties with the longing with which a slave looks forward to the hour of his freedom. When it is over, and its substantial delights are past, he recurs almost daily to his treasured store of Easter memories for the joy of living. From them he draws inspiration for hope and strength for the days to come.

"The Spaniard well knew the native character when he relieved the rigors of his tyranny by an occasional feast, and so he softened the hardships of his oppressive worldly polity by the indulgence of his religion. The poor Filipino forgot his sorrows in the pomp and glitter of ecclesiastical ceremonial. All his aspirations were shrewdly turned heavenward. Every earthly ambition was discouraged. Patriotism was to be stifled by a rosary; independence was to be quelled by the tears of the penitent at the foot of the altar. The kingdom of God was the supreme goal, and the Spaniard was the chosen instrument of Providence to guide an alien race to its realization."

In the letters and reports touching this phase of the Philippine question, given to the press by those who know the actual conditions, there is a surprising unanimity regarding the enmity between the friars and the Filipinos, and the causes that have produced it.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

A Summer-Night Romance of Many Surprises.

For some years past I had managed to invent an ingenious pretext for declining the annual invitation of my dear old aunt, the estimable Mme. de Frangès, to join her regular summer house-party at her picturesque *château*, the "Willows." Frankly, I feared being bored. I was deeply attached to my aunt, however, and considered her one of the sweetest, dearest old ladies in the world. My cousin Elisa, her little granddaughter, who was horribly spoiled, possibly because she was an orphan, I regarded as a mere thoughtless, happy, noisy child, a trifle too hoydenish to suit my aesthetic tastes. She had grown up with the rapidity of a blade of grass, was extremely tall and slender, and naturally, with me, she did not count. As to the other highly respectable people with whom my dear aunt surrounded herself on these annual festivities, they rather bored than amused me.

This year, however, I accidentally learned that the list of invited guests had been slightly modified, and that Mme. Loudel—the beautiful Mme. Loudel, as she was called in Parisian society—would honor the "Willows" while Monsieur took the water-cure at Vichy. The news quite electrified me, and instantly I sent a gushing note of acceptance to my unsuspicious aunt.

Mme. Loudel and myself were not strangers, for during the previous winter I had been her most devoted cavalier at balls and receptions, and our discreet little flirtation had been much discussed in the drawing-rooms over tea-cups. So I joyfully prepared to take my departure for the "Willows," Seine-et-Marne.

Arriving at the *château*, Mme. de Frangès greeted me with: "Ah, I know why you did not refuse to come this time!" These words, I must confess, for the moment rather disconcerted me, particularly when she added: "It was Elisa who discovered the reason for your honoring us this year."

"Diable!" I said to myself. "Young girls in general are often worse than *les enfants terribles*—and, on many occasions, more to be feared." As these uncomfortable reflections were flitting through my mind, Elisa herself, who had overheard her grandmother's last words, with disheveled hair and almost breathless, came running down the staircase like a rushing wind, and, with a prodigious hound, landed in the centre of the drawing-room.

"Yes, indeed, sir!" said she, with a pert toss of her head and a general air of triumph. "Every other summer you have found us too tiresome to come, but this year you were very glad to accept our invitation, and simply because"—and here she hesitated, but continued in a moment, with a provokingly knowing look—"because you knew exactly who you were going to meet."

For the life of me I couldn't understand how she had divined the true motive of my visit; so I watched her expression with renewed anxiety—and then, with the idea of throwing her off the track, I made a hasty attempt to smile and managed to say: "Truly, now—"

But she interrupted me, and, with a smile of triumph, remarked: "Naturally, we also invited another beau just like yourself, your bosom friend, M. Alfred de Mussiellé!"

Delighted with herself and proud of her discernment, she burst out into a loud, noisy laugh, while I, who had not until that very moment known of Mussiellé's coming, patted her on the shoulder, took her by the hand, and congratulated her in the most profuse language on her rare penetration and extreme *finesse*. Poor little Elisa!

I must acknowledge that the arrival of the beautiful Mme. Loudel gave me a disagreeable disappointment and a rather severe shock. I had always met her in Paris in the evening, under the illusive light of a candelier or a lamp; but now in the broad daylight, under the glaring rays of a pitiless summer sun, notwithstanding the artificial aids so artistically used to preserve her beauty, she no longer looked the same. Gradually, however, this first disagreeable impression passed away, and I became again her devoted cavalier, doing all I could to please her.

Some days later, as we were walking through the fields and had purposely fallen behind the rest of the party, I began in the most ardent manner to pour out the passionate love lyrics with which her charms had inspired me. She did not seem in the least offended by my boldness, but listened with apparent satisfaction, as one quite accustomed to such declarations, and graciously granted me a rendezvous for that very evening. Very mysteriously we agreed to meet in the conservatory, when all the rest of the highly respectable and tiresome people should be sleeping the sleep of innocence and boredom.

During the remainder of that day I experienced great difficulty in concealing the joy I felt at the prospective romantic meeting. We dined, of course—for how can love live without dining?—and at ten my aunt and her guests retired as usual to their apartments for the night. I awaited with anxiety the approach of midnight—the hour fixed for our rendezvous.

At last, as the clock struck twelve, with the greatest precaution I began to prepare to leave my room, when I heard a very light knock at my door. I opened it, and in the shadow vaguely distinguished the outlines of a feminine form that proved to my great stupefaction to be Elisa. "Elisa!" I exclaimed, "what are you doing here?"

She motioned to me to be silent, placing her finger on her lips, and then, drawing closer, whispered: "We must speak very low, for grandmamma is asleep, and it would frighten her dreadfully!" Then, eyeing me from head to foot, she said, softly: "You were getting ready to go out; where were you going?"

I looked at her without answering, completely stupefied, and she continued, in a low whisper: "I was just coming to

get you. I was unaware that you also knew. How did you find it out?" And without giving me time to answer, she added, in a still more confidential tone: "After all, it really doesn't matter. Come, hurry, we have just time! But are you going unarmed? Take your revolver, please." I made a gesture of protest, but she said, imperiously: "Take it, sir! You must! It will be necessary if the robbers are numerous."

"The robbers!" I repeated to myself; "then it is merely a question of robbers," and mechanically I obeyed. Going to my bureau drawer I armed myself with my pistol. Then Elisa blew out the light, and I followed her in silence into the darkness of the hall and out into the garden.

I did not dare to ask an explanation. Happily for me, however, Elisa began to explain without being questioned, and suddenly turning toward me she said: "The place of meeting was in the conservatory, was it not?"

Completely nonplussed and not knowing what to reply, I made a sort of inarticulate sound, which she accepted as an acquiescence, and with her accustomed volubility continued:

"To-day, just a little after twelve, as I was gathering wild-flowers by the side of old Mother Jeanne's cabin, I distinctly heard voices whispering: 'Yes, to-night, while the household are sleeping, we will meet at twelve, in the conservatory!' I was so frightened that I didn't dare to move or peep to see what the robbers looked like. My first thought was," she went on, speaking in a lower and more mysterious undertone, "that we were all to be assassinated; but after reflecting, I decided that this was absurd, and that I was foolish to allow myself to be so easily alarmed. All day I endeavored to rid myself of these frightful conjectures, and even to-night I tried to put them out of my mind. But once in my own room, I was seized with a desire to investigate, and to find out just what the mysterious whisperers meant to do. 'Just suppose,' said I to myself, 'that they should attack poor old grandmamma! After that I couldn't sleep, so I got up and dressed and came after you.'"

As Elisa talked she hurried on, and I, her unwilling victim, meekly followed. Arrived at the bedchamber, she drew me behind a clump of shrubs. "Here," she whispered, "our view will be perfect, and we will be unobserved. No matter which path they take, they will be obliged to pass there"—and she pointed to a lilac-bush—"to reach the conservatory."

The situation had become quite ludicrous, and since I had discovered the sort of robbers we were in search of, I did not care to spend the rest of the night, revolver in hand, waiting for imaginary burglars. The only difficulty now presented was how to get rid of this suspicious girl. I begged her to return to the *château*, but she refused, point-blank, and would not listen to my logical pleadings.

"No," she declared, with the tenacity of a little terrier, "my resolution is irrevocable, and I shall remain here on watch."

Soon after the expected happened, and we heard a light rustling of leaves. "Hush! Listen!" said Elisa, trembling from head to foot with fright.

Then, in the clear starlight, we saw Mme. Loudel, gowned in a long, trailing white Grecian robe (undoubtedly gotten up for my special delectation), walking quickly toward the side of the conservatory. Stunned with surprise, Elisa opened wide her great brown eyes and stood transfixed, watching her grandmother's guest until she had disappeared into the avenue of roses leading directly to the conservatory.

For a few minutes she remained silent, trying to collect her thoughts, and then repeated half-aloud to herself: "Mme. Loudel! Mme. Loudel in the conservatory!"

Suddenly the whole truth of the situation flashed upon her, and overcome by the comical side of the adventure, she burst into a loud laugh—a fresh, piercing, insolent laugh—which was irritatingly exasperating.

"Look here," I said, "Elisa!"

But she would not listen to me. "Mme. Loudel!" she repeated; "well, she is a sweet duck! Mme. Loudel and her rendezvous in the conservatory! Why, you could just as well have left your revolver in your drawer!"

"Now that we are sure that there is no question of robbers, I think we had better return to the *château*," I muttered, in exasperation, "for it is no longer necessary to remain here."

"Not at all," retorted Elisa, with provoking coolness; "we have seen Juliet, let us await Romeo!" Then, bursting into laughter, she exclaimed: "How delightfully amusing! I wonder who she is waiting for?"

This question capped the climax. Her laughing curiosity made me furious, and I could hardly control my temper, as I pictured the temptingly beautiful Venus de Loudel awaiting me in the conservatory, while I stupidly remained a helpless prisoner behind a clump of shrubs, not daring to budge. The whole affair was too ridiculous. And the thought of the precious time I was wasting irritated me. I decided I was not going to miss my appointment to satisfy the caprices of a rascally little girl, and that, if affairs came to a crisis, I would simply tell her that I was the happy mortal expected by Mme. Loudel. What right had she to mix up in my affairs?

"I wonder, cousin Gaston," said Elisa suddenly, "whom Mme. Loudel is waiting for? It certainly must be some one who is easy to please."

"Why?" said I, a little vexed.

"Because," exclaimed Elisa, "because she is no longer young!"

"Indeed," I replied.

"Yes. But perhaps you have never observed Mme. Loudel very closely. Why, Gaston, her hair is dyed. One can easily see that by looking at the roots; then she is frightfully wrinkled! Only her wrinkles are half-concealed by enamel!"

At that moment I felt like giving the impertinent girl a good shaking. Just then a cloud, which had partially veiled the face of the full moon, passed away and Elisa, revealed

in the clear, cold, penetrating white light of the moonbeams, appeared to me another being. The clear white-and-pink tint of her complexion; the full, fresh, red lips, disclosing a set of perfect teeth; the expression of her great, brown, frank eyes; her abundant mass of dark hair; the easy, graceful movements of her tall, reed-like figure—in a word, the splendor of her youthful charms suddenly burst upon me and completely disarmed my anger.

"Why, haven't you noticed," she continued, "that to appear slender, Mme. Loudel is so tightly laced that she can hardly bend? Acknowledge, cousin, that there are men who are shockingly lacking in taste. The man who would play Romeo to that Juliet must be an imbecile. Don't you agree with me, Gaston?" I managed to evade the question, and she suddenly said: "Hush! I think there is some one coming," and looking beyond the lilacs, in the direction of the conservatory, she stamped her impatient little foot and flew into a rage. "No man is a gentleman who would keep a lady waiting, as he has done! How humiliating for Mme. Loudel!"

My brutal wish of a moment before had now deserted me, and won by the youthful charms of my pretty cousin, I had no desire to acknowledge or have her suspect that I was the "imbecile" whom Mme. Loudel was awaiting.

I was suffering unspeakable agony, and began to ask myself if we were destined to spend the entire night there, waiting for a person whom I had every reason to know would not come. I really began to fear that Elisa's little head would discover the truth—and at that moment I would almost willingly have staked half my possessions to have found a possible solution of the situation. But the fates were with me, for suddenly we heard a heavy footfall approaching us. Instinctively my cousin drew nearer to me, and placed her hand in mine.

Decidedly more interested in the intrigue than she was, I looked through the branches of the trees and perceived Alfred de Mussiellé walking leisurely along. His appearance did not surprise me, for I knew that for some time past he had been accustomed, particularly in summer, to take a walk at night when he could not sleep, and that it was purely accidental that he had turned in the direction of the conservatory.

As soon as Elisa recognized De Mussiellé, she sprang up with a bound, turned pale, and an agonizing expression in her face startled me. "Come," she said, in a low whisper, "let us go. I have seen enough!"

Her hand still rested in mine. She did not, however, seem to notice it, and together we walked silently on toward the *château*. But after a few moments Elisa hurst into loud sobs, and her slender form quivered with emotion.

"My God, Elisa!" I exclaimed, frightened by this unexpected emotion; "what is the matter with you?" We were walking near a stone hench, and, throwing my arm around her, I drew her down beside me. "Come," I said, questioning her again, "tell me what it is that disturbs you."

Then, resting her head on my shoulder, she explained in almost incoherent sentences that Alfred de Mussiellé had asked only the previous day for her hand in marriage, and that she had promptly refused him, but her grandmother had urged her to reconsider his offer. "But now," she added, "after what I have seen to-night our affair is finished."

Astounded at what I heard, I asked, almost half-mechanically: "What? You marry, Elisa? A little girl like you! How old are you?"

"I shall be eighteen next month," she answered; "of course grandmamma said I was very young to marry, but she is very old—and when she dies I shall be left in the world entirely alone."

Touched with the simplicity of her words and the thought that some day this pretty little orphan girl would be left to face the world without a protector, I repeated to myself, "Eighteen? Then she is no longer the little girl who used to annoy me. Eighteen years old! To-morrow she will be a woman." And this is why, undoubtedly, I could not entirely repress a thrill of passion, as her soft, white hand rested within my own. I looked at her now with surprise, as though seeing her for the first time. To me she appeared another being, and the child of yesterday was transformed into an adorable young woman, whose grace and beauty had charmed and captivated Alfred de Mussiellé. Poor De Mussiellé! One word from me would have exonerated him. But that word I withheld and occupied myself solely with getting my cousin back to the *château*, under the protecting wing of her dear, devoted grandmother. As to my rendezvous with the Venus de Loudel, I scarcely thought of it again, except—to be grateful.

Six months later my cousin and I were married, and one evening, as we were sitting in the rosy firelight of our cozy home, talking over that memorable night when we first began to fall in love, Elisa looked up confidently from her embroidery and said: "Do you know, Gaston, I never thought very much of Alfred de Mussiellé."

"No," I answered, indifferently.

"From the very start I refused him point-blank without being able to give a satisfactory reason to dear grandmamma for my refusal. I seemed to have a presentiment that he was not what he ought to be."

"Indeed?" I said, shaking the ashes from my pipe into the open grate.

"Women," continued my dear little wife, earnestly, "have a sort of infallible instinct in these matters, and are rarely deceived. Why, Gaston," said Elisa, growing a trifle excited, "I would rather he cut into a thousand pieces than marry a man who was capable of falling in love with Mme. Loudel!"

I was greatly tempted to burst out laughing and to divulge my secret, but thought it would be cruel to destroy Elisa's faith in her own infallible convictions; so, instead of enlightening her, I caught my pretty little darling up in my arms and kissed her.—Adapted from the French of Louis Faran for the Argonaut by Katharine Marshall.

ENGLISH TRAITS OF EXCELLENCE.

Geraldine Bonner *Writes of the Patience and Endurance of the Briton Who Travels—Polite and Handsome Policemen—Young and Pretty Housemaids.*

My visit in England has shown me some of the charm and grace of English life, and developed in me a high respect for the patience and endurance of the British character. The discomforts of travel and the inadequacies of the transporting of luggage, that the Briton bears without a murmur, are things that an American must pass through to believe. The Englishman endures it because he is, in the first place, less impatient and more leisurely than we are, and, in the second place, because he is instinctively and inherently averse to change. He likes things to be the way his fathers had them of yore. And if his fathers bore a certain amount of inconvenience, he is willing to hear it, too—in fact, he would rather bear it than not.

Moreover, the English in their own country are not a great race of travelers. They move away in the summer as we do, and that move is a portentous thing, though its place of termination is hardly ever more than eight hours off on a fast train, and generally from two to three. This annual change is about all they take, except among the fashionables, who do a good deal of running about, especially just after the season. But among the solid, well-to-do, well-bred people, who live in the smaller cities or in country-places, traveling is not esteemed highly or generally practiced. One meets girls in these towns—the daughters of people of large means and high position—who have only been to London—two or three hours distant on an express-train—a few times in their lives.

That the English do not travel more is easily understood when one sees what a toil their curious system of transportation makes of it. There appears to be no intermediary express company to carry your baggage from your place of residence to the train. You pile it all on the top of the cab in London, and in the country dispose it about the carriage which comes to meet you. When you alight from the train at the end of your journey, you go with your porter from one van to another till you find your trunk, which you show him and bid him bear away for you. He rolls it to the carriage on a truck, and then, with another porter and the coachman to assist, it is hoisted, amid loud pantings and gaspings, to the top or front of the vehicle.

To the American, with his one or two large trunks, the absence of an express system is exceedingly troublesome. Let me drop a word of warning to intending travelers: If you are simply traveling as a tourist, are only stopping at the large hotels patronized by Americans, and are not thinking of leaving the beaten tracks, or of visiting in English houses, your large trunk is all right. They have porters at these hotels who have long since grappled with the problem of the American trunk, and know how to take it upstairs without breaching a blood vessel. But if you are going to small places, where the tourist has not penetrated, or if you are going to visit at the homes of the English themselves, then my advice is, split your luggage up into two, or even three, less weighty pieces. At small inns or country hotels there are sometimes no men-servants employed, and women-servants can not be expected to carry such weights up flights of stairs.

This is often the case in the homes of English people. The only man employed in the house may be a butler, and sometimes there will be no domestics but women. Here, indeed, do you miss the lusty expressman of your native land, who, hoisting your trunk lightly on his shoulders, hears it up and down stairs as easily as though it were an eider-down cushion, and does not expect a fee for so doing. At a house at which I have recently been staying, my trunk—a large, canvas-covered hamper—was found to be of such absolutely overwhelming proportions, that it had to be left on the sidewalk till two porters were sent for. With much puffing and blowing, and a wait at each landing, they at last got it up, having watered the stairs with the sweat of their brows. A young man in the house took me to task for carrying such a monumental piece of luggage, and I experienced much joy in telling him that in the United States one expressman always carried it, and in all the years I had used it no complaint had ever been made to me of its weight.

The fact that there is no connecting link in the shape of an express company to take absolute charge of and guarantee the transportation of baggage has made it necessary for the English traveler to take his with him on the cab. To make this feasible he carries instead of one big piece many small pieces, for he takes quantities of things even for short stays and brief journeys. It is a common sight in London, now that the season is over, to see a cab the top of which carries four small trunks, and within a solitary woman, the seat opposite her piled with valises and packages. Going down to Bath, the other day, I got into a compartment with two old ladies. They were taking a short but evidently momentous journey, for they carried eight pieces of hand baggage. The oldest, who was about eighty-five, was very nervous for fear one of these would be mislaid, and she made the other—who was about seventy-five, and whom she treated as a frivolous girl—climb up on the seat and count them as they lay in the rack. "We must never travel with so much luggage again," she said, "it is too fatiguing to remember," and then they both fell fast asleep, exhausted by the excitements of the afternoon.

Yet the English, when they do travel, take many more things than we do. They are devoted to comfort, and the houses being old and in very many cases uncomfortable, they carry extraneous comforts about with them in valises and portmanteaus. Women especially have to carry an immense amount of luggage, because of the invariably wearing of full dress in the evening. Wherever you visit you must appear in gala toilet at dinner. This necessitates at least three evening-dresses—to the woman who wishes to be "smart"

double that number—and evening-dresses take up a great deal of room.

I was speaking to some young girls on the wisdom of only taking my cabin trunk to Scotland, and one of them said directly: "But you must take all your evening-dresses. You must be smart when you go to Scotland for the grouse-shooting. Everybody expects that."

But if the American finds much to complain of in the train and transfer service, he also sees many things to commend. I have found two English institutions that I really think are unrivaled—one is the London policeman, and the other is the housemaid. I have heard that I am not the discoverer of the incomparable "Bohby." He was famous long before I saw him. It is said that the Londoners are extremely proud of him, which they well may be. It is not alone that he really attends to his work, is on the spot when he is wanted, and does not haunt saloons. But he is always polite in answer to the inquiries of the bemused stranger, and he can always be counted upon to tell you what omnibus you want to take, where it goes to, and what name is painted on its side. Without loss of temper, unnecessary bellowing, or bad language, he directs and controls the swollen tides of traffic, and when he extends his hand to make a rift for the foot-passengers, there are no execrations or clamor. But every vehicle has got to stop. Last, but not least, he is so superlatively good-looking, so clean, so wholesome, so obviously a man who does not drink, that he is a delightful object for the eye to rest on. Altogether, were my muse given to flights of poesy, I would consider him a fine subject for patriotic verse, with a martial ring. He is a great deal more attractive and inspiring than Tommy Atkins.

As to the housemaids, they are the most charming creatures imaginable. In the first place they are always young. You never see one that is not in her earliest bloom. I asked an English girl what happened to them when they grew old, and she said she did not know, unless they all got married. Certainly you never see an old housemaid, no more than you ever see a dead mule. Then they have the sweetest voices in England, which is a country of sweet voices. And their manners to their employers, which are gentle and very soft, are never obsequious as the men-servants' manners are, a thing that is exceedingly repelling to the American. Their uniform is extremely becoming, a black dress, a shoulder-strapped apron, and a tiny cap. This latter is only an apology of a thing that sets on the top of their head; and unlike the American maid-servants in good houses, they are allowed to wear their front hair cut and curled all round their foreheads. This is always done neatly and prettily. I never have seen a housemaid that looked untidy, though I hear that the slaves in cheap lodging-houses are things to see before you can believe.

In well-directed but not extravagant establishments three to six women-servants are employed. They get about half, or less than half, what we give such domestics, do less work than our servants, but do everything that is allotted to them very thoroughly. Owing to the old-fashioned and inconvenient houses, they have a good many tasks that do not exist with us. One bath-room is all that most English houses have—unless they are newly built and very handsome. This necessitates the bedroom bath, for which the housemaid brings hot water, and which she arranges. Running water in your bedroom is also unusual, if not unknown, and she, therefore, twice or three times a day, brings up a brass kettle of this, over which she puts a thing like a very large-sized tea-cozy. In winter—there being no furnaces in the houses—she lights the bedroom fire before you get up in the morning, and lights the gas and candles before you come up to dress for dinner.

It is also her function in the morning to wake you. At most well-managed English houses the breakfast hour is either a casual thing of no set time, or it varies between nine and half-past. At half-past seven—why so early I never could find out—she knocks at the door. Several times I tried to put her off by not answering, but she persists, gently and determinedly, till she receives permission to enter. On the stand by the bedside she puts a tray bearing a cup of tea, sugar, and cream, and two thin slices of bread and butter. She also draws up the curtains, lets in the light and air, and goes away, generally noiseless and speechless. In half an hour she returns, takes away the tray, puts a piece of carpet in the middle of the floor, and on it stands a bath, sets out beside it hot water, cold water, towels of all sorts, sponges, etc., and then says in a voice as sweet as honey: "Your bath is ready, miss," and noiselessly withdraws.

LONDON, September 4, 1900. GERALDINE BONNER.

A movement has been started in France which has for its purpose the preservation, or, rather, the cultivation of the kangaroo, which has been rapidly proceeding toward extermination. Dr. Brisson, a French surgeon, says that there is likely soon to be an exceptional demand for the animals in consequence of the success attending the use of kangaroo tendon in the hospitals. It has been employed in scores of instances to tie up the fractured bones of a man's leg, in order that he may use his knees while the bones are knitting together. Kangaroo tendon, he says, is as strong as silver wire. It is taken from the tail, and being animal in its nature is absorbed, and the leg does not have to be cut open, as is necessary when silver wire is used.

There is every probability that early in next year the site of the Australian Federal Capital will be decided, and competitive plans for laying it out invited. The idea is that it should be one of the finest cities of its kind in the world, enjoying a salubrious climate and possessing beautiful surroundings. Only the public buildings will be constructed at the cost of the commonwealth, all others being left to private enterprise.

One of the local American papers in Manila is agitating the leper question and advocating the selection of one of the numerous islands of the group as a place where they may be secluded.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Among the prize-winners at the Paris Exposition was Don Carlos the First, King of Portugal, to whom was awarded a silver medal for a marine sketch in pastel.

Ellen Terry's daughter, who was on the stage awhile in Henry Irving's Lyceum Company, and who retired avowedly to become a designer of stage costumes, has really gone into that business. Several recent plays in London have been clothed by her.

Mrs. Harriett Stanton Blatch, daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, is to make a series of speeches for the Democratic ticket. In a letter to her mother she says: "For there (in the Democratic party) I see the safety of this country. We can hope for nothing from the Republican party. In the Democratic party we find the Populists, the Socialists, and all the reform element."

It is reported that Dr. Frithjof Nansen and the Duke of Abruzzi are to join hands in a polar expedition to the long-sought and elusive North Pole. It is not generally known that Dr. Nansen had advised Abruzzi in all the latter's preparations for his recent Arctic voyage, by which his ship reached 86 degrees 33 minutes north latitude, which is nineteen minutes farther north than the point attained by Nansen.

Lieutenant Horace P. McIntosh, of the United States navy, is on his way to Chile, where, by consent of the United States Government, he is to superintend the construction of a navy for the Chilean Government. Five admirals of the United States navy, without conference among themselves, recommended him for this work. Lieutenant McIntosh was for many years a professor in De Pauw University. He was temporarily in the hydrographic office in Galveston at the time of the storm.

The success of the Italian priest, Don Lorenzo Perosi, as a composer of sacred music has inspired many of his compatriots to undertake the composition of oratorios, which are now the style in Italy. Another priest composer, Pencilini, of Bologna, has just finished "Judith," to which he has devoted two years. He has written the text, which is largely made up of Biblical language. The oratorio is divided into two parts, and the narrative is sung by a quartet. It will be heard in Bologna this month.

Up to the death of King Humbert, Pope Leo went regularly every day into the Vatican gardens with the usual escort of two guards and one or more prelates. After the tragic murder of the king it was thought better at the apostolic palace to increase the number of these guards, who never let him out of sight, and look much more closely to the entrances to the garden. In fact, now three times a day the whole demesne is thoroughly searched by armed men to be sure that no suspicious characters have slipped in.

Judge Abraham Marks, the original of Harriet Beecher Stowe's character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is ill in St. Peter's Hospital, Brooklyn, at the age of eighty-seven. Judge Marks was not the character of man described by Mrs. Stowe in her famous book. Quite the reverse, in fact, for he was a warm friend of Henry Ward Beecher. Uncle Tom's creator used only his name and did so at the suggestion of her reverend brother, offered in a moment of merriment. But the name stuck, and the judge's friends have never since called him in any fashion of speech except "Marks the lawyer."

The engagement is rumored in London of Miss Muriel Wilson and Lieutenant Winston Churchill, two of the most popular members of the smart set of the British metropolis. Miss Wilson, one of the reigning beauties of England, is the youngest daughter of Arthur Wilson, owner of Tranby Croft, where the Prince of Wales and Sir William Gordon-Cumming became involved in the famous haccarat scandal. Lieutenant Churchill was much in the public eye during the time he was at the front in South Africa as a war-correspondent, and returned to London just in time to attend the much-discussed wedding of his mother, Lady Randolph Churchill, to Mr. George Cornwallis West.

It is now practically settled that the Duke of Marlborough will succeed Earl Cadogan as lord lieutenant of Ireland, thus following in the footsteps of his grandfather, the seventh Duke of Marlborough, who was lord lieutenant from 1876 to 1880, under the Beaconsfield ministry. The full title of the post is lord lieutenant-general and general governor, and its occupant fully represents the queen, bestowing honors and exercising other royal prerogatives. The social life of Ireland centres round the vice-regal lodge, and thus the Duchess of Marlborough (*née* Vanderbilt) will become, with her husband's appointment, the titular head of the Irish aristocracy. Earl Cadogan retires on account of failing health. Under ordinary circumstances his term of office would expire only with that of the Salisbury ministry.

D. J. Mackey, the former railroad magnate, who, having lost one fortune, has just begun the battle of life anew at the age of sixty-seven, is one of the most remarkable of Indiana's business men. He has wiped out liabilities upward of five hundred thousand dollars by going into bankruptcy, and now, with Millionaire Fairbanks, of Terre Haute, at his back, he will try the hazard of new fortune. Mackey was born in Evansville, Ind., in 1833. At fifteen he was left with a mother to support, and rose from office-boy to clerk, and from clerk to partner in a business house, meanwhile investing his surplus capital in Southern railroads. From this beginning rose the Mackey system of railroads, and its owner was a rich man when he began the fatal experiment of making Evansville the great city of the West. By degrees he lost his holdings, and his affairs became hopelessly entangled. About five years ago the crash came, and a number of personal griefs added to the sum of his misfortunes. His new start in life and his determination to win are an index to his character.

AN ADIRONDACK CASUALTY.

Merry Hunting-Party at Tahawus Club Lodge Saddened by a Grave Mishap—Mrs. Chauncey F. Kerr the Victim of a Mistaken Hunter's Bullet.

Among the game preserves in the Adirondacks there are few better known or more in favor with those who have enjoyed the hospitality of its lodge than that of the Tahawus Club. It is situated about eighteen miles due north of North Creek, the terminus of the railway, but the road in through the forest curves and meanders up and down, around and over rocks and hills, and across mountain streams, until it measures thirty-five miles in its course to the club-house. This season a merry party of New York, Philadelphia, and Washington people were on the hunting-grounds, and their hours of invigorating sport and joyful relaxation began with the earliest dawn and extended sometimes far into the autumn night. But a week ago one of those occurrences that seem all the more terrible because they bring their load of sorrow to hearts at their lightest, changed in an hour the whole aspect of the camp.

One of the gayest parties at the club lodge was gathered by invitation of Mr. E. Holloway Coe, a popular young clubman of New York. Among his guests were his sister, Mrs. Chauncey F. Kerr, and Dr. Charles T. Dade, of this city, and Mr. Charles Weaver Bailey, of Philadelphia. On Thursday morning of last week a number of those who find in rifle-shooting a large share of their enjoyment went out early to the Bennett clearing, about two miles from the club-house, and took up scattered positions of vantage in the edge of the woods, to await the appearance of the deer that visit the spot at the beginning of the day. Mrs. Kerr and Mr. Bailey found a place near a deer-path, and sat, rifle in hand, screened by the trees. Suddenly a rifle-shot was heard, and at the same instant both the waiting hunters felt the shock of the bullet. Dr. Dade, across the clearing, had caught a glimpse of Mr. Bailey's reddish-brown shooting-jacket, and, believing it to be the coat of a deer, took instant aim and fired. The rifle-ball struck Mr. Bailey's side, passed through, making only a flesh wound, and then went on to Mrs. Kerr, seated on a little elevation a few feet away. The wound the missile inflicted on the lady was much more serious, as the bone of her right leg was shattered above the knee.

Mrs. Kerr's son, E. Coe Kerr, a boy of fourteen, was with Alexander Hunter at another runway, a few hundred yards away, and they heard Mr. Bailey's call for help and came running through the underbrush. Before they reached the place they were joined by Dr. Dade, who was already excited and apprehensive, as the certainty of his grave error became more apparent. There were lumbermen at work only a mile away, and a force was soon secured to carry Mrs. Kerr on a stretcher to the camp. Mr. Bailey was taken to the club-house in a wagon, as his wound, though not dangerous, was a painful one and required careful attention. There were two other physicians in the Coe party, Dr. Wheelock and Dr. Brewer, and in consultation with Dr. Dade they decided that amputation was necessary to save Mrs. Kerr from the blood poisoning that would soon manifest itself in the wounded limb. Unfortunately, there were no surgical instruments within reach, and without delay a messenger was dispatched to North Creek to summon by wire a surgeon from New York.

In answer to the telegram, Dr. Robert Wylie, the Coe family physician, at once set out for the wilderness. He reached North Creek at one o'clock Saturday afternoon, and then had a rough ride of thirty-five miles before him. A record-breaking trip was made, however, the team being changed at Aiden Lair lodge, not quite half-way, and the whole distance covered in a little less than three hours. On Sunday the operation was performed, Mrs. Kerr sustaining the shock without alarming weakness, and the latest reports state that her progress toward recovery is steady. It will be some time before she will be able to leave the camp. Mr. Bailey's wound developed no complications, and he was soon himself again. Dr. Dade, who was nearly prostrated when the full extent of the harm his hasty, mistaken shot had caused became known, was not the least of the sufferers. His attention to the two victims of his sure aim has been as assiduous as his condition would allow.

When the news of the casualty first came to the city, Mrs. Emily Coe, the mother of Mrs. Kerr and Mr. E. Holloway Coe, was at Newburg, and the intelligence was sent to her there. Accompanied by another daughter, Mrs. J. E. Earl, of Washington, who was visiting with her at Newburg, Mrs. Coe started for the Adirondacks. Two trained nurses and Mrs. Kerr's maid had already been sent on, and the sufferer was soon receiving the best of care. As another instance of the truth of the aphorism that misfortunes never come singly, it may be mentioned that Mrs. Earl has only recently recovered from the effects of a serious accident in Paris, where an automobile in which she was riding was overturned. The boiler of the carriage exploded, and Mrs. Earl was severely burned, while her companion was badly bruised.

All the figures in this Adirondack mishap are well known in society circles. Mrs. Kerr is the widow of Chauncey F. Kerr, a young Wall Street broker, who left her a large fortune. Mrs. Kerr's home is at 668 Fifth Avenue, where she has lived for nearly ten years with her mother and brother. Before that time the family home was in Brooklyn. Mrs. Kerr is about thirty-two, a handsome brunette, and is not only a favorite in society, but prominent in connection with works of charity. She has a beautiful country place, "Adelhurst," at New Windsor. Mr. Bailey is secretary and treasurer of the Bailey, Banks & Biddle Company, jewelers of Philadelphia. He is a widower, thirty-four years of age, and has two little daughters. The rumor that he is engaged to Mrs. Kerr is denied by intimate friends of the family. Mr. Bailey was a chum of E. Holloway Coe in their college days, and their friendship still continues. Dr.

Dade's home is at 63 East Fifty-Sixth Street, where he lives with his mother, Mrs. Sarah Reynolds, and his sister, Mrs. Margaret Guion.

This is not the first or the most serious accident that has occurred in recent years in the hunting preserves of the mountain region. Many have suffered at the hands of hasty and inexperienced hunters, a number of fatalities being on the records. Only three years ago two friends went to the Adirondacks together and on the first day of their hunting one shot the other by mistake for a deer, killing him instantly. For an entire night and a part of two days the grief-stricken hunter watched alone beside the dead body of his friend, and when help came at last he returned to the city, never again to take up his rifle. Many suggestions intended to prevent accidents are made in the columns of the daily papers by space-writers who know nothing of the woods or hunting, and reforms that might be accomplished by changes in style or weight of guns, bullets, or powder-charges are eagerly pointed out. All are useless. There is no possibility of inventing rifles or cartridges that will be fatal to wild game and harmless to the human family. The only safeguards are the constant care and good judgment of those who shoot. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, September 28, 1900.

AUTUMN VERSE.

The Passing of Summer.

Woods russet red—
Full fruited orchards and the golden haze,
That round the edges of the short'ning days;
And fresher grows the sultry air at night,
And sharper gleam the starry spears of light
In the blue vault o'erhead—
The year has pass'd its noon, and Summer's sped.

Green glades are crossed
With fairy gossamers dew-drenched and fine,
And in the hedgerows berried jewels shine—
Deep purpling sloes, and scarlet of the hiner,
While the great beeches flame to sudden fire
At the first touch of frost—
And added glow for every glory lost.

No songsters fill
The air with music; in gay companies
Feather'd explorers hurry toward the seas:
The falling leaves in elfin dances fly,
And fragrant pine-cones drop in hollows dry;
But yet on moor and hill
The heather wears its royal vesture still.

Autumn is here—

A sun-brown'd reaper—strong of arm and fleet,
The ripen'd corn in sheaves about his feet;
The last flower Summer left is on his breast:
"Be still, O patient Earth," he cries, "and rest—
Sleep through dark days and drear
Till Spring shall whisper in thy dreaming ear!"
—Christian Burke in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Autumn Song.

Wrap us round, O mother Autumn, with a dreaming all unbroken,
With the royal purple semblance of a passion all unspoken,
While the bird of life wings backward, in the reddening, waning day,
To the thrill of long-lost laughter, to the love that could not stay!

Now the savage child within us breaks the thicket, flying faster,
Barefoot through the voiceless forest, threading leaf and fern and aster,
Leaping brook and laughing upward where the broken blue beguiles,
Speeding on,—O heart fly faster!—down the light of memory's aisles!

Now the scent of grape and hollow stirs the pulse and fans the ember,
And wind above the waiting sheaves is whispering, "Remember!"
O now, the heart of memory's rose burns redder 'gainst the gray,
While the bird of life wings backward to the love that could not stay!—Virginia Woodward Cloud in *Atlantic Monthly*.

George Puttman, who was in Folsom State Prison for ten years for burglary, stabbed and killed another convict named John Showers. He was tried and sentenced to be hanged, but appealed his case to the supreme court. The judgment was recently affirmed, and the convict was brought up to be re-sentenced, but his attorney objected to the proceedings, upon the ground that the court was without jurisdiction because the homicide had been committed within the walls of a State prison, and while Puttman was a ward of the State whose civil rights had been taken from him, and therefore was incapable of defending himself, and civilly was dead. The further objection was made that no crime had been committed because Showers, at the time he was killed, was serving a life-sentence, and was therefore legally dead. The pleas were ineffectual, as the execution took place October 5th.

The failure of propagated Smyrna fig-tree cuttings to bear fruit in California influenced Dr. Gustav Eisen, of the Academy of Sciences, to make a special study of the fig, with the view of determining the cause. He discovered that the natives of the fig-growing regions of the Mediterranean had from time immemorial been in the habit of hanging garlands of wild figs on their cultivated trees for the fructification of the fruit of the latter by the aid of the *blastophaga*, which made its breeding-place in the wild fig. He suggested that the practice be followed here, but professional horticulturists ridiculed the suggestion. The capricious theory has been proved perfectly sound, however, and Dr. Eisen thoroughly vindicated by the experiments successfully carried out this year in the neighborhood of Fresno.

Two wonderful inventions to enable soldiers to practically shoot around corners are announced. One is a German invention and the other the product of an Englishman's brain, but they both seem to be on much the same principle. The English device is attached to the stock of the rifle, and it enables the marksman to not only sight his weapon behind cover, but also to find his target and his range at the same time. With the German arrangement, which the German war office has promptly secured, the soldier is said to be able to sight his rifle while he remains under cover, but all other particulars are withheld.

THE PLAGUE OF CURIOSITY.

Trials and Tribulations of Public Men.

The most curious person in this world is he who has no curiosity (points out Frederick Stanley Root in the New York *Evening Post*). One might study such attitude of mind with ever-increasing wonder and profit, for of all the plagues that afflict society this is the most undignified and exasperating. It is considered a conspicuous merit among tribes of North American Indians to be absolutely impassive and unconcerned in the presence of the unusual. No doubt this and other emotions play beneath the surface. But the exterior invites no communication from others of what others prefer to hold secret. Blessed be the taciturnity of the North American Indian!

Who does not recall the incident related of Professor Jowett—an incident which so well illustrates the most obnoxious type of curiosity that I am justified in using it as a text. The great Oxonian detested showing himself to visitors. His study windows overlooked the interior of a court, and, as everybody knows, he was always at work. The local guide would bring up his party, chiefly composed of American tourists, under these very windows, and begin his harangue something as follows: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is Balliol College, one of the very boldest in the university, and famous for the herudition of its scholars. The 'ead of Balliol College is called the 'master'; the present 'ead is the celebrated Professor Benjamin Jowett, Reg'us professor of Greek. Those be Professor Jowett's study windows, and there" (here the guide would pick up a handful of gravel and throw it against the panes, bringing the poor professor, perfectly livid with fury, to the window) "and there, ladies and gentlemen, is Professor Jowett himself."

Now, ordinarily, the eminent Grecian was a man of singular self-control; but gravel on the window-pane as a means of calling forth a sixpenny exhibition of himself might be termed an extraordinary provocation to righteous wrath. It is this wide-spread invasion of individual privacy which labels curiosity with insult and makes a harlequin of courtesy. Public men of every rank and calling are pursued by hordes whose only purpose is to feast their eyes on eminence. There is no such luxury as privacy to him whose name is heralded far and wide. Some, no doubt, enjoy the distinction. They possess a certain weakness named vanity—vanity in kind with that of a man who suddenly became enormously rich, and who was heard to exclaim, *sotto voce*: "Oh, that I could stand in the road and see myself go by in coach-and-four." But the majority must detest the intrusion.

It seems to be the popular impression that every man who wins fame is, in a sense, the public prey. He must dance to the piping of the public inquisitiveness. He must pose to the camera of public desire to photograph every mood and tense of his personality. He becomes a sort of sociological specimen under a glass case ticketed "Worth Seeing." People are curious to know whether he wears number eight boots or old-fashioned congress gaiters. And they seize upon every pretext to find out. Hero-worshipping crowds stop at nothing. Otherwise well-mannered people will stare at a celebrity in a public dining-room in a way to shame decency. They will steal his time, violate his privacy, clamor for his autograph, and make his door-bell weary. And then, on top of all, denounce him as "churlish" if he refuses an inventory of his property and a résumé of personal habits.

But the plague is quite as prevalent and certainly as silly in some minor particulars. The writer once had in early life a country parish. To his Sunday service often came a queerish individual, mentally unbalanced, who had dubbed himself the "Second Christ." He wore a nondescript coat, a white hat with a red band, and always carried in his hand a huge fan, winter and summer, thus fulfilling the Scriptural description of the Messiah. The odd visitor was perfectly tractable, sitting like a graven image through the service, and every man, woman, and child in the town knew him well. But his entrance, usually at the beginning of the sermon, wrought havoc with the writer's pet production invariably. For fully five minutes the "Second Christ" held every eye, to the accompaniment of nudgings and whispered comments. The preacher's voice during that period was like the voice of one "crying in the wilderness." Everybody familiar with rural life will detect in this incident an epitome of that vast New England curiosity which has been the theme of story-tellers since early New England theologians wondered "how many angels could dance on the point of a needle." It may seem at first blush like a harmless foible. Yet the connection between insatiable curiosity and lawless gossip is close and vital. And gossip, originating in a whisper, makes and unmake character. The root of curiosity is not malice, but it is something nearly as bad—vacuity of mind. And this vacuity not infrequently issues into gross violation of the right of personal liberty and the "pursuit of happiness." And the man who gets up a "Declaration of Independence" against it, and resists his prying neighbor, will have his labor for his pains, with no reward. He will be voted an exclusive of the first order, and children will be told that Mr. Blank is a good person to avoid because nobody can discover "just what he is up to!"

It is evident to my mind that I am within the rights of careful language when I thus refer to curiosity as a "plague"—not to be compared with locusts, or peddlers, or hurdy-gurdy men at summer resorts, but certainly a "plague." It is all well enough to say that all knowledge began in wonder. But if a man wonders constantly what another is doing, or likely to do, or what special business or pleasure most engages his time, wonder bears every stock in the market of mental fulfillment. As already mentioned, vacuity sits enthroned. And there is precious little difference between people in town or country when the appetite of curiosity is really whetted.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON GREAT MEN.

General Brinkerhoff's "Recollections of a Lifetime"—Stories of Andrew Jackson, Salmon P. Chase, Samuel J. Tilden, James G. Blaine, and General Garfield.

During the eventful years of the last half-century few men have had a more varied career or have been at the turning-points of history so often as General Roeliff Brinkerhoff, who has just brought out his "Recollections of a Lifetime." Although he has never held any very exalted public office during all these years, he has been active and prominent in many ways, as educator, lawyer, editor, soldier, statesman, hanker, and philanthropist. He was born on a farm on the shore of Owasco Lake, in Cayuga County, N. Y., in 1828, and went to the academy in Auburn, where Roscoe Conkling and Clarence Seward were in the class above him, and Frederick Seward, son of William H. Seward, was in the class below. When in his eighteenth year, he went to Tennessee, where a kinsman was teaching school and where it was thought there might be an opening for him, for he had already made a record as a school-teacher in a village in his native country. Near Nashville Brinkerhoff became a tutor in the family of General Donelson, prominent in the State.

The revolutionary doctrines which the teacher heard from time to time from General Donelson's distinguished Southern guests, he says, fairly took his breath away and opened his eyes, young as he was, to the terrible crisis which was so close at hand, and of which he, like most of the people in the North, was in blissful ignorance. The Southern leaders did not preach this openly then. They were quietly shaping events to the end they wished. But in their councils in General Donelson's house, at which the young man was often present in his capacity as tutor and quasi-member of the family, they were open enough about revealing the political dreams they cherished:

I remember as if it were yesterday when the secret was revealed to me. It was in the early autumn or late summer of 1847. A number of prominent gentlemen were at General Donelson's to meet Governor Branch, of Florida, the father of Mrs. Donelson, and her brother, William Branch, who was afterward a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, and was killed in the second Battle of Bull Run. After dinner we all went out under the wide-spreading branches of an elm-tree in front of the house to smoke cigars and talk. The talkers were all men of mark, and followers of Calhoun. . . . Presently "Joe," General Donelson's negro boy, came in with the mail and a newspaper with a speech or letter or deliverance of some kind from Mr. Calhoun. The party around called for the reading of it, and I was appointed the reader. I do not remember now what the speech was about beyond the fact that it presented the extreme views of that great thinker upon the slave question, with a logic and power which no man else could command. At any rate, it captured my hearers and started a conversation and interchange of ideas that opened up to me for the first time a fair comprehension of the ultimate designs of the ultra pro-slavery men of the South. . . . All this is history now, but the conspiracy for the disruption of the Union was not known to the country at large until it was announced by the roar of cannon in the bombardment of Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, nearly fourteen years after its revelation to me on that sunny afternoon in 1847. Possibly I did not comprehend it fully at that time, but it helped to shape my destiny farther on.

The poor whites, or "the poor white trash," as they were called by the negroes, were not numerous in Middle Tennessee at this time, and yet every community had a few:

They were not tramps or gypsies, and yet they had some of the characteristics of both of these nomads. They hunted and fished, and carried on a contraband trade with the negroes, and petty thieves on the plantations could manage to get a little whisky in exchange for their plunder. They had votes, and in close elections they were codded by the politicians, and in that way secured toleration and some material help. They were a queer lot, and yet, like their prototypes, the tramps and gypsies, they seemed to enjoy life, and would hardly change for something better if they had an opportunity.

Naturally it would be supposed that this class of people would sympathize with the slaves in any desire they might have for freedom. But such was not the fact:

On the contrary, the most ultra pro-slavery people in the South were the poor whites. I could talk with the large planters with entire freedom, and discuss the evils of slavery fully, but to a man who never owned a slave, and never expected to own one, it was dangerous to mention the subject except in commendation. With the poor white his color was the only badge of superiority over the slave. Freedom to the slave meant degradation to the poor white, and, therefore, to him the mere suggestion of freedom to the slave was an unpardonable sin; and it was this feeling that made them the fiercest rebels in the Confederate armies of the great rebellion.

In Eastern Tennessee, and in other mountain regions of the South where there were but few slaves, the poor whites were of a different nature, and to a large extent were unfriendly to slavery and slave-holders, but it was not so elsewhere. Says the writer:

In my hunting excursions I came to know some of the leading spirits among the poor whites, and my taste for hunting and fishing pleased them. I am quite sure I was neither a hold rider nor a good marksman, but they thought I was, and my reputation as such was a passport to their good will. General Donelson's splendid gray hunter would give anybody a send-off who could sit in a saddle, but their faith in my skill with the rifle was based almost entirely upon an accidental shot which picked a squirrel from the top of a tall tree after one of their best marksmen had failed to dislodge him. As a fisherman I really had skill, which I had acquired in early years, and I was discreet enough to keep within my limitations, and in that way maintained a friendly footing with this particular class of people.

Dueling in Tennessee at that time was under the ban of the law, but its spirit remained in full force in encounters known as street fights, which in a large portion of the South still prevail:

The street fights require that the offended party, instead of sending a formal challenge, shall notify his antagonist that he will kill him on sight. Both parties then arm themselves, and when they meet the battle begins, and only ends when one or both are *hors de combat*. I had a notice of this kind sent to me, but the sender knew when he got sober that he had made a fool of himself, and finally apologized. General Donelson, however, furnished me a six-shooter, and proposed to stand by me in case of attack, but nothing came of it, and I was not sorry; still, I had done no wrong, and would have had no compunctions of conscience in defending myself.

As the tutor of Andrew Jackson's grandchildren, the children of the stout old warrior's adopted son, Mr. Brinkerhoff had the most interesting of all his Southern experiences. For three years he remained at the Hermitage in this capacity, and there gathered a fund of information about the

President that makes the most entertaining reading in all his book. Speaking of the household at the Hermitage and of his pupils, General Brinkerhoff says:

These boys were four in number. Two of them, Andrew and Samuel, were sons of Mr. Jackson, and the other two, William and Andrew, were sons of Mrs. Adams, a widowed sister of Mrs. Jackson, who made her home at the Hermitage. The Jacksons had a daughter, too, Rachel, who was away at school in Virginia. . . . Our school-room was the library, which remained substantially as it was when General Jackson died two years before. A large front window overlooked the garden in which was the general's tomb. There were two doors, one opening into the hall, the other into the general's room where he died. The spaces between the doors and windows were filled with hook-cases and hooks. A writing-table and half a dozen chairs constituted the furniture. One of the chairs was a relic of Washington, having been his office chair. It was a large, leather-covered chair, and very comfortable for use. It was a sunny, pleasant room, and here for nearly three years I passed the larger portion of my working hours. In the political controversies of the time they [the family] took no active participation beyond maintaining emphatically the ideas inculcated and illustrated by General Jackson. This necessarily made them antagonistic to the Calhoun ideas of State sovereignty and the right of secession. I was often told by the Jacksons that the one thing the general always regretted was that he had not hanged Calhoun in high treason during the nullification times in South Carolina. The result was that the Jacksons were not friendly to Calhoun or his followers, and I do not remember that many of them visited the Hermitage while I was there.

Concerning the intense affection General Jackson had for his wife, General Brinkerhoff says:

When I went to the Hermitage the wife of General Jackson had been dead for nearly twenty years, and yet the aroma of her presence filled the air and penetrated every nook and corner of the neighborhood. I have often wondered what it was in this diffident, retiring, uncultured woman which so won all hearts which came within the sphere of her influence. She dominated the volcanic nature of her fiery husband as the sun the humid vapors of the morning. There never was a moment in Jackson's married life but he would have died for her on the rack or at the stake. Even in death her influence ceased not, and her memory with Jackson at the White House was more powerful than Congress, Cabinet, or kings. It controlled his passions; it curbed his tongue; it held him true to his convictions of right and duty; it kept ablaze the fires of Christian faith with the fuel of fond hopes of a reunion with her in a better world to come.

In public and in private life, in the White House and at the Hermitage, down to the time of his death, Jackson never retired to rest at night without taking from his bosom the miniature portrait of his wife and placing it in a position, propped up against his Bible, so as to be the last thing seen when he went to the land of dreams and the first thing to greet him when the morning sun recalled the light.

On his return home after months of absence in Washington, his first greetings were not to his family, not to his friends, not to his servants, but to the memory of her who slept beneath the little temple in the garden, and to which he wended his way as a weary pilgrim to a saintly shrine. The seclusion, the silence, and the solemnity of these visits, so far as I have heard, were never violated or profaned by the presence of inquiring eyes.

This adoration of Jackson was not engendered by the absence of reciprocal affection from other women:

He was no Caliban hewitched by Miranda because she was the only woman he had seen. Far from it, General Jackson was a universal favorite among women. He was courted as Chesterfield and as chivalrous in his bearing as any knight who ever poised a lance. The cause must lie deeper. It must have been that Rachel Jackson possessed the qualities essential to the creation of a flame so grand. What were they? I have often asked the question as I studied her portrait in the front parlor at the Hermitage. The portrait may have belied her, but friends say not. At any rate, there was a stout woman with a kindly face over which the breezes of fifty summers had blown lightly, but there was no suggestion of any special beauty. The whole range of the floral kingdom presents no specimen for comparison, unless it is the humble dandelion opening its sunny petals in the grassy meadows of the spring.

After all, is not the dandelion a lovable flower as it looks into your face so kindly in the spring, and reminds us that the chilly winds of winter are gone? Little children love it and bless it as they kiss the dew from its motherly face. At any rate, that was all the portrait told me, and perhaps it was all it needed to tell me as an addition to what I already knew of the womanly virtues of the original. Still, in her youth, Rachel Donelson (for that was her maiden name), must have had some physical attractions as well as mental, for without them she could hardly have made the commotion she did among the roaring blades of Nashville in those early days of Tennessee. . . .

There is still another anecdote of Jackson untold which is exceedingly characteristic of his thoughtfulness for the comfort and pleasure of those around him:

On the front veranda were a large number of beautiful flowers which Mrs. Jackson, his son's wife, had cherished with much care. Some of them were rare exotics brought by Commodore Barron from the Mediterranean Sea. Two or three days before his death Jackson called the attention of his adopted son to those flowers, as the fragrance of their summer bloom floated through the open window of the sick room. "My son," said the dying man, slowly and with gasping breath, "Sarah loves those flowers. At my funeral there will be many persons, and unless the flowers are protected, the chances are they will be carried away as mementoes; therefore, take them to the upper veranda and lock the door, and then they will be safe."

The instructions were forgotten and the flowers were lost, but the recollection of the remembrance of Jackson at such an hour will bloom forever.

General Brinkerhoff returned North in 1850, and until 1861 was in succession a law student, lawyer, and editor at Mansfield, O., and participated actively in the changing politics of those years which culminated in the formation of the Republican party at the Pittsburgh convention of 1856, and the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860. At Pittsburgh, General Brinkerhoff was the youngest delegate from Ohio, and his description of that epoch-making convention is exceedingly interesting and instructive. One of his closest friends among the many great Ohioans who were then on the scene was Salmon P. Chase. Of Chase he tells this anecdote:

He was one of the most companionable as well as one of the wisest of men. The only weakness I ever detected in him was the infatuation of his later years to be President, and I always thought that arose from a desire to gratify the ambition of his daughter rather than his own. Upon this subject he seemed to be unable to see, what every well-informed person could not help seeing, that the Presidency to him was impossible.

A single incident will illustrate this: Some months previous to the nomination of General Grant for President in 1868 I came to Washington from Ohio, and the next day, being Sunday, I went to the Foundry Church, where many of the army officers were in the habit of going during the war on account of the vigorous loyalty of its pastor, and where Mr. Chase made his church home. Upon coming out of the church after the service, by an accident I met Mr. Chase, and we walked together along E Street on our way home. At that time he was living with his daughter, Mrs. Senator Sprague. When we came to the house he invited me to stop. He said the family were away and he wanted to talk with me, and so I went in. . . . He began to talk of the political outlook and wound up finally by asking me what I thought of his prospects for the nomination. . . . I felt that somebody ought to tell him the truth, and I might as well do it as anybody else. . . . The result was our old-time relations were severed—at least it seemed to me that his old-time cordiality was gone—and I did not call upon him when I came to Washington, as I always did in former years.

While Samuel J. Tilden was governor of New York, General Brinkerhoff knew him quite well, and describes him and his methods of work. It was during a long call that he made at the Albany executive mansion that General Brinkerhoff learned most of Mr. Tilden:

At that time I thought I knew Ohio politics about as well as any man in the State; but I found that in comparison with Mr. Tilden I was a pygmy. His information of men and measures was not only vast and minute, but I judge he had it tabulated and filed away by his secretaries for ready reference. At any rate, he took me to his library and showed me how he kept track of his own State. New York he seemed to have made it his business in political campaigns to deal with individual workers of his party in each locality rather than with party committees. By this personal attention each man felt complimented and would naturally be more interested in his welfare. Of course this method required a large correspondence, but it was a work his secretaries could do for the most part, and the results were a popularity for Mr. Tilden among the rank and file of his party that few men have equaled.

In 1861, when the war broke out, he entered the army, and for five full years was an officer of the quartermaster's department, at the front, and at important stations West and East, and when the war closed he was on duty at Washington, D. C. It was during the dark days of the rebellion that he first met James G. Blaine, and became quite captivated by him. This admiration and friendship continued for many years, until one day it was rudely shaken. It happened in this way: General Brinkerhoff had become one of the prominent workers in the cause of tariff reform. In the House quite a number of Republicans were tariff reformers, among them Garfield of Ohio and Allison of Iowa. It was at the time when James G. Blaine was making his canvass for the speakership of the House, and he discovered that he was likely to have opposition from the tariff reformers in his own party and that it might be serious. So he finally invited a private conference of free traders in New York:

Of course this conference was entirely secret. Mr. Blaine stopped at one hotel and the tariff reformers at another. We of the latter persuasion appointed a committee of three to meet Mr. Blaine, which consisted of William B. Allison, Horace White, and Charles Nordhoff. After a conference our committee reported that Mr. Blaine was willing to agree that, in case he was permitted to be re-elected Speaker without opposition in his own party, he would agree that a majority of the Ways and Means Committee should be tariff-reformers, and that its chairman should be a tariff-reformer satisfactory to us, and desired us to name him.

This proposition of Mr. Blaine was quite a surprise to us, and, of course, it was very satisfactory. We accepted it, and named Garfield as our man for chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and, with this arrangement consummated, the conference came to an end, and Mr. Blaine had no further opposition. The managers of the Free Trade League, however, felt that some one should be on hand at Washington to look after legislation, and especially to see that the arrangements with Mr. Blaine were carried out properly, and so I was appointed to attend to it. . . .

Blaine was slow in announcing his committees. I saw him frequently, but did not press him, as I saw he had a difficult task. At last one day, when the House was in session, Blaine saw me on the floor and sent a page with a note asking me to meet him in the hall. . . . He took me down to the basement and into a room he called his den. He then locked the door and went to a cupboard and brought out some refreshments, and we sat down to a little table. He told me he wanted to ask my opinion about a cast of a Ways and Means Committee that was in his mind. He took a pencil and a slip of paper and wrote down nine names and then turned it around for me to read. I saw that he kept his finger on the paper and did not intend to let me take it. I saw at a glance that he was not keeping his agreement, because Dawes was at the head, as chairman, and not Garfield. That a breach of trust was meditated was evident enough, but what to do about it was not so clear. I asked him why Dawes instead of Garfield was at the head. . . . Garfield, he said, had not had sufficient service on the committee to entitle him to promotion over old members, like Kelley and Dawes. "Why," he said, "Kelley would take a fit if I put Garfield ahead of him." "Possibly that may be," I said, "but you knew that just as well in New York as you do now."

General Brinkerhoff saw Garfield that night. He adds:

He took me to his room upstairs and asked me what was the matter. I said everything was the matter so far as the Ways and Means Committee is concerned. "In the first place," I said, "you will not be chairman; and, in the second place, the protectionists will have a majority." "So far as I am concerned," General Garfield replied, "you are mistaken. Mr. Blaine has already arranged with me about the chairman-ship, and I am preparing to remain in Washington to shape the committee work for the winter session. Mr. Blaine has written me a letter assuring me of my selection as chairman." "That is splendid," said I. "Let me see the letter." "I can't do that," he replied, "for Mr. Blaine said that life was uncertain and requested me to return the letter, which I did." "General," I said to him, "you may as well rent your house and go home, for you are not to be chairman of the Ways and Means Committee." And I told him the whole story. He heard me to the end, and then, after walking back and forth across the room two or three times, he stopped and said (and I remember his exact words): "If Mr. Blaine does not appoint me chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, he is the assassin of men." Mr. Blaine did not appoint him, but Dawes was appointed and a majority of the committee were protectionists. How Mr. Blaine pacified Garfield I do not know. How Garfield could appoint Mr. Blaine his Secretary of State afterward, I do not know. After Garfield became President, I made up my mind to ask him those questions whenever I got an opportunity. But when I came to Washington, after Blaine became Secretary of State, Garfield was lying at the White House with Garfield's bullet in him, and I am still in the dark. . . . I had been told in Maine that Blaine was slippery, and I am sorry to say that I am convinced that they told me the truth. Garfield was a better man and a greater man, but, unfortunately, he lacked the stamina to stand up against political pressure. Left to himself, all his instincts were for the right, but against pressure he was as weak as water.

General Brinkerhoff was present at Ford's Theatre on the night of April 14, 1865, and witnessed the awful tragedy of the assassination of President Lincoln, which he describes with a conscientious minuteness of detail. In 1872, he was one of the three men who organized the Liberal Republican convention which met in Cincinnati and nominated Horace Greeley for President, the inside history of this movement being given in these recollections for the first time. In 1873 General Brinkerhoff retired from active politics and accepted the position of cashier of the Mansfield Savings Bank, with which he has been associated ever since, and for years has been its president. As a philanthropist, there are but few men more widely known. He has visited and inspected, probably, more benevolent and correctional institutions than any other man in the world, for he has traveled for that purpose in every State in the Union except one (South Dakota); also in the Dominion of Canada, the Republic of Mexico, and all the countries of western Europe, and the record of his observations in these directions is a history of all modern progress in dealing with the dependent, defective, and criminal classes.

Published by the Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati; price, \$2.00.

LITERARY NOTES.

An Invincible Captain of the Lancers.

Not many authors keep their readers through three hundred pages in doubt about the state of mind or intentions of their heroines, that is if their heroines have minds or intentions, but W. E. Norris has succeeded in doing this in "The Flower of the Flock," and at the end one hesitates to place the responsibility for this peculiarity. It is delightfully feminine in the heroine to vow she would never consent, but as she chances to be a widow of thirty, an American society woman, and without a care, it seems a little whimsical. She resolutely discourages all advances of the hero, tries her best to induce him to give up his bad habits and marry the girl who adores him, and at last, when all efforts fail, suddenly changes her mind.

However, the hero is the commanding figure of the novel. Young, handsome, a popular officer in a crack regiment of English Lancers, a sportsman of excellence, and eligible in every way, it is no wonder that his conquests are numberless. Even the penniless cousin, companion to his mother, succumbs to his variety of attractions, and is encouraged in her seemingly hopeless affection by the hero's younger brother, a no less unselfish worshiper at the shrine of the family idol. The captain, of course, recognizes the tumult he is causing in the heart of his poor but pretty relative, and rewards her with tender words and kisses, that are quite a matter of form with him in such cases, but thinks little of it until the rich American widow makes his acquaintance, spies out the incipient romance, and calls him to account. It is a little forward on the widow's part, but no more so than her behavior on most occasions, to be in keeping with the British idea of American freedom, and is easily excused. But the young officer pleads his uncertain expectations from his wealthy father, his own poverty, and the great anticipations of his family.

Then complications arise. The fortune of the family is swept away by a commercial panic, and what might have been done with courage before is now manifestly impossible. The captain is over-head in debt, and in despair goes out to Africa with a fighting command. The widow extends her visit in England, that she may comfort the desolate mother and the cousin who is more hopeless than ever. But the officer comes back after a gallant campaign, pale with fever and the hardships of war, and the pretty cousin is left a half-million just in time to celebrate the arrival of the hero becomingly. Spurred on by the widow, the captain finally decides to sacrifice himself, though he is still in love with the American. But the engagement is short. The cousin finds that his love is feigned, and that her real desire is the unselfish brother who has been working like a slave in the city to save the wreck of the business that once sustained the family in magnificence. Then the flower of the flock secures the great prize, though it is altogether beyond his deserts.

It is a well-told story, easily familiar with the stock surroundings of English romance, and moving slowly but steadily forward to the pleasing conclusion. Its characters, with the single exception, are natural in speech and action, and there are some good contrasts. If not the best of this author's works, it will disappoint none of his readers.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Told in a Fourth Appearance.

"From India to the Planet Mars: A Study of a Case of Somnambulism," by Th. Flournoy, professor of psychology at the University of Geneva, is a volume that has stirred up some interest abroad, and the translation by Daniel B. Vermilye will be read with no little curiosity here. The general verdict will be that the investigators of these phenomena are more enthusiastic than critical. The "Geneva medium" who claims to have been a Hindoo princess and Marie Antoinette in former appearances on the earth, and also a person of importance during a residence on Mars, is an interesting subject, but hardly to be taken seriously, from the evidence in this account of her manifestations.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

"African Nights Entertainment."

Imitations of the untiring recitals of Scheherazade have been offered through hundreds of years, but the great originals stand unsurpassed, in spite of their lack of good standing in the East. A. J. Dawson's "African Nights Entertainment" may be ranked well toward the head of the imitations. In fact, this book of short stories, nearly all of Morocco and the Moors, deserves better than a title that suggests copying. Some of the stories are bizarre, all are freshly entertaining. Fault may be found with occasional involved expressions and a freakish system of punctuation, but the book is distinctly good in spite of these.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

In the Old Russian Capital.

In the Medieval Towns Series there has been no more attractive, entertaining, or historically valuable than the latest volume, "The Story of

Moscow," by Wirt Gerrare, illustrated by Helen M. James. The history of the old Muscovite capital comprises more than the legends and associations of an ordinary city, and it has a fascination of its own. This book gives the story of the five centuries preceding the destruction at the time of Napoleon's invasion, a period that has been ignored by most writers, but it has many hints of the present time for intending tourists, and the pictures, all artistic drawings, have a modern interest. The index of the volume has been made with care.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personat and Miscellaneous Gossip.

All the readers of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" will rejoice to hear of a new work from that very pleasant pen, though this time it is designed for children. "An April Baby's Book of Tunes" is written for and about the three little girls who made such attractive figures in the mysterious author's earlier books.

Richard Le Gallienne has a new volume, "Sleeping Beauty," ready for issue this autumn. It is in line with his "Prose Fancies," and takes its title from the name of the opening essay, "Sleeping Beauty and Other Prose Fancies."

Frank Bullen will have two new books ready for publication this autumn, "The Men of the Merchant Service," with an introduction by S. R. Crockett, and "With Christ at Sea," a religious autobiography.

Mark Twain has decided to postpone his return to America until late in the autumn. In the meantime he is living at Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid's house on Dollis Hill, London. He expects to spend the winter in New York, and in the spring will go to Hartford and take up his residence in his old home there.

Albert Bigelow Paine's "Bread Line," a clever story of an attempt of three young journalists to start a weekly paper in New York, will be published by the Century Company in October.

Joel Chandler Harris has resigned his position as editorial writer on the Atlanta Constitution, and will in the future devote himself entirely to literary work. In an interview, he said: "Just say, in your kindly way, that an old family boss, grown tired of stopping before the same doors every day, has kicked out of the harness, and proposes to keep the flies off in his own way. I have a great deal of work mapped out which, if it is done well, will cover several busy years. This work would never be done if I continued to grind out editorial-articles day after day."

Horace Annesley Vachell is to publish an illustrated volume devoted to life and sport on the Pacific Slope. It is to be comprehensive, giving somewhat rare impressions of California conditions, with supplementary details and statistics.

The friends of the late Alphonse Daudet are collecting the money for a monument at Paris to the dead novelist; and the famous sculptor M. René de Saint-Marceaux has engaged to execute the work.

"The Puppet Show" is the title of a novel of present-day life in England and on the Continent, by Marion Bower, author of "The Story of Mollie" and "Payton Jacks, Gentleman in '93." It will be published early this month.

Although Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor" will not be finished in its serial-form before December, it is to be brought out in book-form in a fortnight.

"The History of Colonization from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," by Henry C. Morris, formerly United States consul at Ghent, is on the press for immediate publication by the Macmillan Company.

Sarah C. Woolsey—otherwise "Susan Coolidge"—has written an introduction for the new illustrated edition of Helen (Hunt) Jackson's romance, "Ramona."

The October Century.

There are a number of interesting articles in the October Century Magazine which throw some very helpful lights and side-lights on the situation in the Far East. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister to the United States, contributes "A Plea for Fair Treatment"; Bishop Potter writes of "Chinese Traits and Western Blunders"; Sheridan P. Read, formerly United States consul at Tientsin, on "The Chinese as Business Men"; and Ernest von Hesse Wartegg on "China's Holy Land." Among other notable contributions are Governor Roosevelt's essay entitled "Civic Helpfulness"; another of Sir Walter Besant's studies of "East London Types"; the final chapters of Mr. Morley's important work on Cromwell; the fourth and concluding hudget of Dr. William Mason's "Memories of a Musical Life"; another installment of Miss Runkle's adventurous romance, "The Helmet of Navarre"; and the concluding chapters of S. Weir Mitchell's "Dr. North and His Friends." There are short stories, by Virginia Frazer Boyle, "The Child Perpetual"; by Annie Steger Winston, "Mr. Grigshy's Way"; and by Ellis Parker Butler, "The Hanging-On of 'By Jocks';" while serious poetry is represented by James Whitcomb Riley and John Vance Cheney.

LATE VERSE.

The Exiles.

(This poem was written while the author was a prisoner of war at Pretoria, and first appeared in the manuscript paper circulated among the prisoners.)

Watch the south-bound swallows go!
What manner of folk are they?
Out of the sky they came to you,
Guests of the summer's day—
Born in your sheltering thatch, and bred
A fortnight's flight away.

But when your days are warm and bright,
And God shall lend them weather,
Their schooled battalions take their flight
A thousand wings together;
Each year the native-born come back
To flock with their own feather.

So, mother-country, of thy sons
A many men there be
Whose lot hath cast them all abroad,
Whose hearts have stayed with thee,
Who yield thee praise from the skirts of the earth,
And the fringe of the nether sea.

England, behold! our arms are strong,
Our shoulders broad to bear;
All that the Gentiles cast on thee
Our birthright 'tis to share,
And when thy legions face the field
The exiles will be there!

From every continent and sea
Our fancies homeward fly,
Grant, though we sojourned long abroad,
We all come home to die,
Each, like a native Englishman,
In English earth to lie!

—Percival Gibbon in London Spectator.

The Mercy of the Mightful.

BEFORE.

No, not that they were weak, and we are strong,
Nor to avenge imaginary slight
To England's lofty majesty and might,
Hymned round the world in many a sounding song,
From farm and forge she mustered martial throng,
And sped her war-shares through the waters white;
No, but to vindicate offended Right;
And bring to end insufferable wrong;
That on remotest shore where her renown
Wakes sluggish souls to strenuous discontent,
On her fair flag should be no stain nor rent,
No man to no man kneel nor grovel down,
But, all men wearing Freedom's kingly crown,
Hope still might dawn on Darkest Continent.

AFTER.

So to the Lord of the embattled host,
Not unto us, praise and thanksgiving he,
Who made this Isle vicegerent of the sea,
And spread its Empery from coast to coast,
Empire whose sole and not unworthy boast
Is to proclaim the fettered must be free,
And, firm as Fate enforcing that decree,
Is least avenging when victorious most.
Therefore, since now wrong and rebellion cease,
Let wimpled Mercy heal the wounds of war,
Solace the heart and cicatrice the scar;
Let race with race commingle and increase,
And Concord's portals henceforth stand ajar,
Guarded by Justice, Liberty, and Peace.

—Alfred Austin in the Independent.

Rudyard Kipling's "Kim of the Rishti" will begin its serial publication this autumn. The author had the story practically finished when he fell sick early last year, but kept it with him for changes and revision, the manuscript, as will be remembered, accompanying him even to South Africa. It is a story of India, Kim being a waif of English parentage, who is found in an Indian town by a Lama priest, adopted by him, and initiated in the mysteries of the form of Buddhism known as Lamaism.

"Ouida's" opinions on the subject of letters may well be that of many suffering celebrities: "If a conversation be considered confidential, how much more should a correspondence be so? A letter in any degree intimate is a hostage given into the hands of its recipient. We are justified in expecting that any sentiments, views, or opinions it may contain shall not go beyond the reader for whom they have been penned."

The Critic reports that M. Rostand is working upon a new play dealing with the persecution of the early Christians by Nero, which he is writing for Mme. Bernhardt.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Nine Stories of Politics and Sentiment.

The title of Charles Warren's volume of short stories, "The Girl and the Governor," awakens an interest that is sustained from the first page to the last. There are nine of the stories, each a bit of romance from the field of politics or the stress of a public career, and though they are not equally attractive, none of them is unworthy. As pictures of political life, character sketches of individuals and types, and expositions of campaign motives and methods that are familiar to few, they are worthy of praise for their vigor and truth, and as episodes of conflict and sentiment they are a credit to the good taste and skill of the author. Mr. Warren knows the field of which he writes, and his method is direct and sure. With all the realism of his stories there are no repelling scenes, no climax that is not wholesome in its strength.

There are two governors in the book, and more than one girl, but the chief interest follows the fortunes of Robert Clifton, whose ability, courage, and kindness won for him three times the highest honor to be given by his State. In one way or another his influence appears in each of the nine stories, and when he is not the central figure it is some one who is connected with his career. The best of the stories is "A Copley Boy," though in this there is no tinge of romance. It describes a visit of the governor to the school he attended when a youth, his reception by the proud but embarrassed pupils, and the lesson he learned while he sat a spectator of the athletic sports. In the two hundred-and-twenty-yard race one of the two contestants lost his shoe and fell, and the other runner stopped and went back for another start, thus losing a victory that had been within his reach. It was "Copley honor." Just at that time the governor was in the midst of a campaign, and under provocation had almost decided to use the methods of his political rival, and make public the disgraceful facts of that rival's early career, but "Copley honor" restrained him. When his opponent came to him later and begged forgiveness, at the same time thanking him for his forbearance, the governor said: "You should have been a Copley boy."

Next to this in strength and charm is "A Daughter of the State," in which a girl, by accident made acquainted with the corrupt methods being used by her father to force a bill through the legislature, joins her efforts to those of a young reformer and thus brings about the defeat of the vicious measure. The young reformer is afterward the governor, and in this episode he meets and conquers one of his greatest temptations. In "The Arrival of the Abwannee" is told the love-story of a lobbyist, and the silent influence of a true, pure-minded woman in stirring the conscience of a politician who had never before questioned the honesty of his own methods is deftly shown.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

Practical information of real value fills "Notes for the Guidance of Authors" from cover to cover. Published in paper covers by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

The story of an adventure, with many sensational details not always pleasing, is told in "The Progress of Pauline Kessler," by Frederic Carrel. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

The latest issues in Cassell's National Library Series are Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth" and Macaulay's essay, "The Earl of Chatbam." Published in paper covers by Cassell & Co., New York; price, 10 cents each.

W. D. Howells's polished and gently humorous little plays, "The Smoking Car," and "An Indian Giver," make two dainty volumes just from the press. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents each.

Macaulay's essays on Milton, Dryden, Addison, Bunyan, Goldsmith, and Johnson, prefaced with a brief biographical sketch, have been made into a neat volume under the title "Literary Essays of Thomas Babington Macaulay." Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

Literary and historical reminiscences, social views, and some little philosophy and mild satire are the distinguishing features of Eliot Gregory's volume of essays entitled "The Ways of Men." It is a book containing enjoyment for several leisure half-hours. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Under the title "Educational Aims and Methods," some fifteen of the lectures and addresses of Sir Joshua Fitch, late inspector of training colleges in the United Kingdom, have been gathered in a volume of particular interest to teachers and students. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"To South Africa with Buller," by George Clarke Musgrave, is a volume by a newspaper correspondent who was on the field. His earlier experiences in Cuba furnished him with material for an equally entertaining book. Captain Musgrave, however, felt that Buller needed defense, and did the best he

could for him in this work. To those who desire to know the details of the campaign, the account offers many attractions, but it is more valuable for its facts than for its opinions. The introduction was written on the day the British flag was raised over Pretoria, and it is evident that the author believed the war was over. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

A modest book, entitled "The Path of Gold," contains some thirty pieces of Carrie Blake Morgan's verse in couplets, quatrains, and more extended forms. There is a personal note in nearly all of these selections that does not add to their strength or beauty, but the lines are graceful and the thought often above the commonplace. Published in paper covers by Edson & Irish, New Whatcom, Wash.; price, 50 cents.

A Hint to Young Poets.

Andrew Lang, in *Longman's Magazine* for September, tells how the young poet may cast a presentation copy so as to get an acknowledgment from the most obdurate old stager in poetry. And, in fact, when the mere good word of a famous author goes far toward making a new-comer in letters, a sure way to catch the old one is a *desideratum*. Tennyson was most chary to the *debutante's* lure, and yet he, too, was hooked occasionally:

"By 1845, when he was thirty-six, Tennyson had become the recipient of the other poets' poems. 'Rascals send me theirs per post from America, . . . books of which I can't get through one page, for of all books the most insipid reading is second-rate verse.' Coleridge and Wordsworth could not read Tennyson; they were too old, he was too young. Very soon he was to feel like them; almost every book of verse flew straight at him, like a moth into a candle, though I suppose that such books as Mr. Matthew Arnold's did not automatically assail him. Mr. Browning's arrived quite late, from Mrs. Browning. Nothing is so likely to 'put down' a recognized poet as to flop a book heavily down in front of him. You might as well throw a fly with a heavy splash at a wary old trout. Tennyson's friends cast his verses as lightly as possible over Coleridge and Wordsworth, but these old fish hardly looked up at the lure. This is a lesson for young authors. I fear that tickling, not fair fishing—tickling by judicious flattery—is the way to catch the big fish. Praise them; do not try to get them to praise you. That may come later, but the recognized hard swimmers away whenever so pretty a little book of rhyme is presented to him. He has seen so many. A trout in the Test has been known to rush off with every sign of terror when a real 'olive dun' floated near him. Even real poetry—Tennyson's—alarmed Coleridge and Wordsworth. Of course there are exceptions. Southey and Scott used to look at presentation copies, and praise the donors. Mr. Browning, I have been told, was equally good-natured. Perhaps our modern poets rise freely at presentation copies from beginners. On the whole, however, the plan of tickling seems decidedly the likeliest way of catching your poet. 'What I particularly liked about him is that he did not press on me any verses of his own,' so Tennyson wrote about Mr. Swinburne in 1858. Mr. Swinburne must have been quite a hoy in 1858, but he was wiser than many much older poets."

Publishers' Fall Announcements.

Among the books announced for fall publication by Charles Scribner's Sons are:

"Oliver Cromwell," by Theodore Roosevelt; "With Both Armies in South Africa," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock," by Thomas Nelson Page; "The Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," by Sir Walter Armstrong; "Prince Charles Edward," by Andrew Lang; "Paul Jones: Founder of the American Navy," by Augustus C. Buell; "Military Reminiscences of the Civil War," by Jacob Dolson Cox; "Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "Tommy and Grizel," by James M. Barrie; "Unleavened Bread," by Robert Grant; "The House of Egremont," by Molly Elliot Seawell; "The Queen versus Billy, and Other Stories," by Lloyd Osbourne; "Until the Day Break," by Robert Burns Wilson; "Short Rails," by Cy Warman; "Peccavi," by E. W. Hornung; "Afield and Afloat," by Frank R. Stockton; "The Girl and the Governor," by Charles Warren; and "Story-Tell Lib," by Annie Trumbull Slosson.

Among the books announced for publication this fall by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are:

"The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews," by Lyman Abbott; "The Mayflower and Her Log," by Ael Ames; "A Georgian Bungalow," by Frances Courtenay Baylor; "The Monitor and the Navy Under Steam," by Frank M. Bennett; "The Half-Hearted," by John Buchan; "Theodore Parker, Preacher and Reformer," by John White Chadwick; "Fried or Foe," by Frank S. Child; "A White Guard to Satan," by A. M. Ewell; "Orpheus: A Masque," by Mrs. James T. Fields; "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," by John Fiske; "The Prodigal," by Mary Hallock Foote; "The Last Refuge," by Henry B. Fuller; "A Little Tour in France," by Henry James; "An American Anthology, 1787-1899," by Edmund Clarence Stedman; "Autobiography of a Journalist," by William J. Stillman; "Penelope's Experiences," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Israel Zangwill is busily engaged in preparing a dramatization of his "Mantle of Elijah," which will be handled by the same New York managers who produced "The Children of the Ghetto" last year. The book will appear simultaneously with the stage production.

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS."

How She Writes and Where and When.

The literary history of Mrs. Craigie, whose pen-name is "John Oliver Hobbes," has been in many ways remarkable (says a writer in the *London Bookman*). Reading has been the master passion of her life from earliest days, and her enthusiasm for literature showed itself when as a tiny child she begged for a separate subscription to Mudie's Library. "I was so small at the time," she says, "that I had to be lifted up to the counter to see the books. The nurses thought it a very unwise thing for a child of my years to be reading so freely, and used to hide the books from me." Certainly, few living women have read more widely than Mrs. Craigie. For one thing, she has had the opportunities which so many lack. Her father is one of the most prosperous merchants in London, and his daughter has always been able to indulge her hobby of book collecting to her heart's content. She is intimately acquainted with the literature of almost every land in Europe. Her favorites among modern authors are Meredith and Hardy, and she is a great admirer of French fiction. While there are many traces of Meredith's work in her style—she admits that her great danger is to be too elliptical—the influence which permeates her mind has come, she is inclined to think, from the Greek classics. Mrs. Craigie is also a devoted student of poetry, and is herself a poet of no mean power and charm, as was testified in her beautiful play, "Osborn and Ursyne."

Mrs. Craigie is a cosmopolitan, by upbringing and sympathy a citizen of the world. She was born in Boston in 1867, and her parents traveled extensively before settling down in England. Mrs. Craigie sometimes says: "I feel as if each of the chief cities of Europe was my native place, because I have child-like recollections of them all." Her grandfather was the Rev. James Richards, the founder of the first theological seminary in New York, while it is, she fancies, from her great-grandfather, a Tory member of the Halifax Parliament long before the Declaration of Independence, that she inherits her strong Tory politics.

Mrs. Craigie received most of her early education in Paris, and French is as familiar to her as her native tongue. At twenty she was enrolled as a student at University College, and much of her knowledge of classics and philosophy is to be traced to the tuition of Professor Goodwin, to whom, by the way, she afterward dedicated one of her books.

The first literary compositions from the pen of the author of "Robert Orange" date back to her fifth year, when she spent all her spare time in composing short stories, which were dramatized and produced in sumptuous fashion in a toy theatre of her own. As she grew up she contributed to various children's magazines, occasionally gaining prizes.

One of her earliest appearances in print was in Dr. Joseph Parker's paper, the *Fountain*, and was entitled "Lost, a Dog." The story, a bright description of the loss of one Sandy, his diverting adventures and ultimate safe return, was signed "Pearl Richards, aged nine." There is also, it is believed, a story from Mrs. Craigie's pen to be found in the *Fountain* of February 10, 1881, entitled "How Mark Puddler Became an Inn-keeper."

At eighteen Mrs. Craigie determined to devote herself to writing. For years she had studied every possible model of style, and especially of dramatic dialogue, and, as she puts it, her great ambition was that after many years of application she might invent something which would please her a little. Her first book, "Some Emotions and a Moral," was composed during months of wearing illness and amid the strain of domestic anxiety. Twelve months were spent on the book—a remarkable time considering its length—but Mrs. Craigie has always been firm in her determination not to let a single unconsidered word slip into her work. The manuscript was sent, first of all, to Messrs. Macmillan, whose reader reported very favorably upon it, but urged a change in the ending of the story, and also in the title. This Mrs. Craigie refused to consider for a moment. Mr. Fisher Unwin was then starting the "Pseudonym Library," and it occurred to Mrs. Craigie that her story would be suited to that series. She herself took it to the publisher, and it was immediately accepted, although curiously enough both Mr. Fisher Unwin's reader and her own friends again strongly urged her to make an alteration in the title. The book had an immediate success, and over eighty thousand copies were sold in a short time.

Many must have wondered at Mrs. Craigie's strange choice of a pseudonym. As a beginner she shrank from the publicity which would have attached to her own name, and laughingly says that she purposely selected the name of the great philosopher in order "to control her tendency to extreme sentimentality."

For years Mrs. Craigie contented herself with short "philosophical studies," as the state of her health did not permit of long sustained effort; but with "The Herb Moon," and especially with "The School for Saints," a new element entered into her work. It is not surprising to hear that "The School for Saints" and its sequel are Mrs. Craigie's favorites among her writings, although she confesses

that the book she likes best is always the one she is about to write.

Mrs. Craigie is not certain whether it is quite correct to speak of herself as a slow writer. She is fortunate in being able to force herself to write regularly and anywhere. She can not do her thinking upon paper, and often spends several hours in meditating on a portion of the story, and it may be that only a few lines are the result. But when she is actually writing she works quickly. She never re-writes. She experiences no difficulty in the choice of plot or characters, although she never draws from real life, but spends much time in the arrangement of her work. Portions of her stories have been written in almost every part of the world, but her favorite resort is certainly "Old Park," Ventnor. It was here, in a delightful study, crowded with books and pictures, that much of "Robert Orange" was written. Mrs. Craigie finds it extremely difficult to write in London. She has a large library in her father's magnificent house in Lancaster Gate, but when in town the claims of society absorb most of her time, for Mrs. Craigie is one of the most sought-after women in London society.

When living at "Old Park," Ventnor, which is the property of her friend, Mrs. William Spindler, Mrs. Craigie commences work every morning at eight o'clock. She studies—philosophy, history, the classics—until ten, and is a firm believer in regular daily work of this kind. From ten until eleven-thirty she writes, and seldom writes more than an hour and a half at a time. Music and chess are her two favorite recreations. She never touches her pen "even to write a post-card" in the evening.

Mrs. Craigie began her career as a dramatist with a one-act play written for Miss Ellen Terry, "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting." It is interesting to know that at Mrs. Drew's request Mrs. Craigie read the play to Mr. Gladstone, whom it greatly amused and pleased. At the present time two light comedies are in the hands of leading managers. "The Wisdom of the Wise" will be produced shortly at the St. James's Theatre, while the second will see the light at the Haymarket. For years it was Mrs. Craigie's great ambition to gain a hearing on the stage, and it was this that led her to write her early books almost entirely in dialogue. Curiously enough, her first intention with regard to "The Ambassador" was not to produce it as a play but as a book, feeling that comedy of the kind was too light for the English school. There is little doubt that lately Mrs. Craigie has come to prefer fiction. Apart from the weariness and strain of rehearsals, there is something in the necessary conventions of the drama which jars on her independence. Still, she has not abandoned the project of writing an historical tragedy which has long been in her mind.

A story about Tennyson, told by the late John Addington Symonds, is quoted in the *London Spectator*. An ardent, but not highly discriminating admirer of the poet, sitting next to him at dinner, referred to his lines:

"Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling."

"Beautiful description," said she; "one can almost hear the nightingales singing." "Noosense, madam," retorted Tennyson, in his abrupt manner, "they were rooks—rooks!"

An interesting study of modern social conditions as they affect the Jews in the United States is presented by Emma Wolf in her novel, "Heirs of Yesterday," which will be published shortly.

THE CENTURY
OCTOBER

CHINA

A PLEA FOR FAIR TREATMENT
by Minister Wu Ting Fang
A JOURNEY TO THE HOME AND
TOMB OF CONFUCIUS, described by
Baron Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg
"CHINESE TRAITS AND WESTERN
BLUNDERS" by Bishop Henry C. Potter
CHINESE EDUCATION
the Imperial College

CIVIC HELPFULNESS by
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
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Of the two sexes, it must have been man who first invented the pleasant fashion of laughter. Woman is more naturally the sigher in the scheme of creation. Her patronage alone, unassisted by that of the more jovial sex, would never have floated a Dooley or a Chimmie Fadden upon the top wave of popularity. *Puck* and *Judge*, and perhaps even *Life*, if dependent on feminine favor alone, would have to close their doors. But no, we must except brilliant, shrewd, knowing little *Life*, that is so clearly aware of the feminine love for elegance, modeliness, and up-to-date-ness, and whose pages are continually teeming with pictures of lovely, fashionable, well-groomed girls, lounging gracefully in luxurious interiors, and who have an unending series of brilliant, cutting, coquettish, or sweetly, femininely, fascinatingly, illogical repartee at their tongues' ends.

But woman in the mass, in spite of her reputation for frivolity, gravitates more than man toward those things which savor of seriousness or sentiment, whether they are her enthusiasms or her diversions. Almost unassisted she keeps up the census of church congregations, concert audiences, and lectures. Many youths, of course, pass through a strenuous soul-evolving stage, and for a time much affect poetry, tragedy, and love affairs; but after they have cut their emotional eye-teeth, married, and taken to raising children, they eschew tragedy and settle down matter-of-factly to a cheerful histrionic diet of farce, vaudeville, and burlesque opera.

And so it was on Monday night that the orchestra of the Columbia was liberally sprinkled with brave men, and the pompadours of fair women were much less numerous than usual. Most of the women there were complaisant wives who knew that their husband's preferences for humorous theatricals must be indulged occasionally.

Among them was Serena, who, with her large, placid, soulful, maternally hearty, her well-assorted mental furniture, and her calm, cool refinement, is as much out of place at David Scaram as a stately white swan in a pawn-broker's shop. But Serena has such excellent good sense that she does not mar her husband's enjoyment by any outward evidence of inward malassimilation of Eddie-Foyisms. She turns upon him a beneficent, indulgent smile when he joins in the ecstatic laughter of the male devotees, and says not a word concerning the extreme emaciation and moss-grown antiquity of the jokes. How unerringly a millennium-old joke, worn with age and toil, can be depended upon to appeal successfully to the risibles of man! Yet (to agree with Shakespeare), what a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in mechanical, intellectual, and scientific faculties! How stupendous is this machinery of modern civilization that he has reared! How endless are his resources for the convenience, the safety, and the enlightenment of the human family! It is man's, not woman's brain that has made possible the building of mighty bridges spanning broad rivers; the propelling of giant ships across trackless oceans; the instantaneous transmission of the written word across a continent. It is man who has written deathless poems, and sent the strains of soul-exalting music rolling down the centuries. It is man who has wrested from nature the secret of the solar systems, and whose searching thought has winged the spaces between the planet-worlds. And it is man, proud man, who sits nightly at the theatre, laughing foolishly at puerile inanities, "pleas'd with a rattle, tickl'd with a straw."

We lesser ones, mere feeble, resourceless women, smile superior, or sit in grim endurance, and do not smile at all. Not, at least, at David Scaram.

For—oh, the heavy day—we had the 'teen millionth mother-in-law with six feet of height and a steam-siren voice, and the small, meek, and docile father-in-law, who unexpectedly rebels from a life's obedience and escapes for the evening with a French dancer. The dancer performs the good Samaritan act of conveying her inebriated co-reveler home, and appears attired in a coy, white opera-cloak, which half conceals and fifteen-sixteenths reveals a full yard of pink, plump, curving continuations. We had also the new and startling innovation of a young husband who plans to spend the evening away from his wife with the same French dancer. To compass this end, he hires a substitute to snore for him that his wife may believe him to be at home. And we are treated to a long and highly diversified series of snores, delivered with the nicest art by Mr.—no, Eddie Foy. Amazingly fresh and novel, is it not?

As for Eddie, he merely puts on a pale terra-cotta wig and a series of grotesque costumes, and saunters in a languid, low-voiced way through his part, makes a few *staccato* gestures, occasionally

sings a coon-song and dances a break-down. Yet he appears to take, and all his sallies were laughed at—by the men.

His play, which is adapted from the Italian, is about on an intellectual par with an advertisement for a toilet soap. How wearisome these eternal foreign farces become! How hide-bound is the foreign conception of farcical humor! How tediously tautologous are the motives! In what narrow grooves must foreign farceurs tread! Yet actors must earn their living, and to do so they must have plays. Apparently there are not enough written in our native tongue to go around. And so we are treated *ad nauseam* to adaptations from foreign sources, in which the sense of humor is as different from ours as soap-suds is from mud.

I noticed with warm approval that three men in a neighboring box "jumped the game," as they expressed it, and left early, and at least ten or twelve others were unable to sit it out.

"What do you think of it?" I asked Serena, at the close of the first act.

"Why, my child," she responded (Serena is still young, but from the heights of her serene, self-poised success in life, she "my-children" many of her seniors), "I don't know a thing about it, except that the women had real nightmares on at the finale."

Serena married a man about town (I write the phrase with due respect and awe), and having landed her prey, she proceeded to domesticate him with great success. But she has always humored his confirmed belief that he is still a rattling blade, by allowing him an occasional night off, and taking him at intervals to see frivolous and foolish plays. She tells me that she has too much respect for her brains to tax their powers of attention during such performances, and is in the habit of planning menus, the spring cleaning, new winter bonnets, dinner-parties, and such-like high and holy obligations, while the Frank Danieles, the Eddie Foyes, the Ferris Hartmans, and other humorous exponents of the art of laughter disport themselves before her.

But who would guess, to gaze at the heautiful benignity of her expression, while Eva Tanguay was skipping in a series of *staccato* jerks across the stage, that for the moment she was sweetly unaware of that young person's existence? It is a difficult mental feat to accomplish, with the Tanguay before one in the flesh, for she has a voice of such exceeding poignancy and shrillness, and in dancing her round, shapely ankles describe such a deliciously involved network of acute angles, and her hard, buzzing *r's* are so thickly bathed in a Middle-West haze that might come from the heart of Indianny, that the whole personality of this amazingly energetic little actress is liable to knock a large opening through the thickest reverie. And even Serena's placid aloofness was not proof against Miss Tanguay's attack of hysterics in the last act. Heavens, how piercingly she screamed! How spasmodically she jerked! With what incredible activity she spun around the stage! She was like a runaway automobile with a steam-whistle attachment, and made the most phlegmatic in her audience jump. "Some one ought to lead the little actress aside by the ear and pour into that member some useful advice about curbing this over-exuberance of voice and movement, and allowing it to run into smoother and quieter channels. But at present, to see Miss Tanguay acting her attack of hysterics would be a sufficiently trying experience to give a nervous convalescent a violent relapse."

When we were coming away, I consoled feelingly with Serena upon having spent a dull and dead evening, hut, "Bless your heart," she said, "I slept with my eyes open until that kicking little Callopie awoke me in the last act. But never mind, I have established a law of compensation in the family, and my husband has promised to take me to see every one of the Henry Miller performances this winter."

"Then there will be no compensation," I replied. "You forget that the newspapers do not retail facts, but news. That was merely an entertaining item upon which you founded your hopes of a winter season, with no basis of truth, for Henry Miller is going to the south of France to nurse a sick voice that he wrecked in 'The Only Way.'"

While Serena digested this dampening piece of news with a blank face, I pressed her spouse for his opinion of the performance, feeling that his verdict might atone for the coolness and disfavor of my own. He pronounced it "A rattling good show. Plenty of fun in it. Tanguay is a nice, jolly little girl, with lots of go." To this I could subscribe with enthusiasm, as I had feared in the height of the Tanguay's dizzy evolutions during her hysteria that she would go over the footlights.

But Serena was still looking blank. Like many another of us, her taste for theatrical entertainment lies in serious plays, of some literary standing, well acted by experienced companies. The work of the big New York stock organizations come as near to what her class of theatre patrons prefer as can be found at present on the American stage. Yet here, in this big, bustling, prosperous, pleasure-loving city, we have only one annual season of Frohman's people.

What is the matter with the managers? Are they not going to profit by the conclusions to be drawn from the success of the Drew, the Goodwin, and the Miller seasons of this summer? They have discovered that even in the summer months, with many hundreds of people away, there was still left an

eager, liberally inclined multitude, anxious to spend its money on high-priced, first-class attractions.

The actors in the Frohman organization recognize this fact, and have gone away freely advertising it. It is evident that the time is ripe for a permanent stock company of high standing to be established here in San Francisco, which will reproduce the successes of the better class of plays on the Eastern stage. Twenty years ago an excellent stock company, whose numbers were frequently augmented by capable recruits from the East, held the Baldwin Theatre for so long that they were regarded as fixtures. From twenty-five to thirty years ago the famous old California Theatre company began its career of glory. Both institutions were exceedingly popular, and appealed to a large and liberal class of theatre patrons. Most of the leading members of both companies have since become stars or have risen to prominence in their profession.

Why, then, should the San Francisco of to-day—bigger, richer, older, and presumably wiser—be considered to have entirely retrograded in its tastes by men who are apparently as shrewd in business methods as theatrical managers?

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Prosperity and the Laborer.

'Twas noon hour in the workshop;
'The emptied pails were closed,
And there a toiler smoked his pipe,
And here a toiler dozed.
Thus spake the workshop scholar
Unto his comrades: "Men,
We've had good times since Bill's been in;
Let Bill go in again."

"This Bryan is a scholar
And heavy is his jaw,
And ev'ry word he lets us hear
Is just as clear as law;
But, though he has our sympathy,
We'll run no chances, men;
We've had good times since Bill's been in;
Let Bill go in again."

"We've 'taters in our cellar,
And in our ice-box meat;
Four years ago we scarcely had
Enough of bread to eat.
We're working now and growing fat,
Have lager now and then;
We've had good times since Bill's been in;
Let Bill go in again."

—James Rowe in New York Sun.

Crocker's Address to His Tammany Braves.

Onward stalwarts, to the fight,
Bryan calls us to the field,
Fight for Place: for might is right;
Silver must pay all 'twill yield.

W. J. Bryan leads the hosts,
He will surely win the day:
Not an office shall he lost,
Every dollar comes our way.

Do not weaken, do not fear:
Bravely meet our foe's attack;
With our leader, Bryan, near,
Deal the gold-bug man a whack.

In the ranks, or with the van,
Or where Jones appointeth thee,
Stand undaunted every man,
Follow him to victory.

Onward, stalwarts, to the front;
With the great unwashed march on;
Bravely hear the battle's brunt;
Every office must be won.

Lay the nigger voters low;
Down the patriotic crew;
They are Bryan's mortal foe,
And to him we must be true.

Soon shall rapture fill our hearts,
Soon shall office deck our brow;
Ours is sure a noble part,
Every Bryanite vote now.

Anarch forces, near at hand,
Watch us in this voting hour;
All the plums that Bryan planned
Will be blessed when he's in power.

Stand for Bryan, right or wrong,
Adlai, Hill, and old crank Schurz,—
Towner, and Walsh, and all the throng,
I will see the spoils be yours.

March we then with Bryan's troop,
Altgeld, Tillman, Dehs, and Way,
When McKinley's in the soup
You bet we will all make hay.

A notable collection of Persian rugs, from the palace of a khan, will be on exhibition Tuesday, October 9th, at the corner of Geary and Stockton Streets. All interested in choice antique rugs should take advantage of this opportunity. The sale begins the following day.

There is a law in Munich forbidding passionate kisses and embraces on the stage. An actor was lately fined for violating it, although he simply obeyed the author's directions.

—ABOVE ALL THINGS DON'T BECOME A drunkard; use whisky moderately, and use the best, Jesse Moore "AA" is the purest and best.

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To-Night, "Carmen," Sunday Evening, "The Huguenots," Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday Nights, and Saturday Matinee, Halévy's Great Tragic Opera, "The Jewess," By Special Request Extra Performances Will be Given of "Lucia," on Monday Night, "Rigoletto," on Wednesday Night, "Aida," on Friday Night, and "Barber of Seville," on Saturday Night.
Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone, Busb 9.

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Azzali Italian Grand Opera Company
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Sunday, October 14th. "A Hindoo Hoodoo."

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Matinées Saturday and Sunday. Last Performances of "The Sporting Duchess." Week Beginning Monday, October 8th. The Record-Breaking Parisian Farce.

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Next Play..... "The Ensign."

Orpheum

Camille D'Arville; Willis Troupe; Tom Nawn and Company; Eddie Girard and Jessie Girard; the Great Everhart; Julia Kingsley and Company; Belle Davis and Fleckmanns; Three Poitiers; and the Biograph.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Quo Vadis" at the Columbia.

Still another dramatization of Henryk Sienkiewicz's powerful novel, "Quo Vadis"—"the first and most coherent" we are assured—will be seen in this city at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. This adaptation has been made by Stanislaus Stange, and incidental music is contributed by Julian Edwards, the most notable being an overture. The cast embraces Mason Mitchell, Marcus Ford, Joseph Callahan, Edward Powell, George Schaeffer, Willard Newell, Henry Stanley, Peter Marriott, Fred Arundel, Mary Emerson, Winnifred Bonnewitz, Elsie Esmond, Grace Turner, Florence Stanley, Annie Richards, Edna Harrington, and Susie Knight.

Mr. Stange's version was first brought out at McVicker's Theatre in Chicago, then was presented in London by Robert Taher, and next was produced in New York, forcing the company appearing there in Jeanette Gilder's version to close after a brief but heated rivalry, and playing to crowded houses until the intense summer heat put an end to its prosperous run.

"The Jewess" at the Tivoli.

No less than five operas are to be sung at the Tivoli Opera House next week, one of which, Halévy's tragic opera, "The Jewess," is a distinct novelty. It will be sung for the first time in the history of this popular opera-house on Tuesday evening, and be repeated on Thursday and Sunday nights and Saturday matinee. The cast will include Barron Berthald as Eleazar (the father of the beautiful Rachel), Niccolini as Cardinal Brogni, Arthur Boyce as Prince Leopold, Anoa Lichter as Eudossia, and Effie Stewart as Rachel.

Monday, "Lucia" will be sung; Wednesday, "Rigoletto"; Friday, "Aida"; and Saturday night, "The Barber of Seville." The casts of these operas will be the same as on their previous presentation this season, including Polletini, Repetto, Anna Lichter, Frances Graham, Russo, Ferrari, Niccolini, Schuster, Boyce, and Schuster.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

There will be a practically new programme at the Orpheum next week, for the only specialties held over from this week's programme will be Camille d'Arville, Julia Kingsley and company in Fred J. Beaman's farcical absurdity, "It Always Happens," Belle Davis and three precocious pickaninnies, the Three Poliers in their novel ring-and-bar act, and the Biograph.

Among the new-comers will be the musical Willis Troupe, consisting of three young men and two girls, who will introduce one of the most unique specialties ever seen here; Tom Nawn, the well-known comedian, in his latest comedietta, "Pat and the Genie"; Eddie and Jessie Girard in a laughable skit called "The Soubrette and the Cop"; and Everhart, the noted juggler.

"In Paradise" at the Grand Opera House.

The Frawleys are to revive "In Paradise" at the Grand Opera House next week. It is a farce-comedy in three acts, adapted from the French of Heuenequin, Bielhaut, and Carre, by Louis Harrison and B. B. Valentine, and hinges on the complications which ensue when M. Pontbichot, a provincial from Chambord, brings his wife and daughter to Paris for a pleasure visit. He is rich and trusting, and, of course, falls an easy victim to the wiles of all whom he encounters. The climax of the comedy is supposed to be reached when he is trapped with his prospective son-in-law and friend, M. Gresillon, in the rooms of Claire Taupin, by her lover, M. Pisco, a lion-tamer at the Grand Circus, who punishes them so severely that they have to be carried home. Mary Van Buren will again be the seductive Claire Taupin, Harrington Reynolds the jealous lion-tamer, and J. R. Armory the provincial in search of adventures in Bohemia.

"The Ensign" is to be the next production.

Last Week of the Azzali Opera Company.

After overcoming an endless number of obstacles, the Azzali Italian Grand Opera Company opened its season on last Saturday night, and despite the fact that the bill had to be changed on one night and several members of the cast had to give way to substitutes, owing to indisposition, the attendance has been excellent. Collamarini has so far proved the star of the company, and will doubtless draw another large audience this (Saturday) afternoon to hear "Carmen," in which she appears to greatest advantage. To-night "Il Trovatore" is to be the bill, and on Sunday night "Norma" will be sung. The repertoire for the coming week will be announced in the daily papers.

A farce entitled "A Hindoo Hoodoo" will be the next attraction, which, in turn, will be followed by W. H. West's minstrels.

Dooley Announces Some New Plays.

Commenting on the vogue of the dramatized novels on the stage this season, F. Peter Dunne's Dooley makes the following observations:

"They're puttin' all books on th' stage nowadays. Fox's 'Book iv Martyrs' has been done into a three-act farce-comedy an'll be projoced by Della Fox, th' author, nex' summer. Webster's 'Ona-

bridge Ditchnry' will be brought out as a society drama with eight hundredthousan char-ackters. 'Th' 'Constitution iv th' United States' (a farce), he Willum McKinley, is runnin' to packed houses with th' cillibrated thraderjan Aggynalduo as th' villain. In the sixteenth scene iv th' last act they're a navgur lynchin'. James H. Wilson, th' author iv 'Silo an' Enslage, a Story for Boys,' is dramatizin' his cillibrated wurruk, and will follow it with a dramatic version iv 'Sugar-Beet Culture,' a farm play. 'Th' Familiar Lies iv Li Hung Chang' is expicited to do well in th' provinces, an' 'Hostetter's Almanac' has all dates filled.

"I undherstand th' Bible'll be r-ready fr th' stage befor th' first iv th' year. Some changes have been neicss'ry fr to adapt it to stage purposes, I see he th' pa-apers. Th' authors has become convinced that Adam an' Eve must be carrid through th' whole play, so they have considerably lessened th' time between th' creation an' th' flood, an' have made Adam an' English nobleman with a shady past, an' th' Divlve a Fr-rinch count in love with Eve. They're rescued he Noah, the faithful boatman, who has a comic navgur son."

Grau's Grand-Opera Season.

It is oow an assured fact that Maurice Grau's grand-opera company will give a season of grand opera in San Francisco next month. Alfred Bouvier, who is to be in charge of the local engagement, returned from New York on Monday after having completed arrangements for the twenty performances to be given at the Grand Opera House theatre, commencing November 15th.

The repertoire will include:

"Romeo and Juliet" and "Faust," Gounod; "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," Mozart; "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "The Flying Dutchman" ("Der Fleigender Hollander"), "Tristan and Isolde," "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," and "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; "Carmen," Bizet; "Aida," "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," and "La Traviata," Verdi; "La Favorita" and "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti; "La Barbiere di Siviglia," Rossini; "La Bohème," Puccini; "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo; and "Les Huguenots," Meyerheer.

Here are the principal artists:

Sopranos—Melba, Nordica, Gadske, Bauermeister, Suzanne Adams, and Susan Strong. Contraltos—Schumann-Heink and Rosa Olitzka. Tenors—Saleza, Van Dyck, Dippel, Bonnard, and Cremonini. Baritones—Bispham, Campaori, Scotti, Bertram, Dufliche, and Pini-Corsi. Basses—Pol Plançon and Edouard de Reszké. Conductors—Walter Damrosch, Ph. Flon, and L. Mancinelli.

"Romeo and Juliet" will be the opening opera, with Melba and Saleza in the title parts and De Reszké and Plançon and eight other male principals in the cast. "Tannhäuser" will introduce Gadske and Van Dyck, and Nordica will make her first appearance in "Aida."

"The equipment for the French and Italian operas will be the most elaborate ever witnessed in San Francisco," says Mr. Bouvier, "and the staging of the German works will be a revelation to local theatre-goers. This is considered necessary for two reasons—because the Wagnerian cult demands it, and because it will be the first time the people of this city will be presented with the full Wagner cycle. Mr. Damrosch will arrive here two weeks prior to the opening, to superintend the preliminary details, but the Niebelungen ring—the 'trilogy,' as the four operas are sometimes miscalled—may not be presented until late in the season. It will be the effort of the management, however, to alternate the three schools as regularly as possible. On the nights devoted to Wagner the performance will begin at seven-thirty o'clock, as all the operas are to be presented in their completeness. Mr. Damrosch will direct the German productions, of course, and his name is sufficient guarantee of their perfection in every respect."

Subscription prices, for the twenty performances, range from \$100 for the orchestra and dress-circle to \$35 for the gallery. Single admission ranges from \$7 for a seat in the orchestra or dress-circle to \$2 for a seat in the gallery. These prices are on a par with those charged at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

The storm which swept Galveston played havoc with the cemeteries. Mounds were leveled, bodies disinterred, and vaults crumbled. In the receiving-vault at Lake View Cemetery was the body of Charles Coghan, the noted actor, brother of Rose Coghan. The combined force of wind and waves uprooted the foundation of this and tossed aside the heavy granite blocks like so much paper. The Coghan casket was caught in the swift-running current and has never been seen since. Mr. Coghan died at Galveston on November 27, 1898, after an illness of about four weeks. He went there with his company, starring in the "Royal Box." Upon his arrival he became suddenly ill, but his malady did not assume a serious form until two days before his death. During the earlier part of his illness he dictated to his wife portions of a dramatization of "Vanity Fair," which he had intended producing this season, with his daughter in the leading rôle. After his death it was the intention of his wife to have the body sent to St. Louis for cremation, Mr. Coghan's dying request being that his body be disposed of in this way.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; RECOMMENDED BY THE BEST DEALERS.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

The final account of the executors of William A. Piper's will is settled. Heller & Powers, attorneys for William Giselmann, one of the executors, were allowed \$15,000 for their services; Bishop & Wheeler, attorneys for the other executor, the Union Trust Company, were given \$15,000; and H. G. W. Dinkelspiel, who had been appointed by Judge Trout as attorney for absent heirs, received \$2,500. The executors' commissions amounted to \$18,221.53, being calculated on their return of \$1,640,153.88 as the value of the estate for which they had accounted. The estate was distributed by Judge Trout, and a suit for the partition and sale of the realty belonging to the estate was filed immediately after by the attorneys for the legatees. Mr. Piper owned twenty-eight pieces of real estate in this city and a half-interest in a tract of 201.63 acres on the San Bruno Road, Ferdinand Reis owning the other half. The share given each of the legatees by the distribution was as follows, the legatees being nephews and nieces: Oliver C. Piper's children, Allen H., John E., and Howard W. Piper, Harriet A. Stoltz, and Mary E. Stoltz, 24,420 each; Robert G. Piper's children, Marion X., Harry L., John Q., Jacob O., and Denton C. Piper, Lizzie Elkins, Emma Richey, Annie Buzzard, and Nettie Fyffe, 12,420 each; Amanda Piper's children, Alice M., William S., Newton O., Theodore E., Edward M., and John D. Piper, 20,420 each; Edward M. Piper's children, Ella Doll, Anna L. Sheets, Le Roy Piper, and John W. Piper, 15,420 each. By the compromise of the legatees with Frederick William Baldwin, who was said to be Piper's son, \$269,000 was given to him and his lawyers and agents.

Mr. William G. Henshaw has been appointed special administrator of Henry D. Cogswell's estate. He gives the following inventory of the estate: Cash on deposit in San Francisco Savings Union, \$102,824.57; cash on deposit in Savings and Loan Society, \$62,520.74; 35 bonds of the Oakland Water Company, \$36,750; 20 bonds of the Oakland Transit Company, \$24,000; 1,500 shares of Contra Costa Water Company stock, \$105,000; 550 shares of Oceanic Steamship Company stock, \$52,500; 100 shares of First National Bank of Oakland stock, \$12,000; 200 shares of Union Savings Bank of Oakland stock, \$32,000; 10 preferred shares of Realty Syndicate, \$10,000; promissory note of F. M. Smith, dated January 29, 1900, secured by 600 shares of Pacific Borax stock and 1,000 shares of Borax Consolidated of London, \$50,000; small piece of real estate, corner of Montgomery Avenue and Kearny Street, 10 by 12 feet, producing an income of \$15 a month, value unknown. Total, \$487,595.31. The monthly income of all the property of the estate was estimated at \$1,370.

The final account of George C. Perkins, Edwin Goodall, and C. M. Goodall, as executors of the will of the late Charles Goodall, together with their petition for the distribution of decedent's estate, has been filed. The account shows that since August 8, 1899, the receipts total \$70,687.74. The disbursements amounted to \$54,809.92, leaving a cash balance of \$15,877.82. The total value of the estate is \$1,010,362.74. The commissions of the executors amount to \$11,923.62. The residuary devisees and legatees to whom the properties now in the hands of the executors will be distributed are: Mrs. Caroline J. Goodall, decedent's widow, and his children—Charles Minor Goodall, Flora A. Bland, Serena T. Keil, and Harry Walter Goodall.

The will of Elizabeth A. Provinces has been filed by her husband, Robert R. Provinces. To her son, Archibald Clavering Gunter, the novelist, and to her husband she bequeathed her estate, valued at \$108,000, and consisting mainly of realty in this city and in Solano and Alameda Counties.

The Wilson Estate Company was incorporated on Saturday, September 29th, by John Scott Wilson, Mountford S. Wilson, and Charles H. Lovell, with a capital stock of \$600,000, of which \$500 was subscribed.

The nameless graves of the rank and file in South Africa lie more scattered than on any other battle-field.



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VANITY FAIR.

Only four of the many dances which have been invented by the leading masters of the United States were approved at the recent annual convention of the American Society of Professors of Dancing at Saratoga, N. Y. They are, with one exception, of the cotillon or german order, and include a revolving star figure invented by Oskar Duenweg, of Terre Haute, Ind.; the Gavotte Pompadour, by Adolph Newberger, of New York; a circle and triangle, by T. A. Holland, of Springfield, Mass.; and a square moulinet, by Walter L. Curtis, of Utica, N. Y. In the revolving star figure the dancers form in a group, then disengage hands and walk in opposite directions, the ladies one way and the men another, until the director gives a signal, whereupon each dances with the person whom he or she may happen to be facing at that moment. It is a decidedly novel and entertaining figure, and the general opinion of the convention was that it would quickly become popular. In the circle and triangle figure the dancers form a circle within a triangle, and while those in the circle move in one direction, those in the triangle move in another, the result being that none of them know beforehand whom they are going to dance with. The square moulinet figure is, as its name implies, a blending of the old-fashioned square figure with a novel winding figure that moves in and out in such a manner as to remind the spectator of the motion of a mill. The Gavotte Pompadour is noteworthy for the reason that it was the only dance which won the approval of the convention, the revolving star, circle and triangle, and square moulinet being cotillon or gemaio figures, and not regular dances. Stateliness and grace are the striking features of the Gavotte Pompadour, and to many it is also especially commendable for the reason that it can be danced not only by groups but also by single figures. The main reason why the convention set its stamp of approval on the Gavotte Pompadour and on the three cotillon figures was because during the last few years there has been a notable revival of old-fashioned dances like the gavotte, and because the cotillon was never quite so popular as it is now.

Smoking among women is more common in Europe than in the United States, and here it is much more frequently seen in New York and the Eastern cities than in the West and South. In Europe any suggestion that smoking was improper for women would be received with amazement (says the New York Sun). It might be thought unbecomingly or expensive, but its impropriety would not be discussed. There could be no room for such an opinion where smoking is so common among the highly placed as it is in most of the European nations. The Princess of Wales set the seal of the highest approval in Great Britain on the fashion of smoking nearly a score of years ago, when she had her servants hand about at a dinner for women small cigarettes of a kind she had smoked for years before that. This made the habit permissible to all women in Great Britain, if it had indeed needed any such countenance. Queen Victoria's well-known opposition to the practice was not enough to discourage its votaries after the princess had given it her frank approval. Only one of Queen Victoria's daughters ever showed how little she cared for the royal opinion in such matters by smoking whenever she wanted to. This was the Princess Louise. The Princess Alice, on the other hand, shared so fully her mother's prejudice and transmitted it to her daughters so fully that the prelate Zarinia of Russia has asked the ladies of the Russian court not to smoke in her presence. This was naturally an unpopular prohibition in a country that offers the astonishing sight of women driving through the streets in open carriages and enjoying cigarettes as freely as in the quiet of their own boudoirs. Middle-aged, plainly dressed women do not hesitate to ride through the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow smoking cigarettes as unceremoniously as a messenger-boy on the rear seat of a cable-car. The Russian women throughout Europe make very little allowance for the prejudice of other countries in respect to their favorite habit. They even smoke cigars in restaurants and hotels, as unconscious of anything unusual in the proceedings as the men seated about them.

Smoking is much commoner among the Austrian women than among the Germans, probably because the late empress made no concealment of her taste for cigarettes, which is said to have led her to smoke daily a number that would have upset the nerves and stomach of almost any man. Queen Margherita is another popular sovereign who is a frank user of tobacco in the form of mild and small cigarettes, and so is the Queen of Spain, who, as an Austrian, might have been expected to enjoy the habit, even if it had not been her fate to rule over a country in which the cigarette is almost as popular with the women as it is with the men. The Queens of Greece and Wurtemberg were both Russian grand duchesses, and their weakness is for tobacco in the form of rather strong Russian cigarettes that are made after the custom in St. Petersburg, according to the formula they have always used. With such examples before their eyes it is not surprising that women who smoke are much more numerous abroad than they are in the United States. There is one

other marked difference between them and the American women who take pleasure in a cigarette. Here the habit is nearly always an assumption among all but women of a certain class. In Europe the feminine smokers do it because they enjoy the effects of a cigarette just as men do. It is as much a habit with them as it is with men. It is not taken up there because it is cosmopolitan or smart or the proper thing to do just at the moment. Here it is usually some such cause that makes a woman a smoker. But in Europe it is the enjoyment to be had from the effects of tobacco.

Commenting on the fact that a club has been formed in Cleveland by divorced men who call themselves "The Concatenated Order of Has-Beens," the Chicago Times-Herald says: "This organization, it is said, will build a club-house and endeavor to attract attention in various ways, probably having base-ball matches between fat and lean nines selected from its membership and getting up benefits at theatres and other places for itself. It is difficult to be patient with such people. Possibly some of the divorced husbands in Cleveland were wronged. They may have been justified in seeking freedom. But there can be no justification for a desire upon the part of any one who is a divorced man to parade himself as such. Gadzooks! What if the divorced husbands in Chicago were to form clubs? Where could building sites for business houses be found? And if the divorced men are going to form clubs the divorced women will be wanting to do something of the kind next. That would be too much! This club business is being carried too far, anyway. It has come to pass that a person who does not belong to one or more clubs is almost a curiosity, and, as for society, it is nothing but a conglomeration of clubs. There are men's clubs, there are women's clubs, there are country clubs, there are driving clubs, wheel clubs, auto clubs, golf clubs, tennis clubs, and card clubs of many kinds. In fact, it seems to have become customary whenever or wherever two or three are gathered together, by chance or otherwise, to form a club of some kind. All this must, in the natural order of things, come to a stop sooner or later. The line must be drawn somewhere, and we guess the proper place to draw it is at the divorced people's club. The members of the Cleveland divorced men's club should be ashamed of themselves."

"Six out of every ten of the innumerable golf clubs that have come into existence during the past few years have got to go by the board," says the chairman of the board of governors of a noted country club in the New York Commercial Advertiser. "Golf is going the course of the bicycle. When the fever for this game got hold, the public went mad over it. Every one desired to play golf, and, as a result, a golf club sprung up in every community. In a few years nearly two hundred golf clubs were organized, mainly throughout the Eastern States, and one hundred and sixty of these clubs have assumed more than local significance. However, the game of golf is rapidly reaching a permanent level as a national sport. Out of every score of persons who took it up in the beginning, on an average two have kept up their enthusiasm. The persons who have clung to the game have become more or less expert. They are not satisfied with the make-shift course of their little local club, and seek the best course in their neighborhood. In this way the poorer courses are suffering at the expense of the better ones. The clubs which were organized with the idea of filling the momentary need are losing members. Already many have failed to meet their various obligations in the way of interest payments and taxes and have closed, and the members have had to go down into their pockets to make up the deficit. Several clubs have endeavored to keep up by increasing their dues. The club that has to do that courts an early death invariably. Club members will not stand an increase of dues without a corresponding increase of privileges, and these two conditions rarely follow. The few golf clubs out of the many which will survive are those which combine the best course with moderate dues and good club-house facilities. A very few more years—two at least—will tell the story. Then the public interest in golf will have reached rock bottom and our local golfing population will cease to fluctuate in a manner calculated to give the present club governor nervous prostration."

The overcrowded street-car nuisance is dealt with in a positive way in Hamburg, according to the statements of an American who recently returned from abroad. He says that in that city a man has to think twice before giving up his seat to a woman, as he may be put off the car for his politeness. The Hamburg trolley cars, it is stated, will seat, according to size, twenty or twenty-eight persons—ten to fourteen on each side. In addition, four persons are allowed on the front and five on the rear platform. When the car is full the conductor hangs out a sign "Besetz," which means "occupied." The conductor is forbidden to take on another passenger until some one leaves the car. Sometimes, while the conductor is in front collecting fares, a woman will step on a car which is already filled. As there is no conductor on hand to prevent her, the woman goes inside, and any man who offers her a seat steps out to the platform. When the conductor returns to his

post on the rear platform, he asks the man to leave the car, the reason being that, the car being "occupied," he has forfeited his seat. If the man refuses to leave, he is put off. The policemen on the streets are instructed to watch the cars, and if they find that a conductor carries even one more than the proper number, the conductor is fined seventy-two cents, which amount goes to a charity fund of the street-car company.

Since the so-called American basement first became a factor in New York's domestic architecture, and acquired a popularity which has made it a detail of nearly every residential block in the city, there has been no other feature of city houses that so nearly approached its success as the high iron fences that are daily becoming more familiar in the uptown streets (points out the New York Sun). These were originally put up only about houses to which they were architecturally adapted. They were decorative enough to make them attractive to persons living in houses to which they were not so well adapted. An instance of the extent to which the style has been unsuitably used may be seen in an uptown street on the East Side. There three ordinary brown stone houses are surrounded by iron fences eight feet high. About a great city house or a country park they would undoubtedly be effective enough. Surrounding a small square of stone pavement in front of a twenty-foot house, they are rather ridiculous. In other instances the new railings of a height and fashion suited to the house they surround are tasteful and decorative. It is only when the kind suited to a country estate is applied to a small city house that there are grounds for wondering if this new fashion will add much to the city's beauty as a whole.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, October 3d, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,000 @ 109 1/4		110
Bay Counties Power			
5%.....	5,000 @ 102	102	103
Contra Water 5%.....	6,000 @ 106 1/2-106 3/4	106 1/2	107
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	18,000 @ 104 1/4-107 1/4		
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	16,000 @ 118	117 1/2	118 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	10,000 @ 114	113	115
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	5,000 @ 116 1/4-118 1/2	116	
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	14,000 @ 107 1/2-107 3/4	107 1/2	
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%.....	4,000 @ 100 1/2	100 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 3%.....	24,000 @ 118 1/2-120 1/4	118 1/2	119 1/4
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	23,000 @ 111 1/4-111 1/2		111 1/2
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905 (Series A).....	1,000 @ 110 1/2	107	108 1/2
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905 (Series B).....	1,000 @ 111	107 1/2	
S. P. Branch 6%.....	6,000 @ 130-133	130	
S. V. Water 6%.....	5,000 @ 114	113 1/2	115
S. V. Water 4%.....	4,000 @ 103 1/4	103 1/4	
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	2,000 @ 102	102	102 1/2

	STOCKS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Equitable Gaslight.....	500 @ 3 1/2-3 1/4	3 1/4	3 1/2
Pacific Gas Imp. Co. 105	@ 51-51 1/4	51 1/4	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,135 @ 52 1/2-53 1/4	52 1/2	53 1/4
S. F. Gas.....	510 @ 5	5	5 1/2
Water.			
Contra Costa Water.....	70 @ 69 1/2-69 3/4	69 1/2	70 1/4
Spring Valley Water.....	190 @ 95-96 1/2	94 1/2	95
Banks.			
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.....	50 @ 105	105	
London P. & A. Bank.....	15 @ 134	133	
Street R. R.			
Market St.....	75 @ 67		68

	SUGARS.		Closed.
			Bid. Asked.
Hana P. Co.....	945 @ 7 1/2-7 1/4	7 1/4	
Honokaa S. Co.....	30 @ 30 1/4	30 1/4	30 1/2
Hutchinson.....	75 @ 25		25 1/2
Kilauea S. Co.....	80 @ 21		21 1/2
Makawili S. Co.....	178 @ 43-43 1/4	43	43 1/4
Onomea S. Co.....	75 @ 28	28	28 1/2
Paaahu S. P. Co.....	310 @ 30 1/2-30 3/4	30 1/2	30 3/4

	MISCELLANEOUS.		Closed.
			Bid. Asked.
Alaska Packers.....	92 @ 124-124 1/4		125
Cal. Fruit Co. Assn.....	60 @ 98 1/2		98
Oceanic S. Co.....	20 @ 93 1/2-93 3/4	93	93 1/2

Reports concerning fire in Paaahu Plantation was at first exaggerated. Authentic reports now say loss nominal and price is practically unchanged. Gas had a little set-back on account of some stock being put on the market with no buying orders to meet it. Result, stock is now selling a point below last week. The whole market has shaded off on account of few buying orders and Jewish holidays.

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Contingent Fund.....439,608

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Once, after expensing the ridiculous blunders of the editor of certain old plays, James Russell Lowell concluded with the remark, "In point of fact, we must apply to this gentleman the name of the first King of Sparta." No one remembered, of course, what this was, but when they looked it up they found it was Eudamidas.

A lady of literary fame once requested Dr. Reid, the celebrated medical writer, to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," she said as she quitted the room. "No. 1 Chesterfield Street." "Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and, I fear, too selfish ever to forget Number One."

At a luncheon given him by some strangers in an English town, where he was lecturing the other day, Israel Zangwill was treated as a famous celebrity, and his most indifferent remark was received with great interest. After luncheon his hostess asked him to write something in her little boy's diary, so that the little man might always remember the day he saw the great writer. Mr. Zangwill turned over the leaves of the diary, reading here and there: "Got a reward of merit," "Had a birthday party," "Tonsillitis," etc., and then he wrote: "December-Zangwillitis."

Prince Bismarck and Bancroft, the historian, at one time minister in the court of Berlin, were one day dining with Herr von Heydt, who prided himself on the quantity and quality of the food which he furnished to his guests. In those days (1868) Bismarck was still in possession of his wonderful appetite. Bancroft, at first amazed, became at last anxious on seeing his friend twice partake largely of the first courses. "Dear count," he remarked with a world of anxiety in his voice, "I believe there is more in come." "I should hope so," replied Bismarck, joyfully, and renewed his terrifying practice at the next course.

De Wet, the elusive Boer commander, has gone to the penny-puzzle stage of popularity in England. Says an American, who purchased one of these "puzzle" cards from an itinerant vendor: "On it was an outline of the territory lately ruled by Mr. Kruger with the wording: 'This is the Transvaal; find De Wet.' I turned the card about, but could discover no outline suggestive of the eel-like Boer general. Then I applied to the vendor for information. With a grin he answered: 'Yer can't find De Wet, guv'nor? No more can anybody else find 'im! 'E ain't there; 'e's slaped, as per usual. Nnw, ain't the sell worth a bloomin' penny?'"

At a dinner-party a young man was once talking rather foolishly about Darwin and his books, speaking very contemptuously of them, and he said to the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce): "My Lord, have you read Darwin's last book on the 'Descent of Man?'" "Yes, I have," said the bishop; whereupon the young man continued: "What nonsense it is, talking of our being descended from apes! Besides, I can't see the use of such stuff. I can't see what difference it would make to me if my grandfather was an ape." "No," the bishop replied, "I don't see that it would; but it must have made an amazing difference to your grandmother!" The young man had no more to say.

During Lincoln's second Presidential campaign, John J. Janney, of Columbus, O., went to see the President at Washington. In the course of their conversation Lincoln said: "You are going to defeat Sammy nut in your district this time, aren't you?" referring to a Democratic candidate for Congress in Ohio. "I understand that Sammy is a great friend of mine—just as warm a friend as I have. He reminds me of a hng that old Sam Brown had. It got nut and was gone for some time. Sam could see where it had been rooting along the creek, and he said one morning to one of his sons that the boy was to go along one side of the creek and Brown himself would go along the other, 'for I think,' said he, 'that the hng is on both sides of the creek.'"

Three Stockton girls were taking a spin on their wheels the other evening, and, after riding several miles, stopped by the roadside to get a drink and take a few moments' rest (says the *Stockton Record*). They were quite merry and vivacious, and the subject happening to turn on politics, one of the girls, in a spirit of fun, took a cup of water, and sprinkling some on her wheel, remarked: "I baptize thee in the name of McKinley, because you made a good run." Another of the girls took up the cup, and sprinkling her saddle, said: "I baptize thee in the name of Roosevelt, because you are a rough rider." Not to be outdone, the third girl took up the cup and poured quite a quantity of water over her tire, with the remark: "I baptize thee in the name of Bryan, because you are full of wind."

General John M. Palmer, the "grand old man of Illinois," who died last week at Springfield, Ill., was found of telling the amusing circumstances under

which he first met Stephen A. Douglas. During the summer of 1833, with a desire to see more of the world, he started out to peddle clocks in Western Illinois. One evening Palmer and a friend stopped at a little inn at Carthage, and were awakened at night with the explanation that they would have to take two men into their beds. One of the newcomers asked the politics of Palmer and his companion. "My friend is a Whig," said Palmer, "and I am a Democrat." "Well, you take the Whig," said the stranger to his companion, "and I'll turn in with the Democrat." In the morning Palmer learned that his bed fellow was Douglas.

John G. Saxe, the poet-wit, attended a flag-raising at Greenbush, a little place across the river from Albany, during the Civil War, and made an eloquent speech, in which he praised the young men of Greenbush for showing their patriotism by exerting themselves to procure the star-spangled banner. This did not altogether please the chairman, who whispered to him that the young ladies of Greenbush had also been instrumental in raising funds for the purchase of the flag. Thereupon Saxe, addressing the young ladies, made them a graceful and gallant apology for not including them in his praise. "I don't know how I came to make such a mistake," he explained, "save as I may have been laboring under the impression that the young men of Greenbush embraced the young ladies of Greenbush."

When Buchanan was running for the Presidency, he had an intimate friend in a Western State who worked early and late to put his State in the Buchanan column on election day. Naturally, he thought he was entitled to recognition, so he applied to Buchanan for a consulate on the coast of the Mediterranean, thinking the sojourn there would improve his wife's health. Months went by and he heard nothing of his application except that it had been received by the President. Then came the blow. He was notified that he had been made consul at some little town in Iceland! Smith sat down and wrote a letter, which F. L. Huidenkper, of Washington, D. C., says he can vouch for, because he saw it before it was mailed. It read as follows: "TO ONE JAMES BUCHANAN, PRESIDENT OF THESE UNITED STATES: Since applying to you some months ago for a consulate on the balmy shores of the Mediterranean, my wife, who was ill, has gone to heaven, and you can go to—"

Reforming a Burglar.

"Few people," remarked Judge Crabtree, "realize the hardships of the burglar's life—the long, dark hours, the high price of good jimmies, the poor pictures of themselves in the sensational newspapers. Then there are minor vexations. "I remember one night when I lived in Syracuse. I was awakened at the dark and unthinkable hour of 1:30 A. M. by a noise. It was in the fall, and the political situation was critical. 'Ah,' said I to myself, 'it is a delegation of my fellow-citizens coming to ask me to take the reins of civil government and guide Syracuse to higher and saltier things.' The demonstration seemed to be mainly in the rear, which I readily accounted for with the explanation that my friends had surrounded the house so that I might not escape them. I accordingly poked my head out a second-story back window expecting to look down upon the regulation sea of upturned faces. A big, dark-colored burglar was jimmying my laundry window."

"My heart beat wildly and fluttered against the manuscript of a speech which I had prepared for the occasion several weeks before and which was in my night-shirt pocket. My first thought was to throw the manuscript at the burglar and perhaps inflict fatal injuries. Then it occurred to me that every citizen would in a few days be needed at the polls. I withdrew my head and tapped my brow sagely."

"The marauder was already half in the window. I knew of course that he would make his way to the dining-room in quest of my silverware. There was a door through which he must pass leading from the laundry to the cellar stairs. As he opened this door his right ear would be only about a foot from a speaking-tube, the other end of which was in the hall behind me. I determined to speak to that burglar as one man speaking to another. 'What is positinn?' said I to myself. 'We are all brothers. Away with caste! A man's a man for a' that.' Besides, there was his vnte. He might belong to the other party after all, the so-called reformers. Perhaps I could persuade him to come over to the side of the true reformers."

"As I walked along the hall the business aspect also struck me. Why not suggest to the fellow that if he would give me a reasonable retainer that I would defend him in court? But the moral duty I owed him prevailed. 'I will say things to that misguided man that may do him good,' I remarked. 'I will say this to him: "Be good, my child, and let him will be clever." Maybe it will be best to frighten him by remarking in a hallow voice: "Burgle nnt!" Anyhow, I'll quote the saying about Satan and idle hands.' It occurred to me, also, that perhaps I could touch his artistic side by giving him Hamlet's soliloquy. The idea of song likewise struck me, and a clear tenor rendition, per-

tube, of 'Where Is My Wandering Bny To-Night,' I thought might have its effect.

"By this time I had reached the tube. I listened and heard his hand on the latch. The first thing, of course, in speaking through a tube to a person is to attract his attention with the whistle. My chest measure is large, and my lung capacity not inconsiderable. I threw back my shoulders and drew in a vast volume of the heavy night air. Then I fitted my lips close to the tube. I was nervous and excited, and I blew like mighty Boreas. The strange, wild shriek of that laundry whistle came back up the tube like the wail of a prehistoric monster. It suddenly struck me that I had overdone matters and perhaps alarmed the man. I ran to the back window. What seemed like a dark, billowing, endless piece of stair-carpet reached away from my laundry window, across back-yards, and on into the unknown distance. It was that burglar 'seeking safety in flight.' The billows were produced by his bounds over fences and other high objects. I returned to my bed."—*Harper's Magazine for October.*

The Return of the Quill.

"William Dean Howells, instead of going forward to the type-writer, has gone back to the old-fashioned quill pen."—*Literary Life.*

Back in the dim-lit ages
When literary sages
Inscribed their classic pages with quaint, methodic skill,

Their cumbrous tomes gigantic,
Their treatises pedantic,
And e'en their works romantic were written with a quill.

For poets dead and gone it
Freed many a snoring sonnet—
A pen with feathers on it, sure, should help a rhyme ascend.

But shadows thick environ
The quill writ verse of Byrron,
And nibs of tempered iron now their aid in poets lend.

In times remote and olden
(Some say the age was golden)
An author was beholden only in the humble goose;
But modern rules are tighter—
Each present-day inditer
A late improved type-writer needs to make his work of use.

Yet here's a man of letters—
With few, if any, betters—
From whom Dame Custom's fetters have loosed
Their cunning hold;

He's darily decided
To use, by genius guided,
The pearly pen that glided o'er vellum leaves of old.

No more his hand perhensile
Shall clasp a pen or pencil;
He's chosen his utensil, and he'll wield it as he will.
In spite of malediction
He'll cling to his conviction
And manufacture fiction with a good, old-fashioned quill.

This notable example
May prove a reason ample
For other folk to sample the pen of long ago,
That, in their varied phases,
Portrayed Clarinda's praises,
And winged the flowing phrases of Bunyan and Defoe.

The peaceful quill's arrival
May herald the revival
Of tales which shall neutralize the works we've read of late;

The romance realistic,
The novel pessimistic,
The hero atheistic, may soon be out of date.
—*Jennie Belts Hartwick in October Century.*

The City of San Francisco's exhibit of education and social economy at the Paris Exposition has won a gold medal, and its exhibit of statistics of health a silver medal, by the international jury of awards. Douglas Tilden, the San Francisco sculptor, has been awarded a gold medal for his bronze group, "The Foot-Ball Players."

Indefinite information: The professor who thought his system was running down, asked his old enemy, the doctor, to prescribe for him. "All the medicine you need," said the doctor, after listening to a recital of the symptoms, "is a tonic in the shape of fresh air." "Well," responded the professor, slightly irritated, "what is the shape of fresh air?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Stewart Hartshorn
GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN.

Cholly—"He called me a liar; what would you do about it?" Miss Peppery—"Well, if I were you, I'd make it a point always to tell the truth when he's around."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900, Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, October 10
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America Maru.....Wednesday, October 17
Hongkong Maru.....Tuesday, November 13
Nippon Maru.....Thursday, December 6
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
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S. S. Queen, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Oct. 17, 2 p.m.
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Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., October 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, November 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., October 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, November 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., October 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, November 4, and every fifth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., October 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, November 1, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., October 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, November 3, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)
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International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
St. Paul.....October 17 New York.....October 31
St. Louis.....October 24 St. Paul.....November 7
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New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Westernland.....October 17 Noordland.....October 31
Kensington.....October 24 Friesland.....November 7
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To Alaska and Cold Fields.
For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, Gen'l Agt., Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

SOCIETY.

The Strohn-Clark Wedding.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Loose, in Chicago, on Thursday, October 4th, at one o'clock, Miss Grace Eleanor Clark, of this city, and Mr. Roys N. Strohn, of Los Angeles, were united in the bonds of matrimony.

Miss Clark is the daughter of the late William S. Clark, a pioneer of this State, and is well-known in social circles in San Francisco. Mr. Strohn is the son of the late Captain W. W. Strohn, a prominent mining man of Los Angeles. Mr. Strohn took a degree in mining at Stanford University in 1897, and is now connected with the Aurora Gas and Electric Lighting Company in La Grange, Illinois.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. P. Egbert, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Flushing, Long Island, N. Y. Dr. Egbert was formerly located in California, and is an old friend of the bride's family.

The drawing-rooms in which the ceremony took place were transformed into a perfect bower of beauty with huds and blossoms, plants and ferns. To the strains of the Mendelssohn wedding march the bridal party entered, headed by Miss Isabella Clark, sister of the bride, with Mr. J. L. Loose. The bride followed on the arm of her cousin, Mr. Lee Clark, attended by her bridesmaid, Miss Eleanor Strohn, a sister of the groom. They were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Frederick Vincent, of Chicago, under a floral wedding-bell. The bride was attired in a gown of white satin richly trimmed with point lace, and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. A pretty feature of the ceremony, which was a combination of the Episcopal and Presbyterian marriage services, was that the young couple knelt for the benediction upon an embroidered white satin prayer-cushion.

At the close of the ceremony the bride and groom received the congratulations of the many relatives and friends assembled for the happy occasion. Afterward all present took their places at the wedding breakfast, and the health of the bride and groom was repeatedly pledged. A number of congratulatory telegrams were read from distant relatives and friends. Later in the afternoon, amid showers of rice and old shoes, Mr. and Mrs. Strohn left for a visit to the Upper Lakes and the Thousand Isles. On their return they will reside at a country-place in La Grange, one of the pleasantest residential suburbs of Chicago.

The Carolan Cotillion.

The hall, which took place at the stables of the Carolan place, "Crossways," in San Mateo, on Friday evening, September 28th, was the most elaborate affair of the kind ever given in California. As the invitations prescribed, it was to be a fruit and flower costume ball. Botany was assiduously studied by belles and *couturieres*, and as a result there were many striking costumes. The magnificent stables were described at length in last week's *Argonaut*.

On the night of the hall the roads leading to the Burlingame Club House, to San Mateo, and to the railway station, were all hung with Japanese lanterns. The effect was peculiar. The country for miles was picked out with these points of light, so that the appearance of a large city by night was given to the placid country-side. Many of the guests were dwellers in the handsome country-places in Burlingame and San Mateo. These country-houses were all filled with city people, stopping with their friends for the night of the ball. All of these naturally drove from their places to Crossways. For those guests who were in San Francisco, a special train had been provided, made up of Pullman coaches, decorated with flowers and plants. On arriving at San Mateo, the guests in the train were met by many carriages and driven through the illuminated roadways up to the stables of Crossways.

On arrival within the grounds, the illumination of the roadways was utterly eclipsed. Over five thousand Japanese lanterns were used in masses, clusters, and festoons. Supplementing these were more than three thousand electric lights, the combined capacity of the electric-light plants of Redwood City, San Mateo, and Palo Alto being necessary for the current. The architectural lines of the building were outlined in rows of incandescent burners. Electric search-lights were adjusted upon lofty trees, from which the court-yard was flooded with light. In the centre of the court-yard stood a statue of Diana, modeled after that of St. Gaudens, which at once suggested "Diana of the Crossways." This was placed in the middle of a handsome fountain-basin. An electric chandelier hung in the centre of the carriage-room, the electric lights of which changed color every few moments.

Before dancing began the guests paid their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Carolan and then made a tour of inspection through the stables, which were filled with handsome horses of various descriptions—hackneys, carriage-teams, cobs, riding-horses, and ponies. The cotillion began at ten o'clock. The favors were unique and handsome. The most striking figure was the race over flower hurdles by men mounted on hobby-horses, while their partners drove them with long ribbon reins.

Supper was served in the court-yard, and during its progress a programme of ballet-dances was car-

ried out on a platform in front of the portico. There were Spanish and Japanese dances, the latter by four Geisha girls. After supper the dancing was resumed and kept up until the departure of the train.

The scene was a very brilliant one, all of the ladies being in flower costumes, and many of the men in pink hunting-coats. Some of the more striking costumes among the women may be described as follows:

Mrs. Francis Carolan wore a costume of pale pink roses, with a wreath of roses from which depended graceful garlands of the same.

Mrs. George Pope was a lily of the valley in green and white, the entire costume representing a single flower.

Mrs. Frank's costume was of pale yellow net over a cream foundation, embroidered in purple pansies. A pansy fan and a garland of velvet-petaled pansies around the corsage completed the costume.

Mrs. D. J. Murphy was a red poppy. The skirt of red tulle served as a foundation for the rich green poppy leaf cut from panne velvet, while the corsage of a crimson crinkled silk formed the petals of the flower.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor appeared in a Watteau costume of pink, with a wide Leghorn hat and powdered hair.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant wore a pale pink ball-gown with black velvet straps over the shoulders and at the belt, and carried a bouquet of American Beauties.

Mrs. George H. Lent represented the Christmas holly-berry. On a foundation of black net the decorations of red berries and green leaves formed a striking costume.

Mrs. Charles E. Green's costume of white silk was festooned with graceful garlands of pink roses.

Mrs. Duncan Hayne's blue brocade evening-gown was trimmed with pink roses.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott's costume represented a nasturtium in a number of rich shades of yellow silk and tulle, with here and there a dash of crimson.

Mrs. Walter Hobart wore a simple but beautiful evening-gown of white net and lace over pale pink, and carried a large bunch of the magnificent Hannah Hobart carnations recently named for her.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin's yellow-and-black costume represented the black-hearted yellow daisy.

Miss Minnie Houghton, in a short gown of red and purple and white, appeared as a fuchsia. In her hair were fuchsias, and around the bodice and on the slippers appeared the same flower.

Miss Ella Morgan's lavender costume was decorated with brilliant orchids.

Mrs. John Casserly's gown represented a pink amaryllis. The bodice formed the corolla and from the waist line hung long leaves of green panne velvet over the pink tulle of the skirt.

Princess Poniatowski's pale yellow-and-cream evening-gown was decorated with yellow jasmine. The flowers were scattered over the skirt in profusion, and in her hair she wore a jet and steel butterfly.

Miss Emily Carolan's gown of white silk served as a foundation for a lattice-work of green velvet ribbon, over which clambered a wild rose.

Miss Sarah Collier's water-lily costume was set off with long streamers of green hanging from the waist over a skirt of white liberty silk.

Miss Mollie Thomas appeared in a poppy costume, with bunches of the flower around the skirt and in her hair.

Miss Isabelle Kittle was a St. Joseph lily, in white satin and tulle.

Miss Caro Crockett wore pink roses.

Miss Helen Sidney Smith, in a short skirt, represented La France roses.

Miss Elena Robinson went as a red poppy.

Miss Edna Hopkins's white gown was completely covered with white roses, on the petals of which sparkled drops of dew in spangles.

Miss Mary Scott, in white tulle and with powdered hair, impersonated the white narcissus. A touch of color was given to the costume by the girdle of green.

Miss Dot Collier was in pink, representing a lily. Miss Ruth McNutt's pale lavender gown of tulle and silk was decorated with wisteria.

Miss Genevieve Carolan, with powdered hair, appeared as apple-blossoms.

Miss Maenie McNutt's costume, which was made with a dainty plaited basket-work bodice, was one of the few representing fruits.

Miss Carrie Taylor represented snow-balls in a short costume of white tulle and silk, lavishly decorated with bunches of the flower she impersonated. Her powdered hair set off the costume to good advantage.

Many of those invited were prevented from attending the ball on account of recent death in the family. Those present were:

Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Dr. and Mrs. Beverly McMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk, Mr. and Mrs. John Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Peyton, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford, Colonel and Mrs. Maus, U. S. A., Bishop and Mrs. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Hart, Dr. and Mrs. Sherman, Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mr. and Mrs. Buford, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Eells, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Eliot McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McCreery, Captain and Mrs. Payson, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, Mrs. Charles E. Green, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Georgia Hop-

kins, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Mary Nichols, Miss Julia Peyton, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Maenie McNutt, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Helen Sidney Smith, Miss Bertha Sidney Smith, Mrs. W. F. Timlow, Princess Poniatowski, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Collier, Miss Sarah Collier, Miss Mary Nichols, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Isabelle Kittle, Miss Schussler, Miss Alice Schussler, Miss Mollie Thomas, Mr. Henry Redington, Dr. Herbert Carolan, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. Christian Froelich, Mr. Downey Harvey, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Mr. Phillip Tompkins, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, Mr. William Heath, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Frederick McKee, Mr. Latham McMullen, Mr. Winfield Jones, Lieutenant Bulver, Mr. W. H. Howard, Mr. William Howard, Mr. Edward Howard, Mr. Allen Kittle, Mr. Bruce Porter, Mr. William Page, Mr. Lynch Pringle, Mr. Lawrence Scott, Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. E. C. Stowell, Lieutenant Winship, U. S. N., Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. Francis Underhill, Dr. Harry Tevis, Mr. George Hall, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Thomas Breeze, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Thomas Berry, Mr. T. C. Berry, Mr. George Cadwalader, Mr. Albert Cadwalader, Mr. Frederick Coon, Dr. De Marville, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. Clarence McKinstry, and Major Rathbone.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Alysse Latham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Latham, and Mr. Wyatt H. Allen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Allen, took place at the Episcopal chapel at Ross Valley on Wednesday, October 3d. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by the Right Rev. Bishop F. Nichols. The maid of honor was Miss Frances Allen, the groom's sister, and Mr. Allen Kittle was the best man. Immediately after the ceremony, the guests were conveyed by a special train to San Anselmo, where a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Allen, after an extended tour through the East, will make their home in this city.

The wedding of Miss Edith Louise Bien, daughter of Mr. Louis Bien, to Mr. A. B. C. Dohrmann took place at the home of the bride's parents, 2920 Pacific Avenue, on Thursday evening, October 4th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Clarke, of St. Luke's Church. Mr. and Mrs. Dohrmann left on Friday for the southern part of the State, and upon their return will reside at the California Hotel.

The engagement is announced of Miss Polly Dunn, daughter of Mr. James Dunn, to Mr. Harry Macfarlane, of Honolulu.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Frances Baldwin to Mr. Sheffield S. Sanborn, of Oakland.

Miss Lucy Moffitt recently gave a luncheon at her home on Webster Street, Oakland, in honor of Miss Anna Clay, whose marriage to Mr. Harden Crawford, of New York, is to take place on October 17th. Others at table were Mrs. Harrison Clay, Mrs. Robert Lee Stephenson, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Ida Bell Palmer, Miss Ethel Kittredge, Mrs. Henry Nichols, the Misses Jean and Florence Hush, and Miss Jane Rawlings.

A reception will be tendered to Governor F. W. Rollins, of New Hampshire, by the Union League Club at its rooms in the Palace Hotel on Monday, October 8th.

Mr. Harry M. Gillig, who is well-known in San Francisco, is expected in this city about the first of November on a visit to his parents. Mr. Gillig has been studying vocal music assiduously in Europe during the last two years. He has always possessed a magnificent baritone voice, which only lacked training. This has now been remedied. The purity and timbre of his voice, combined with his present masterly technique, have so impressed connoisseurs abroad that he has been prevailed upon to make his debut in opera. It is probable that he will appear for the first time on the operatic stage this winter. His debut will probably take place at either Nice or Monte Carlo when the gay world is flocking to the French Riviera. His many friends in San Francisco are extremely desirous of bearing him in concert before he returns abroad. A number of well-known members of the Bohemian Club are agitating the subject, and if Mr. Gillig can be induced to consent, a concert will be arranged to take place during the month of November.

Emile A. Bruguère, the well-known capitalist and clubman, died at his home on Friday last of pneumonia, after a brief illness. Mr. Bruguère was born in New York fifty-one years ago, and had been a resident of this city for the past twenty-five years. He was particularly well-known in financial circles, and was a prominent member of the Bohemian and Pacific-Union Clubs, in this city, and the Union Club of New York City. He leaves, besides his wife, four sons—Dr. Peder Bruguère, Emile Bruguère, Francis Bruguère, and Louis Bruguère—the last named being at school at Cambridge, and the only absent member of the family.

—BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

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What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

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First-class quiet Family Hotel.
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frances Burton Harrison (née Crocker), who have been abroad for three months, are expected in New York this week. They have taken for the winter the house of Mr. Swits Condé, 6 West Fifty-Sixth Street, which adjoins that of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. Harrison's aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, after spending the summer in the Adirondacks, are at "Opbir Farm," their country residence, at White Plains, N. Y.

Mr. W. H. Mills arrived from Europe on Monday after an absence of six months. Mrs. Mills and Miss Ardella Mills are visiting in New York. They will not return to this coast until the end of the month.

Miss Gladys Merrill, Miss Clara McNear, Miss Marie Bull, and Miss Cluff, chaperoned by Mrs. McGregor, left for the East on Saturday, September 29th, to attend Miss Ely's school in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee have been visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. Clark Crocker, in San José, where Mrs. Crocker has been spending the summer.

Mrs. George Toy and her daughter, Miss Mabel Toy, when last heard from, were in Brussels en route to Italy. On Friday, October 5th, Mrs. Toy and her daughter expected to sail for home from Naples.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson and their daughter, Miss Elena Robinson, are still in San José. Their son, Mr. Alfred Porter Robinson, is attending Stanford University.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt returned early in the week from a trip to New York and an inspection tour of the company's lines. His son, Mr. Theodore H. Kruttschnitt, has just entered the freshman class in the civil-engineering course of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y.

Mrs. Chabot and the Misses Chabot left Oakland on Wednesday of last week en route to Europe. They expect to spend the winter in Paris.

Mr. M. H. de Young, who has been spending some time in New York since his return from Europe, stopped off at Canton, O., on Wednesday en route for home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. R. Nuttall sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Miss Lena Maynard has been visiting Mrs. James A. Robinson in San José.

Mrs. William Greer Harrison and her daughters, the Misses Etbel and Elsie Harrison, are expected in this city on October 16th. Dr. Emily G. Harrison will remain in New York, where she is to take a post-graduate course in medicine.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Donoboe have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Houghton, of this city, have been spending a few days in San José.

Mrs. Perry Eyre and Miss Eyre have been making a stay of some duration at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and family have returned from the country and are at their residence, 2604 Jackson Street, for the winter.

Mr. W. H. Keith and Mrs. S. A. Keith were in New York early in the week.

Mr. William A. Magee, Mr. J. B. Garber, Miss Juliet Garber, and Mrs. William Palache, of Berkeley, were at Lake Tahoe last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Milan Soule are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs returned from the East on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Knight and family are permanent guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Romaine have returned to their home, 3231 Jackson Street, after spending the summer at Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Armsby will make their home at the Hotel Richelieu during the winter.

Senator George C. Perkins was a visitor at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco was in New York a few days ago.

Mr. William R. Wheeler will reside at the Hotel Pleasanton during the absence of Mrs. Wheeler in the East.

Dr. and Mrs. S. E. Simmons, of Sacramento, were guests at the California Hotel early in the week.

Mrs. Charles McCreary, accompanied by Miss Minnie Clark and Miss Elsie Clark, of San Francisco, returned to Sacramento last Monday from Sunny Side, Lake Tahoe, where they have been sojourning during the summer months.

Mr. Claude Sharon will return from Nono to spend the winter in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Pickering have taken apartments at the California Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hopkins, of Portland, were at the Palace Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, surveyor of the port, was at San José for a few days during the week.

Mrs. Louisa Barriohet was in New York last week.

Mrs. Harriett Miller has returned from an extended visit in the East and in Europe.

Mrs. Edward Barron and family were at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Bergen enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Dr. Walter B. Coffey, one of the surgeons-in-chief of the Southern Pacific Railway, left on Thursday for the East. He has been given a three months' leave of absence, and will spend it visiting the large hospitals of the East.

Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Miss Hecht, and Miss Rose Hecht left on Sunday last to spend part of the winter in the East.

Mrs. Thomas H. Selby and daughter made a short stay at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Flint, Mr. H. K. Gregory, the Misses Gregory, and Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl,

of Los Angeles, were guests at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke arrived from Santa Barbara on Monday, and is registered at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wesley, of Los Angeles, Dr. L. L. Dory, Mr. R. G. Broderick, Miss Nellie Glynn, Mr. L. W. Quick, Miss Quick, Mr. and Mrs. George Fritch, and Miss M. Stone.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Squires, of Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Owen, of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. William H. Russell, of Boston, Mr. Barron Berthald, of New York, Mrs. Frederick J. Lowrey, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Crosse, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powers, of Berkeley, Mrs. W. C. Walker, of Alameda, Mr. Fred S. Cook and Mr. Stephen C. Cook, of St. Paul, Minn., Mr. and Mrs. William T. Cummins, Mrs. William Willis, Mr. William H. Alford, Mr. and Mrs. George Hale, and Mr. George A. Knight.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Roberts, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Stafford, of England, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Harrison, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Drier, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. V. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento, Mr. F. J. Carlisle, of Pennsylvania, Dr. R. B. Chapman, of Los Angeles, Mr. A. B. Cohen, of New York, Mr. W. T. Cleverdon, of Chicago, Mr. G. Owens, of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schmidt, of Crockett, Mr. E. L. Finley, of Santa Rosa, Mrs. L. Frauck, of Bremen, Mr. H. W. Hall, of Weaverville, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Barrett, of Los Angeles, and Mr. W. A. Howe and Mr. Charles E. Ladd, of Portland.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain Sebree Smith, Third Artillery, U. S. A., with his family, is spending the summer in Mountain Lake Park, Md. Captain Smith has almost entirely recovered from the serious illness, brought on by over-work, when stationed at Fort Stevens.

Mrs. Stafford, wife of Captain John Stafford, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is living at 1921 Webster Street, where she will reside during the absence of her husband in the Philippines.

Major Thomas Cruse, quartermaster's department, U. S. A., arrived here on Tuesday and registered at the Occidental Hotel, from San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Mrs. Wallace, wife of Lieutenant C. S. Wallace, U. S. A., is residing in Victoria, B. C., during her husband's absence in the Philippines.

Lieutenant Daniel F. Keller, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., left for Seattle, Wash., last week, to assume the duties of quartermaster and commissary on the transport *Oopack*.

Captain G. E. Ide, U. S. N., commandant of the Mare Island naval station, was at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Second-Lieutenant Henry C. Merriam, recently appointed from a sergeancy, Battery H, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., has been assigned to the Eighteenth Infantry.

Captain I. E. Smiley, U. S. A., was at the Palace Hotel on Monday.

Lieutenant Walter S. Hughes, U. S. N., Passed Assistant Surgeon Richard G. Broderick, U. S. N., Chaplain Walter G. Isaacs, U. S. N., and Major Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maus registered at the California Hotel during the week.

The Automobile Club.

The pioneer automobile club on the coast, known as the Automobile Club of California, is at present working vigorously to popularize the pastime. On Wednesday last a meeting of the club was held in the office of the treasurer, A. E. Brooks Ridley. S. D. Rodgers, who has lately returned from the East, where he spent some time investigating the lines on which the prominent clubs of that locality were formed, was in the chair. He made arrangements for the admission of the local club into the Automobile Club of America, which is the parent club of the United States. The executive committee is hard at work on a constitution and by-laws for the club.

J. A. Wilkins, the vice-president of the club, at this meeting tendered to the club the use of headquarters at the Cliff House and a charging plant for electric machines. The rooms will contain billiard tables and the files of all the journals of the sport. The initiation fee has been set at twenty-five dollars, and the monthly dues at two dollars and fifty cents. Associate members who are residents of the State outside of the cities of San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley, are provided for. The same initiation fee is required of associate members, but the monthly dues have been set at one dollar a month. A committee composed of A. E. Brooks Ridley, C. C. Moore, and Dr. F. Tillman was appointed to find suitable rooms for the headquarters of the club.

It is proposed by the automobile club, when the park commissioners allow the machines to enter the park, to give a big celebration, in which every one owning an automobile will be asked to take part. It will take the form of a parade out to the ocean and back.

Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker, whose home is now in New York State, has offered her mansion at Sacramento for the purposes of the rescue home now conducted there by the women of the Peniel Mission.

—THE "MASTER CHRISTIAN," by Marie Corelli, can be had at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

GOLF NOTES.

Much activity is being manifested in local golf circles, and before long the regular season tournaments will be in full swing. To-day (Saturday), October 6th, at 9:30 A. M., an 18-hole medal-play tournament for ladies will be held at the Presidio for scores to be used in the continuous tournament which will immediately follow. This will be the inaugural attempt at this form of tournament as applied to golf on the coast, and much interest is being shown by the large number of prospective participants.

There is little doing on the San Rafael Golf Club links owing to the fact that summer visitors have left the county seat of Marin, and the golfers have not yet settled down to their winter play. It is expected, however, that a programme of events will be given out soon.

At the men's handicap golf tournament at the Country Club golf course near Santa Barbara last Friday, September 28th, Sidney Stillwell, of that city, won first honors and a beautiful trophy cup of solid silver. His net score for 36 holes was 147, with a handicap of 56. F. Tufts, of Los Angeles, was second, with 154 and a handicap of 24. The three best gross scores were by Tufts and Wilshire, of Los Angeles, and Lawrence Redington. The course record on 9 holes, held at 42 by a professional, was lowered to 39 by Wilshire. Mr. Tufts lowered the 18-hole record twice, first to 88 from 90 and then to 86. During play Mr. Johnson, of Los Angeles, made hole No. 7 in one stroke. The distance covered was 195 yards. Tufts twice made the hole in two strokes.

The competition for the open championship of the United States will take place October 4th and 5th on the links of the Chicago Golf Club. It is expected that it will be the most brilliant golfing contest ever held in this country or in the whole of America. Among other competitors will be Horace Rawlins, who has already won the championship; "Willie" Anderson, who lost it by only one stroke; and Alexander Smith, who was second in 1898, and is a brother of Walter Smith, the professional of the San Rafael Golf Club. All these players are well known in California. As soon as the competition is over Horace Rawlins will set out for California, having been engaged as instructor of the Oakland Golf Club.

The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

A loan exhibition of old paintings will be opened in the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Monday, October 15th. Paintings by well-known masters and paintings by unknown artists of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries will be included in the display. A great deal of interest has already been shown in this project, and a large number of valuable pictures have been offered for the occasion, including the much-talked-of Lodmann portraits. The curator of the institute, in reply to many inquiries on the subject, desires it stated that the management will be glad to communicate with the owners of any paintings of interest of the period indicated with a view to their exhibition.

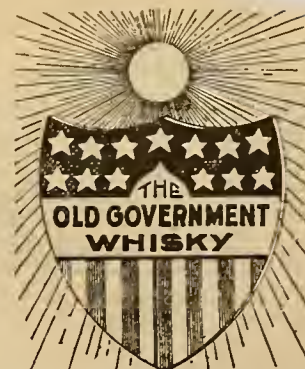
The *Review of Art*, an illustrated magazine issued quarterly by the institute, is out for September in an enlarged and handsome form. While it is devoted to art of the Pacific Coast primarily, it contains a great deal of interest in regard to art matters the world over. The magazine is distributed to members of the art association free and is placed on sale to the public in the book-stores.

The exhibition and sale of paintings and sketches by the late Raymond D. Yelland closed at the Mark Hopkins Institute on Thursday. It was a most successful undertaking, the attendance numbering 1,939, and the sale aggregating about \$2,500. This sum goes to the widow of Mr. Yelland.

Do not fail to make a trip up Mt. Tamalpais before the rainy weather sets in. The beautiful scenery and the incomparable view from the summit and veranda of the Tavern of Tamalpais make it a delightful objective point.

Mrs. Mary C. Wattles, wife of Mr. J. B. Wattles, and mother of Mr. Wood Wattles, died in Healdsburg, on Friday, September 28th.

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GOING -TO- MEXICO ?

The Southern Pacific Company will run a Special Train of Pullman Sleeping Cars from San Francisco to the City of Mexico, leaving on Wednesday, November 14th, and passing Los Angeles on the following day.

The round-trip rate from San Francisco will be \$80; from Los Angeles, \$70, and proportionate rates from other points.

It is calculated that the excursion will require about 30 days, but tickets will be good for 60 days, so that those who wish may prolong their visit. Very complete arrangements are provided for side trips. Mexico is famous for its strange, quaint, and curious attractions, but unfortunately not all of them are found on the main avenues of travel. They can be visited at small cost, and should not be omitted.

The Excursion will be in charge of Wm. H. Menton, Excursion Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific, who is familiar with Mexico, speaks its language, and will cheerfully give all desired information to inquirers. Go and see or address him at 613 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., or any agent of the Southern Pacific Company.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.) Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	From Oct. 1, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsen, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.75 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*12.45 P
*8.00 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*9.45 A
*8.30 A	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carters.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*11.00 A	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*10.00 A
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamer.....	*5.45 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanger, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A
*5.00 P	Stockton.....	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*12.75 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.45 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*12.15 P
*7.00 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.45 A
*8.05 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*11.00 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A
*11.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.20 P

CREAK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—

*7.15	9.00	11.00 A. M.	1.00	2.00	13.00
*4.00	15.00	*6.00 P. M.			

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

*6.00	8.00
10.00 A. M.	12.00
1.00	2.00
3.00	14.00
5.00	7.00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Jose, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A
*5.30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8.00 A
*11.45 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Di. 3y. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
§ Saturday only.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Quite a different sort: *McSwatters*—"A healer, eh? Divine?" *McSwitters*—"No; ward."—*Syracuse Herald*.

A clever turn: "What a pretty felt hat that is of Mrs. Flypp's." "Yes; that's her summer hat turned around with the back to the front."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Real gratitude: *Tramp* (to Chappie, who has given him a shilling)—"I 'ope as 'ow some day, sir, you may want a shillin', an' that I'll be able to give it to yer!"—*Punch*.

The dashing *Polar explorer*—"What shall I call my new book? 'A Dash for the Pole'?" *Publisher*—"No; call it 'A Dash for the Lecture Platform.'"—*Baltimore American*.

"As I came by the kitchen window, Jane, I thought I saw you on a young man's knee!" "Well, ma'am, it is an artist friend of mine, and I have been giving him a few sittings."—*Fun*.

Mrs. O'Reagan—"Did yez ever hov yer palm read, Mrs. O'Reilly?" Mrs. O'Reilly—"Phwat a question, Mrs. O'Reagan. Haven't Oi had ten children an' had to spank all of them?"—*Judge*.

A clever compliment: *Husband*—"You surely do not intend to buy that magnificent hat—why, people would think that you wished to distract their attention from your face!"—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

Barber—"Shall I take a little of the ends of your hair off, sir?" *Customer*—"Yes; I think you had better take it off at the ends, unless you can get it out of the middle."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

She—"If you love me so much, why don't you prove it by some act of courage." *He*—"Great Scott! haven't I been hanging around for two hours when you were playing golf?"—*Brooklyn Life*.

Fitznoodle (to gamekeeper)—"When I was in Australia I shot the biggest kangaroo the natives said they ever saw!" *Gamekeeper*—"Hindeed, sir! What was you a-haimin' at?"—*Tit-Bits*.

Mother—"Tommy, what makes you so late?" *Tommy*—"Had some words with the teacher, and she kept me in after school." *Mother*—"You had words with the teacher?" *Tommy*—"Yes, mother. I couldn't spell 'em."—*Tit-Bits*.

"And you say," remarked Satan, "that you really like the place! I suppose you look at the smoke and imagine you are in Chicago." "Oh, no," replied the late arrival from Chicago; "I haven't noticed the smoke; it's the population that you have here that inspires me."—*Brooklyn Life*.

An interesting report: *Walker*—"The bride was quite a popular girl, wasn't she?" *Watkinson*—"Yes, indeed. The *Evening Scavenger* sent its sporting man to report it. It printed a list of rejected lovers half a column long under the heading 'Among those who also ran.'"—*Tit-Bits*.

The minister—"I'm sorry tae hear, Jock, that you're all on strike down at the auld town. I'm surprised at ye. Dinna ye ken that the Apostle Paul says, 'Servants, obey your masters in all things'?" *The elder*—"Aye, I ken, but that's just where me and the Apostle Paul differs."—*Moonshine*.

Mr. Cornstossel—"Blame 'I c'n understand these here theatre troupers." *Mr. Meddergrass*—"What's matter?" *Mr. Cornstossel*—"Why, they advertised this here dramma o' 'Th' Black Vow o' Vengeance' has havin' plenty o' life in it, an' blame 'I they didn't kill sixteen people in th' first act."—*Baltimore American*.

A question for him: "If Field-Marshal Roberts ever gets Messrs. Kruger and Steyn into his hands, he will have some practical experience with a question that occasionally comes up in America," said McSwilligen to Squidly. "What is that?" "What to do with ex-Presidents."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Got him guessing: "And have you tried the plan of greeting your husband with kind words when he comes home late, as I suggested?" asked the elderly friend. "I have," said the youngish lady, "and it works like a charm. He stays home all the time now trying to figure out what is the matter."—*Indianapolis Press*.

A little deception: *Ragged Robert*—"Wot yer doin'?" *Moldy Mike*—"I'm layin' wid my head in der sun, so's to get meself sunburnt." *Ragged Robert*—"Wot's th' game now?" *Moldy Mike*—"There's a temperance feedin' place around th' corner, an' th' redder a man's nose is, th' more symperthy he gets."—*New York Weekly*.

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Whether he realizes it or not, every man in the country has a vital interest in the coming Presidential election. Every man, rich or poor, has something to gain or something to lose through the business conditions of the country. The general conditions which redound to the benefit of all are now present with us. They may be observed in any statistical report of the last three years. We are doing more business than ever before, and doing it on capital that is cheap and plenty. Our exports, which aggregated \$3,430,000,000 in Cleveland's second term, and which had fallen off about \$80,000,000 from the total of Harrison's term, have risen to more than \$3,500,000,000 in three years of the present administration. We produce more iron by nearly 7,000,000

tons a year than in 1896. In the latter year business failures were 15,088; in 1899 the number was 9,337. Postal revenues four years ago were \$82,499,208, while last year they were \$95,021,384, and they are still growing. In four years the circulation of money per capita has increased from \$21.10 to \$26.85. Savings-bank depositors have increased more than 500,000 in number during the last year, and during the last three years their savings have increased \$400,000,000. We manufacture a larger percentage of our raw materials, such as cotton, and we export a greater proportion of our manufactures. The farmer is getting better prices. Labor is generally employed, and at wages which the officers of the American Federation of Labor report to be an increase ranging from 20 to 60 per cent.

These evidences that the times are prosperous are conclusive. The conditions they spring from are the direct result of policies adopted by the Republican party. They include a protective tariff, which encourages industry, protects labor, and furnishes ample revenue; a sound financial system, under which capital is enterprising, confidence unbounded, and national honor and credit safe; a conservative respect for law and order, which tends to build up rather than to destroy the institutions upon which rests the superstructure of our national jurisprudence. We do not say that Republicanism means perennial prosperity without exceptions, or that Democracy is synonymous with complete and abiding stagnation. We do claim, and with conviction, that the Republican party is now pledged to the policies we have mentioned, and that those policies are necessary to the prevailing prosperity, and we do claim that there is no other party in sight which can be looked to to uphold them.

There is in our politics an antagonistic element gnawing at the pillars which support our business prosperity and our national credit. It is not Democracy—the Democracy of a Jefferson, a Jackson, a Douglas, a Tilden, or a Cleveland. It is Bryanism. It has usurped the title and seized the machinery of the ancient party and is using the whole organization in the interest of Populism in general and William J. Bryan in particular. It stands for ill-considered, needless, and dangerous experiments with every national policy which has made the country what it is. It stands pledged by its leader to a tariff policy so near akin to free trade that it has been proved to mean the wreck of the farm, the blight of manufactures, and the ruin of labor. It stands for the "immediate" overturn of our financial system and the substitution of Populistic theories which lead directly to the debasement of the standard of value, the annihilation of business confidence and enterprise, and the loss of national credit and honor. It is pledged to poison the fountain of law by packing the supreme court in the interest of lawlessness and disorder. It proposes to regulate business combinations by destroying all alike, good and bad, ruining inter-State commerce, and driving capital into hiding or out of the country.

If these are not the distinct intentions, they will be the sure and rapid results of Bryanism. The school of politics to which it belongs first raised its head to a dangerous height at Chicago in 1896. Four years ago it was scotched, not killed. The interests of the country at home and abroad can not be safe until Bryanism is laid at rest forever. That is the paramount issue this year, and that is the end for which every good citizen should labor from now until election. Apologists for Bryanism are almost wholly composed of those whose great anxiety is to hold on to the name of the Democratic party until it has been purged of Bryanism and can be re-organized on old and safer lines. They admit that free silver would be robbery. They have proclaimed their faith that to attempt to raise the coinage value of silver by governmental fiat is impossible. They know that this country strained its ability to the breaking point to do it, and failed. They know that another attempt means general bankruptcy, and their only excuse is the alleged menace of imperialism.

The truth is that there is no man demanding a change in our government toward the faintest imitation of imperialistic forms or substance, and that the affections of the people are

too strongly intrenched in the principles of popular rule to permit any administration to carry any such purpose into effect. Whether the Philippines shall be retained or released, and if retained, how we shall govern them, are questions to be decided by Congress, and there will be ample time to consider them when Bryanism is no longer a menace. It is not necessary to destroy the business of the country and the prosperity of the people in order to reach that subject. The first and "immediate" concern is Bryanism. When that is settled we can advance regularly to the settlement of other questions without disturbing our material interests at home. An overwhelming defeat of Bryanism this fall will banish it from our politics we hope forever, and the only possible way to accomplish it is by the election of a Republican President and Vice-President.

Mr. J. H. Henry, who has undertaken the difficult task of trying to elect himself to Congress in the fifth district, as a Democrat, has run against a snag. The fifth district includes Santa Clara County—in fact, Mr. Henry is a resident of that county. Santa Clara County is the great prune-producing district of the State, and is the home of the prune trust. Under the Republican tariff, the prunes of Santa Clara are protected against French prunes to the extent of two cents a pound. The Democratic party, of which Mr. Henry is a representative, is opposed to protection, but Mr. Henry is one of those Hancock Democrats who believe that the tariff is a local question, and that his constituents should be protected while other constituencies should enjoy free trade, and not one of the Cleveland Democrats who believe that all protection is an abomination. Prunes are a product of his district, and so Mr. Henry says it is only right and proper that they should be protected. Wheat is also raised there, and should receive protection also. With silver it is different. It is produced in other districts, and so Mr. Henry believes in free trade in silver at a ratio of sixteen to one. Polo and coaching are also leading industries in San Mateo County, which is in Mr. Henry's district, and he would probably favor a prohibitive tariff on the foreign product. Unfortunately for Mr. Henry, in the present campaign he is not even a good Bryan Democrat, for he says that the prune-trust is not inimical to the best interests of the many. Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, declares that if the principle of trusts is had you can not defend it merely because you are getting the benefit of it. Mr. Henry believes that the trust, like the tariff, is purely a local issue. Truly, the attempt to follow the various doctrines of the Democrats tends to bring on an attack of vertigo. There seem to be as many variant views as there are voters in the party.

One of the amusing features of the present political campaign is the split in the local Democracy. There were two factions from the beginning, the old committee-of-one-hundred element being opposed by a considerable number of outsiders. This division, however, would have local effect only, and was not serious. The defection of the *Examiner* from the Democracy, both in the city and the State, is calculated to be much more far-reaching in its effects. It leaves the Democrats without an organ of their party in the principal city of the State; it exposes the local Democrats to a galling cross-fire from their own camp. It is true that considerable space in the *Examiner* each day is devoted to reports of the association of Democratic clubs, but Mr. Hearst is president and high grand promoter of that association, and not a few people are saying that his interest in the organization is merely a desire for cheap advertising for his journalistic triplets.

The McNab side of the story regarding the split has been published by Mr. McNab himself, and, as it has not been denied and is supported by certain collateral evidence, it may be accepted as the correct account of the controversy. Just before the local Democratic convention was to meet, a representative of Mr. Hearst called on McNab and told him that Hearst had telegraphed orders that

Judge Daingerfield should be denied a renomination. Pressed for a reason, he said that Daingerfield had decided a case in his court contrary to the wishes of Hearst, and further that the question whether the decision was in accordance with the law had nothing to do with the case. The penalty for a refusal to obey these orders was the opposition of the *Examiner* to the Democracy both in the city and the State. Judge Daingerfield was renominated, and the threatened action is being carried out. McNab and Mayor Phelan are being attacked daily, and Democratic meetings such as that addressed by Mr. Delmas at Metropolitan Hall are not reported in the *Examiner*.

What the result of the split will be, it is hard to say. In this city it is calculated to help the Democrats, for certain voters who were inclined to oppose the methods of Mayor Phelan and the county committee will resent the *Examiner's* action. In the country the fight will have an opposite effect. It will persuade Democrats there that San Francisco is lost to their party, and therefore it is useless to try to save a lost cause. There are a number of Democrats who were formerly sufficiently sanguine to believe that California might be switched into the Bryan column who now say that the State has been lost, and that the *Examiner* is responsible. All of which is not displeasing to the Republicans. Nevertheless, the Democrats have a way of patching up their family quarrels, to fight a common enemy, in a manner that is truly Hibernian, and it will not do to be overconfident because of the present troubles.

Recently the *Argonaut* remarked that the campaign should be conducted in this State with more vigor, and that more speakers should be placed in the field. We have since learned that the quietude of the campaign here is due to lack of funds. The Republicans of California are so firmly convinced of a sweeping Republican victory that they have buttoned up their pockets. The State Central Committee is practically destitute of funds. This is not a creditable state of affairs. There are legitimate expenses in all campaigns—notably the payment of the expense of campaign speakers. There is no reason why a man who gives up his time to stumping the State for his party should give up his money too. Yet that is what the Republican speakers in California are doing this year. S. M. Shortridge, for example, is paying his own hotel bills and traveling expenses. He deserves the thanks of his party and the thanks of the Sound-Money men in the other party. But, none the less, this condition of affairs does not reflect credit on the Republicans of California.

There is sorrow among the housewives of San Francisco. The comfort of their strongholds is threatened, and some have even abandoned them and fled to that enemy of the home, the boarding-house. The cause is a tightness in the "help" market. Servant-girls have been growing scarce for some months, and at present the stringency has become marked to a dire degree. The surface indications are a falling off of numbers at the employment offices, an absence of response to advertisements for housemaids, and a growing tendency among those who are engaged to throw up their places at short notice. A deeper sign is the rise in the standard of the wage of house-servants. Twenty-five-dollar places will now bring thirty dollars, thirty-dollar cooks can command thirty-five or forty dollars, while twenty-dollar housemaids are as scarce as Democratic candidates for the Presidency. In a number of households where it has been customary to have the housework done by female servants, the mistress, from utter inability to secure one, has been obliged to hire Japanese day-labor at a dollar and a half a day. A lady recently advertised in all the leading dailies and in a German newspaper for a maid to do housework, and received absolutely no reply. Another anxious seeker for an applicant to fill the thirty-dollar house-servant place in her home, heard it offered to a group of the stout, white-headed female tramps most frequently seen haunting employment offices, and stolidly rejected by each one in turn. In more auspicious times she would have refused any or all of them on their looks alone, had they applied for the place.

Various theories are offered by those who are interested in knowing the causes of this scarcity of female labor. The most reassuring one is that numbers are temporarily in the country, picking fruit and hops, or filling places as waiter-girls in large summer resorts. Another is that they are in fruit-canning establishments, during the stress of the summer work. Many are also said to have been engaged by the large laundries, where great inducements in the shape of high wages are offered them, and in which employees must legally be released from work at six o'clock. Some are, no doubt, at home, looking for husbands, nuggets, or lucrative employment at fancy prices. An interesting theory, that if

true must be equally agreeable to the maids and dismaying to the matrons who wish to employ them, is that a condition of prosperity is disposing of an unusually large number of young men toward matrimony. But whatever or wherever the cause may be, the face of the householder is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and the boarding-house business is looking up.

The general elections in England have been carried on with far more rapidly than is ever seen in this country, and with almost as little excitement as is being displayed here. The Conservatives, who represent the administration and support the war in South Africa, have gained a number of seats, so that the people of England may be considered to have indorsed imperialism, with all that it implies. The Liberals, who represent the opposition to the policy of the government, are completely disorganized and without a recognized leader. Though they stand for distinct principles of government, they appear to have been merely the party of Gladstone, and with his death they seem to have lost all coherency as a political organization. The Liberal-Unionists also seem to be drifting apart as a party, or perhaps the situation may be more exactly expressed by saying that they are being absorbed in the Conservative party. Since they represent nothing distinct from the Conservatives, there is no necessity for continuing a separate organization that served only the temporary purpose of satisfying the conscience of those voters who were not prepared to desert openly and join the ranks of their former opponents, as the Mugwump organization did in 1884, and the National Democratic organization twelve years later. The drift may be seen from the fact that the Earl of Portsmouth, who, as Viscount Lymington, was a member of the House of Commons, has formally withdrawn from the Liberal-Union association, giving as his reason that the Liberal-Union party no longer means anything but Conservatism.

The former Parliament was elected in July, 1895, and in that body Lord Salisbury, as head of the government, had a majority of 152. The strength of the Conservatives and Unionists combined was 411. The Liberals had 177 votes, and the Irish party 82, divided into two factions. There were few changes in the bye-elections, so the gains of the Conservatives will continue that party in power for six years unless some question of overwhelming interest should arise to revolutionize public opinion. The time for appealing to the people was well chosen by the Salisbury government. The reverses of the early part of the South African war roused the nation to an unusual pitch of excitement. The sympathy shown by the colonies to the mother country increased this. The successful turning of the tide of battle at the time when the outlook was darkest aroused them to a pitch of enthusiasm which has not yet subsided. The Conservatives, led by Lord Salisbury, appealed strongly to this feeling. The indorsement that he has received gives particular interest to the future policy of Lord Salisbury, and this he indicates in his opening address to the voters. "It will depend," said he, "upon the disposition and conduct of the Boers how long an interval is to elapse before their full position as a British colony is attained."

The indorsement given to the Conservative party, which went to the country on the imperialistic or war issue, would seem to foreshadow the success of the Republican ticket in the United States. While the issues are not precisely similar, the fact remains that the party in power in England advocated war and expansion, while the outs vigorously opposed both.

The present campaign has been marked by an unusual degree of apathy and also by an unusual amount of independence of party ties on the part of prominent citizens. Many who have always supported the Republican ticket have expressed their intention to vote for Bryan, while numbers of life-long Democrats declare their opinion that the election of Bryan would be a national calamity. The breaking down of old party lines has indeed been a notable feature of politics for a number of years. These changes form an element of uncertainty in the campaign, and as the independent press furnishes an indication of how the independent voter will vote, the way in which the press is lining up becomes interesting.

The New York *Evening Post* is one of the most prominent of the independent papers of the country. As the *Nation*, and as the *Post* before the publications were consolidated, it was originally Republican. In 1884 it was the high priest of the Mugwump element that refused to support Blaine. Since that time it has inclined to the Democracy until Bryan appeared upon the scene, and then it supported McKinley. A few months ago it showed an inclination to switch to Bryan, but it has not done so, and now favors the Republicans. Yet E. L. Godkin, the former editor of the paper, but who has now retired from active management, opposes McKinley strongly.

The Springfield *Republican*, which supported McKinley

four years ago, now favors Bryan. The Philadelphia *Times*, another independent paper, is supporting the Democrats. The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, originally Democratic, but which opposed Bryan four years ago, now gives him faint support. The Boston *Traveller*, an independent paper with former Republican leanings, has come out for Bryan. The Baltimore *Sun* has changed from McKinley to Bryan. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Gold Democratic, now favors the nominee of the regular Democrats. The Boston *Post*, independent Democrat, supports Bryan this year. The Charleston *News and Courier*, the Montgomery *Advertiser*, the Chicago *Chronicle*, and the Nashville *American* have all swung into the Bryan column.

On the other hand, the Salt Lake *Tribune*, which favored silver strongly four years ago, now supports McKinley. The same is true of the Denver *Republican*, the leading silver organ of Colorado in 1896. The Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, Democratic, declares that it can not support Bryan. The St. Paul *Globe* takes the peculiar position of opposing Bryan and at the same time supporting Lind for governor, who stands on the same platform. The Manchester *Union*, the New Haven *Register*, the Nashville *Banner*, the Chattanooga *Times*, the Richmond *Times*, the New York *Times*, the Hartford *Times*, the Baltimore *Herald*, and the Brooklyn *Eagle* are all former Democratic papers that now favor McKinley. Whatever may be the result of the election, these numerous changes indicate that some surprises may be looked for.

Developments of the past week in a suit which has been in court several months, are of special interest on account of the nature of the case and the character and prominence of the contestants.

Ex-Judge William T. Wallace (former chief-justice of California) and his son, Ryland B. Wallace, sued Drury Melone (former secretary of State of California) to recover a legal fee claimed to be due for services in the matter of securing payment of certain Placerville bonds. Mr. Melone offered as a counter-claim an account against Judge Wallace, including an item of \$11,600 for cash expended in the effort to force the city of Placerville to pay. Wallace demanded a bill of particulars, and on the fifth inst. an itemized statement was filed in the superior court by Dibble & Dibble, attorneys for Mr. Melone.

Among the items of the bill are the following:

"December, 1880, and January, 1881—W. T. Higgins, for his influence and services in procuring the passage of a bill by the legislature of California to facilitate the collection of defendant's said claim.....	\$5,000
"December, 1880, and January, 1881—W. B. Carr, for his influence and services in procuring the passage of a bill by the legislature of California to facilitate the collection of defendant's said claim.....	4,000
"January, 1881—Colonel Gillis, for his influence and services in procuring the passage of a bill by the legislature of California to facilitate the collection of defendant's said claim ..	600
"December, 1880, and January, 1881—Expenses of defendant, William T. Wallace, Myers, Conroy, Duffy, Brady, et al., at Sacramento in attendance upon the legislature, using their efforts and influence to aid said Higgins, Carr, and Gillis in procuring the passage of said bill.....	1,700

The answer of Judge Wallace was presented the next day, but it does not refer in any way to Melone's statement concerning the large sums alleged to have been paid to influence legislative action on the bill to facilitate the collection of the amount due on the Placerville bonds:

"He contended that all the items included in the counter claim were barred by the statute of limitations. He stated that at no time after he became Melone's attorney in the Placerville bond proceedings did he become indebted to Melone, and that Melone never claimed that Wallace was indebted to him in any sum, or made any demand for payment."

By the compromise that was effected, Melone secured from Placerville \$36,150 for the bonds held by him. It is a matter of general knowledge that in order to defeat the action looking to the enforced payment of the bonds, Placerville for many years remained a city without a government, and as it had no municipal entity, nothing effective could be done against it.

The premature closing of the first meeting of the San Francisco and San Mateo Fair at Tanforan Park is a matter that is to be regretted. The immediate cause was the inclemency of the weather, for harness races can not be run over a muddy track. But a supplemental cause was the failure of the public to attend the meetings. This is probably to be explained by the fact that the people of this city are not yet accustomed to go such a distance to attend affairs of this kind, but it places a heavy burden upon the public-spirited citizens who organized and managed the fair.

During the first week the receipts did not exceed eight hundred dollars, while the expenses for advertising, purses for the races, and salaries are not less than twenty-five thousand dollars. The eighty stockholders of the association will have to meet a deficit of at least twenty thousand dollars. Notwithstanding this loss the members are not discouraged, and they expect to hold meetings in future years. It is to be

hoped that the public will show a more lively appreciation of these future meetings, for the enterprise is a most important element in the development of the State, and it is not just that the entire burden should be laid upon a few. Despite the lack of attendance the exhibition was one of unusual merit, and those public-spirited citizens who promoted it are deserving of the highest praise.

PARIS AND CHICAGO.

The Expositions Compared—Chicago Ahead in Architecture and Management—Paris Side-Shows Poor—Financing—Cheap Tickets—Their Result—Seeing the Exposition at Home.

The most frequent question heard by a visitor to the Paris Exposition is:

"How does it compare with Chicago?" To which the only answer is that it is difficult to make comparisons. The expositions of Paris and Chicago are as dissimilar as are the cities of Chicago and Paris.

It is the fashion in many parts of the United States to sneer at Chicago. This is notably the case in San Francisco. Most San Franciscans say that they dislike Chicago. A common remark from them is, "I can't stand Chicago." It is true that there is much that is unlovely in Chicago. To the impatient traveler hastening from New York to San Francisco the enforced stop at Chicago is distasteful. For Chicago has contrived things with such skill that it is difficult to cross the continent without stopping within her gates. Everybody must pay toll. The pilgrim must pause, even though he do not unpack his wallet. He must stop at least for a bath and a "meal of victuals." You find it difficult to go around Chicago. Chicago will not let you pass her without stopping.

The only man I ever knew who succeeded in crossing Chicago by rail was a millionaire who was traveling from San Francisco to New York in his private car. The trunk men don't like private cars. They switched his on to be Chicago belt line and began an intricate course of switching which lasted many hours. Finally he was switched around Chicago and switched on to the tail-end of an Erie train. We genteel paupers traveled on the Lake Shore Limited, which refused to haul his private car. We got to New York in twenty-four hours; and it took him and his party forty-two. And they reached New York lusty, bedraggled, worn, and wan, from over-much Erie Railroad riding.

Yes, it is hard to get around Chicago, to beat the Chicago hustlers, to ride free on the Chicago limited express trains.

But sneer at Chicago as one may, the fact remains that she has always had the courage of her convictions and a strong individuality. This is notable in her residences. Years ago, before the dwellers in Eastern cities dared to depart from the conventional brick cube, Chicago carried out some original ideas of her own. I used to think then that such residential streets in Chicago as Michigan, Calumet, and Indiana Avenues were certainly more original and possibly more beautiful than any similar streets in any Eastern city. I never admired the veneered brick bouses of New York, called "brown-stone mansions." The miles and miles of red brick dwellings in Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, diversified by white marble trimmings in the latter city, always seemed to me staring advertisements of the lack of originality on the part of their owners. A new-rich man did not dare to build a new style of house. He was forced to build like the old-rich. But Chicago's new-rich men built as they pleased. The result was often ugly, sometimes grotesque, frequently pleasing, but always original. And it is my belief that the change which has come over the residence quarter in Eastern cities in the last fifteen years has been largely due to the influence of Chicago.

Even in New York, on Fifth, Madison, and Lexington Avenues, one may now see houses of varying styles of architecture and built of various kinds of stone. So, too, in Washington, the capital, which is now a city of beautiful homes. Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia are more conservative, but even they are yielding. In originality and individuality of residence architecture Chicago among American cities was the pioneer. So was she the pioneer in the modern architectural abominations known as "sky-scrapers." And the architecture of her exposition of 1893 left a marked impress upon the American nation.

The architecture of the Chicago Exposition was sober, dignified, and beautiful. The general scheme was evolved by the Chapter of American Architects. They designed a number of dignified buildings which were to form a homogeneous whole. It goes without saying that these buildings were largely modeled upon classic lines. Few who saw the buildings of the Chicago Exposition will forget

them, and no one who saw the beautiful Court of Honor at night, with its white lines starting out of the darkness, with its white beauty bathed in the all-pervading sheen of the electric lights, with its beautiful statues and fountains, its quadriga and the portal looking out upon the lake—no one can ever forget that architectural dream of beauty. And a very great pity it is that it was only a dream.

The Paris Exposition? Well, the architecture of the Paris Exposition is everything that the architecture of the Chicago Exposition was not. Where Chicago was sober, Paris is gaudy. Where Chicago was dignified, Paris is giddy. Where Chicago was white, Paris is prismatic. Where Chicago was beautiful, Paris is frivolous.

The Paris Exposition is an architectural orgy of tinsel and color. Its key-note is indicated in the main entrance, the "Porte Monumentale." This is so gaudy, so bespangled, so besprinkled with color, so barbaric, so pseudo-oriental, that it inevitably suggests the entrance to a gigantic *café chantant*. And that exactly expresses the Paris Exposition of 1900.

The "Porte Monumentale" is fitly crowned with a colossal statue of a woman in the fripperies and fal-lals of 1900. She looks like an up-to-date *cocotte*, and probably that is what she is intended to represent. For the modern life of Paris seems to be the apotheosis of the *cocotte*.

What would Paris be without her *cocottes*? Were there ever really Huguenots there? And were they massacred because they were Protestants, or because they were moral? Who could imagine Paris as a Puritan town? Some old Roman writer tells of the barbaric inhabitants of Lutetia, when it was a primeval village on the lesser islet in the Seine, and says they were addicted to wine and loose living. They are still. Students of Rabelais may recall the famous sneer of Panurge when there was question of rebuilding the walls of Paris.

There is another difference between the great fairs of Paris and Chicago. When the Chicago Exposition came on the carpet all sorts of building schemes and hotel syndicates shot up like mushrooms. Shrewd Chicago business men put up their good money for the erection of hotels to house the millions of expected visitors. There was method in their madness, for after the fair they would have their substantial buildings, to be put to other uses. But the panic of '93 came, and the visitors did not. Many of the hotels remained empty. In Paris, on the other hand, few new hotels have been erected. But the Parisian speculators put their money into *cafés*, theatres, and side-shows, with equally disastrous results. These concerns have failed to the tune of several hundred millions of francs. At the Chicago Fair, on the other hand, I can recall but one collapsed institution of the side-show kind. That was an enormous building near Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. It was erected by a syndicate, and was to have been directed by the actor, Steele Mackaye. It was called the "Smytholeum," or the "Macketechnicon," or something of that sort. This building in plaintive rooflessness stood all through the fair as a dreadful warning to trusting capitalists.

How much alike is human nature all over the world! The tendency to over-build is not confined to expositions. All around Rome one may see blocks upon blocks of six-story buildings, tenantless save for tramps, often roofless, and always windowless, to save the tax on glass. These were built by the speculative Roman nobility in the real-estate boom of the 'eighties. Most of them were mortgaged, and they fell in to the banks. It reminds me of the numerous empty hotels in Southern California in 1890. Every few miles along the San Fernando and San Gabriel Valleys you would see handsome boom-built hotels with "running water, elevators, and electric lights"—everything but guests.

Yes, human nature is much the same, in all countries, in all times. Every world's fair is going to be the greatest that was ever held. Credulous capitalists rush in and overdo the building. Credulous speculators rush in and overdo the side-show business. Result—collapse. The credulous public rushes in and always says that this is the last word: "No other fair can ever equal this." You will find expressions like these in the letters and memoirs of the last fifty years. You will find it said of the exposition at the Crystal Palace in 1851; of the Vienna World's Fair in 1873; of the Centennial Exposition in 1876; of the Paris Expositions of 1878 and 1889; of the Chicago Fair of 1893; and now of the Paris Fair of 1900. Apropos of the Crystal Palace exhibit, if you read its record now, it seems almost ludicrous in its meagreness. Probably our San Francisco Midwinter Fair was magnificent compared to it. Yet it was believed to be the highest pitch of human achievement in arts and manufactures. It was held during the reign of Albert the Good, Prince Consort of Queen Victoria, and professional father. This worthy person was so worked up by the Crystal Palace Fair that he believed it had brought about a reign of

universal peace, of international amity, of world-wide friendship—that war should be no more. This world's fair was called "the Triumph of Peace." Yet immediately after its close the Crimean War broke out, and three European nations fell to cutting each other's throats. Fifty years have elapsed since the pipe-dream—I mean peace-dream—of Albert the Good, and civilized nations have continued to cut each other's throats with the greatest celerity, avidity, and ferocity. And during this year of grace 1900—end of the century, and year of the great Paris Exposition—international throat-cutting has been more general and more widely distributed than for a number of years.

There are various ways of seeing a modern exposition. One is to do it "thoroughly"—as if there were anything thorough in this world, unless it be the mental equipment of a very young woman who has "finished her education."

The second way is to see it cautiously—which means to view the outsides of buildings, to take bird's-eye views, to shun crowded places and crowded days, and to avoid being fatigued, hustled, or bored.

The third way is to see it through the eyes of others—by photographs, biographs, illustrated periodicals, and letters from trained correspondents.

The fourth way is not to see it at all.

Of these four methods, the wise man will waver between the third and fourth. Perhaps the third is the best.

Even with the best of intentions and the most youthful of enthusiasms no one can see any exposition "thoroughly." As Professor Jowett once said to his students, "Gentlemen, no one is omniscient, not even the youngest of us." And it would require omniscience to do an exposition thoroughly. Who can carry in his cranium the sum-total of human knowledge? Even Goldsmith's schoolmaster, who knew it all, lived a couple of centuries ago. Nowadays he would have trouble in carrying universal knowledge in one small knowledge-box. The average man who goes to an exposition sees so many things of which he knows absolutely nothing that he does not even try to know more. Like the Levite, he walks by on the other side. What human brain could retain any coherent idea of such a string of things as these:

Lazarettoes,	Finals,	Mother-of-pearl,
Mineral waters,	Vases,	Coöperative stores,
Naval torpedoes,	High-warp looms,	Post-offices,
Pontoon-bridges,	Moquette carpets,	Cook-stoves,
Cork jackets,	Linoleum,	Ventilators,
Wood wool,	Billiard-tables,	Thermometers,
Mineral wool,	Oil-burning lamps,	Automatic-cocks,
Birds' eggs,	Repoussé work,	Fire-dogs,
Undressed furs,	Sideral clocks,	Sewage farms,
Pisciculture,	Imitation pearls,	Massage,
Edible mushrooms,	Aviaries,	Powder-mills,
Artesian wells,	Goloshes,	Hot-air engines,
Puddling,	Floss-silk,	Play-houses,
Mottled tin,	Cosmetics,	Typography,
Door-knockers,	Barrel-organs,	Blow-pipes,
Frozen meat,	Micrometers,	Wood alcohols,
Papier-maché,	Periodicals,	Pottery.
Sky-lights,	Bacteriology,	

I am not purposely pitchforking things together to make a chance-medley. I am simply taking the exhibits as they happen to fall, walking across the Paris Exposition from the Trocadero to the other side of the Seine.

What human brain could give forth even incoherent ideas regarding them if they could be assimilated? And what human brain could digest such an agglomeration of non-agglomerable matters as one finds at an exposition?

No one can see an exposition thoroughly. No one can see it all even carelessly. No one has the time. Physical limitations are such that no one has sufficient strength of mind and body to see in the allotted period all the exhibits which that exposition contains.

I contend that an exposition can not have that "educational value" which many attribute to it.

Do EXPOSITIONS "EDUCATE"? Viewing an exposition reminds me of what are called "popular lectures." Let us say that the subject of the lecture is ichthyology. I select that for an illustration as I know absolutely nothing about it, having heard many popular lectures upon the topic. The lecturer will attempt to compress into an hour and a half the most notable facts in the science of ichthyology. His method is unscientific. He does not confine himself to an hour and a half because the science of ichthyology can be skimmed over in that time, but because ninety minutes is about the length of time during which an average audience will listen to a lecture and not be bored. He does not select the most important facts in the science of ichthyology, but the most striking ones. This also is unscientific. He chooses these facts because they will amuse and interest the audience. In this mood he generally succeeds, but at a cost which must make the judicious grieve. The more earnest members of the audience will remember—if they remember anything—that the lecturer said that ichthyology was derived from the Greek

ichthyos, "fish"; that the whale is the most interesting fish—which it is not; that the whale is a warm-blooded mammal—which is not always true: there are cold-blooded whales; that there are other mammals in the ocean besides whales; that they belong to the shark family; that there are sharks which leave their eggs to be hatched, sharks which hatch their eggs themselves, and sharks which bring forth their young alive; that there are oviparous, viviparous, and ovoviviparous fishes; that if all the eggs of all the cods were to be hatched, all the oceans would be speedily filled with codfish; and that if they continued to breed with no "struggle for existence," the earth would in 1,957,342 years become a vast globe of codfish, which would fill up the solar system and crowd out the intra-mercurial planets and shove the asteroids into kingdom come.

From such a lecture as this the average hearer goes away with a vague belief that it is a good thing the big fishes eat the little fishes, that ichthyology is a great science, and that Professor Zooscope's lectures are real nice.

Jesting aside, the science of ichthyology or any other science can not be even skimmed by popular lectures. Theoretically it would be possible for a lecturer to begin a course of lectures upon this or some other science and take his hearers with him until he had finished. It might take him one year and it might take him four. If he were an honest man it would take him long enough to tell his hearers all he knew, and even then they would learn only what one man knew about ichthyology. Yet how many worthy people think they can learn at a popular lecture in an hour and a half much of a science to which an earnest student could devote a life-time?

It has always seemed to me that the average man's attempt to "see an exposition thoroughly" is very similar to the efforts of some persons to absorb science at popular lectures.

There are many things that can be seen to better advantage in photographs than in reality. Take the frescoes on the ceilings of the Vatican, for example. About the only way to see the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is to lie on your back on the floor, and scrutinize the frescoes through an opera-glass. This method is unusual, however, and attracts attention. Most people examine them in the regular way, which is by assiduous neck-twisting and vertebral distortion. The slang phrase "rubber-necking" expresses it exactly. Even at the Paris Exposition, while there are no Michael Angelo ceilings or Raphael walls, there is much art-work in high places—ceilings, panels, and spandrels—that can only be seen by "rubber-necking." And very weary work it is, too. How much easier to sit down at your leisure and examine these frescoes and alto-reliefs by means of photographs. You see them very much better, and, to speak plainly, if you don't see them that way, you may not see them at all. For many people get so leg-weary and neck-weary that they hang their heavy beads, and look only at that which is below the level of the eye.

Paradoxical as it may seem, many things—landscapes, buildings, animals—look better in photographs than in reality—even actresses, so I am told. Take, for example, the parks and gardens of Versailles. This year they are very much run down. The trees are unkempt and dust-covered, the grass of the once rich green lawns is withered and burned, the driveways are unsprinkled and dusty, the fountain-basins and ornamental sheets of water are covered with frog-spawn and green slime. Yet in the photographs none of these defects can be discovered. The lawns look luxuriant and the foliage of the trees is reflected in the lakelets as if they were great mirrors of quicksilver.

At the Paris Exposition you see on every hand people showing signs of complete physical exhaustion. The transportation methods are crude and insufficient. As some one says, the moving sidewalk takes you everywhere that you do not want to go. The electric railway is also badly planned. There is no other means of transportation within the grounds except the rolling chairs and Shanks's Mare. The latter heast is faithful but easily tired.

In addition to the lack of means of transportation in the exposition grounds, people don't know where to go nor what to do. They not only don't know how to go to a place, but they don't know where the place is, and they wouldn't know what to do when they got there if they could find it, and they can't find it. The "I don't know" of the Columbian Guards at Chicago was as nothing compared to the sweeping ignorance of the attendants at the Paris Exposition. Nobody seems to know anything at all about anything whatever. One of the main entrances near the Pont des Invalides was suddenly closed one night at 8 P. M., and for hours immense crowds were turned back—both ways—to make their entrance and their exit at some other gate. Nobody stopped these crowds from going toward the closed gate. No notice was posted. The gate was closed. That was all. Nobody knew why.

The fatigue of sight-seeing, "rubber-necking," and being jostled by the crowds affects nearly every one's temper. Americans abroad often forget that their language is understood by many. It is very common in Europe to hear conversations of the most startling nature in English. At the exposition these frequently take the shape of what I may call "building-bickering." For example, this is a conversation I heard just inside the entrance of a building:

She—"What did you want to come in here for?"
He—"I didn't want to come in here."
She—"Why, you ought me in."
He—"No I didn't—you said you wanted to come."
She—"I said nothing of the kind."
He [looking at map]—"You certainly said you wanted to come into the Pavillon de Parée."
She—"Well, I didn't know that this was the Pavillon de Parée."

He—"Well, you know it now."
She—"What is there to see in here, any way?"
He [sulkily]—"I don't know; you brought me here."
She [with spirit]—"I didn't any such a thing."
He—"You did, too."
She—"I didn't."
He—"You did."

[Exeunt, glaring at one another.]

Probably they don't speak for an hour or two.

Other and more cautious couples watch one another carefully at the thresholds of buildings. The one who first crosses the threshold becomes at once responsible for that building. Fatal step! If the man has the hump of caution he lets the woman go first, and then twists her with the shortcomings of the building; he pooh-poohs everything; he says, "Well, is this your Petty Pally dee l'Art? I don't think much of it."

If it is the lady who is cautious she makes the man wish that he were dead. One such cautious creature I heard goading a man who had incautiously put his foot first into a building:

"And this is your Pally dee Costoom, is it? [Sniff.] And these are your heauties, are they? [Sniff.] Well, if ever I saw such a homely lot! [Sniff.] There are at least a dozen girls in Smithtown who are better looking. [Sniff.] And did you make me walk miles all the way up that hot and dusty row to see such a collection of frights?" [Sniff, sniff.]
I wondered if they were married.

If a man of the Paris "shopkeepery" (*petite bourgeoisie*) type were to drop from a halloon into the Yosemite Valley, he would, as soon as he got his wind, proceed to arrange a *café chantant*. It would have a canvas background on which would be painted mighty ten-foot mountains; it would have an imitation water-fall, at whose base would hoil great foaming waves of cotton wool; it would have giant trees cut out of zinc, propped up behind with sticks; and it would have tables on the terrace in front, where you would see the Paris *Figaro* and the Paris *Gaulois*, and where peddlers would try to sell you the latest obscene Parisian postal-cards. So with the Paris Exposition. It seems to be an attempt to reproduce Paris in Paris. There is an entire building devoted to "La Ville de Paris," filled with portraits of Paris prefects and Paris deputies, relics of Paris revolutions, and photographs of Paris's former streets and squares. There is an entire quarter called "Old Paris," in which you see the institutions of modern Paris as they looked in ancient Paris. The "Midway" part of the exposition is largely made up of reproductions of theatres and *cafés* of Paris—attractions of the Montmartre quarter, of the Latin quarter, and of the boulevards. The remaining shows are biographic and cinematoscopic representations of the streets of Paris, the squares of Paris, and the actors and actresses of Paris.

I have said that the exposition "theatres" are merely reproductions of the minor theatres of Paris. It is true. A whole group of these theatres is served by singers and monologists from the Montmartre quarter. I use the word "served" deliberately—these people are on the plane of waiters, not actors. All of these theatres came to grief early. Like Macduff, they were untimely plucked. The exposition visitors did not fancy the things which appealed to the lovers of Montmartre. That is not remarkable. It requires a peculiar frame of mind—vinous or alcoholic—to appreciate the humors of Montmartre. I have never quite understood the taste of those Americans who go to hideous dead-falls like the Cabaret of the Black Cat, the Cabaret of the Galley Slave, the Cabaret of the Grave Digger, etc., to drink steam beer off coffin-lid tables, served by half-tipsy ruffians attired as galley slaves or professional mourners. The paretic poets and alcoholic "bumorists" of Montmartre who started the small theatres in the exposition—like the "Theatre of Gay Authors"—have had to close their doors. So with the "Grand Guignol," also a branch of the Montmartre theatre of that name. That, too, has gone under. The theatre called "Tableaux Vivants" has also closed.

In theatricals, that which is most interesting at the exhibition is the museum of theatrical properties and souvenirs. There you see scene-plots of famous operas and plays. Some of them came, I think, from the museum of the Grand Opéra. Some years ago Sihyl Sanderson—who was then singing in Massenet's "Esclairemonde" at the opera-bouse—gave me a letter to the director of the opera library, who showed me through the museum. There were scene-plots in miniature of most of the operas produced there, such as "The Prophet," "The Huguenots," "William Tell," etc. The little prosceniums were elaborately set with the various scenes painted in miniature by the scene-painters, and the little stages were covered with puppets in handsome costumes fashioned by the costumers of the opera. These models at the exposition are similar to those in the opera museum, but more comprehensive. There are also relics of famous actors—for example, Talma as the Cid; Made-moiselle Mars, in her dressing-room filled with First Empire furniture given her by Bonaparte (they were said to be very great friends); there you will see also the "make-up" toilet utensils of Mademoiselle Rachel; Frederick Lemaitre's snuff-box; and a bust of Sardou modeled by Sarah Bernhardt when she was a sculptress.

Returning from the exposition theatrical museum to the exposition theatres, the "Jardin de la Chanson" is a cheap music-hall—of the type appropriately called by the French "Beuglant," or "Bawley"—where played-out stars from the El Dorado, the Ambassadeurs, and other Paris music-halls regale the public. The "Maison de Rire" is modeled on the "Chat Noir" of Paris. It is still open, but to very small audiences.

The most successful of the exposition theatres are those devoted to the dance. The "Palace of the Dance" pur-

ports to reproduce national dances, but they are national dances denationalized and conventionalized by a French ballet-master. They are meaningless, but possibly interesting to those who like a mediocre ballet. At the "Palace of Woman," historical dances are given, such as minuets, danced by court ladies before Marie Antoinette and Louis the Sixteenth to the music of ancient spinets and harpsichords. This is one of the best of the exposition side-shows, and one of the few worth visiting. Among the other theatres devoted to dancing, Loie Fuller has one. There is also a Japanese terpsichorean artist, Yecco, and an Egyptian theatre, in which the muscle-dancers of the Orient are reproduced. At the Turkish pavilion there are other Oriental dances, Cingalese dances at a theatre near the Trocadero, and Spanish dances at the place called "La Feria."

It is scarcely worth while enumerating the long list of the exposition side-shows. Those worth visiting are few. Many are very poor and some are half frauds. One of the most pretentious is the Palace of Optics. This show is almost puerile. The groups of sight-seers are led from room to room by attendants, making their exit at the back, and all along the line disgusted spectators attempt to leave the procession and get out the shortest possible way. To show how poor it is, the best thing in the Palace of Optics is a row of the ordinary distorting convex and concave mirrors—amusing, but old as the Pyramids.

A very large proportion of the side-shows are ordinary panoramas, variously called "mareorama," "stereorama," "cineorama," and "diorama." They are sometimes called "animated voyages," and give panoramas of Switzerland, of French Savoy, of Brittany, and of a trip from Moscow to Pekin by rail. In the latter you are seated in a railway car, and a panorama rapidly rolls by you. A strip of canvas, with sand and gravel glued on, whirls past the side of the car. In the "mareorama" you cross the Mediterranean to Algiers, passing a French naval squadron. You are apparently on the deck of a pitching and tossing ship; the wind whistles in the rigging, and there is a strong smell of tar. There are panoramas representing China, Japan, and other out-of-the-way corners of the world. These panoramas are all mediocre, and some of them very badly painted.

Many visitors are surprised at the utter lack of interest in the exposition on the part of its high officials. The close attention paid by the directors of the Chicago Fair is absent here: The continual succession of festivals, special days—"Chicago Day," "New York Day," etc.—so notable at Chicago, have no parallel here. Why do not the French officials stimulate interest by such methods? The explanation is that the Paris Fair was paid for before its doors were opened.

This indifference has led to a lack of interest on the part of the public. They must be *specially* amused—it is not sufficient to turn them into this great show and tell them to amuse themselves. As a result, the attendance has been poor. Some sixty-five millions of tickets were issued and at the end of four months over fifty millions were unused. Over 300,000 visitors a day were expected, and the average has been about 100,000 admissions a day, 40,000 of which were free—exhibitors, employees, etc. When the exposition closes in November there will probably be millions of unsold tickets. The tickets are stamped "one franc," but two months after the opening they were selling for half that, or fifty centimes, and have since fallen to twenty centimes, and will probably fall to ten centimes, or two cents apiece. The government, however, is secure, as the tickets were unloaded on banks and financial syndicates, which peddled them out to ticket-bureaus, which peddled them out to ticket-peddlers, who are now peddling them out to the public. The scheme, like that of 1889, carried with it an issuance of government bonds the numbers on which were good for lottery prizes. A sheet of twenty tickets was called a "bond," and most families bought them for the lottery attachments. So they thus secured their admissions in advance. The financial institutions handling this enormous scheme were the Crédit Lyonnais, the Crédit Foncier, the Bank of France, the Comptoir National, the Crédit Industriel, and the Société Générale.

The bonds and tickets were eagerly snapped up, and the exposition was practically paid for before it had begun. There will, of course, be a heavy loss, but it will not fall upon the state. It will be so divided up among millions of people that the loss to each will be small.

One of the results of the cheapness of the exposition tickets is the cheapness of the exposition crowds. The difference between the visitors at Chicago and Paris is remarkable. It is the difference between 50 cents and 5 cents. Paris is an enormous city, and includes hundreds of thousands of the poor, the very poor, the pauper, the beggar, the vagrant, and the criminal classes. A ticket at 5 cents is within the reach of many of these. On Sundays, on *fête* days, and even on week days, the number of shabby and even ragged visitors is very large. This was particularly noticeable on the French national holiday, when the admission was only one ticket. There were very few visitors at the Chicago Fair who were not at least respectably dressed, and most of the visitors were well dressed. In my mind's eye I seem to see now about 100,000 young women at the Chicago Fair all in sailor hats, light shirt-waists, four-in-hand ties, Eton jackets, blue-serge skirts, and new tan shoes, accompanied by 100,000 young men in buzz-saw straw hats, blue-serge sack-suits, four-in-hand ties, neat shirts, natty belts, and new tan shoes. They looked very much alike, it is true. Young Woman No. 1 looked exactly like Young Woman No. 99,999. But they certainly looked well, and they were a pleasant sight to look upon. Not so the slinking, shabby wretches, the frowsy ruffians, the bleary-eyed drabs, and vicious trollops that one sees here by the scores of thousands. They come from parts of Paris that tourists

rarely visit. I wish they had stayed there. They are not nice to look at nor to smell.

A curious feature of the exposition is the outlay of large sums of money on fruitless advertising schemes. I say "fruitless" because they seem to me to attract no attention whatever. One, for example, is the kiosk of a company dealing in hams and other cured pork products. I learned that the ground-rent for the place they occupied—some fifteen feet square—was \$6,600; cost of maintenance and building, \$3,000. The place was empty all the time; here is nearly \$10,000 thrown away. The big building known as the "Broadway Chambers" is reproduced in a model; ground-rent, \$7,000; entire cost, \$30,000. I don't know what they were advertising this sky-scraper for, but was told it was intended to demonstrate the merits of tall buildings to the French. The Menier chocolate people had a diorama reproducing their factory; this also was deserted. Some thirty champagne houses erected a "champagne palace," which also was empty. One champagne house had a captive balloon hearing their firm name, but from this freak advertising they sold so little wine that they began charging people to make the ascent; thus from the wine business they got into the side-show business. There was a model of the Baldwin piano factory which, I was told, cost about \$10,000, but nobody looked at it. There were a number of costly models advertising other well-known American goods, but I saw no one looking at them—the visitors passed them unheeded by. People seemed instinctively to dodge exhibits which were advertisements. Several hundred thousand American dollars must have been put into this method of advertising at the exposition, and it seemed to me to be entirely thrown away.

Sterling Heilig calls the exposition "the Beggars' Fair." It is well named. Elsewhere I have spoken of the vast crowds of semi-beggars whom the cheap tickets have attracted to the fair. These gentry ply their trade there unmolested; in the streets of Paris they would be arrested. Many of them are criminals as well as beggars, and combine a little pocket-picking with haggery. "Beware of pick-pockets," in all languages, is the most frequent sign you see in the fair.

The haggery begins outside the exposition in the shape of ticket-peddlers, old men, little children, women with unweaned babies, hard-faced young girls, and tough-looking young men—such are the people engaged in ticket-hawking. They cling closely to your side if you are walking, and earwig you; if they are children, they hang to your garments, pester you, and get in front of you; if you are in a carriage, the men jump on the steps, and poison you with their villainous breath, as they importune you to huy. Some are ruffianly, and strive to intimidate foreigners into huying. The old women and children whimper and wheedle. Around the entrances you are attacked by new hordes of hawkers, not only ticket-peddlers but vendors of maps and souvenirs. When you have run the gauntlet of outside beggars, you have to meet a fresh army inside. You pay to get into the exposition; you pay to get into the quarter called "Old Paris"; you pay to get into a theatre in "Old Paris"; you pay to get into a *café* attached to the theatre in "Old Paris"; you pay for your leverage in the *café*; you pay the waiter for bringing it to you; you pay the orchestra for regaling you with had Hungarian *czardas*; you pay at the door, when you go out, for your umbrella or your cane, which you are almost forced to leave at the "vestiaire." If you go into a swell restaurant in the exposition the head-waiter takes the order—tip. A second waiter lays the cover—tip. A third waiter brings the food—tip. The *sommelier* takes the wine order—tip. And again on going out you are forced to give up a check for your wrap or your umbrella—tip.

These are the authorized beggars. Once outside the *cafés* and theatre-doors, you find the irregular beggars. You can not speak to an attendant or ask your way without being importuned for alms. The Paris Exposition is indeed a mighty Beggars' Fair.

JEROME A. HART.

The rapid extension of the electric railway systems of this country rivals that of the steam-roads in early days. "There must be at this minute," says an editorial writer in the *Electrical Review*, "several thousand miles of new construction under way. Nearly every important trolley system in the United States is extending its lines, and new ones are constantly cropping up; combinations are being formed everywhere between existing lines, missing links are being built, and already trolley systems have extended themselves so as to reach over distances of more than two hundred miles. Another summer of such extraordinary activity will fairly gridiron the Eastern and Middle Western States with a continuous network of trolley-roads, rivaling that of the steam-railways now in existence. It is hard to predict the future of a movement so vast and so natural. There has been nothing like it in history, perhaps, unless one looks back to the records of early days of railroad-building in England."

Reports from the West indicate that the Belgian hare industry is growing in a way almost as remarkable as the rapid propagating of the animal itself (notes the *Springfield Republican*). At present the hares are being bought and sold chiefly for stock, prices for high-class animals ranging from fifty to one hundred dollars. An idea of the extent of the traffic may be gained from the fact that in Kansas City, where a year ago not more than ten people owned Belgian hares, five hundred now possess them. It is claimed that the common grade of hare will produce about forty dollars' worth of meat in a year, and it is this fact that makes the animal valuable. Pending the proof that the hare craze is warranted in this country, the situation resembles on a small scale the tulip mania of Holland.

HORRORS OF THE PEKIN SIEGE.

The Assassination of Baron von Ketteler—Bravery of the Men and Women Under Constant Fire—The Three Most Terrible Nights of the Siege.

The latest private letters from China give many interesting details of the harrowing experiences of the foreigners during the long siege at the British legation in Pekin which were not included in the meagre cablegrams of the newspaper correspondents. And what is more, the accounts of those who suffered may be considered trustworthy. The extracts which we make are from letters addressed to relatives, in which there would be no object in distorting facts, and from interviews of some returning Americans who happened to be guests of Minister Conger when the Boxer riots began and were forced to remain in Pekin until the arrival of the allied forces.

Rev. C. H. Fenn, in a letter to his father, Mr. S. P. Fenn, of West Pittston, Pa., gives the following graphic account of the situation in Pekin during the week which preceded the actual beginning of the siege:

"On Wednesday morning, June 12th, as I returned from the United States legation on my bicycle, I met two young Boxers, with their bright-red sashes and yellow turbans, walking rapidly toward the city gate near by, one forward, the other backward, brandishing their long knives, in front of an admiring following of idle men and a number of Chinese soldiers. Strangely, they paid no attention to me, and, as I had carelessly left my revolver at home, I was glad of it. A little later, two of them went along Legation Street with a crowd. The German minister jumped into a *ricksha*, pursued them, captured one, and tied him up in the legation. During these few days marines raided several temples and drove out Boxers, the warrant being their threats in the city and massacres in the country. Wednesday evening, as we came out after supper, some one cried that the M. E. street chapel, not far away, was burning. For a moment we were in consternation; then women and children and baggage were moved quickly to the big church; we men took places on guard, while a few marines charged out through the lane to the great street, driving back the crowd pressing down our way to burn and pillage, and killing a few of the Boxers. But there were not enough of them to do more, and through that night, from the church roof, we watched all the chapels, churches, and foreign dwellings in the city blaze up one by one, burn furiously for hours, and then die to a dull glow. What did not go that night was burned next day. We knew well what it meant, not merely all the material work of years, and the treasures of many a lifetime, but massacre of our native Christians, and we dreaded the morning. The next few days were the most awful of my life. In came parents without children, children without parents, wives without husbands, husbands without wives. Sometimes they found the lost ones already come, but many unable to bear the suspense went out again into the city to brave the dangers and look about the old quarters for their families, whether dead or alive. "Every day saw new fires, as these wretches sought out every place even remotely connected with foreigners."

The government continued to issue edicts for the protection of the foreigners, the insincerity of which was manifested on the face of them, to say nothing of the fact that imperial soldiers were "hand in glove" with the Boxers in all their depredations:

"On Tuesday, the 19th, came the news that, the foreign ships having attacked Taku, the ministers and their families were ordered to leave Pekin in twenty-four hours. If we wished to live we must go, too. But this meant, first, leaving all our Chinese to certain massacre; and, second, probably being ourselves massacred as soon as we had left the gates of Pekin and reached the open country. If we stayed it meant less than 500 marines, the same number of civilians, about 800 Protestant converts, and 1,800 or more Roman Catholics against imperial armies. Next morning, as we were told that the ministers had demanded several hundred carts for the journey, we could simply gather together and pray that the Lord would provide some means by which we could protect our Chinese and also escape the danger."

The ministers asked for an audience with the Tsung-li-Yamen the next morning at nine o'clock to arrange for their departure. But the Chinese are so slow that an answer to this request was not received until four P. M. "In the meantime a great deal happened," says Miss Mary Pierce, niece of Minister Conger, in a letter to her brother in Des Moines:

"At nine o'clock, no reply being received, the German minister, Baron von Ketteler, said he was going to the Yamen any way, because he had other business to transact with the Yamen, and he would be through with it by the time the other ministers reached the Yamen. He started with his interpreter, but a little way off Legation Street they were met by a crowd of Chinese soldiers, and the German minister was shot in the head. The interpreter escaped with a severe wound in the leg to the Methodist mission. The chair-coolies dropped the chair and ran as soon as they saw the soldiers, and the Mafoe came back to tell the news. The German minister's life was sacrificed for all those in Pekin, for it showed the sentiment of the people, and just how dangerous it was to go outside our lines. Baroness von Ketteler was an American from Detroit, and the German secretaries asked Aunt Sarah (Mrs. Conger) to tell her of her husband's death. It was a sad duty to perform, and the poor woman could not realize it at first. She is very young, and has only been married three years."

The assassination of Von Ketteler convinced the ministers and marines, not only that a journey to Tien-tsin would mean almost certain death, but that there would soon be an attack by the Chinese soldiers on their quarters in Pekin. Continues Mr. Fenn:

"It was therefore decided very hastily that we should all move at once to the British legation and make our defense there. All we could bring away was what we could carry in our hands. The marines were so alarmed that it looked as though we could save nothing more. As we were expecting speedy relief from Tien-tsin we thought we might manage to live on what we had. In the afternoon, however, after we had settled in the British legation, Mr. Arment went back with one Chinaman 'to see how the land lay,' and saved his bicycle. On hearing this a large number of us, with rifles and spears, led fifty or sixty Chinese back to the compound, making several trips, and bringing away most of the provisions and at least half of the trunks which we had left in the morning. I also saved our mattress. The Chinese did not attempt to interfere with us in any way, though, before we finished, they had attacked the Austrian legation, half a mile away."

One of the most remarkable providences in connection with the siege was the never-ending supply of material for sand-bags:

"These bags have saved many a life on the tops of barricades. There was very little to make them of at first, but what we had was used. We 'looted' the shop of a Chinese tailor and got two hand-power sewing-machines, and Miss Dorno had one with a treadle. The foreign stores furnished considerable cloth. A large number of small native shops, dwellings, a temple, etc., within our borders provided dozens of rolls of cloth, silk, brocade, embroideries (worth several dollars a yard, some of them), the ladies offered curtains, table-linen, etc., so that day after day our legacies have been able to turn out hundreds and thousands of sand-bags, which, filled with dirt, have made the best possible barricades."

Miss Cecile E. Payen, the young miniature painter, who went to Pekin last spring as the guest of Minister and Mrs. Conger, and who arrived in San Francisco last week, says that of the whole eight weeks of terrible anxiety and dread, three nights stand out with special prominence. They are spoken of by the besieged as "the three terrible nights":

"The first was just before the siege—about June 17th or 18th. That was while we were in the American legation. We went into the British legation compound on June 20th. The night I speak of was one the foreigners will never forget. All night long went up those terrible cries—those howls and shouts of thousands upon thousands of Chinese crying for the blood of the foreigners. Like a wave the sound rose and fell. In that great pagan city, surrounded as we were by millions of human beings who seemed to have turned into fiends, that mighty cry literally chilled our blood. It intreated all the horrors that followed and conveyed to the mind an idea of irresistible, demonic force. Language can not convey an idea of the feelings that came into our hearts during that night—it is out of the question."

The second terrible night was about the middle of the siege, when, after three or four days of muggy and sultry weather, one of the most violent thunderstorms broke over the city:

"Everybody had predicted that with the coming of the rain the Chinese would cease firing, but the effect was just the opposite. It was a night of howling thunder, roaring artillery, incessant lightning, and pouring rain. The thunder was something awful, but at its very height it was pierced by volley after volley of musketry and booming cannon. The Chinese seemed to be possessed of the spirit of Satan and worked like demons. I have written in my diary under that date that it seemed like a contest between the elements of heaven and hell, with fiends using their powers to swell the tumult. It is to be said to the credit of the women that only one was hysterical that night. This was a Japanese or Russian woman who was out in the pavilion, surrounded by boxes instead of walls. The pavilion had a roof, but no sides. Low walls were improvised of boxes and barrels, and in this frail place some of the people were camped. During that stormy night a Swede who had been half-insane before, went stark mad and raised his unearthly howls above the roar of storm and battle. Between claps of thunder and booming of cannon could be heard his shrieks."

The third and last night of horrors was that of August 13th, the day before the relief came:

"On that night the Chinese were fairly frantic and moved heaven and earth to break in and kill us. Firing that had seemed furious before was tame compared with the hail of shot and shell that poured in upon us that night. It came from all quarters and seemed to be from every imaginable kind of fire-arm. We had received reports of the approach of the relief column, and knew that it must be near, from the frantic attempts of the Chinese to slay us. We expected that any moment might be our last, as many breaches were made by shells, and a determined assault at any one place would have opened the way for the hordes outside. Few of the women undressed during those three weeks. If we disrobed, there was not a night that we did not start repeatedly to dress, fearing that the Chinese had at last broken through. We had no idea where we would go or what would happen. Then there were the fire-alarms, which were of daily occurrence during the first weeks of the siege. The Chinese fired buildings all around us, trying to burn us out. Here I recall a feature of the siege that will be remembered by all who were inside. It was the ringing of the chapel bell. This was rung whenever there was a general alarm, either of attack or fire. The sound of that dreadful bell sent our hearts down into our shoes. But, curiously enough, the bell had its effect on the Chinese, too. They seemed to be afraid of it, and stopped firing for a time when it was rung. So we used to ask the men to give the bell a long and vigorous ringing."

There was no actual hunger during the siege. Says Miss Payen:

"We had boiled rice three times a day, and cracked wheat, and horse and mule meat. Fresh meat we did not have except once. One day, about the middle of the siege, a soldier on the imperial wall killed a passing Chinese who had a pig, a duck, and a chicken. The soldier brought them to us. Mrs. Conger offered him money, but he said he would trade the meat for a glass of beer. The Chinese were ignorant of our numbers, also, until they obtained the facts through the crazy Swede I have mentioned. This man, who had been under a guard of six men, escaped and got over the wall among the Chinese. He could speak Chinese, and was taken prisoner. A sane man would have been instantly killed. The Swede told the Chinese that we had only three hundred and fifty soldiers inside, instead of the thousands supposed to be there. He also told the Chinese that they were firing too high—that if they wanted to kill us they must aim lower. Immediately the bullets began to fly right into the legation instead of over our heads. The Swede was released and he came back into our lines and was again put under guard. There was a terrible row about it, and many men demanded his life."

It is not generally known how nearly the legation came to being taken:

"In another twenty-four hours a mine would have been exploded under the northern wall of the legation that would have left the way open for the Chinese. The enemy was right beside us. I went with others to the wall, and by removing a little stone at the loop-hole we could see the Chinese at work and hear their conversation. Our party discovered that a mine was being laid, and, under Mr. Gamewell's direction, a counter mine was laid inside the wall. This was about ten feet deep. We did not know exactly where the Chinese mine was, but we could sometimes hear them at work. They had run their mine about ten feet under ours, and were directing it well inside the compound, and had begun to store powder in it for the explosion when our relief came."

Mrs. M. S. Woodward and her daughter, Miss Ione Woodward, who were also guests of Minister Conger and endured the trials and privations of the siege, reached San Francisco last week, en route East. Mrs. Woodward recalls the trip home from Pekin with almost as much distress as the long days of the siege. She says of it:

"It was one long series of mishaps. We left the Congers well and started off with many good wishes. From Pekin until we reached the river we had a dreary, troubled ride through a country which is burned to a cinder. Nothing could be more desolate. Conditions were not improved when we began the trip down the river. We were constantly in fear of trouble, and one of the bullets which sang across our way struck one of the soldier escort in the head, and he had to nurse him. Further than that, we had to look after the soldier who fell sick from exposure and fever. There was so little water in the river that the soldiers would get out and walk along in the water to get the boat over the shallow places and make any progress whatever. This tedious labor told on them, and almost to a man they had to be cared for after this exposure. There was no one to do any cooking on this long, hard trip except the missionaries, and they worked their passage with a vengeance. Every one who was able had to do something in order to get through at all. We had to assist those from a wreck before we reached Japan, and by the time we started across the ocean I felt so discouraged that I was ready to give up."

Mrs. Woodward left home strong, healthy, and stout, but her terrible experiences have sadly affected her health, and it will probably be months before she is restored to something like her former self.

In proportion to its size, Switzerland has more hotels than any other country in the world. No fewer than seventeen hundred hostleries are on the list, and the receipts of the hotel-keepers amount to twenty-five millions of dollars a year.

THE CONVERSION OF DON ENRIQUE.

An Episode of Mexican Railway Life.

"It is most wonderful! Nay, more, it is marvelous, miraculous! Why, an hundred *burros* could not draw so great a load! No, not even an hundred of the best horses of Las Delicias! Come, my friend, let us instantly depart. Of truth, it is the work of the Evil One himself, and to remain longer would be but to endanger the welfare of our souls. Let us never have railroads in our Mexico!"

Don Enrique was a provincial Mexican gentleman who had journeyed in that good, old-fashioned conveyance, a rattle-trap of a *diligencia*, from his far-away *rancho* to the frontier town of Paso del Norte, where he had been persuaded, not a little against his will, to accompany a friend to El Paso, on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, there to view the wonders being wrought by the Americans. The first railroad to enter El Paso had just been completed, and he saw for the first time in his life that wonderful machine, a steam locomotive. Its strange noises filled him with alarm; the foul smoke pouring from its stack almost strangled him; and, awe-stricken by its miraculous strength, he finally gave expression to his emotions, as shown above. He turned a deaf ear to the laughing remonstrances of his friend, meanwhile piously crossing himself, and insisted upon immediately returning to the Mexican side of the river; there, he felt, they would be safe from the malignant influence of the diabolical machine. And, upon arriving in Paso del Norte, he lost no time in starting back home, but it was with a heavy heart; he was oppressed with the fear that he had committed a heinous sin.

A few months later he was informed that a concession for the construction of a railroad in Mexico had been granted an American company, whereupon he held up his hands in speechless horror. Regaining use of his tongue, he denounced the impious government of his country in terms both vigorous and picturesque, but that accomplished nothing. And when the engineers who located the line of the road entered the bounds of Las Delicias he used all the diplomacy at his command to turn them aside, but to no effect, for the road was surveyed to pass within a mile of his house.

In due time the graders came, a motley crowd of rude, rough men who laughed in his face, and with many an outburst of impotent rage he saw them tear an ugly trench across the breadth of Las Delicias. Then came the track-layers, and he raved and stormed like one beside himself as the lines of glittering rails crept up to and past his home; and he crossed himself in pious horror at sight of the telegraph wires. He was not in the least mollified when the railroad company paid him a good, round sum for its right-of-way across his property, and rejected with a superb gesture of scorn the annual pass that was also tendered him.

"No, no, señor!" he exclaimed, indignantly; "I was powerless to prevent this desecration of my beloved country, but I did what I could. As yet the infamous government has not enacted laws compelling me to patronize your railroad, and until that be done neither I, nor my family, nor yet my servants, shall imperil their souls by going near your trains. Take back the pass to those who sent it, and tell them that I, Enrique del Toro, do exorcise it and them."

Don Enrique's opposition gave the officials of the road but little concern; his was only one of many such cases, nevertheless it was decided to propitiate him by establishing a station convenient to his use, and a neat frame building was erected not far from his house. When the time arrived to select a man to have charge of this station, Bob Evans, a man who was a thorough railroader and with a reputation for coolness and "nerve," but who was utterly lacking in respect for Mexicans, was chosen. He was not the man to make overtures of friendship to Don Enrique, most decidedly not—and Don Enrique would have repelled such overtures had they been made. Weeks passed, with each seeming to be insensible of the other's existence; but there were agencies at work that were destined soon to break down the barriers between them.

One morning a *vagüero* galloped madly to the *hacienda*, bringing Don Enrique the terrifying news that a large war party of Apache Indians had swept down from the neighboring mountains, killing and burning, and were making for the *hacienda*. Many years had passed since the Indians had raided that country, and so Don Enrique was utterly unprepared to meet them.

"God of my soul, what am I to do?" he groaned. "We are too few to resist them. We must fly, but where? Oh, my wife, my daughter! Truly it is an evil day that has come upon us. We must fly from Las Delicias, but where can we find safety? There are no soldiers nearer than Chihuahua, and of truth the Indians would overtake us before we could go so far." And the poor man wrung his hands in despair.

"You forget the railway, Don Enrique," the *vagüero* answered. "Let us hurry to the station; a train may come at any moment, and all the Apaches of the Sierra Madre could not overtake that, it moves with such great swiftness."

"The railway is a device of Satan for entrapping our souls," Don Enrique sternly replied.

"And are not the Apaches Satan's own imps?" the *vagüero* rejoined, with respectful persistence.

Don Enrique was loath to surrender his cherished policy of non-intercourse with the railroad, but his wife and daughter promptly championed the *vagüero's* suggestion, and when two women beset one poor man, that man has but one course to follow. He yielded, and immediately his household began its flight. Pell-mell, shrieking, and gesticulating, they poured into the station, surprising Evans into speechlessness; and Don Enrique, his simple mind agitated no less by his fear of the clicking telegraph instruments than by his apprehension of the blood-curdling horrors of an Apache raid, attempted to explain the cause of their coming. He spoke Spanish, the only language he knew, and his ex-

citement caused his words to pour out in an unbroken stream that was wholly unintelligible to Evans, who could understand Spanish only when it was spoken slowly and with careful enunciation.

Mexicans always amused Evans—when they did not disgust him. Their theatrical display of emotion, their effusiveness, startling gesticulation, and comical grimaces, when excited, were to him all that the antics of a cage of monkeys are to the small boy. In puzzled amusement he sat staring at Don Enrique, letting him talk away until exhausted, and then coolly informed him that he had failed to catch his meaning.

Don Enrique gasped with despair; what could he do to arouse this thick-headed American, he wondered. A happy thought occurred to him: grasping Evans by the arm, he dragged him to the window. "Mira, señor," he cried, pointing to the west, where a number of slender columns of smoke were rising, "Indios! Apaches! Muchos, muchos!"

Evans was a frontiersman, and his mind instantly took in the situation. With a bound he reached his telegraph instrument and began calling Chihuahua, while Don Enrique drew back from the devilish machinery as far as he could. The Chihuahua office was prompt to respond, and the next moment an urgent call for soldiers went leaping along the wire. There was immediate excitement in Chihuahua; the fussy switch-engine that was standing for the moment idly beside the telegraph office awoke with a snort, and darted to the far end of the yard, where it began hastily sorting out coaches. In hot haste a messenger was dispatched to the barracks; breathless he rushed into the office of the *comandante*, and the next minute there arose an angry snarling of drums and a loud, excited calling of bugles. Then came a pattering of many sandaled feet and the rattle and jingle of arms, a hasty calling of rolls and counting of fours, followed by sharp, quick-spoken words of command, and a column of swarthy, uniformed men emerged from the barracks. Again a sharp command, and they sprang forward at the double-quick, racing to the railroad station, where a train was now in readiness for them. Having seen the soldiers safely aboard, the conductor went into the telegraph office, where he remained a few moments; when he came out again he carried in his hand a crumpled bit of paper, upon which appeared the words, "Run regardless." His hand shot upward in a signal to the waiting engineer, and, with clanging bell and the hiss of escaping steam, the train moved out.

Anxiously the refugees at Las Delicias scanned the western horizon. In that direction an almost level plain stretched away mile upon mile to where it met a range of mountains that were velvety and blue with distance. Midway in this plain a cloud of dust arose, grew larger with every moment, and drew rapidly nearer. Now a dense roll of black smoke appeared, and ascended straight upward to lose itself in the blue of the sky, and an angry glare of flame leaped upward beneath it. The Apaches were coming in a whirlwind of death and destruction.

"*A Dios*, they are but little more than three leagues away!" groaned Don Enrique. "What shall we do?"

"No need for worry, señor," returned Evans, who was sitting with one ear over his telegraph instruments; and with exasperating coolness he struck a match and lit his pipe.

"No need for worry!" gasped Don Enrique. "Great God, man, thou art crazed with fear!"

But Evans did not reply, did not hear; he was entirely absorbed by what the telegraph was saying. Presently a look of satisfaction shone in his face, and he made a hasty mental calculation: "Indians ten miles away, an' comin' ten miles an hour; soldiers sixty miles away, an' Cussin' Jimmy Johnson a-pullin' 'em; result, some Indians to bury in 'bout an hour if Jimmy stays on th' rails—bot times for us if lie don't."

The cloud of dust kept rolling nearer, and a group of tiny black specks came into view at its base—specks that increased in number with every moment, and that grew larger, took form, and became galloping Apaches. Nearer, nearer they came, and the sobbing, praying, hysterical Mexicans relinquished all hope of mortal aid; but not so with Evans. Leaning far out of his window, he was watching the track, and, presently, far away where the two lines of gleaming rails seemed to unite in one, he caught sight of another speck—a speck that was sending aloft a plume of inky-black smoke. "Fireman's workin' like th' devil," he mused, "an' Jimmy's got her wide open, comin' down a one-per-cent. grade, too. Ain't he a bird?" Now he looked at the Indians, and a look of concern stole into his face. They were getting dangerously near. Going to his desk, he took out and cocked his revolver. It held six loads, one for each of the women if the worst should come—far better death for them than capture by the Apaches, he thought. Glancing at these poor creatures, who were huddling together in a corner of the room, he noticed for the first time that one of them, a young woman whom he took to be Don Enrique's daughter, was possessed of more than average beauty, and he trembled with the thought that his might be the hand that must end her life.

The Apaches were within rifle-range of the station, and the rapid pounding of their horses' hoofs was distinctly heard, when the rails began to vibrate and hum beneath swiftly turning wheels. The next minute, with a deafening roar of escaping steam, and with every wheel sliding and sending showers of sparks from the rails, the train bearing the soldiers swept up to the station and came to a stop. Stentorian commands rang out, followed instantly by a rattling and crackling of locks, and a thunderous volley crashed from the car windows.

The surprise of the Apaches was complete; several of their number reeled and almost fell from their ponies. A whoop and a wave of their leader's hand sent them flying back toward the mountains, and the soldiers, quickly pouring from the train, started in hopeless pursuit of them.

Don Enrique was as one who sees a vision—so sudden a

transition from dumb despair to a sense of safety stupefied him. With round, wide-open eyes, he stared a few minutes at the fleeing Indians, at the dusty soldiers above whose heads fluttered the flag of his country, and then, in a sudden transport of joy, rushed to Evans and clasped him in his arms.

"My friend, my very dear friend!" he cried, kissing the surprised American, first on one cheek, then the other. "Nay, thou art more than friend—saviour—saviour of my property—of my family—of all that I hold dear! Thou hast—"

"Oh, hello! Say, drop it! Turn me loose, you old fool! D—n you, quit kissin' me," sputtered Evans, speaking English, as was natural under such circumstances.

"—performed a miracle, thou and thy railroad, and thy telegraph!" Don Enrique went on, not noticing this interruption, and holding tight to Evans, who was struggling with all his strength to get away.

Evans gave up, and, to escape farther osculation, pushed forward his head on the Mexican's shoulder; his face was flushed with shame, and his eyes were rolling ludicrously from side to side, fairly speaking the disgust he felt.

"*Ay de mí!* I did oppose the building of thy railroad. I thought it the work of the devil, and I denounced the government for permitting it. But I was wrong—I, Enrique del Toro, do admit that I was wrong, and henceforth I am the friend of railroads—of the telegraph, also. It has been the means of saving our lives, and therefore cannot be harmful to our souls. I am the friend of thy railroad, I repeat, and I will now accept the pass I once did refuse. Come to my house, my friend, it is thine; all that I possess is thine at thy pleasure."

He was trying to kiss Evans again, when a voice that shook with laughter called from the window: "Say, Evans, what's the matter with the good-lookin' daughter? I'd rather kiss her than the old man—I'll take her if you'll let me get into the game."

"D—n you an' th' daughter, too!" Evans returned, wrathfully, glancing at the grimy face of "Cussin' Jimmy," which was framed in the window, and with a mighty effort wrenching himself free he ran out of the room.

A year passed, and one day Evans hailed the engineer of a train that was slowing into Las Delicias: "Say, Jimmy," he called, "do you remember th' little Mexican girl you saw out here last year—th' time you pulled th' extra, bringin' soldiers?"

"The one that was lookin' so lonesome while you were huggin' the old man?" answered Jimmy. "Why, yes; what's become of her?"

"She doesn't get lonesome that way any more," Evans replied, grinning sheepishly. "Slip on your best clothes an' dead-head out here to-morrow, an' you'll see her become Mrs. Evans."

BOURDON WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1900.

RECENT VERSE.

Prayer in Time of War and Tumult.
God of the dove and olive-branch,
God of the shot and shell,
God of the waves that wait the ships
Where death and danger dwell—

O quickly send Thy dōw of peace
To end war's dreary drouth,
And let Thy white-winged doves again
Build in the cannon's mouth
—Clarence Urmey in the Independent.

The Background Group.
The crowd huzzas, the music madly plays;
'Tis meet, for, lo! it is the day of days;
The home-returning heroes come: a cry
Of welcome should be lifted to the sky
And flowers strew the people-trampled ways.

The drums beat martially; with rhythmic heat
The steps resound along the gaping street.
Hark, what acclaims! And how the folk do press
To see, to touch, may be, the very dress
Of those who dared the death, when Life is sweet!

But stay! where joy is general, where the sound
Of jubilant voices rends the air around,
Why is yon group so silent in its place,
With war's impassioned image face to face?
Wherefore those eyes cast nun-like on the ground?

Who are these hangers-back, these dark-robed ones?
They are the mothers who are left of sons;
The wives whose dearest lie all uncaressed
Afear with vital stains on brow or breast;
The children orphaned at the mouths of guns.
—Richard Burton in the Outlook.

Two soldiers, one greatly emaciated through sickness, and the other hobbling around on crutches, engaged in a fierce struggle in the general hospital at the Presidio a few days ago. The men were Corporal McArthur, of the Seventh Artillery, being treated in the hospital for a gunshot wound in the foot, and Private Horace D. Borden, who was operated on a short while ago for appendicitis. When separated it was seen that McArthur was covered with blood, and on examination, eight knife-wounds were found, one on the back and shoulder, and the others in the neck. Despite the fact that he had the use of but one leg, McArthur succeeded in throwing his man and held him until the arrival of the attendants.

One of the largest dairies on the Pacific Coast is about to be established by Clarence J. Berry, who made a fortune in the Klondike, and who has purchased a large tract of land on Roberts Island, in the San Joaquin River, and will buy fifteen hundred head of cows and the latest machinery. The undertaking is to be operated on scientific principles, and professors from the State university have been asked to investigate the soil and report on the best variety of grass to be used for feed.

While cotton factories are springing up as if by magic in cotton fields, there is no growth of the industry in any part of the world remote from the fields.

TALKS WITH BISMARCK.

Side-Lights on the Surrender of the French Army after Sedan—Some Characteristic Anecdotes.

The latest contribution to Bismarckian literature is "Conversations with Prince Bismarck," an important collection of interviews with journalists, accounts of promiscuous conversations which the Iron Chancellor held with friend and foe, and a wealth of entertaining anecdotes. The contents have been almost entirely selected by Sidney Whitman from five of the latest bulky publications of Heinrich von Poschinger, the most industrious as well as perhaps the most trustworthy of those German writers who have devoted themselves to the compilation of the history of Prince Bismarck's career. Herr von Poschinger has been for many years privy councillor in the Reichsamt des Innern, and is the only man of letters who, since the death of Germany's distinguished historian, Heinrich von Sybel, has had free access to the Prussian official records. The intrinsic value of these conversations may be best summed up, says Mr. Whitman in his introduction, in the words of the *Times* (1879): "The sparks of wisdom which Prince Bismarck was in the habit of emitting at his *soirées* will one day yet have a higher value than the longest debates in Parliament."

Commencing with the capitulation of Sedan, a series of most interesting and valuable interviews are recorded, not by the hands of devoted subordinates, but by those to whom Bismarck's success meant ruin and defeat. Captain D'Orcet, of the Fourth French Cuirassiers, after describing in his *Recht Militaire* the meeting of the generals empowered to negotiate the surrender of the French army after Sedan, says:

We were grouped as follows: In the centre of the room stood a square table with a red cloth. At one side of this table sat General von Moltke, with Bismarck on his left and General von Blumenthal on his right. At the opposite side of the table sat General Wimpffen, in advance and quite alone; behind him and almost in shadow were General Castelnau, General Faure, and the remaining French officers. In the same room were also seven or eight Prussian officers, one of whom, at a sign from Von Blumenthal, went to the stove and, leaning over, took notes of all that was said. When every one was seated there was momentary silence. It was clear that General Wimpffen did not know how to open the conversation, but as General von Moltke made no attempt to begin he decided to do so himself.

"I wish to know," he said, "what terms of capitulation His Majesty the King of Prussia is disposed to offer us."

"The conditions are very simple," replied General von Moltke. "All the troops, with their arms and baggage, will be made prisoners. The officers will retain their arms as a mark of respect for the courage they have shown, but will become prisoners of war, like the non-commissioned officers and men." General Wimpffen complained that these terms were too hard, and pleaded that the army should be allowed to withdraw to the interior of France or to Algeria, on condition that it took no further share in the war. As Moltke declined to entertain this proposition, the French commander appealed to the generosity of the Germans on his own behalf, pointing out that he had only arrived on the battlefield in time to take over the command. General Wimpffen concluded by announcing that he would appeal to the sense of honor of his troops, and either force his way out or defend Sedan.

At this point Von Moltke interrupted him. "Believe me, I entertain the greatest respect for you; I quite understand your position; but I regret that I can not concede to your demand. As regards an attempt to force your way out, that is as impossible as to defend Sedan. No doubt you have excellent troops, your picked infantry is very good, your cavalry is daring and fearless, your artillery is admirable and has inflicted heavy—far too heavy losses—upon us; but the greater part of the infantry is discouraged; we have taken more than twenty thousand unwounded prisoners to-day." He then proceeded to describe briefly the overwhelming numbers and superiority of the German forces, and concluded by offering to allow the French officers to verify his statements as to their positions and strength.

General Wimpffen then tried a new tack. He urged the German representatives not to press their advantages too far, and warned them against a course which must lead to an endless struggle between Prussia and France:

"Von Bismarck now joined in the discussion. 'Your reasoning, general, at first appears well founded; but as a matter of fact it is not so. Generally speaking, one can rarely rely upon gratitude—never upon the gratitude of a nation; one can put some trust in the gratitude of a sovereign, and also in his family. Under conditions one can even rely upon it with confidence; but I repeat one must never expect anything from the gratitude of a nation. If the French nation were a nation like other nations, if it preserved firmly established institutions, if it regarded those with reverence and respect, as we do, if the throne of its ruler was stable, we then might reckon upon the gratitude of the emperor and his son and attach a definite value to that gratitude. But for the last eighty years the forms of the government of France have had so little stability, they have been so numerous, they have vacillated with such estranging rapidity, and their changes have lain so far beyond the bounds of expectation, that one can reckon on nothing in your country, and it would be an act of folly for a neighboring nation to found hopes on the friendship of any French sovereign. To do so would be to build

a house of glass. Moreover, it would be foolish to expect that France could ever forgive our successes. Your nation is excitable, envious, jealous, and proud beyond measure. France has declared war with Prussia—with Germany," he added, correcting himself, "thirty times within two centuries. On this occasion, as before, the war arose from jealousy."

Bismarck did not "mince matters," and ended up by declaring that Germany was the opposite of France, and that to secure peace for posterity a barrier must be set between the Germans and the French. Finally General Wimpffen declared that he would refuse to sign such a capitulation as the Germans demanded. Thereupon General Castelnau, another French officer, remarked with some hesitation:

"I think it is now time to deliver the emperor's message."

"We are listening to you, general," observed Bismarck.

"The emperor has commissioned me to tell His Majesty the King of Prussia that he has sent to him his sword and surrenders unconditionally. He does it in the hope that the king, touched by such a complete surrender, will pay a full tribute to it, and grant the French army a more honorable capitulation."

"Is that all?" asked Bismarck.

"Yes."

"But which sword is it that Emperor Napoleon the Third surrenders? Is it his sword or the sword of France? If it is the sword of France the conditions might be considerably modified, and your mission would then assume a more serious complexion."

"It is only the sword of the emperor," replied Castelnau.

The world knows the result of that interview. The emperor surrendered, and France fought to the very gates of Paris. Of Napoleon and his advisers and agents Bismarck said to a London correspondent in 1867:

"What do I think might bring about war? Of course, an excuse would not be wanting if the French really needed one, but I think the greatest danger of all proceeds from Napoleon's vacillating state of mind. He is become old, but he is also become young—that is to say, he indulges in vagaries, gives way to impulses, and allows his fair wife to exercise a good deal too much influence over him. The Mexico business was her doing, as I suppose you know. He is not the man he used to be, and Europe will not be safe while his present state of intellect continues. Another source of danger is the intense ignorance and mendacity of the men who represent France everywhere. Look round Europe for one capable or honest French agent. Yours, Latour, is the only man of integrity among them all—the only gentleman. All the others are knaves or so crassly ignorant and prejudiced that an intelligent school-boy is worth all of them put together. Grammont, for instance, is half a fool and a notorious liar—I beg your pardon, I should have said a lover of hoaxes. Benedetti is more clever than the run of French statesmen, though quite as dishonest; but why is he more clever? Because he is an Italian. He is also more amiable—also because he is an Italian. These fellows will neither learn anything nor keep quiet. The consequence is that Napoleon is worse informed upon European affairs than any other sovereign."

In this talk, which the correspondent was not at that time at liberty to print, Bismarck had also something to say about Russia:

"Russia is like a strong and healthy man who is attacked by an illness. If he will only take advice and stop at home for two or three days he will get well immediately and be as strong as ever; but if he will insist upon going out, walking about, and transacting business abroad as if he were well, then his malady will lay firm hold on him and perhaps he will die. Two or three days in the life of a man mean ten, twenty, or thirty years in the life of a nation. Russia must 'stop at home.' She has got a great future, her highest nobles are intelligent and honorable, her peasants are the best fellows in the world; it is in the middle that she is rotten—the official nobility, or *Tchin*, is a violent ulcer, eating away her bowels."

A chapter of great interest is the one entitled "Bismarck and His Master." Bismarck thus describes the old king:

"It was often very difficult to convince him or to bring him to a decision, but when he had made up his mind, 'houses might have been built on him.' He had inherited a child-like temperament from his mother, Queen Louise, which he preserved pure as gold to the very last. Lucidity and placidity maintained a most beautiful, harmonious balance in the emperor's mind and temper; with him truth stood above everything. During my diplomatic career I have always sought after truth, but sometimes we were both forced by circumstances to depart publicly a little from the straight line. This was always hard for the old emperor; he would flush up, and—I could not look at him, so had to turn quickly aside. My old master knew much happiness and also much sorrow. What did he not suffer during the 'Conflict Zeit?' (1862-6.)

"And your highness, too," interrupted a voice.

"I," replied the prince, "I was there for that purpose, but my good master—he felt it bitterly."

The conservatism of the king is presented in this way:

"It was true of him that only with difficulty could he hear to part with tried advisers and servants; this also applied to time-honored articles of daily use, especially as regards his coats and trousers. At times no small amount of ingenuity was required on the part of his attendants to smuggle some new garment into the emperor's toilet without his noticing it, to replace some cherished but wholly un-

serviceable article. If he noticed the change, an outburst of temper followed at once, and the intervention of the empress was necessary before he could be brought to wear the rejected garment. I can sympathize with him, for I, too, am much attached to what is old and accustomed. If a house on one of my estates becomes ruined, I do not have it torn down at once, but prefer to build another one close to it."

That Bismarck could take a joke against himself in good part is shown by an incident which occurred at the Wallner Theatre, at Berlin, in 1863:

Herr von Beust and Bismarck went to see a new play, in which the recent press measures came in for unstinted criticism. Both ministers joined in the loud applause which rewarded the efforts of the actor, who, in spite of repeated recalls, refused to appear on the stage. At last he came forward and remarked with the utmost calm, "It was not necessary to call me; behind that door I hear everything that goes on in here." Renewed bursts of applause greeted the hit at Bismarck, for he had, a short time before, left the Chamber of Deputies during a violent attack on the ministry and retired to the ministers' room close by. One of the speakers then remarked on the absence of the minister against whom the attack was directed. Bismarck suddenly entered the Chamber with the words, "It is not necessary to call me, for I can hear so loud a voice even in the next room."

During the halt of the royal head-quarters staff at Mayence, in August, 1870, a harbor was summoned to the chancellor's quarters:

On entering the room the man saw Bismarck in an easy chair, smoking his "long" pipe and reading his correspondence. Going up to the astonished harbor, the chancellor said the one word "Shave," put his pipe away, sat down and placed a napkin round his neck. The harbor completed his work in absolute silence—*mirabile dictu!*—and was dismissed with, "Again to-morrow." This silent interview was repeated day by day until the day of his departure, when the chancellor jokingly inquired: "You will accept Prussian money in payment?" "Certainly, your excellency; in that respect I'm like a Prussian; I take what I can get," which remark gained him six thalers and a hearty laugh from Bismarck.

Princess Bismarck was on one occasion ill at Varzin, and a certain Dr. Blank was consulted:

Though the princess's condition was by no means serious, the doctor was asked to stay the day and dine. Perhaps the Varzin wine was a little stronger than he was accustomed to, for he narrated the following "true" story: "A peasant lad was once so severely wounded at a fight in a neighboring village that the top of his skull was completely shattered and the whole of the brain exposed. I was soon at hand, and used no fewer than twenty-five stitches, with which, after a fashion, I mended his head; thanks to my skill, however, he was able to resume work in three days' time."

On repeating this veracious story on one occasion, Prince Bismarck paused and inquired whether any of his guests happened to be a town councilor, for in that case he would not be able to finish the story. As every one denied the soft impeachment, the prince continued: "Of course, I pretended to have no doubt as to the truth of Doctor Blank's story, and only said, 'Well, my dear doctor, let me tell you another story which is as true as yours. A man once went to a well-known Berlin surgeon and complained of terrible headaches which he could not get rid of. 'Oh, we can easily help you,' said the celebrated operator; 'your complaint is due to the brain, which seems to be deficient in some way.' He then loosened the top of his skull, removed the brain, and said to him, 'There, you won't be troubled with any more pains; come again in a few days and you can have your brain put back readjusted.' The good man went home very much relieved and pleased. A few days passed, and as the man did not return, the surgeon sent a message to him that it was high time to come and fetch his brain. The man sent back word to the surgeon, 'I have since become a town councilor, and have no further use for a brain.' Though Doctor Blank joined in the laugh, he nevertheless hurried away as soon as dinner was over, and never again told me any true stories."

Among other interesting chapters are "Bismarck in Politics," "Commerce and Colonies," and "Bismarck and His Fellow-Workers." The frontispiece is an admirable portrait of Bismarck, taken at Kissingen in 1891.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Commodore Richard L. Ogden, who died in this city on Wednesday last, was the oldest and best-known yachtsman of San Francisco Bay. He was in the 'fifties the owner of the then famous sloop *Restless*, the first pleasure-yacht seen on these waters. It was brought from New York on a ship's deck. In 1868 he built the large schooner-yacht, *Peckless*, one of the handsomest yachts ever built here, and one that took part in the first regular regatta ever sailed on this coast. She was sold by him to the King of Samoa and became the "Samoa navy." When the San Francisco Yacht Club was re-organized in 1875 he was elected commodore, an office he held for several years. About that time Commodore Ogden also built the fine steam-yacht *Quickstep* and the steam-launch *Hi-Yah*. Commodore Ogden leaves a wife and two daughters—Mrs. R. H. Pease and Mrs. S. L. Abbot, Jr.

The largest painting in the world, exclusive of the panorama and cyclorama, is in the grand *salon* of the Doge's palace at Venice. The painting is eighty-four feet wide and thirty-four feet high.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Claude Macdonald's transfer as plenipotentiary from China to Japan is due to the hostile criticisms which have been heaped upon him by the British press, which has been severely rating him as incompetent and unfit for so delicate a mission as that to Peking.

Lord Curzon has acquired the reputation of a "big medicine man" in Bombay and the neighboring native states. He timed his progress through the country about the time the monsoon was due, and heavy rains put an end to the drought soon after his appearance. Unluckily in some districts the rains were destructively heavy.

According to a Paris dispatch, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels have dined twice recently with Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer, of New York, at the Ritz Hotel. Owing to the well-known petty jealousies and secret hatreds which divide the great sugar owners, it is presumed that this unusual friendliness foreshadows some big financial combination.

Edmond Rostand is the only dramatist who has done well in Paris during the exposition. "L'Aiglon" and "Cyrano de Bergerac" have kept Sarah Bernhardt's theatre and the Porte Saint-Martin filled. His author's rights for the hot month of July were \$6,500, and for August \$9,000. It is estimated that he has made \$400,000 since the first night of *Cyrano*.

Before the largest audience that ever witnessed a golf championship in America, Harry Vardon, former champion of Great Britain, won the United States Golf Association open championship from England's premier golfer, J. H. Taylor, by the narrow margin of two strokes on the Chicago Golf Club links, at Wheaton, on October 5th. Vardon's total score was 313 strokes and Taylor's 315.

An intrepid lady is Mme. von Isacescu, who made a plucky attempt to swim the English Channel on September 5th. She has, however, found to her cost that something more than courage is demanded of the swimmer who hopes to cross from Calais to Dover without artificial aid. For ten hours Mme. Isacescu remained in the water, and covered twenty miles, or more than the distance that separates England from France.

The final number of Clement Scott's *Free Lance* has a remarkable interview with former Queen Natalie of Servia, who has been summing at a villa near San Sebastian. The ex-queen does not mince words in regard to her son and the present Queen of Servia. She says: "The charge that I sent her insulting postal-cards is an infamous bit of malignity on her part, got up as a pretext for the dismissal of a few officers of my household still at Belgrade, and in order to pocket their allowances. Never was a man more infatuated than my dear, deluded son by this pretty, narrow-minded, narrow-hearted Servian subject, fifteen years his senior."

Mary Anderson Navarro recently sang in the town hall of Evesham, Worcestershire, in aid of a fund for her house of worship in Broadway, where she and her husband and little son live. She was welcomed by a fashionable and enthusiastic audience. It was, however, as a vocalist and not as an actress that she again appeared before the public. She possesses a rich, clear, contralto voice, and she has for the last two years been a pupil of Frances Korbay, the Hungarian composer. Mr. Korbay has been staying with the Navaros at their quiet country home at Broadway, where they have as their next-door neighbor Maud Valerie White, and it was with songs of these composers that Mary Anderson chose to make her reappearance.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Romance of San Francisco.

Three notable effects have been achieved in Ger-aldine Bonner's novel, "Hard-Pan: A Story of Bonanza Fortunes." It is a romance of the present time in a modern city, forceful, yet tender, with no touches of melodrama or strained sentiment. Among its characters are two—a broken old father, simple and self-deceiving, but still generous and loving; a daughter, reverent, modest, and brave—that are more than portraits. And its appreciative descriptions of San Francisco interests and views, its color and fragrance, are above and beyond the art of most story-tellers. Not alone to those who are familiar with its scenes and the memories they hold will the romance appeal, but to all who find an interest in the drama of real life, where mirth is never far from sorrow, and the rewards of truth and patient endeavor come only after many delays.

The book is built on the acquaintance, friendship, and love of John Gault and Viola Reed. He is a wealthy business man whose fortune had been won in an era later than that which made and unmade millionaires weekly in California. She is the daughter of Colonel Ramsay Reed, who, in those bonanza days, had been a prominent figure, had made and spent his millions, and now existed on their memories. There are other figures in the story, well drawn and convincing—Mortimer Gault and his wife; Mrs. Gault's sister, Letitia Mason; and Tod McCormick, the insignificant heir of great wealth and little intellect. The scenes of the dramatic situations are in the residences of Pacific Avenue, the once fashionable homes of Rincon Hill, and the houses of North Beach that have fallen still lower in public esteem. There is a hurried flight from the city to Sacramento, where Viola and the remorse-stricken colonel bide for a time, and some of the picturesque features of the State capital are as carefully drawn.

Colonel Reed, whose greatest success had come with little care and less expectation, is not cast down when all his possessions except a single bare-walled house are swept away. He is still jaunty, dignified, but loquacious. In his days of wealth his purse had been open to all who came; in his poverty he looked for equal generosity on the part of former friends and acquaintances, and often he was not disappointed. He borrowed with no thought of receiving charity—it was to be repaid in overflowing measure when his star of fortune was once more ascendant. And his one treasure, held at its true worth, loved and defended in his chivalrous, imprudent way, was his daughter. But that daughter's great happiness was almost blighted in the blossom by the father's inconsiderate methods. There are few passages in the fiction of the year that deserve to rank with those that describe Viola's discovery of her father's indebtedness to her lover and her tender but unhesitating arraignment of the culprit.

The story is not faultless, but its directness, strength, and beauty overshadow all that may be criticised fairly. There are descriptive phrases here and there whose illuminative truth will compel a second and more careful reading when the interest has once been followed to the happy ending.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

William J. Neidig, who was formerly connected with the *Argonaut*, is about to bring out a book of verse entitled "The Great Arch." Mr. Neidig is a graduate of Stanford University, class of '96, and took much interest in college publications during his student days. In the recent competition of the *Black Cat*, in which over ten thousand manuscripts were submitted, Mr. Neidig was awarded one of the two hundred-dollar prizes for his story, "The Smile of Joss."

Maarten Maartens's "Some Women I Have Known" and a new story by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, entitled "Cupid's Garden," will be among the notable fall publications of D. Appleton & Co.

Clara Morris has just arranged for the publication of her autobiography, upon which she has been at work for some time.

J. M. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel" will be published in book-form by Charles Scribner's Sons to-day (October 13th). Owing to the fact that twenty thousand copies of the book were ordered three weeks before publication, the first edition will include forty thousand copies.

"King Stork of the Netherlands" is the title of the new historical romance by Albert Lee, author of the successful "Gentleman Pensioner," which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

Arthur C. Armstrong, one of the founders of *Scribner's Magazine*, and one of the oldest publishers in New York, died at his country home at Stamford, Conn., on Monday, October 8th, aged seventy-one years.

When it was announced that Mark Twain was writing a series of biographies of his contemporaries, which he intended to be published a hundred years after his death, it was generally supposed that it was one of his jokes. But it proves to have been entirely true. Mr. Clemens, who is still in England, is really writing a book of the kind. Whenever he

meets any man or woman in whom he fancies that posterity will take an interest, he promptly writes down his impressions as to the person in question. The book thus made will certainly be a very interesting one, but it must be somewhat aggravating to Mr. Clemens's contemporaries to know that he has painted their portraits, and that they themselves will never have the opportunity of seeing those portraits.

D. Appleton & Co. have in preparation a volume entitled "The Private Life of the Prince of Wales," by a member of the royal *entourage*.

Possibly no other episode in the late Edward Noyes Westcott's widely read tale presents the tenderness and quaintness and the full quality of David Harum's character with all its richness and pathos as does the story of how he paid the "in'rist" upon the "cap'tal" invested by Billy P. This story will shortly be published in a separate volume, by D. Appleton & Co., with illustrations reproduced from pictures representing William H. Crane in the title rôle.

Justin McCarthy, the novelist and historian, who has been member of Parliament for North Longford since 1892, and who was formerly chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, announces his retirement from parliamentary life on account of failing health. Mr. McCarthy has just finished a love-story, which is to bear the title of "Mononia."

"The Footsteps of a Throne," Max Pemberton's new romance, is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

With a capital of \$3,000,000, D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state. It is proposed to purchase and carry on the book printing and publishing and other business of D. Appleton & Co., the Appleton Manufacturing Company, and the A. J. Johnson Company. The capital stock is to consist of 30,000 shares of \$100 each. The directors for the first year are William W. Appleton, Daniel Appleton, Edward D. Appleton, Daniel S. Appleton, Robert Appleton, William Nelson Cronwell, James G. Cannon, A. D. Juilliard, Edmund C. Converse, Warner Van Norden, Charles Hathaway, J. Hampden Dougherty, and H. F. Ballantyne, all of New York City.

The Century Company will publish this month Richard Whiteing's "Paris of To-Day," with all of André Castaigne's illustrations; "Colonial Days and Ways," by Helen Everston Smith; "My Winter Garden," a new book by Maurice Thompson, who writes of the beauties of the shores of the Gulf of Mexico; also Albert Bigelow Paine's "Bread Line," the story of the attempt of three young journalists to start a weekly paper in New York. Among the books for young folks is a new volume in the patriotic series, by Elbridge S. Brooks, entitled "The Century Book of American Colonies," describing the trip of a party of boys and girls over the colonial settlements from Louisiana to Cape Breton Island, with an introduction by Frederick J. de Peyster; also a collection of plays in prose and verse which have appeared from time to time in *St. Nicholas*; "Josey and the Chipmunk," by Sydney Reid; and "Pretty Polly Perkins," by Gabrielle E. Jackson.

Conan Doyle His Own Critic.

Dr. Conan Doyle has shown much offense in the publication of several dailies of a criticism on himself written by himself, in which he confesses bow all of his works, save those written in the last few years, were strongly influenced by the writings of others. Dr. Doyle does not deny that he wrote the criticism, or that it does not still stand good, but he said that it was contained in a private letter and not meant for the consumption of the literary public. The passage in question is:

"It would be ungracious indeed if I caviled at the courteous criticism you offer, but I would say one word in defense of my later books. You as a student of literature know how rare it is to find a book which has not been suggested by a preceding book. These are the true books, the root-books from which in time a crop comes. Just because they are on new lines they may not bold the reader who has been accustomed to other forms and other sorts of interest, but still they have a merit of their own in being really written out of the innermost soul, and not half out of the memory. Now, it is evident that all my work up to the last three or four years has been influenced by others. 'Micah,' 'The White Company,' 'The Refugees,' have the mark of Scott; 'Sherlock Holmes' of Poe; Stevenson, too, crops up everywhere. But what preceding book can you trace 'A Duet' to, or 'Stark Munro'? These things are myself, spun out of my own heart, and purposely thrown into new forms, avoiding plot and sensation, the one to show the inner life of a modern young man, the other to catch the golden haze of love, vague and sweet, tinged common-place lives. They failed with my old public, who wanted fights and crimes, but they are subtler and more honest work—that I feel with all my heart."

Doubtless it is the note of disappointment contained in the last few lines that has caused the distinguished author's wrath at the publicity given to his confession. But his admirers are likely to think none the less of him for being able to see things as they are.

THE BED.

"Thou, of all God's gifts the best,
Blessed Bed!" I muse, and rest
Thinking how it hatched me
In my dazed infancy,
Ere mine eyes could bear the kind
Daylight through the window-blind,
Or my lips, in yearning quest,
Groping found the mother-breast,
Or mine utterance but owned
Minor sounds that sobbed and moaned.

Gracious Bed that nestled me
Even ere the mother's knee,—
Lulling me to slumber ere
Conscious of my treasure there—
Save the tiny palms that kept
Fondling, even as I slept,
That rare dual-wealth of mine,
Softest pillow, sweetest wine!
Gentlest cheer for mortal guest,
And of Love's fare lordliest.

By thy grace, O Bed, the first
Blossoms of boyhood-memories burst:
Dreams of riches, swift withdrawn
As I, waking, find the dawn
With its glad spring-face once more
Glimmering on me as of yore;
Then the bluebird's limpid cry
Lulls me like a lullaby,
Till falls every failing sense
Back to sleep's sheer impotence.

Or, a truant, home again,
With the moonlight through the pane,
And the kiss that ends the prayer—
Then the footsteps down the stair;
And the close hush; and far click
Of the old clock; and the thick
Sweetness of the locust-bloom
Drugging all the enchanted room
Into darkness fathoms deep
As mine own pure childish sleep.

Gift and spell, O Bed, retell
Every lovely miracle,
Up from childhood's simplest dream
Unto manhood's pride supreme!
Sacredness no words express—
Lo, the young wife's fond caress
Of her first-born, while beside
Bends the husband, tearful-eyed,
Marveling of kiss and prayer
Which of these is holier there.

Trace the vigils through the long,
Long nights, when the cricket's song
Stunned the sick man's fevered brain,
As he tossed and moaned in pain
Piteous, till thou, O Bed,
Smoothed the pillows for his head,
And thy soothest solace laid
Round him, and his fever weighed
Into slumber deep and cool,
And divinely merciful.

Thus, O Bed, all gratefully
I would ever sing of thee,
Till the final sleep shall fall
O'er me, and the crickets call
In the grasses where at last
I am indolently cast
Like a play-worn boy at will.
'Tis a Bed befriends me still;
Yea, and Bed, belike, the best,
Softest, safest, blissest.

—James Whitcomb Riley in *October Century Magazine*

Mme. Sarah Grand has defended herself with some humor and much point against a recent attack made upon her for injurious writings. Mme. Grand does not feel at all responsible for the arrest of a minister's daughter, who was recently found masquerading in men's clothing. The author of "The Heavenly Twins" writes:

"In one book of mine, a wretched little production called 'The Tenor and the Boy,' a young lady, with conspicuously wrong ideas, masquerades in male attire; but, as the story shows she had bitter cause to repent of her folly, fair-minded people must fail to see how it could have influenced even a silly girl in the manner attributed to it. But if incidents in books are likely to reproduce themselves in the conduct of those who read them, whatever the moral attached to the incident may be, I sincerely hope, for the sake of his wife and family, that Dr. Price, of Birmingham, will never be caught dipping into the Old Testament."

A happy but peculiar chain of circumstances is noted by a Southern California correspondent. Miss Marion Delaney, of San Francisco, has received an appointment to teach Greek and Latin in the Pasadena High School, vice Miss Florence Parker, resigned. The vacancy which Miss Delaney is to fill is due to a peculiar matrimonial epidemic. A year ago, Miss Nasb, who taught Latin in the Pasadena High School, succumbed to Cupid's darts, and this year the Greek teacher, Miss Boynton, did likewise. Miss Florence Parker, of Berkeley, was chosen to fill the vacancy caused by Miss Boynton's resignation, and a week ago she wrote that she had decided not to teach this year. She, too, is preparing for marriage. It begins to look as though the position of Greek and Latin teacher is a good matrimonial agency. Miss Delaney's days of single blessedness are considered to be as good as numbered.

There are few Paris windows, especially in the poorer quarters, where plants growing in pots are not seen. A rich philanthropist has had the queer idea of opening a free hospital for sick plants in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Eleven New Stockton Stories.

There is no uncertainty concerning the reception of the volume of new stories by Frank R. Stockton. It is granted in advance that it will be filled with the grotesque fancies and genial, leisurely moving humor that are as well known as the characteristics of any author of the present day, and that as whimsical as the motives of its stories may be, there will be no duplication of plans or incidents. And, furthermore, that the reader will meet some pleasant people in its pages, even if none of the familiar figures of the Stockton gallery appears. This by way of introduction of "Afield and Afloat," the author's latest work.

The first of the new stories is the most amusing of the collection. It relates the strange misadventures of two life-long friends who had not visited each other for years, because one was an enthusiastic amateur boatman and the other was afraid of the water, and the man who feared death by drowning liked to drive a fast horse while his friend shunned restive steeds in nervous terror. When the two finally overcome the resolutions of years and exchange visits, some remarkable events take place. A narrow escape from a watery grave by the amateur driver and his guest, and a close acquaintance with the dangers of a runaway cat-boat in a canal while the amateur mariner is entertaining in return, are the chief incidents, and they are as mirth-producing as any of the complications set forth in earlier chronicles.

There is more of tender sentiment in "The Romance of a Mule-Car" than is usually found in the Stockton short stories, but it is a charming sketch with some incidental views of the old French quarter in New Orleans that are particularly impressive. "The Governor-General" is a burlesque, suggested by an incident of the late war with Spain. The closing story, "The Landsman's Tale," is undoubtedly one of the most astonishing of marine experiences since "The Remarkable Wreck of the *Thomas Hyke*."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Frederic Harrison's Historical Studies.

In the fourth chapter of "The Meaning of History, and Other Historical Pieces," an Oxford freshman says of the new Regius Professor: "His lectures are a lesson in English literature, instead of a medley of learned 'tips.' The student's expression may safely be applied to Professor Frederic Harrison's volume. No more instructive or engaging essays on a literary topic have appeared in recent days. The book is a collection of papers written to stimulate the systematic study of general history. The author has been a teacher of history for nearly forty years, and has lectured often before the leading literary and scientific institutions of England. His learning is profound, his philosophy is cheerful, his mastery of form in statement is complete. Students will find the book attractive, inspiring, and a practical aid; general readers will discover new suggestions and incentives to extended research in every chapter.

The use and connection of history, and some great historical works, are the first topics treated by Professor Harrison, and in these essays he lays the foundation for the special papers that follow. "What the Revolution of 1789 Did," and "France in 1789 and 1889" are two chapters rich in graphic illustration. Four types—the ancient, the mediæval, the modern, and the ideal—are discussed in his study of "The City," and following this come exhaustive treatises on the historic aspects of Constantinople, Paris, and London. Rome and Athens are also visited, and the wealth of historic associations connected with them scanned quickly but never hastily. "The Sacredness of Ancient Buildings," one of the briefest of the essays, is the protest of an enthusiast, but it is fully justified, and the closing chapter, "Paleographic Purism," refers to a custom which, "trivial and plausible in its beginnings, may become a nuisance and a scandal to literature"—the re-writing of familiar proper names—and crushes the pretensions of the faddists with the cumulative weight of many parallel instances.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

New Publications.

"The Dollar or the Man," a volume of Homer Davenport's political cartoons, with an introduction by Horace L. Traubel, has been published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"The Art of Breathing as the Basis of Tone-Production," by Leo Kofler, is an interesting and instructive volume for singers and teachers. Published by the Edgar S. Werner Publishing and Supply Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Florence Warden's latest story, "The Plain Miss Cray," is a happy effort. It has a plot, some pleasing people and some not so pleasing, many scenes of gayety, and an ending that embodies poetic justice for all. Published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Some twenty of Edward Everett Hale's most suggestive and practical home essays are included in the tenth volume of the new edition of his works, grouped under the title "Sybaris, and Other Homes,

to Which Is Added How They Lived in Hampton." One more volume completes the set. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"St. Peter's Umbrella," a story by Kálmán Mikszáth, the Hungarian novelist said to rank next to Jókai, has been translated by B. W. Worswick. The novel is picturesque throughout, the interest is well sustained, and the end is a wedding, though the legend of the umbrella came near preventing that. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

How the national wealth could be divided among the people and a new start made, is explained by J. A. Conwell in his volume, "Our Nation's Need." He goes farther and shows that it would be a benefit to all, and that it is our duty. His arguments are in good form, even if they are not unanswerable. Published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Desperate adventures, good sword-play and plenty of it, and a delightful romance make up "The Golden Fleece," one of the best of Amédée Achard's stories. This is of the time of Louis the Fourteenth, a young Gascon officer is the hero, and how he wins the king's ward is the burden of the tale. The translation is well done. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

The sixteenth and seventeenth volumes of the Shenandoah edition of Frank R. Stockton's works contain twenty-five of his short stories which have appeared since 1884, and range from "A Tale of Negative Gravity" to "The Philosophy of Relative Existences." The later of the two volumes contains a fine portrait of the author. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00 each.

A thoroughly appreciative and amusing story of a spring and summer in a beautiful Southern home, with life-like portraits of old and young in a large family circle and its connections, is told in "A Georgian Bungalow," by Frances Courtenay Baylor. There are some stirring adventures in the record as well, a shipwreck on the Atlantic coming at the close. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Evelyn H. Pollard has written entertainingly in "The Birds of My Parish" of many outdoor charms, and lovers of nature will fully appreciate her work. Close observation is evinced by the careful statements that make up the more serious paragraphs of the book, and a gifted imagination supplies the lighter yet none the less instructive portions, given up to reported conversations among members of the feathered tribe. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

While in Switzerland and Italy as United States consul-general, S. H. M. Byers kept a diary in which the events of his life were recorded from day to day, and from that record he has drawn the material for his book, "Twenty Years in Europe." It begins with his appointment, in 1869, and his voyage across the Atlantic, and is continued up to 1891. Many pleasing pictures of travel, of life in foreign lands, and of interviews with notable personages are presented in the work. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

In the English Readings for Students Series the latest issue is a worthy presentation of Thackeray's "English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," with the notes written by James Hannay, contemporary reviews of the lectures from leading periodicals, and a biographical sketch of the novelist-lecturer, by William Lyon Phelps, assistant professor of English literature at Yale College. The volume is notable for its arrangement and the wealth of explanatory and critical paragraphs written and collated by its editor. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Eighteen essays by a naturalist and kindly philosopher are collected in Charles C. Abbott's volume, "In Nature's Realm," and the wealth of fact and fancy included in its three hundred pages is shown by the index, which contains more than a thousand topics. Birds are the author's chief delight, but the insects of the fields are not beneath his notice. The book is a handsome one, illustrated with ninety drawings by Oliver Kemp, well printed on dull-surfaced paper, with broad margins and deckle edges, and bound in cloth bearing pictures in three tints. Published by Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J.; price, \$2.50.

The title of the book, "America's Economic Supremacy," chosen by Brooks Adams for a collection of his essays previously published in the magazines, gives the result at which he aims; the titles of five of the essays, which follow each other more or less closely in his line of thought, show the material he finds worthy of examination. These are, "The Spanish War and the Equilibrium of the World"; "England's Decline in the West Indies"; "The New Struggle for Life among the Nations"; "The Decay of England"; and "Russia's Interest in China." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A new volume by Dr. John Watson ("Ian Mac-laren") will be published soon. It will be called "The Doctrines of Grace," and will be on serious, presumably religious topics.

Boom of "The Master Christian."

Through adroit advertising, Marie Corelli has succeeded in making herself the most-talked-of author in London. It is a long time since a book has provoked so much discussion as her new novel, "The Master Christian," which is already in its one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth thousand in England and is having a large sale in the United States. This in spite of the many violent attacks which have been made upon the book. But Miss Corelli, as usual, was equal to the emergency, and made these very attacks serve her as excellent advertising material.

When "The Master Christian" was first announced, somebody suggested that there was a certain amount of similarity between the titles of Miss Corelli's new book and Hall Caine's popular novel, "The Christian"; also that she had chosen Roman Catholicism for the basis of her work, and that Mr. Caine's proposed novel, "The Eternal City," likewise had to do with the same religion. Miss Corelli at once scented another onslaught from that reprehensible body of journalists which she so frankly states she considers absolutely beneath the notice of any one with brains to guide him. However, she was incensed at these reflections, and, flinging prejudice to the wind, straightway wrote a letter to the *Daily Mail*, in which she said:

"There is certainly no truth whatever in such an absurd statement as that to which reference has been made. To anticipate Hall Caine's subject for his proposed novel would indeed be a prodigious literary effort and one quite beyond me altogether, as I have no acquaintance with the eminent author in question, and can not even hazard a guess at the secrets of his brain-cells.

"The only time I ever saw him (Mr. Caine) was shortly after the publication of my first book, 'A Romance of Two Worlds.' He was then reader to Messrs. Bentley, and in that capacity did his level best to secure the rejection of my work by the firm. I was informed of this by a letter (still in my possession) from the late George Bentley, and I took a very natural antipathy to Hall Caine in consequence, and have avoided reading his books on principle.

"With regard to 'similarity of title' between my just published romance and a previous work of Hall Caine, I would point out that 'The Christian' is scarcely an original title. We are all 'Christians,' or profess to be. Mr. Hall Caine's idea of a 'Christian' was, so I understand, an excitable cleric 'obsessed' by a music-hall singer.

"But with due respect to this reading of Christianity and also with every consideration for Mr. Hall Caine's self-stated personal resemblance to our Saviour and to Shakespeare, there yet remains only one perfect example of Christian life to the world, namely, Christ Himself, and hence my title of 'The Master Christian.' It does not apply to Mr. Hall Caine or his work, and is no more a copy of his previous title than the name of his forthcoming book, 'The Eternal City,' is a copy of Emile Zola's 'Rome.'

"In fact, the 'Eternal City' is a very hackneyed, used-up name for the 'Niche of Nations' (see Byron's 'Childe Harold' in case of squabble), and I venture to claim for 'The Master Christian' just that least little touch of originality which stamps it as my own."

Curiously enough, the success of "The Master Christian" has revived the old story—false, of course—about the step-brother, Eric Mackay, being the author of all the novels published in her name. The *Sphere*, referring to this, tells how Mr. Mackay returned to England with broken health, after the failure of two papers which he tried to establish in Italy; how Miss Corelli made him her guest, paid for the publication of his books, and even corrected his proof-sheets, while he never wrote a line for her, but at the same time rather enjoyed the stories circulated about his being the author of her books, and seemed rather to encourage them. Miss Corelli did not discover this until after his death, and to prove the falsity of the stories, set about to write two books as utterly unlike as possible. This she accomplished in "Boy: A Sketch," and "The Master Christian."

A copyright performance of a play founded on Miss Corelli's latest novel was recently given in Leeds, England. It is in four short acts and eleven scenes, and the characters number thirteen. The first act is set in Paris, and the remaining three in Rome.

"The Secret Orchard" is the title of the new novel by the authors of "The Bath Comedy," Agnes and Egerton Castle, which will shortly appear as a serial in *Temple Bar*, in England, before its publication in book-form. The Kendals have secured the dramatic rights of the forthcoming book.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY'S
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A Romance of the days of the Dutch Republic. By ALBERT LEE, author of "The Key of the Holy House" and "A Gentleman Pensioner." No. 292, Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

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"A novel of brilliant description and intense interest. Mr. Hough has all Stephen Crane's bizarre power of description with the poetic touch that was never Crane's. . . . No novel of our recent reading has so impressed us, and Mr. Hough may justly be moved to a niche of fame very high up in the gallery of American writers of fiction."—*San Francisco Call*.

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GET THE BEST



That astonishing organization of musical maniacs called the Azalli Grand Opera Company reminds one of the saying that nothing happens but the unexpected. When they were first expected in San Francisco, they failed to materialize. As the expecters continued to expect, they still failed to materialize. When finally, after a series of postponements of their opening performance the public gave them up as a group of wandering meteorites and cheerfully turned its attention to something else, the Azalli constellation suddenly bolted into the San Francisco firmament, and has since been twinkling dimly and sporadically, with the occasional mishap of a lost Pleiad wandering off into space—or to the Tivoli.

And, speaking of the Tivoli, how odd it is that the public should have taken such a keen interest in the coming of this organization of well-known opera-singers, when the Tivoli had already gathered together a very creditable company for its annual grand-opera season! And, furthermore, when that management was doing its best to vary the monotony of the usual operatic programme by giving us such seldom-sung operas as "Tannhäuser," "Otello," "The Jewess," and, finally, Verdi's latest work, "Falstaff"!

Apparently the reason is simply and solely because the public loves novelty. We have enjoyed in the past many a pleasant season of musical exhilaration with various wandering Italian companies who have drifted this way from that dramatically undiscovered country beyond El Paso. The long and successful season of the Lamhardi troupe is an experience still fresh in the memory. And, by the way, of its several stars, six (including Salassa and Avedano) are at present attached to the Tivoli company.

And then, we enjoy the abandon, the child-like, self-forgetting ardor of the vivacious Latins, as compared with the phlegmatic reliability of the Germans and the business-like conscientiousness of American opera-singers. But, more than all, the novelty-craving public always thirsts for new faces, new voices, new personalities, new sensations, all of which the new company has kindly supplied.

A most unconventional performance, and eminently in keeping with their erratic career, was that of their third rendering of "Carmen," which took place at the matinee, when a large and pleasantly expectant audience was assembled. It was a light-minded, good-natured, easy-going audience and had made up its mind to be pleased, if the heavens fell and stars flew into space, which catastrophe, indeed, threatened—but of that, later. With the beginning of the opera, however, cool misgiving chilled the air. Castellano, as the torridly loving, luridly avenging José, was discovered to be a massive specimen of prose that the most violent imagination could not hoist up to the heights of romantic illusion. Although he is an acceptable tenor, and has been trained in a good school, he has reached that comfortable meridian of life when the girth expands, and the sotted emotions contract, and it was difficult for his audience to refrain from smiles when Carmen coquettishly poked him with her dimpled shoulder, and tossed a be-kissed rose at his broad, grandfatherly visage. José, the untouched, affected unconcern, raised his fat eye-brows, and smiled like a Satyr at the provocative little coquette.

And as for Collamarini, she walked straight into a feathered nest of popular approval. We thought for awhile that Carmen in the flesh, the facile, faithless hussy that Mérimée sketched, was before us. She is a pretty little gypsy, chubby as a cherub, round as an apple, gay as a *gamin*. The stage is to her a playground, where she sports like a dimpled baby, basking freely and openly in the light of favor that comes from an indulgent public. And, like a baby, she sometimes coos softly and sweetly the phrases of gentler emotion, and anon whoops out with reckless, hearty, child-like, inartistic enjoyment of her own powers of producing sound.

In fact, although Collamarini is apparently the most popular singer of the troupe, she is not an artist of superfine quality, either vocally or histrionically, as we found before the afternoon was over. Not to put too fine a point upon it, she frequently yells, she sometimes loses breath, and she occasionally fails to accommodate herself to the orchestra. But she puts so much animation and zest into her performance that some efflux from her animal high spirits found its way across the footlights, and the house became sympathetically excited.

It was about at the point when Collamarini had fully and thoroughly established herself in the

affections of the audience that the *toreador* became due. The chorus sang lustily:

"Onor! onor!
Al Toreador!
Ad Escamillo onor!"

And then singers and orchestra ceased. The stage waited vainly, and a dead calm fell. No *toreador* appearing, the curtain followed suit. Then the house burst into volleys of exclamations and questions, and a worried-looking individual appeared in front of the curtain with the announcement that Alessandrini, who was billed as Escamillo, refused to sing.

By this time, the Azalli Company audiences were so habituated to the eccentricities of that troupe, that I do not believe more than half a dozen of that houseful of innocents realized that it was a case of the ghost refusing to walk. More especially as, in response to a cyclone of questions, the worried unknown added glibly that Alessandrini gave no reason for his refusal, and added: "The man is a fool!" Upon this the audience as one man shouted, with cheerful unconcern: "Go on without him!"

To give the opera of "Carmen" with the rôle of the *toreador* left out would be a more surprising feat than playing "Hamlet" without Ophelia, but the large audience settled down placidly, and even with a certain air of relish, to witness the doing of the deed. Naturally, however, this being the Azalli Company, and our minds being attuned to one thing, quite another happened. After a pause, filled by the clashing ejaculations of an inquisitive house, the recalcitrant singer suddenly yielded, the orchestra tuned up, and Alessandrini, a handsome, dashing-looking man, with a rather faint baritone, went through his rôle without further backsliding.

It was only a fairly good performance, for Collamarini was the one singer in the cast who would attract more than passing notice, Tureoni Blusi rendering a stereotyped Michaela with a sweet but feeble voice, and the work of the chorus being fitful in quality, although the orchestra was satisfactory. For the rest, the principals were, as usual, all fat, and the chorus (not as usual) all thin; the costumes were built for business only, and there was something out of plumb in the hang of the ladies' skirts.

Collamarini, who has a slightly petted air, became over-familiar with her audience as the opera unfolded itself, and in fact her acting developed something of an opera-bouffe quality. To such an extent, indeed, that when the deserted and despairing Don José appeared in the last act, with a lake of soot under each eye, and several spoonfuls of ashes vainly endeavoring to hollow out those twin spheres, his cheeks, and the audience smiled audibly, the free-and-easy little Carmen winked and tittered sympathetically behind her fan. The enterprising Tivoli, they tell us, has now gathered the plump little contralto in, and there is no doubt whatever that she will take immensely with the audiences of that theatre.

On Tuesday night the Tivoli showed us what it could do in "The Jewess." And it demonstrated successfully that it can do remarkably well. Three members of the cast—Effie Stewart, Berthald, and Lucenti—rendered their parts with striking musical merit, and the two latter lent a dignity and histrionic effectiveness to the dramatic rendering that was no small element in the enjoyment afforded by the whole performance.

Miss Stewart has a powerful, ringing, dramatic soprano, and is a conscientious although not particularly interesting actress. Berthald, although he saved his voice in the earlier acts of the opera, proved by the freshness and virility with which he rendered the long and exacting scene which closes the fourth act that it was a wise and justifiable economy of strength. He is a man who must, both in song and action, work for his effects, but he gains them by a skillful and intelligent handling of his powers. Lucenti, who is the basso that strayed from the lightly walled Azalli fold, possesses one of those unconsciously impressive personalities that are comparatively frequent among the better class of Italian opera-singers. He has a fine, rolling, sonorous voice, charged with that quality of lofty, melodious sorrow that is so richly satisfying to the music-hungry ear. He does not need to act with any particular energy or elaboration. With his height, his slow dignity of movement, and his impressive air, and with these qualities emphasized by the sonorous sweetness of his voice, he has the effect of being a fine actor, when he is probably merely the child of training.

The choruses were, as is frequently the case at the Tivoli, liable to run on the reefs of uncertainty occasionally, but with an orchestra of such sureness and balance to come to the rescue, they manage to skim over the breakers and reach a safe haven.

"La Juive" is not built on the ordinary lines of Italian opera, and does not possess the usual beautiful broiery of rippling melodies. But it is far too dramatic a work to be depressingly heavy, unless, indeed, it should be presented by an inferior set of singers. The music is strong, passionate, and moving, and, in spite of the five acts of length, the listener is roused to keener enjoyment with the development of each scene.

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ART NOTES.

The event of the week in art circles is the exhibition of Scotch water colors, which opened on Thursday at Vickery's. Perhaps the strongest and most meritorious work, of the water colors, is Nisbet's "Scotch Moorland," which captured the gold medal at the international exhibition held in Vienna in 1898, under the auspices of the Association of Artists. Other interesting pictures are Adolph Monticelli's "The White Horse" (1824-1886), Thomas de Keyser's "The Burgomaster and His Family" (1597-1667), Nicholas Lauret's "La Conversation Gallante" and "Le Printemps" (1690-1743). Among other pictures in this collection are those of James G. Laing, who found his subjects in Holland; of Hans Hansen, a Dane by blood, but born and reared in Scotland; of David Fulton; of Macauley Stevenson, a cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson; of Fulton Brown and of Mason Hunter.

Sculptor Rupert Schmid, who has in hand the execution of the plans of St. Gaudens for the frieze around the Stanford memorial arch, representing the progress of civilization from the earliest times down to the present century, unveiled the first part of his work on Wednesday, October 10th. Three months' work on the plans of St. Gaudens has finished but three complete figures of the design. They are those of Columbia with the shield, the representation of Abundance bearing the horn of plenty, and a figurative representation of the age of herders, the latter idea being discovered in the figure of three horses at full speed. The figures are twenty feet in height, and are worked out in the finest detail. The finished part is the centre of the design, and work will be done on both sides, carrying it around to the front of the arch, where the beginning and the end will meet. It will require about two years to finish the design in all its details.

Park Commissioner R. H. Lloyd has presented the Olympic Club with a magnificent bronze vase designed and executed by Edgar Walter, of this city. Mr. Walter is a son of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter, of this city, and was born in San Francisco. He received his early instruction in art at the Mark Hopkins Institute, and, at the age of eighteen, went to Paris and studied painting under Professor Cormon and sculpture under Professor Perrin. At the last art exhibit in the Mark Hopkins Institute he contributed three of his pieces, which had been in the Paris Salon. A marble bust of his mother and little sister attracted much attention. Mr. Walter is only twenty-three years of age, but has already won many laurels, and ranks high in Paris art circles for one so young.

Frank A. McComas, but recently returned to San Francisco from Paris, has gone for a short season to his Australian home. It is understood that he will return to California early in the spring. He takes with him many California sketches, and among them a very original Leona Heights landscape.

Miss Blanche Letcher, who has achieved considerable local distinction lately with some clever pastel and water-color portraits, will leave San Francisco next week for New York for further study and work.

Joseph D. Greenbaum's exhibition at a local gallery has created considerable interest and proved successful financially.

It is understood Grace Hudson will shortly leave Ukiah and her Indian chiefs and princesses for a painting trip to the Sandwich Islands.

Not a little of the artistic success of the Carolan hall was due to Michael Robinson. He designed many of the picturesque costumes and planned the scheme of gorgeous decorations.

A new and most charming ocean trip has been made possible by a late contract between the French Government and the Oceanic Steamship Company. By its terms the company agrees to run eleven round trips a year between San Francisco and Tahiti, using 3,000-ton steamers of the best grade for the service. The first trip will be made by the *Australia*, which, under command of Captain Lawless, will sail for Papeete November 1st. Hitherto the tropical islands of the South Seas have been reached only by sailing vessels, requiring thirty to forty days, but the time of the new steamship service will be ten and one-half days. Among those who have already made arrangements for passage on the initial voyage of the *Australia* are Captain and Mrs. John Lerle, Mr. and Mrs. K. Field, Mr. George T. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Teller, Mr. Charles Benjamin, and Captain John Metcalfe.

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SCARCITY OF CHORUS-GIRLS.

New York Managers at Their Wits' End to Fill Out Their Companies—The High Salaries which They Demand.

There ever has been a time in the recollection of the oldest New York theatrical managers when it was so hard as it is now to get first-class chorus-girls. Prima donas are a drug on the market, but bright, vivacious chorus-girls are at a premium. This scarcity of chorus-girls is due primarily to the popularity of plays in which a great many women are needed (comment on the New York Sun). Only a few years ago few companies even in New York carried any number of performers to speak of outside of the principals. The comic-opera companies were the only ones which were obliged to have choruses, and in light opera the choruses were not large, and there were more ambitious young women haunting theatres for jobs than the managers could accommodate. They could have them then for almost any price, and a girl who was getting fifteen dollars in the city and eighteen dollars on the road was doing well indeed. The idea of any chorus-girl getting more than that was ridiculous, and the girl who did not think she was being well treated at those figures could not embarrass the management any by getting out, as it was always an easy matter to fill her place.

But in the past two or three years New Yorkers have wanted farces, historical plays, burlesques, and other plays which necessitate the hiring of a great many people. Comic opera they will take only on the most elaborate scale, and they are not crazy about it at that. In every farce that has been produced in that city during the past few years, there have been from five to ten small parts, which require from those who enact them little more than the ability to wear a pretty gown and look pretty. It does not take a gifted actress to fill one of these parts, and yet a girl with no stage experience can not do it satisfactorily. Hundreds of chorus-girls, who have been with opera companies for years, are now playing these small parts with farce-comedy companies. It is easy work, so much easier than that of the chorus, that no chorus-girl would mention the two jobs in the same breath. In the first place there are only one or two gowns to be worn. These are pretty, and one chorus-girl out of ten would rather wear long skirts than tight any day. Then there is no dancing or singing, no stage-manager to fuss them around and to flog them half their pay before they have drawn the first week's salary. But better than anything else there is an occasional chance for a line. The highest ambition of the chorus-girl is to get a speaking part some day, no matter how small. She might work in a comic-opera company for years, and at the end of that time be assigned to remark with several others: "Ah, here come the villagers"; but that is the limit, and she knows it. But with the farce-comedy company she is apt to be called on to say something any time. It may be only the littlest line in the world, and the audience may not hear it at all. To the chorus-girl that makes no difference. It is a line, and, in her own estimation at least, it raises her out of the ranks. She is no longer a chorus-girl, she has become an actress.

The introduction of historical plays like "Madame Sans-Gêne" robbed the chorus of many of its brightest ornaments. Nothing is more popular with metropolitan theatre-goers than historical plays, and there has been a run of them for the past few years. It takes a great many young women to fill up a Napoleonic court, and they must be large, handsome women, able to wear royal robes, and to deport themselves with the dignity becoming their positions in the court. The chorus-girl filled in the gap beautifully, and she was more than willing to drop her tights of pink and her position in the inevitable line for robes of regal splendor and a job with no singing and dancing to do. Hundreds of the girls who a year or two ago were recognized favorites of the chorus, are now performing with farce-comedy and historical-play companies. Their desertion of the chorus has left it in a hole, and the manager who can get up a good chorus to-day can only do it by paying big salaries and working hard. There is a young woman who does a heavy thinking part with Otis Skinner, in "Prince Otto," who was in the front row of the chorus last year. Her name is Janice Flagg, and she declares that she will never go back to the chorus again.

There are nearly twenty more theatres in New York to-day than there were ten years ago, and all of those along Broadway tend more and more every season to the class of play that promises a long run. There does not begin to be enough chorus-girls to go around. The supply is just as great as ever, but the demand has increased to an incredible degree. It is simply impossible to get the kind of girls that are wanted, and a number of plays that have been ready to open in New York or start on road tours for some time have not been able to get out because it has been impossible to fill up the choruses. Salaries almost twice as large as chorus-girls are used to getting are being offered all over the theatrical districts for trained chorus-girls, but the girls merely sniff at them. Managers are wondering how the shortage is going to be made up. Ninety per cent. of the chorus-girls of New York come from out of town and get their training here. The "Million

Dollars" Company has been ready to open at the New York Theatre for some time, but it lacks a chorus, and the doors of the theatre are dark. A full quota of girls rehearsed for the play early last month when they did not know which way the cat was going to jump, but since they have discovered a demand for them at an increased rate of pay they have jumped their contracts with the "Million Dollars" Company at the old rate of fifteen and eighteen dollars. Francis Wilson's new opera, "The Monks of Malabar," was delayed three days in the opening, because it was found impossible to get a chorus. Mr. Wilson has been carrying the same chorus around the country with him for years, and this is the first year that there have been any defections. "They must be scarce, indeed," said Mr. Wilson the other day, "when my girls leave me."

George Lederer, of the Casino, says:

"The Casino has always been a central point with the chorus-girl, and I suppose that I have had more applications for work from chorus-girls than any two other managers in New York. I used to get a lot of good girls in that way, but I don't any more. The girls that come in now are, for the most part, hopelessly homely, and, if they aren't, they have no accomplishments to make their good looks valuable to a performance. I get very few chorus-girls who are worth anything by application any more, and if it wasn't for my old girls, I might find myself badly off. As you know, there are hundreds of chorus-girls in England who work for almost nothing, and the other day I heard some managers discussing the shortage in chorus-girls, and wondering whether it wouldn't be a good plan to import a lot of English girls. I don't think it would. The English chorus-girl wouldn't go very well here. Out of the hundreds who have come over here with English companies, mighty few have attracted the least attention. They are not so clean-cut and vivacious as our girls, and the idea of bringing them here is not a good one. American audiences would not like them at all."

Harry Fulton of Kirke La Shelle's forces had to fit out the Frank Daniels Company and several other companies with choruses this year, and he has some interesting ideas on the subject of the scarcity of girls:

"That there is a scarcity every theatrical man who has gone bunting for a chorus this year has found out to his sorrow. I don't know what to attribute it to, save the multiplication of plays which need a number of women to lend color to them. My experience with chorus-girls this year has been a severe shock to me. In the past a girl who got a job was mighty glad to hold on to it, but this year I caught girls at rehearsals with contracts in their pockets with several managers besides myself. I didn't dare to discharge them, because I needed them every one. When one failed to come again I knew that she had jumped me, and I didn't go in pursuit of her. We have always paid the girls fifteen dollars a week in town and eighteen dollars out of town during the regular season. In the summer you can get all the girls that you can use for ten and twelve dollars a week. I think that another of the reasons for the shortage is the practice of taking American companies to London. De Wolf Hopper went over a couple of times, and George Lederer has taken over a number of companies. It is a strange thing, but mighty few of the girls who went over in these companies have ever come back. They get big pay in London, where the native chorus-girl has to work for starvation wages, and just now, since Edna May set a lot of light heads whirling, the American chorus-girl is a very popular young woman. In all there are about one hundred and fifty of New York's best chorus-girls in London now."

"The salaries that some chorus-girls in New York are getting now will astonish you. There are a few girls who are at the head of the chorus, and are known as the 'front liners.' The best known of these in New York are Ella Ringuist, Ella Dare, Conception Martinez, Anita Valdez, and the Cassi sisters. These girls are getting thirty-five dollars a week each not to desert the chorus, and as long as they get paid at that rate they won't desert. When managers will pay chorus-girls that much you can wager that they're needed, and needed badly. I mention those few, but I think it is safe to say that there are twenty others who are getting paid at the same rate."

The *Sierra*, the first of the Oceanic Steamship Company's new fleet of flyers, sailed from Philadelphia for San Francisco on Thursday, October 11th. She is expected to make the run in thirty-five days, and will therefore be here to take up the November running on the mail company's mail contract. On her trial the *Sierra* proved herself to be a smart and fast vessel, and easily averaged seventeen knots. The officers who will bring the *Sierra* to San Francisco are all old employees of the Oceanic Steamship Company. Captain Henry C. Houdlette was formerly master of the *Mariposa*; Chief Engineer W. H. Nieman was formerly of the *Australia*; Purser N. C. Waltoo, Jr., was formerly of the *Mariposa*; Dr. Milan Soule was formerly of the *Australia*; and Chief-Steward William N. Hannigan was formerly of the *Mariposa*.

The Australia for Tahiti.

This favorite steamer, under command of Captain Lawless, will sail for Papeete November 1st. Hitherto these charming islands of the South Seas have been reached by sailing vessels, requiring thirty to forty days, but the time of new steamship service will be ten and a half days. Ask for particulars of the low excursion rate at 643 Market Street.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

A Revival of "The Ensign."

The Frawley Company will discard "Io Paradise" on Monday night for William Haworth's oautical drama, "The Ensign," which, despite the fact that it has been presented here many times in recent years, seems to have lost none of its drawing powers. The story deals with the well-known historical incident of the capture of Masoo and Slidell while on their way to England in an English ship as emissaries of the Confederacy. All the favorites of the Frawley Company will have congenial rôles, and Minnie Dupree, who has been out of the cast for the past fortnight, will appear in the dainty souhrette rôle.

Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne," with Mary Van Buren in the title-rôle, will be the next attraction.

"A Hindoo Hoodoo" at the California.

The regular season at the California Theatre will begin Sunday afternoon, October 14th, when "A Hindoo Hoodoo," by John Fowler, will be presented for the first time to this city. The plot hinges on the experiments of a Hindoo, a theosophic adept, who claims extraordinary powers. In order to test him, Risk, a business man, and Dr. Downs, an investigator, submit to an experiment, during which the Hindoo projects their souls into space. During the proceedings, a rap on the door so confuses the Hindoo that, in recalling the wandering souls, he gets things mixed, and causes the soul of Risk to enter the body of Dr. Downs, and that of the doctor to enter the body of the business man. This transmigration brings about all sorts of amusing complications. The cast will include Aona Boyd, Mattie Lockette, George Larsen, and many others.

"A Hindoo Hoodoo" will run for one week only, and William H. West's big minstrel jubilee will follow.

Second Week of "Quo Vadis."

Stanislaus Stange's dramatization of "Quo Vadis" enters on the second and last week of its engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening. Of the three versions seen in San Francisco, the presentation at the Columbia Theatre is by far the most coherent, the most elaborately staged, and the most evenly acted. Especially worthy of mention are Mary Emerson's Lygia, Winifred Bonewitz's Poppea, Marcus Ford's Vinicius, Mason Mitchell's Petronius, Elsie Esmond's Eunice, Millard Newell's Chilo Chilonides, and Julian Edwards's incidental music.

Stuart Robson in his latest success, "Oliver Goldsmith," will follow. Jeffreys Lewis and J. E. Henshaw are leading members of Mr. Rohson's large supporting company.

The Tivoli's Triple Bill.

On Monday night the Tivoli Opera House will celebrate the eighty-eighth anniversary of Verdi's birthday with a varied bill consisting of scenes from "Aida," "Otello," "Rigoletto," and "Trovatore." Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday nights, and Saturday matinee will be devoted to "Carmen," with the bewitching Collamarini, of the disbanded Azalli company, in the title-rôle; Salassa as the Toreador, Russo as Don José, Repetto as Michaela, Nicolini as Zuniga, and Schuster as Doncario. Owing to the enormous success of "The Jewess," it will be repeated on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, with Barron Berthold, Signor Lucenti, Anna Lichter, Effie Stewart, Schuster, and Perron in the cast.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Among the new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Lizzie Raymond, the *chic* comedienne, who has a number of catchy new songs in her repertoire; Edgar Atchison-Ely, whose representations in song and dance of the "hundred-year-hence" dude are said to be extremely droll; Rauchle, the famous mimic; and the Hale Sisters, clever twins, who will introduce some dainty new dances.

Those retained from this week's bill are Tom Nawn and company, known of old as the Nawns, in a laughable little sketch called "Pat and the Genie"; Everhart the juggler; Girard and Gardner in their skit, "The Soubrette and the Cop"; the Willis Family; and the Biograph.

A gift of about \$100,000 has been made by Mrs. Jane K. Sather, of Oakland, to the University of California. The property transferred is divided into two funds. The first, consisting of bank and insurance stock and of town lots in Ashland, Or., is rated at \$75,000, and is given for the foundation of a chair of classical literature to be known as the Jane K. Sather chair. The remainder, consisting of real estate in Oakland and Alameda, valued at about \$25,000, is given for the purchase of law-books, and is to be known as the Jane K. Sather law library fund. By the provisions of the transfer this gift becomes available only after the death of Mrs. Sather. Until that time the money is to be invested in such manner as the regents see fit, and the income paid to her. It is expressly stated that this manner of transfer is adopted in order to avoid the risks of bequest by will.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Paris press has been devoting much space to a remarkable theft in the smart set of the French capital, which is quite above the level of ordinary police cases. However, as the crime was engendered by vanity and not by want, and the guilty duchess, who has managed to keep her name off the public records, has made restitution, the matter will probably not go any further. The story of the theft is thus related by the Paris correspondent of the New York Times: "A certain countess, whose name is also withheld, visited her dressmaker, in the Rue de la Paix, a week or ten days ago, for the purpose of trying on a dress. She was on her way through Paris from Trouville to her chateau in the country, and hence she carried jewelry to the value of about fifty thousand dollars with her. It was in a little Russian-leather bag, which is a remarkable one, with a secret clasp and the owner's initials engraved thereon. While she was trying on her dress, the countess laid the little bag down on a table, and, in the excitement of being fitted, forgot all about her jewels and drove home without them. Remembering them immediately on her return to her hotel, however, the countess drove back to the Rue de la Paix, and found that the Russian-leather bag had disappeared. The dressmaker wrung her hands in despair and summoned all her working people, but nobody had seen the bag, nobody knew anything about it, and, which was perhaps more important, nobody showed any signs of guilt. The countess could only go home and cry, after having described her lost jewels to the police magistrate of the district, M. Paschard. The following Wednesday afternoon a venerable ecclesiastic appeared in M. Paschard's office and placed the lost Russian-leather bag, with its contents intact, upon the magistrate's table. 'I would like to be allowed to go without making an explanation,' said the priest; 'the matter is a very painful one.' Pressed by the magistrate, however, the reverend gentleman said that the jewels had been stolen by one of his parishioners, a duchess well known in fashionable society, as to whose identity his lips were sealed by the secrecy of the confessional. The duchess, although herself the owner of jewels more beautiful and costly than those of the countess, is a rival of that lady in 'the Hig Life,' and, recognizing the bag on the table at the dressmaker's after the countess had left, could not resist the temptation to possess herself of it. 'Since then,' the priest declared, 'the poor lady has not known a moment's peace. Sleeping or waking, her crime appears before her, and she sees herself in court, in prison, and finally in hell. This morning she came to me and confessed. My lips are sealed as to her name—but here is the little bag. It has not been opened.' The same evening a special messenger took the precious Russian-leather bag to the countess, and now she has withdrawn her charge of theft against a person or persons unknown."

A woman living in Washington, D. C., has drawn the attention of the district commissioners of the capital to the alleged fact that hugging in public has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. She draws attention to the recent experience of Minister Wu, and says: "I don't wonder that the Chinese minister was shocked when he saw young men embracing girls on the hay-ride at Cape May. Such conduct, among what we consider our better class of society, should be frowned upon. Had Minister Wu taken a ride on any of our street-cars after nightfall he would have witnessed equally as immoral sights right here in Washington." The New York Sun does not think that this case in point is conclusive, and says: "Oriental nations do not display affection in the manner common among Western peoples. And so a citizen of the unhappy Flowery Kingdom might very well be shocked by what would hardly attract notice in these parts of the world. Such institutions of our civilization as feminine evening clothes, and the dancing that is a part of our social life, cause a Chinaman of culture to shrug his shoulders with surprise and disapproval. So it is easy to see that very little importance need be attributed to the Eastern point of view in a lot of things of one sort or another, so far as local practice is concerned. Washington, too, in common with Niagara Falls, is a great place of pilgrimage for the newly married. Perhaps a lot of those whose conduct is so condemned are simply on their 'treacle-moon' journey. It is notorious that many persons so situated do not have that regard for possible opinion which is right and proper. And no doubt the open display of affection is in the worst of bad taste. Still, in spite of the gloomy view of the fair Washington reformer, it is not necessary to come to the conclusion that special legislation on the subject is necessary. The existence of an ordinance for the prevention of hugging would act as an additional incentive to the crime. Besides, how could the police be expected to enforce it? For the question would arise at once—who would guard the guards?"

"It is not often that men are prone to taking up quaint and rather conspicuous fads of personal adornment in the same way that the weaker sex are supposed to do, but I have noticed lately a curious fashion among literary and artistic men," writes

Anne Morton Lane, the London correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald. "This is nothing more or less than the wearing on the first finger of the right hand a large seal or cabochon ring, and a total absence of jewelry on any of the other fingers. It has an odd effect, and I can not say particularly attractive, but it is a fancy which has sprung up in artistic London, and therefore is sure to have its many followers. I notice that during the past two years the fashions of masculine jewelry have become distinctly more pronounced. The man three or four years ago who dared to adorn his person with diamond and gold waistcoat buttons, for instance, would have been regarded as a terrible 'boulder' and a person of vulgar and ostentatious tastes. Now, however, jeweled waistcoat buttons seem to be as necessary to the smartly clad man as are diamond brooches and a row of pearls to the up-to-date girl. The other day the Duchess of Devonshire presented a lucky bridegroom, who is in some way connected with her, with half a dozen sets of waistcoat buttons, consisting of six in each set. Three were intended for evening and three for day wear. One set was of dull gold powdered with diamond sparks, another of white enamel centred with small rubies, and the third of mother of pearl overlaid with a tracery of gold and rimmed with sapphires. For day wear there was a set of gun-metal with a faint tracing of gold, another of dark-blue enamel with tiny pin-head turquoise dots, and a third of dark-red enamel with a simple rim of dull gold. These delightful sets were all contained in a beautiful dark-blue velvet case lined with white satin, with the initials and coronet of the donor and the name of the recipient stamped on the cover in gold. We will have the brides of the next generation running a very close race with their bridegrooms in regard to the splendor of their respective presents if this sort of thing goes on."

"Another detail of masculine frippery that is assuming as great an importance as the hitherto indispensable scarf-pin," continues Mrs. Lane, "is the tiny pins and fastenings that are supposed to anchor the neck-tie to the collar after a fashion that is both dependable and indispensable. The most ingenious little slips of gold set daintily with small pearls or other stones are fashioned by jewelers anxious to tempt the fastidious taste of the dandies. I know a youthful exquisite who has sets of these 'tie-clips' to match his various and specially manufactured neck-ties, while en suite with them are the studs, the cuff-links, and the scarf-pin. The only form of jewelry which I find is not considered 'good form' is the watch-chain, which appears to be rigidly tabooed and treated with scornful indifference. One of the most hejeweled meo in London possibly is the Hon. Alec Wyke, who is a son of the Earl of Hardwicke, and has been the favorite groom-in-waiting of the queen since 1884. Hon. Alec is not so young or so slim as he used to be, but he is still a dandy, his jewels are always evident, and from his wrists to his collar he is frequently glittering with pin-points of light emanating from the various precious stones with which he is adorned. Another scion of a noble race who is fond of displaying his jewels is Mr. Cosmo Stuart Gordon-Lennox, who is closely connected with the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. He is better known as 'Cossie Stuart,' and is on the stage, while he also fulfills the proud position of husband to Marie Tempest."

General Andre, the French minister of war, has introduced a reform in the French army by abolishing the obligatory dowry of twenty thousand francs for officers' brides. The system was originated in 1843, when the French officer seeking a wife was at a disadvantage compared with the civilian, as parents would not give dowried daughters to men who were likely at any moment to leave them widows, while changing regiments gave to officers a pillar-to-post existence, particularly repugnant to the French nature. Now that long peace has made the people forget the war bogey and men sometimes remain for a life-time at one garrison, officers are at a premium in the marriage market. For these reasons it was thought needless to place difficulties in the way of the bridegroom who was not seeking a dot, but officers desiring to marry must still forward to their commander and the minister of war an explanation of the morality of the future wife and the suitability of the proposed union.

The Chicago Tribune contains an account of how a charitable peculiarity of women hitherto supposed to be confined to individual cases cropped out on a large scale in contributing assistance to the Galveston storm sufferers. This peculiarity may be described as the cheerful willingness of wives to sacrifice their husbands' clothing for the relief of suffering, and their backwardness in coming forward with their own clothing. "There has not been a day," says the Tribune, "since the bureau of relief opened in Wabash Avenue that indignant husbands have not appeared before the agent in charge and demanded that she open packages containing wearing apparel of which they stand sorely in need. From the frequency and emphasis of these demands it appears that the women, in the intensity of their sympathy, and their desire to aid the sufferers, have acted upon Clara Barton's hint that

to give quickly is to give twice; and have, with the most reckless impartiality, gathered up their husbands' garments, irrespective of their appearance or necessities, and generously sent them to the men of Galveston, forgetting, in the meantime, that the women of Galveston may also need gowns, wraps, shirt-waists, and hats."

A fashion that is finding greater acceptance every day in New York is likely to be the despair of the champagne agents (points out one of the metropolitan dailies). Many of the hostesses who entertain most frequently and elaborately now see that the labels are washed from the champagne-bottles. This leaves the guests in ignorance of the kind of champagne they are drinking. As a champagne-bottle is very likely at a private dinner to be wrapped in a napkin, the necessity of this precaution to conceal the brand is not always apparent. It is in imitation of a habit that has prevailed abroad for some time, and probably derives the vogue from that fact. In houses of the London nobility and at all the court functions at Windsor or any of the palaces the labels of the champagne-bottles are all removed in order that no person may be able to say that this brand of wine or the other is drunk there. Champagne agents may well fear the introduction of such a fashion here, although some of them are so frequently in the houses of their clients that they can explain what the brand is if other means of discovery be lacking.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, October 10th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	4,500 @ 109 1/4-110	107 1/2	110 1/2
U. S. Coup. 4% (old)	29,000 @ 115 1/2	114 1/4	114 1/2
Bay Counties Power			
5%	22,000 @ 102 1/2-102 3/4	102 1/2	104
Cal. St. Cable Co.			
5%	1,000 @ 119	118 1/2	120
Contra C. Water 5% ..	1,000 @ 106 1/2	106 1/2	106 3/4
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	9,000 @ 104 1/2-104 3/4	104 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 5% ..	26,000 @ 117 1/2-118	117 1/2	118
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5% ..	2,000 @ 106 1/2-106 3/4	106 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	5,000 @ 114	113	115
Oakland Gas 5%.....	5,000 @ 109 1/2	109 1/2	
Oakland Transit 6% ..	10,000 @ 117	116 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co. 5% ..	6,000 @ 107 1/2-107 3/4	107 1/2	
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%.....	20,000 @ 100 1/2-100 3/4	100 1/2	
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6% ..	17,000 @ 111 1/2-111 3/4	111 1/2	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905 (Series A).....	1,000 @ 107 1/2	107 1/2	108 3/4
S. V. Water 6%.....	10,000 @ 113 1/2-113 3/4	113 1/2	114
S. V. Water 4%.....	4,000 @ 103 1/2-103 3/4	103 1/2	103 3/4
S. V. Water 4% 3d. ..	1,000 @ 102 1/2	102 1/2	102 3/4
	STOCKS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Contra Costa Water ..	75 @ 70 1/2-70 3/4	69 1/2	70 1/2
Spring Valley Water ..	395 @ 94 1/2-95 1/4	94 1/2	95
	Gas and Electric.		
Equitable Gaslight ..	100 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Pacific Gas Imp. Co. ..	20 @ 51	51 1/2	52
S. F. Gas & Electric ..	890 @ 51 1/2-52 1/4	51 1/2	52 1/4
	Banks.		
London P. & A.	25 @ 134	133	135
Anglo-Cal. Bank	50 @ 62 1/2	62	
	Street R. R.		
Market St.	5 @ 67	66 1/2	
	Powders.		
Giant Con	245 @ 82 1/2-84 1/4	82 1/2	84 1/4
Vigorit	100 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
	Sugars.		
Hana P. Co.	995 @ 7 1/2	7 1/2	7 1/2
Honokaa S. Co.	185 @ 30 - 30 1/2	30 1/2	
Hutchinson	265 @ 24 - 24 1/2	24	24 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.	205 @ 43 - 43 1/2	43	
Onomae S. Co.	175 @ 27 1/2-28 1/2	27 1/2	28
Panama S. P. Co.	500 @ 29 1/2-30 1/2	29 1/2	30
	Miscellaneous.		
Alaska Packers	30 @ 125	124 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.	15 @ 93	92 1/2	93 1/2

The usual election dullness still prevails, and the few transactions recorded being mostly for account of speculative brokers. The investing public are staying entirely out of the market till after the reelection of President McKimley, when we look for a good demand for our securities at very much better prices. The bonds of the Bay Counties Power Company have been listed on the Exchange, and have sold up to 2 1/2 per cent. premium, closing at 102 1/2 bid, 104 asked.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg was one day gambling at the Doberan tables, and was betting on the same numbers as a rich master-potter who stood next to him. Both having lost their money, the grand duke inquired: "Well, potter, what shall we do now?" "Oh," replied the master-potter, "your highness will screw up the taxes and I shall make pots!"

Justin McCarthy and some friends were talking once about a member of the House of Commons. A lady who was one of the company said it was a pity for the sake of his personal appearance that he had such very large ears. "Yes," said T. P. O'Connor, the brilliant parliamentary and platform orator, "and the worst of it is that while they are too large for ears, they are too small for wings."

A party of Americans were sitting on the upper deck of a Rhine River boat, enjoying the charming scenery. One was reading aloud from a guide-book about the various castles as they came into view. Just as the boat was passing one of the finest old buildings, a woman in the party exclaimed to her companions: "Why, that old castle is inhabited. See, there are blinds at the windows." "No," said a man standing by her side, "those are the shades of their ancestors."

Thomas Wilson, of Washington, was once arguing a case of some importance in the United States Supreme Court, and was dwelling upon propositions that were known to and accepted by every law student in the country, when he was interrupted by the late Justice Miller, saying: "Can not the counsel safely assume that this court understands the rudiments of law?" "I made that mistake in the lower court," retorted Mr. Wilson, "or this case would not have been here on appeal."

It was once usual for Highland shepherds to take their dogs into church and leave them outside the pews. Two shepherds at enmity sat on opposite sides of the aisle one Sunday, and, soon after the sermon began, the dogs—one a collie and the other not—seemed to enter into their masters' quarrel. The shepherds egged on their dogs in undertones, and soon there was a real fight in progress. Most of those in the immediate neighborhood craned their necks over the pews to see how the encounter was coming out, and not a few were standing up. The minister's patience was ultimately exhausted, and he called to his "hearers" and said: "Ah, weel, my britherin, I see ye are more interested in the dog-fight than in my sermon, and so I'll close the buike—and I'll bet half-a-crown on the collie!"

On one occasion, while addressing a meeting, Mr. Gladstone was repeatedly interrupted by an individual who alternated loud guffaws with the imitation of a dog's howls. The speaker inquired the name of this fellow, and was told that he was a certain John Larf. "Mr. Larf," he said, raising his voice, "our friend Goldsmith clearly had you in view when he said: 'The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind, And the loud Larf that spoke the vacant mind.'"

"He said that, did he?" cried Larf, as he turned round and struck a little man who was in the crowd a severe blow over the head. And it was only after a violent rough-and-tumble, and much vituperative language, that Mr. Larf was convinced that the man he had assaulted, and whose name was Goldsmith, was not the gentleman referred to by Mr. Gladstone.

While the late General Palmer was military governor of Kentucky, a disturbance occurred in a small town in the interior, and it was necessary for him to go there at once. There was no train, no carriage, no buggy to be got; the only vehicle available was a big, gilded circus chariot left by some stranded show company. He didn't like it, but there was nothing else to do, so he got in. The general cut a great dash as he drove through a small town. People turned out in droves to see him pass. When he left the town behind and reached the plantations, the negroes saw him and stared with open mouths. They followed at a respectful distance, until presently they were joined by an old white-haired preacher, who, on seeing General Palmer in his magnificent chariot, raised his eyes and his arms on high, and in a voice that stirred all within hearing, cried: "Bress de Lord, de day of judgment am come, an' dis gemman am de Angel Gabriel hisself. Bredren, down on yo' knees an' pray, fo' yo' hour am hyar!"

Only once did Mark Twain appear in public as a political speaker, and that was in the Presidential campaign of 1880. While visiting in Elmira, N. Y., in the fall of that year, he made a short speech introducing to a Republican meeting General Hawley, of Connecticut. In the course of his remarks, Twain said: "General Hawley is a member of my church in Hartford, and the author of 'Beautiful Snow.' Maybe he will deny that, but I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen I respect him, as a personal friend of

years I have the warmest regard for him, as a neighbor whose vegetable-garden adjoins mine, why—why I watch him. As the author of 'Beautiful Snow,' he has added a new pang to winter. He is a square, true man in honest politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. So broad, so bountiful is his character that he never turned a tramp empty-handed from the door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfume in a glue factory—it may moderate the stench, but it doesn't destroy it. I haven't said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is General Hawley."

Years ago Major Patterson was traveling on the railroad through Western Kansas, when he fell into conversation with a congenial St. Louis man, who remarked that he had an excellent scheme for hiding his money. "I simply put it under the sweat-hand of my hat," he said, "and no robber in the world would ever think of looking there for cash." With that he pulled off his hat and showed where he had \$250 "planted" as he described. About an hour later the train was suddenly halted while it was turning a lonely ravine, and in a few moments a masked man entered the car and began to systematically loot the passengers, while two other robbers kept them covered with shot-guns from the doors. When the fellow reached him, the major looked up coolly and declared he had less than a dollar in his pocket. "Now, if you'll leave me that and my watch," he said, "I'll tell you something worth knowing: That fellow in the next seat has \$250 under the sweat-hand of his hat." "All right," said the robber, "keep your watch and chicken feed," and he proceeded to confiscate the other passenger's cash. When the agony was all over, and the marauders had departed, the St. Louis man turned around, bursting with rage and indignation. "That was a dirty, low-down trick!" he roared, "and I'm going to hold you accountable for every cent of my money!" "I expected you to, my friend," replied the major, quietly, "and here is the amount. You see," he added, "I happen to be a paymaster in the United States army, and I have a matter of \$40,000 in this valise by my feet. Under the circumstances I felt justified in temporarily sacrificing your little \$250 to divert attention. I shall charge it up to the government as 'extra expense in transportation of funds.'"

The Mighty Waldersee's Mission.

THE GENERALISSIMO [just arrived at the seat of war]—Well, general, what's the state of affairs?

GENERAL—Everything, your excellency, is going famously.

GENERALISSIMO—The Chinese army?

GENERAL—Quite put to rout. We have twenty thousand Chinese prisoners.

GENERALISSIMO—The legations?

GENERAL—Safe and sound.

GENERALISSIMO—In a word, your opinion is?

GENERAL—My opinion is, the war is quite ended.

GENERALISSIMO [coldly]—H'm! We will begin again.

GENERAL—How's that?

GENERALISSIMO—I am the generalissimo of the European armies; that is to say, I represent Europe. In order that the lesson which Europe means to teach China may be complete and bear its fruit in the future, that power must be beaten, not by this or that general or any one nation, but by the European generalissimo—that is, under the circumstances, by me.

GENERAL—Quite true, your excellency.

GENERALISSIMO—We will therefore put things back in the state in which they were before my arrival.

GENERAL—I am ready to obey. What should be done?

GENERALISSIMO—First of all, release the twenty thousand Chinese prisoners, telling them it does not count and that we will recapture them later on.

GENERAL—Yes, sir. Next?

GENERALISSIMO—Next you will request the representatives of France, England, the United States, Italy, and Russia, as well as all the people who were shut up in Pekin in the buildings of the legations, to be so good as to go back to them.

GENERAL—It shall be done.

GENERALISSIMO—You will give them exactly the same quantity of food and ammunition that they had.

GENERAL—Just a little more, perhaps.

GENERALISSIMO—As you please. You will let them understand they will be relieved a second time, and this time it is the whole of Europe that will come to their succor.

GENERAL—I'm off to carry out your orders.

GENERALISSIMO—In this way we shall really show China the superiority of European civilization over Chinese barbarism, and the lesson, by being a little delayed, will be all the more impressive.—*Paris Figaro.*

Carefully Examined.

Every quart of milk offered at any one of the many condensaries where the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is produced is scientifically tested, and must be of the highest standard. Valuable book entitled "Bahies," sent free.

A DISTRESSING SITUATION.

As Von Blumer opened the door his wife tiptoed down-stairs to meet him, and, after the customary kiss, said:

"Dear, the bishop has come."

"What bishop?" said Von Blumer.

"You know perfectly well. Bishop Lancaster. This is his regular visit to the diocese, and it happens to be my turn to invite him. At least, I insisted upon his coming."

On his way to the house that afternoon Von Blumer had stopped at the office of the brewery, and ordered two dozen bottles of beer to be delivered at once. At the grocer's he had ordered other materials more dry and less necessary to the hilarity of the evening. That noon it had suddenly occurred to him that it would be a pleasant thing to invite the four men with whom he had taken luncheon up to his house in the evening for a quiet game of cards. Von Blumer had been married four years and a half—just six months short of the allotted period when a man learns not to take any step without first consulting his wife.

"I didn't know anything about it," he said.

Mrs. Von Blumer eyed him petulantly.

"That's just like a man," she exclaimed, snappishly. "You never listen to what I say, you are so absorbed in your own affairs. I told you all about it a week ago—how I had written, and the bishop replied that he would be here this afternoon."

Von Blumer suppressed an inward shudder, and braced up. There was no way out of it, he knew, but to put on a bold front. Deception was impossible.

"I suppose," he said, "that at the present moment the bishop is occupying the best front bedroom."

"Yes."

"Then," said Von Blumer, "in a few moments he will have the pleasure of seeing a brewery wagon drive up and deliver two dozen bottles of beer. I hope he won't think it is in honor of his visit." He stopped her with a gesture, and quickly proceeded: "Now, my dear, I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I had forgotten all about the existence even of this bishop, and to-day invited some of the boys up for a quiet little game of cards. So far as I can see, the bishop will have to make the best of it."

There was a painful silence. The greatest tragedies of life usually take place in silence. Then Mrs. Von Blumer gave one of those inexpressible "Ohs" which indicate that a woman's nature has been stirred to its depths.

"How could you do it?" she said at last. "He is so strict. I don't see how we can keep it from him." It was natural that this should be her first thought. The same thing occurred to Eve.

"We can't and we won't," said Von Blumer, with a tragic wave of his hand. "I have invited a few friends to my home to play cards—yes, poker," and he raised his voice slightly, in spite of a horror-stricken look of warning on his wife's face—"and to drink beer, and I don't care who knows it. I didn't ask him here. He isn't my guest. Of course he is yours, and he shall receive all proper courtesy. You go to church regularly, and it is all right that you should have him. But there is no reason why I should pose as a hypocrite. In his line I presume he is an admirable man, but I don't consider that he is one whit better than I am. If I want to play cards and drink beer in my own home I'm going to do it. I'm not ashamed of it." Von Blumer was aroused. He was only a plain, ordinary man, with small capacities outside of his regular duties.

The delivery-wagon drove up. The bishop was probably at that moment sitting in the window of his room on the second floor front.

"There!" said Mrs. Von Blumer. "He will see, and to-night he will hear them come in—and the noise, too. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Do!" exclaimed Von Blumer, sternly, as he cut the string on a box of perfectos he had brought with him. "Tell him the truth, of course."

* * * * *

The clock struck ten.

Von Blumer, excusing himself momentarily from his companions, went down stairs past the wide-open door of the bishop's empty room to the library, where his wife sat alone, reading. "My dear," he said, "do you suppose you could send some one out for another dozen bottles of beer?"

"You don't mean to say," said Mrs. Von Blumer, "that you want more beer?"

Von Blumer waved his hand apologetically above. "Yes," he replied. "You know I hadn't counted on the bishop."—*Tom Masson in Life.*

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Only half right: Penelope—"Mr. Spooner is going to teach me how to swim." Perdita—"I thought you had been taught already." Penelope—"Not by him."—*Bazar.*

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.

Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.

Cable. (Via Honolulu). Wednesday, October 10

Cable. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, November 3

Dinic. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, November 28

Cable. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, December 22

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America Maru. Wednesday, October 17

Hongkong Maru. Tuesday, November 13

Nippon Maru. Thursday, December 6

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S. S. Queen, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Oct. 17, 2 p.m.

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Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:

For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., October 4,

8, 13, 18, 23, 28, November 2, change to

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For E. C. and Puget Sound ports, 11

A. M., October 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, November

2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,

October 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, November

4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San

Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and

Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., October 4, 8, 12, 16, 20,

24, 28, November 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,

October 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, November 3, and every

fourth day thereafter.

For further information, apply to each month.

The company reserves the right to change steamers,

sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

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AMERICAN LINE.

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New York. October 31 | St. Louis. November 14

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SOCIETY.

The McNutt-Potter Engagement.

At a tea given by Mrs. McNutt at her home, 2511 Pacific Avenue, on Tuesday afternoon, announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Maenie McNutt to Lieutenant Ashton Potter, now stationed in the Philippines. Miss McNutt is the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, and has been a favorite in San Francisco society since her coming out. Much of her time has been spent abroad. Mr. Potter is a graduate of Cambridge University, England. His father was a prominent banker in New York City, who, at his death, left a large fortune to be divided among his three children. His uncle, H. C. Potter, is Episcopal bishop of New York. Love of adventure led Mr. Potter to enlist as a volunteer in the Cuban campaign. Early in February of this year he succeeded in securing a commission as second lieutenant in the regular army, and was sent at once to the Philippines, where he is stationed now under the command of Captain H. C. Benson. It was during his brief stay in San Francisco, en route to Manila, that Mr. Potter met Miss McNutt. If he can not secure a leave of absence before the holidays, the marriage will take place in Manila.

The Chipman-Greenwood Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Jane Greenwood, daughter of Mrs. Myra A. Greenwood, to Dr. Ernest Dwight Chipman, of Waterbury, Conn., took place at the little church at Belvedere, on Wednesday, October 10th. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Robert Mackenzie. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother, Mr. George D. Greenwood; Miss Eva Madden was the maid of honor; Mr. Fred Greenwood, the bride's brother, acted as best man; and Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Charles K. Field, Mr. Lemert, and Lieutenant Roscoe Bulmer, U. S. N., acted as ushers.

After the ceremony the wedding-party was driven to "Gunga Din," the pretty home of Mr. Fred Greenwood at Belvedere, where a charming wedding-breakfast was served under arbors and in the garden. Later in the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Chipman left the private landing of the house on Mr. Greenwood's launch. The couple will make a trip in the southern part of the State prior to their departure for Waterbury, Conn.

The Durbrow-Terrill Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Blanche Terrill and Mr. William Durbrow took place at the First Presbyterian Church on Wednesday evening, October 10th. Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie performed the ceremony; Mr. Robert Bailey Terrill gave his sister into the keeping of the groom; Miss Carrie Durbrow, sister of the groom, was the maid of honor; Miss May Bell, Miss Muriel Wemple, Miss Cornelia McKinnie, and Miss Grace Dibble acted as bridesmaids; Mr. H. Walter Gibbons was the best man; and Mr. William Huston, Mr. William Ede, Mr. Oliver Dibble, and Mr. Benjamin Upham served as ushers.

The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Durbrow, 1615 Washington Street, and was attended only by relatives and intimate friends. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Durbrow will take up their residence in Shasta County.

The Masten Luncheon.

Miss Alice Masten gave a luncheon at the University Club on Thursday, October 11th. Those at table were:

Miss Florence Stone, Miss Bernie Drown, the Misses Bessie and Margaret Cole, Miss Laura Farnsworth, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Nina Gordon, Miss May Colburn, Miss Gertrude Palmer, Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Jessie Fillmore, Miss Ethel Wallace, the Misses Carmany, Mrs. A. D. Keyes, Mrs. Alexander Baldwin, Mrs. W. E. Elliott, Mrs. J. R. Wallace, Mrs. W. F. Perkins, Mrs. J. H. Folsom, Mrs. Phil K. Gordon, and Mrs. E. C. Ewell.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Isabel H. Preston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, to Mr. Len D. Owens. The wedding will take place early in December at "Portola Hall," the summer home of the bride's parents, near Redwood City.

The engagement is announced from Paris of Miss Mabel K. Hopkins and Dr. Edmond L. Gros, who has been a resident of the French capital for several years. Miss Hopkins' father, who died some years ago, was a nephew of the late Mark Hopkins.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Elizabeth Parker, of Honolulu, and Mr. Fred S. Knight. Mrs. Parker is the widow of John Parker, of Honolulu, and a daughter of the late John Dowsett, an Englishman who settled in the Hawaiian Islands and amassed a fortune. Mr. Knight is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Knight.

The engagement of Miss Lulu Dobbins to Mr. George P. Akerly is announced. Miss Dobbins is a daughter of Mr. A. J. Dobbins, an attorney of Vacaville, and a granddaughter of Dr. W. J. Dobbins, the well-known Solano County fruit-grower. Mr. Akerly is a prominent merchant of

Vacaville, and a son of the late Rev. Dr. Akerly, the veteran Episcopal clergyman of Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Romola Bigelow and Mr. Samuel Austin Wood took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Bigelow, 1300 McAllister Street, on Wednesday evening, October 10th. The ceremony was celebrated at half-past eight o'clock by Rev. Bradford Leavitt, of the First Unitarian Church. Miss Mary Hathaway and Miss Kate Gunn were the bridesmaids; Mr. William F. Wood, the groom's brother, was the best man; and Mr. John Zeile and Mr. Power Hutchings served as ushers. A wedding supper was served after the ceremony, and later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Wood departed for a short wedding trip.

The wedding of Miss Ramona Shorb, daughter of Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, to Dr. John Murtagh, U. S. A., took place at St. Dominic's Church on Monday evening, October 9th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Newell. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother, Mr. J. de Barth Shorb, of Los Angeles. Miss Edith Shorb, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, Miss Ethel Shorb and Miss Ruth Allen were the bridesmaids, Mr. J. Campbell Shorb was the best man, and Dr. John R. Clark, U. S. A., and Dr. Clark Collins, U. S. A., served as ushers. A reception followed at the residence of the bride's mother, 2405 Octavia Street. Mr. and Mrs. Murtagh left on Tuesday for the southern part of the State, and on their return will reside at 2405 Octavia Street.

The date of the wedding of Miss Jean Hush and Mr. Frank R. Wells, of Burlington, is set for the evening of November 7th. It will take place at half-past eight o'clock at "Ettemere," the Hush home in Fruitvale. The bride will be attended only by her sister, Miss Florence Hush, who will be maid of honor.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker recently gave a dinner at his San Mateo home in honor of Mr. Walter McCreery, who has returned from Loodon, and Mr. Francis Underhill, of Santa Barbara.

Miss Christie Taft, who has recently returned from the East, where she has been attending school, was formally introduced to society at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Taft, 1363 Harrison Street, Oakland, on Thursday evening, October 11th.

The members of La Jeunesse Cotillion have re-organized for the coming winter. The patronesses are Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. William H. McKittrick, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. J. W. McClung, and Mrs. William H. Mills. The dances will take place at Native Sons' Hall on December 14th, January 11th, and February 18th. There are to be no invitations issued outside of the regular members.

The members of the Entre Nous Cotillion will open their eleventh season with an assembly and german on Friday evening, October 19th, at the Palace Hotel. The club, as usual, is composed of fifty ladies and gentlemen. The opening reception promises to be a most successful and enjoyable gathering.

Golf Notes.

Eight ladies of the Sao Francisco Golf Club played a qualifying round over 18 holes, medal play, upon the Presidio links on Saturday, October 6th. The round was preliminary to a continuous tournament which the members of the ladies' annex of the golf club propose to hold. Mrs. R. G. Brown, of the Sao Rafael and San Francisco golf clubs, winner of the ladies' cup in the recent carnival at Del Monte, and of the last competition for the ladies' cup at San Rafael, made the excellent score of 104, securing first place easily. Miss M. B. Houghton was second with 120, Miss Maud Mullins third with 124, Miss Edith McBean fourth with 126, Miss Florence Ives fifth with 130, Mrs. F. H. Green sixth with 132, Miss Sarah Drum and Miss Hager tying with 142 each. Other players who care to enter the tournament can do so at any time, but will be placed at the bottom of the list in the order of their entry. The players below will challenge those directly above, and, if successful, the challenger will take her opponent's place in the list. In case the challenger loses she will not be able to play her victor again for two weeks. By this method the relative abilities of the ladies in the tournament will be clearly demonstrated.

Abe Haas, of Haas, Baruch & Co., wholesale grocers of Los Angeles, and a brother of the members of the firm of Haas Brothers, of this city, has purchased the residence of Mrs. F. A. Franks (née Pope), at 1001 Van Ness Avenue, for \$52,000. The premises consist of the house and lot on the northwest corner of Van Ness Avenue and Jackson Street, having a frontage on the avenue of 80 feet, with a depth on Jackson Street of 138 feet.

The young ladies of the senior class at Stanford University will appear soon at classes in the classic gown; but in place of the mortar-board they have adopted the Spanish *sombrero*. In the matter of headwear they have followed the example set by the men last year, who considered this style especially adapted to the mission architecture of the college buildings.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

The inventory and appraisal of Francis Heory Woods' estate, filed in Judge Coffey's court, show that its value is \$886,910.78. The deceased was a broker, who resided at 913 Pine Street. The estate includes: Money, \$13,061.80; stocks and bonds, \$404,577.50; jewelry, \$4,189; credits, notes and due-bills, \$14,352.48; furniture, pictures, books, horse, carriage, harness, \$1,630; real property, all in San Francisco, \$449,100.

Mrs. Mary A. Tobin, mother of the late Alfred Tobin, has petitioned the superior court to appoint B. P. Oliver administrator of decedent's estate. Mrs. Tobin says her son died intestate. Decedent's estate is valued at \$10,000.

Winfield Scott Jones and James Otis, trustees under the will of A. C. Whitcomb, deceased, have applied to Judge Coffey for instructions as to what they shall do in relation to the shares of the decedent's estate to which the Whitcomb children, Adolphe and Charlotte, will soon be entitled. Adolphe Whitcomb will become twenty-one years of age on February 23, 1901, and Charlotte Andre Whitcomb will become eighteen years of age on December 4, 1900. Since 1890, when the estate was distributed, two-thirds of the income from it has been reserved by the trustees for the children, one-third going to the wife, Louise Palmyre Vion Whitcomb. The estate owns a large number of railroad bonds, including 1,200 \$1,000 bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, 1,200 \$1,000 bonds of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, 388 \$1,000 bonds of the Southern Railway Company, and 17 \$1,000 bonds of the Norfolk and Western Railway. The children wish to be paid the full amount of their shares when they attain majority. The trustees want to be advised as to how the payments to them should be made. The childreo will receive millions in all.

In his report relating to Calvin F. Fargo's estate, Finlay Cook computed the total collateral inheritance taxes at \$10,450 on the direct legacies, amounting to \$209,000. The tax on the residue will be calculated when final distribution is to be made. The estate has been appraised at \$372,335.16. When Calvin F. Fargo's will was filed there was much speculation among his acquaintances concerning the young man whom, he said, he had adopted. In his will Fargo ranked this legatee as second in his regard. In the first clause he gave \$100,000 to his favorite niece, Mary Fargo Stewart, and in the second he said: "I give and bequeath to my adopted son, Edward Fargo, the son of Mme. Jennie Dutrit, the sum of \$30,000 in gold coin of the United States, and I give this legacy priority and preference over any other legacy contained in this will, except the legacy to Mary Fargo Stewart." The adopted son, who is about twenty-five years old, has been residing in Paris. The testator was eighty years old when he made his will on February 14, 1896. In the will Calvin F. Fargo declared that he had never been married.

The steamer *American*, which is to be the first ship to open a regular steamship service between the East, the Pacific Coast, and Hawaii, made her official trial trip off the Delaware Capes on Monday. This vessel was built at Roach's ship-yard at Chester, Pa., and when completed will go to Philadelphia, where a cargo is awaiting her. The *American* is the pioneer ship of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, which will establish a regular line of steamers between Philadelphia, Pacific Coast ports, and the Hawaiian Islands. She is to be followed by other new ships, named the *Hawaiian*, *Oregonian*, *Californian*, *Alaskan*, and *Arizonan*. The last two vessels will be of twelve thousand tons capacity. The vessels will also have accommodations for a number of saloon passengers. The *American* is eighty-five hundred tons register.

Richard C. Hooker, once well-known and popular in San Francisco, died here last Friday, and was buried quietly the following day. Hooker graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis in the same class with "Fighting Bob" Evans. While in Washington he married Miss Bessie Stewart, daughter of United States Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada, and resigned from the navy. He spent thirty-five thousand dollars for a seat in the stock-board, one of the highest prices ever paid. Later his wife secured a divorce. After a brief experience as navigating officer of the collier *Brutus*, he was stricken down with illness, and was sent to a hospital by James V. Coleman, who had his body interred in Cypress Lawn Cemetery.

The wedding of Mrs. Trella Evelyn Toland, widow of Dr. Charles G. Toland, of this city, and Mr. George Emmons White, son of Rear-Admiral Edwin White, U. S. N. (retired), took place at Calvary Episcopal Church, New York City, on October 4th, the Rev. Alexander W. Bostwick officiating.

— BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Cump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well-worth of inspection.

— FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS THE FAMOUS Jesse Moore whisky has been the standard brand of the world.

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THE LENOX

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D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Major John A. Darling and Mrs. Darling, who have been spending the summer months at Stuttgart, arrived at Paris on the fourth of October. After remaining there some weeks, viewing the exposition, they will go to London, where they will spend the winter, returning to San Francisco in May.

Mrs. George Crocker is expected to entertain extensively in New York the coming winter at her splendid home, 1 East Sixty-Fourth Street. Mrs. Crocker and the Misses Rutherford will soon come to California, where they will remain until January.

Mr. John Hays Hammond, the well-known California mining engineer, arrived in the city last week, accompanied by his wife and daughter, and will be at the California Hotel for a brief stay. This is Mr. Hammond's first visit to California since the eventful Jameson raid, which threatened for a time to result in his execution and that of many others prominent in the Uitlander reform movement.

Among the San Franciscans in Paris a fortnight ago were Mrs. J. D. Spreckels and the Misses Spreckels, Mr. Harry M. Holbrook and his sister, Mrs. Samuel Knight, and Mrs. and Miss Whittell. Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Miss Wilson, Mr. G. P. Tallant, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. J. Bennett, and Miss Bennett were in New York last week.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch returned on Friday last from a three years' sojourn in Alaska.

Mrs. E. M. Chabot and the Misses Josephine, Catharine, and Clara Chabot sailed from New York on October 2d for Europe, where they will remain during the winter.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, after a very pleasant summer at Newport, is now at Virginia Hot Springs with Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who returned from Europe a fortnight ago, will spend the remainder of the autumn at their cottage at Tuxedo.

Mr. John W. Mackay arrived from the East during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester were in New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith will spend the winter in New York.

Prince André Poniatowski returned from the East on Friday last. Princess Poniatowski met him at Sacramento, and after a brief stay in San Francisco they left for their country home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, when they return from Europe, about October 24th, will take possession of Mrs. Brockholst Cutting's residence, No. 99 Madison Avenue, in New York, which was occupied by them last winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, who sailed for Europe a fortnight ago, will make a stay of some duration at Paris and Berlin.

Miss Lena Maynard was the guest of Mrs. James Robinson at San José last week.

Mrs. Isaac Regua has gone to Santa Monica to visit Mr. and Mrs. Mark Regua.

Mrs. J. F. Foulkes and Miss Foulkes, who have just returned from an extended European tour, will spend the winter with Mrs. J. Mora Moss, 3645 Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baldwin (née Kittredge), after a pleasant stay at Honolulu, have taken up their residence in their new home, on the Island of Maui.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington and Miss Huntington were in New York on Monday.

Mrs. H. D. Pillsbury returned from the East on Friday, October 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Van Bergen and Mr. Howard H. Van Bergen have moved to San Mateo to reside permanently.

Miss Lally is spending a few weeks in San Diego as the guest of Miss Grant.

Mr. C. H. Hopkins returned from the East on Tuesday last, and will remain at the Hotel Pleasanton until January.

Miss Mary T. Hoffman returned to Bellevue last week after a brief visit to her parents in this city and San Rafael.

The Right Rev. William Ford Nichols came up from his home at San Mateo on Tuesday, and was at the Occidental Hotel for a short stay.

Miss Mary C. Hubbard, daughter of Mr. George M. Hubbard, of the Hibernia Bank, sailed on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Coptic* on Wednesday, en route to Corea, where she will be married to Mr. Henry Kaeding, who is connected with a large mining company there.

Mr. A. P. Redington and Mr. W. S. Redington, of Santa Barbara, are among the permanent guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Professor Charles D. Marx, of Stanford University, was at the California Hotel during the week.

Senator Thomas R. Bard, of Hueneme, Ventura County, arrived at the Occidental Hotel early in the week, accompanied by Mrs. Bard. They came north to meet Miss Bard, who, with Major and Mrs. Thomas Gregg and family, of Hueneme, returned on Tuesday from Honolulu.

Mr. George Henry Koos, who has been abroad for the past four months, has returned.

Mr. George H. Higbee and family arrived from the north on Wednesday, and will spend the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Dr. Lu Ella Cool, who has returned from Cape Nome, is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. John T. Dare, United States appraiser, has returned after an absence of some weeks in the East.

Mrs. S. J. de la Montanya and Miss Jennie de la Montanya enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais on Sunday last.

Mr. Oscar King Davis, correspondent of the New

York Sun in the Philippines and China, arrived here on Monday on the Japanese steamer *America Maru*, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Robbins and Miss Charlotte M. Robbins, of Boston, and Mrs. C. S. Bigelow, of New York, are at the California Hotel.

Mr. W. G. Hunter, United States minister to Guatemala, and Mrs. Hunter were at the Palace Hotel a few days ago. They are en route to Kentucky on a vacation trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo D. Keil sailed on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Coptic* on Wednesday on a tour of the world.

Captain H. Berger, leader of the famous Hawaiian Band and formerly connected with the Royal Band of Hawaii, is here on a month's vacation, and is staying at the California Hotel.

Mrs. F. R. Burham and Mrs. G. Burham, of San Diego, were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. B. D. Gomes Casseres and the Misses Casseres, of Jamaica, Mr. D. H. Piper, of Memphis, Tenn., Dr. Mary G. Halton, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Becker, Mr. Homer Hewins, Jr., Mr. Cole Hewins, Mr. George C. B. Anderson, Mrs. C. F. Meyers, Mr. W. L. Honnald, Mr. C. G. Sawers, and Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Harkenson.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Hirsch, of Ukiah, Mr. W. A. Fortesque, of Pleasanton, Mrs. J. J. White and daughter, of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Sanborn, of Salinas, Mr. J. M. Fulton, of Reno, Mr. J. J. Nagle, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Arndt, of Stockton, Mr. T. F. McGovern, of Sonoma, Mr. R. Jandorf and Mr. J. J. Pierce, of Chicago, Miss E. L. Stone, of Providence, Mr. and Mrs. J. U. McKernan, of San José, and Mr. and Mrs. I. Gerson, of Los Angeles.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ellis, Miss S. P. Willard, Mrs. A. Armstrong, and Miss Armstrong, of Oakland, Mr. F. O. Smith and Miss Villa Smith, of Chicago, Miss L. E. Koekman, of Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. C. G. Jeffress and son, of Santa Barbara, Mr. George W. Throp and Mr. Robert Gardiner, of Los Angeles, Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Bell and Miss Bell, of San Francisco, Mr. John F. Boyd and Mr. Jack Boyd, of San Rafael, Miss Jennie E. Pierce, of Dover, N. H., Miss Madeline Booth, of Mill Valley, Miss Josephine Saunders, of Galveston, Miss Margaret C. Kelly, of New Orleans, Miss Lecher, Mr. B. F. Hickox, Mr. Charles D. Hickox, Mr. B. Willis Hickox, Mrs. L. H. Thayer, Mr. C. R. Rulley, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Coulter, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hadenfeldt, Captain and Mrs. T. F. Sabermeyer, Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Neville, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Peck, of San Francisco.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

The death of Colonel Joseph Wright, assistant surgeon-general, U. S. A., in Washington, D. C., on Monday, will result in a number of promotions, and will cause the material advancement of two surgeons well known in this city. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry B. Tilton, U. S. A., now deputy surgeon-general with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, succeeds to Wright's place, with the rank of colonel. Major A. C. Girard, U. S. A., commanding the general hospital at the Presidio, becomes a lieutenant-colonel and deputy surgeon-general, and Captain William Stephenson, U. S. A., who went out to China with troops and is on General Chaffee's medical staff, takes the rank of major.

Mrs. Samuel O. L. Potter has returned to San Francisco after a year's absence in Manila and Europe, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Colonel F. H. Harrington, U. S. M. C., who for more than four years past has been in command of the marine barracks in Washington, D. C., is expected this week at the Mare Island Navy Yard, where he will assume command. He is accompanied West by his wife and younger daughter. His son, Frank, will remain in Washington to pursue his medical studies.

Commander Raymond P. Rodgers, U. S. N., arrived from the Asiatic station on Monday on the Japanese steamer *America Maru*.

Captain Thomas Cruise, quartermaster's department, U. S. A., was registered at the Occidental Hotel last week. He is en route to Manila.

Medical Inspector George P. Bradley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bradley will shortly leave for the East, the doctor having been ordered to duty in charge of the Museum of Hygiene at Washington.

Captain B. P. Lamberton, U. S. N., formerly commander of the United States ship *Olympia*, has been visiting friends in Boston.

Mrs. John N. Jordan sailed for the Orient on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Coptic* on Wednesday to join her husband, Lieutenant-Commander Jordan, U. S. N., who is attached to the Asiatic station.

Captain J. R. Williams, Seventh Artillery, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at Fort Riley, Kan. He was formerly stationed at Benicia Barracks.

Captain Ralph E. Walker, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Walker, who arrived from the Orient on Monday, were at the Occidental Hotel a few days ago.

Mrs. Shillock, wife of Captain Paul Shillock, medical department, U. S. A., who has been visiting relatives of her husband in Minneapolis, Minn., for several weeks past, left that place last week for San Francisco, where she will be joined by her mother, Mrs. McGregor, wife of Colonel Thomas McGregor, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., and together they will sail on Tuesday, October 16th, for Manila, where their respective husbands are now stationed.

Medical Director J. A. Hawke, U. S. N., who has been on duty at the navy-yard, New York, has been ordered to report for duty at the Mare Island hospital.

Mrs. Booth, wife of Major Charles A. Booth, U. S. A., has returned to Fort Slocum, where she

will remain until Major Booth sails for the Philippine Islands in November.

The new battle-ship *Wisconsin* left on Monday for her official trial-trip in Santa Barbara channel, and on Thursday, October 11th, made a record of 17.25 knots, beating her sister ship, the *Alabama*, by 24-100 of a knot. On Sunday the battle-ship *Iowa*, the cruiser *Philadelphia*, and the Mare Island steamer *Unadilla* left for Santa Barbara, where the preliminary work of laying out the *Wisconsin's* course was attended to. The new battle-ship's trial over the course was conducted by a specially appointed board, consisting of Rear-Admiral Albert Kautz, Captain Henry Glass, Captain P. H. Cooper, Captain L. J. Allen, Commander F. J. Drake, Lieutenant-Commander Alex McCracken, and Naval Constructor Frank W. Hibbs. An auxiliary board of examination of machinery was made up of Captain Louis J. Allen, Lieutenant-Commander Wythe M. Parks, and Lieutenant G. E. Burd.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Hirschfeld Symphony Concert.

The programme for the Hirschfeld symphony concert, which is to be given at the Tivoli Opera House on Thursday afternoon, October 25th, will include overture, "Im Hochland" ("In Scotland"), Gade; symphonie fantastique, "An Episode in the Life of an Artist," Berlioz; "Kaiser March," Wagner; allegro from A-major sonata, Mozart; "The Bride's Dance of the Lights," Rubinstein; and "The Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner. The orchestra will consist of sixty of the best musicians that can be assembled here, and Mr. Hirschfeld hopes to win the approval of San Francisco music-lovers as a symphony director. He has already gained an enviable reputation as an opera conductor and composer. For three years he was conductor of the Castle Square Opera House in Boston, and while there produced his romantic opera, "Au Clair de la Lune," a selection from which met with great favor at one of the Scheel concerts at the Baldwin Theatre some years ago. The box-office opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store on Saturday, October 20th, the price of seats ranging from 75 cents to \$1.50.

The first concert of the twenty-fourth season of the Loring Club will be given on Thursday evening, October 18th, at Native Sons' Hall on Mason Street. The first chorus from Mendelssohn's "Antigone," for double choir, will have a prominent place in the programme, as well as "Hail, Thou Vintage," from Dudley Buck's symphonic poem, "The Golden Legend," for bass solo and chorus. The soloists will be Mrs. J. E. Bermingham, contralto, and Messrs. J. F. Veaco, H. E. Medley, and I. E. Blake.

Hother Wismer will give a concert at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Tuesday evening, October 16th, at which he will be assisted by Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Arthur Weiss, and Fred Maurer in a splendid programme, which contains, among other numbers, Niels Gade's violin and piano sonata, op. 21, Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and an instrumental trio by John Haraden Pratt, of this city.

The Minetti String Quartet will give their second concert this season at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Friday afternoon, October 19th, at three-fifteen precisely, when two especially interesting compositions—Tschaiakowsky's string sextet, "Souvenir of Florence," and the Bolzoni quartet, A-major—will be given for the first time in this city.

Walter Damrosch will give four illustrated lectures at the piano on the Niebelungen Ring at the California Theatre on the afternoons of October 29th and 31st and November 2d and 5th.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is one of the most pleasant and most convenient objective points for outing-parties during these clear autumn days. The railway trip affords beautiful views, and the tavern more than satisfies the inner man.

The Mystic Shriners sailed for Honolulu on Thursday, October 11th, on the Oceanic steamer *Zealandia*.

—A GOOD HISTORICAL NOVEL, "THE RED MEN OF THE DUSK," by John Finnemore, for sale at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

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TO ARGONAUT READERS.

Those among our readers who would like to bring this journal to the attention of their friends may do so by sending a postal card to this office, with the address of the person or persons to whom they desire it sent. On receipt of the postal, a sample copy will be immediately forwarded.

GOING -TO- MEXICO ?

The Southern Pacific Company will run a Special Train of Pullman Sleeping Cars from San Francisco to the City of Mexico, leaving on Wednesday, November 14th, and passing Los Angeles on the following day.

The round-trip rate from San Francisco will be \$80; from Los Angeles, \$70, and proportionate rates from other points.

It is calculated that the excursion will require about 30 days, but tickets will be good for 60 days, so that those who wish may prolong their visit. Very complete arrangements are provided for side trips. Mexico is famous for its strange, quaint, and curious attractions, but unfortunately not all of them are found on the main avenues of travel. They can be visited at small cost, and should not be omitted.

The Excursion will be in charge of Wm. H. Menton, Excursion Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific, who is familiar with Mexico, speaks its language, and will cheerfully give all desired information to inquirers. Go and see or address him at 613 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., or any agent of the Southern Pacific Company.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	From Oct. 1, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*12.45 P
*8.00 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, ...	*9.45 A
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carriers.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*11.00 A	Livermore, San Jose, Crocker Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*15.00 A
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*5.45 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Overland Limited, Tracy, Bakersfield, Sausalito for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A
*5.00 P	Stockton.....	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.45 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*12.15 P
*7.00 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.45 A
*8.05 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*11.00 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A
*11.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	*17.20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M. 1.00 *2.00 13.00
*4.00	15.00 *6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00
10.00 A. M. 12.00 *1.00 12.00 *3.00 14.00 *5.00 P. M.	

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*16.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	19.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*18.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
§ Saturday only.

The PACIFIC TRAVEL COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Teacher—"Now, children, suppose this class-room were suddenly enveloped in flames, and escape cut off, what would be the best thing to do to prevent loss of life?" Tommy Tatters—"Keep cool."—Judge.

Markloigh—"Your office seems badly mussed up; have you no janitor?" Barkleigh—"We have one, but since he became a faith curist he has been giving the office 'absent treatment.'"—Baltimore American.

"I've come to tell you, sir, that the photographs you took of us the other day are not at all satisfactory. Why, my husband looks like an ape!" "Well, madam, you should have thought of that before you had him taken."—Tit-Bits.

The making of a lexicographer: Superintendent—"Yes, and where did John the Baptist live?" Scholar—"In the desert." Superintendent—"Quite right! And what do we call people who live in the desert?" Scholar—"Deserters."—Ex.

The sure road; The old-stager—"Young man, if you would be successful, you must do two things. First, get some enemies." The aspirant—"And second?" The old-stager—"Second, irritate them so that they will make you prominent."—Bazar.

"I saw an item the other day in which it was stated that Lieutenant Hobson had shaved off his mustache." "If that's true the girls who welcome him home will find that kissing a hero isn't such a ticklish operation after all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Do you know," said his confidential clerk, breaking it to him as delicately as he could, "that some people accuse you of leading a double life?" "By George, I do!" exclaimed Mr. Spotsch, the eminent merchant; "I work twice as hard as any man in my employ."—Chicago Tribune.

"When my grandfather was a young man," said the boy with the snub nose, "he could run ten miles without stopping." "I heard my grandfather make a prayer twenty-five minutes long once, at a prayer-meeting," responded the boy with the dirty face, "an' it didn't feaze him."—Chicago Tribune.

Elsie—"Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor, and a lovely fellow, but awfully absent-minded." Ada—"Indeed!" Elsie—"Only fancy! During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue." Ada—"Well, he won't do the latter again."—Spare Moments.

"This a great story," said the new reporter, "but I can't think of a good head for it. It's about a trusted employee, whose accounts were found to be crooked, and when he was accused of it dropped dead." "That's easy," said the Snake Editor, helpfully; "head it 'Died from Exposure.'"—Philadelphia Press.

School visitor—"Now, then, boy No. 1, who wrote 'Macbeth'?" Boy No. 1 (trembling violently)—"Please, sir, I didn't." School visitor—"I know you didn't, but who did?" Boy No. 1 (with a spasm of virtue)—"Please, sir, I didn't want to be a tell-tale, but it was Rob Buster, over in the corner seat. I see him a-doin' of it."—Tit-Bits.

More census bulletins: "HORSENECK, WIS., September 29th.—The people of this city are dissatisfied with the census, which gives it a population of thirty-three souls. It had been confidently expected that the returns would show at least forty people here. The gain of 46.7 per cent., however, is considered highly gratifying."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"No, sir," exclaimed Farmer Cornstossel; "they can't convince me that this here prosperity is genuine." "But what constitutes prosperity?" asked the summer boarder; "haven't you an abundance to wear and eat, no debts, and money in the bank?" "Yes; that's where the oppressors show their smartness. Them there little details is jes' put-up jobs to fool us."—Washington Star.

Noble little Georgie: Proud mamma—"Wasn't Georgie a noble little gentleman to insist upon Nellie's helping herself to a peach before he took one himself?" Uncle Henry—"Oh, yes, very noble. Georgie, what made you let Nellie help herself first?" Georgie—"Because there wasn't but two peaches, a great big one and a little bit of one. I knew Nellie would be too polite to take the big one."—Boston Transcript.

All over the world, babies have been benefited, during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Chance for a hero: "When I marry, it will be a brave hero, who fears nothing." May—"Yes, dear; I am sure you will never wed any other kind of a man."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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—THE—

Argonaut Clubbing List for 1900

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
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Edward Stanwood, a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, offers a plea in favor of a radical change in our present method of taking the ballot in public elections. His plan has for its central feature a method by which an elector may transmit his ballot by mail, while retaining as a privilege the right to appear in person and deposit his vote. If he votes in person, of course his ballot by mail is nullified, but is counted in case he does not appear.

As the scheme is unfolded there appear so many objections to its practical workings that we have little expectation of seeing it even seriously considered. To say nothing of expense, it is easy to see that it opens wide the door for bribery, counter-bribery, and the loosest methods of exercising the franchise. Imagine the political heeler purchasing signed ballots for mailing by the wholesale in the interest of

his boss. Imagine the busy bead of a large establishment making over to his private secretary the duty of marking and mailing his ballot, and having those of all his employees fixed up at the same time and in the same manner.

Overshadowing these defects, the really serious one is that voting by mail makes the duty of the citizen altogether too easy of accomplishment. What is most needed is to stir up the civic pride of the voter, and awaken his realization of the privileges and duties that accompany a right to vote. We have just passed through a period of weeks when all partisan papers, and some others, have been frantically calling upon the great hody of voters to register, in preparation for election. We are now engaged in a national campaign, and the great danger foreseen is in a general apathy which fore-shadows a loss of a large percentage of ballots. It is no time to offer plans for waiving the indolent elector through his public duty on flowery beds of ease.

On the other hand, the citizen should be taught—if he needs teaching at this late day—that a personal charge of inestimable value has been placed in his hands and that no duty of his is paramount to his duty to go to the polls and deposit a conscientious vote. Good government in this country rests on the interest and action of the individual voter, and nothing short of physical inability to get to the polls can excuse him from casting his vote.

A serious weakness in our system of free government lies in the fact that already too many are too indolent or too careless about exercising their public duty, and particularly that of voting. Too many are content to take the benefits of citizenship without a conscientious regard for the deep responsibilities involved in their acceptance. If it is too much bardship for good men to go to the polls, bad men are always ready to do it for them, leaving it for the former to sit at home and write essays on the needed reforms that he might help along by his ballot. No man should be content to prosper in a State whose burdens he is unwilling to share.

A voter in this country is a factor in the problem the working out of which means good government or misrule. He has no right to shirk his part nor seek careless methods of performing it. He is a party to a moral compact in which acceptance of benefits implies the consideration of giving his best services and giving them in the most effective way. He owes so much to free government, and its preservation is so vital, that to ask the voter to go to the polls and cast his ballot is "too slight a payment for so great a debt."

The hoard of supervisors has been making strenuous efforts to put an end to that form of gambling which is carried on in the pool-rooms. An ordinance was finally passed declaring that all such places should be closed. The owners of the pool-rooms determined to appeal to the courts and test the validity of the ordinance. An attorney versed in the technicalities of the law was engaged and a test case instituted. The pool-room men were heated in the courts, after every expedient had been tried to enable them to win. Defeated in the courts they have made an attack in another direction.

They have taken advantage of the provision of the charter that permits an ordinance to be submitted to the voters of the city without being passed upon by the supervisors. Copies of a petition asking for the submission of such an ordinance have been placed in saloons, cigar-stands, and other places frequented by the sporting fraternity, and it is announced that already sufficient signatures have been obtained to secure its submission. The petition is still being circulated, the intention evidently being to secure such an overwhelming number of signatures that the impression will get abroad that there is an irresistible demand for the ordinance, and thus secure the support of wavering voters. There is no organized opposition to this demand; scarcely a voice has been raised against it. There is no question that a majority of the people in this city favor the abolition of these abominations, but, unless an effort is made, silent and inactive disapprobation will be ineffective.

One of the features of the new charter that certain of its

advocates praised most highly was the section providing for the initiative. Under that section a petition signed by fifteen per cent. of the voters at the last election, and reciting the proposed ordinance, may be presented to the election commissioners twenty days before the election, and in that case the commissioners must submit the ordinance to the voters for adoption or rejection. Should it be adopted, it will become the law of the city, to be repealed only by the power that adopted it. The proposed ordinance can be defeated only by organized and active opposition.

From time to time efforts have been made to ship the fresh fruits of California to supply the European market. These fruits were sent by the refrigerator process, but the experiment has not as yet proved a success. The length of time required in transportation and the frequent handling that is necessary have proved an insurmountable obstacle. Mr. W. H. Mills, in a preliminary report on his observations at the Paris Exposition, now proposes that the horticulturists of this State should turn their attention to the shipping of California fruit pulp. For this product there is practically an unlimited market in Europe. Fruit pulp is made from the culls and inferior fruit—which is the principal element of waste to the fruit-grower of this State—and is packed in large cans without sugar. The absence of sugar reduces the tariff duties in foreign countries to a minimum. The people of Europe are accustomed to use fruit in this form, and thus it is suited to their methods of cooking. This is a suggestion that the farmers of this State, who have lost so much in the past by having a large portion of their crop unmarketable, would do well to look into.

The second suggestion of Mr. Mills is that attention should be given to the forcing of fruits for winter use in the New York market. This is a subject that has heretofore received practically no attention. European countries are now making large sums of money marketing winter-grown fruits in New York. In one place abroad Mr. Mills saw a fruit-forcing plant the dimensions of which were two hundred by fifteen feet. Yet the money value of the product equaled the selling value of fifty acres of grapes in California. Forced peaches bring two dollars apiece in Paris in winter, and bunches of grapes sell for one dollar and a half each. There is no reason why this industry should not be brought to perfection in California. The climate and all the surrounding conditions are more favorable than they are in Europe.

In order to profit by these suggestions, however, it is not alone necessary to produce the commodities. They must be made known to possible purchasers and consumers. There is to be a pan-American exposition at Buffalo next year. Mr. Mills suggests that a corps of from ten to twenty men competent to answer all questions concerning the resources, climate, products, and population of California be sent there. The matter has been brought to the attention of the board of trade, and it is to be hoped that that body will act.

The death of Colonel John P. Jackson, who held the office of Collector of the Port in this customs district, has inaugurated a scramble among politicians whose positions or influence enable them severally to hope for appointment to the vacant position, which carries a salary of seven thousand dollars a year. Several names have been prominently mentioned, making quite a list of candidates, but the probabilities seem to have narrowed down to a choice between Joseph S. Spear, Jr., who is now Surveyor of the Port, and William B. Hamilton, who is at present the cashier in the customs service.

Mr. Spear relies on his personal relations with the President, backed by the Union League and a long list of indorsers, among whom appear several large banking institutions and many of the most prominent firms of importers and shippers in the district. Mr. Spear also counts it his turn now, because he was a close competitor for the office three years ago, and gave way at that time to relieve the

President of embarrassment. Mr. Hamilton's strong card is the political debt due him from Senator Perkins, which was contracted at Sacramento when the latter was chosen by the legislature, and again when the late deadlock resulted in the election of Senator Bard.

It is not probable that an announcement of appointment will be made until after the election is over, and all chances of an embroilment of the contestants and their friends affecting the campaign in this State have been avoided.

The students of our two universities have failed to be worthy of a great opportunity, and the fact is recognized with mortification by their faculties, by their friends, and we hope by themselves. The occasion is their lack of interest in what is known as the "Stallard Essay." The late Dr. J. H. Stallard, of Menlo Park, a familiar and picturesque figure upon the college campus and a frequent visitor to college exercises, had fondly hoped to prove a benefactor to the students of the institutions which he cherished. Foreseeing the development which they might attain by thinking through the principles underlying the Declaration of Independence, and by proving upon what economic conditions those principles depend, he invited the students of the two universities to write their theses upon these questions of practical statesmanship. He offered two prizes, one of a hundred dollars to reward the writer of the ablest essay, and one of fifty to console him whose pride must be content with second place. The announcement was published shortly before Dr. Stallard's death, in October, 1899, and a year was allotted for the forthcoming essay.

It was a time for every thinking student to distinguish himself, a chance not only to show appreciation of a certain duty to his *alma mater* and her benefactor, but also to lay some foundation for a political usefulness, to raise himself in general esteem, and incidentally to have his expenses paid. It was supposed that his delight was in his opportunity, and that in his opportunity he was meditating day and night. What was the astonishing result at the end of the year? When the competition closed there were counted but five essays from Berkeley and none at all from Stanford University—a deep humiliation, certainly.

How is this result to be explained? Is it that all ambitious spirits are on gridirons and bleachers? Is the larger apprehension to be feared that public opinion in California, in even her universities, has no appreciation of literary opportunities? Or are we to make a still graver augury as to the patriotism of the rising generation, when those fundamental principles upon whose interpretation momentous national events depend, are treated with indifference by the most scholarly of our population? The newest freshman bows in veneration at sight of the varsity sweater, while even the upper-class man is likely to bestow upon the Carnot button only an inquisitive stare. Whether or not too much attention is devoted to athletics, it is certain that in neither of our universities is there such spontaneous, higher literary culture as characterizes Eastern and English colleges. The fact that as a class educators do not concern themselves with national questions, and are even contemptuous of the more local duties of citizenship, may account in part for the lack of patriotism in those who look to them for inspiration.

Our student bodies have signally failed to perceive a duty to themselves, to their institutions, and to the State. The respective faculties also have cause for reflection. We would suggest that the alumni of the University of California and of Stanford unite to renew the Stallard prizes, that the students may have an opportunity to retrieve their position and to make amends for the affront offered the memory of a good man.

Few people realize how great is the revenue that England derives annually from dues on the administration of the estates of deceased persons. During the year of 1899-1900 there were 65,431 estates administered upon, the property being valued at an aggregate of \$1,460,000,000, or one-half of the national debt. The dues paid by these estates amounted to \$70,000,000, which was turned into the national treasury. In the individual case the burden was not heavy, for the rate averaged only about five per cent. Nevertheless, it forms an important source of income for the government. No person has a natural right to declare what shall be done with his property after his death. The rights of bequest and succession rest wholly upon the statutory law, and have been granted by the government in order to encourage thrift and industry. The person who inherits property receives something for which he has not worked and for which he returns no consideration. It is no hardship to him to pay over a part of this gift to the government, through whose action he is enabled to receive any of it. This is recognized in the limitations and restrictions that are placed upon the right of making a will or succeeding to an estate when the general interest demands such limita-

tions. There has been opposition in some quarters to the inheritance tax in this State. It is natural that those who are called upon to pay the tax should make a wry face, but for all others it is beneficial. Instead of being repealed, its scope should be extended.

The proposition has been advanced by the Oakland Merchants' Exchange that the cities of San Francisco and Oakland should be consolidated into one great Western metropolis, and that other suburban cities, such as Alameda and Berkeley, should be included in the consolidation. It must be confessed that the suggestion is in full accord with the tendency of the age. Among nations, as among smaller communities, this movement has been marked for a number of years, and from the time when the innumerable and insignificant petty principalities of Germany united to become parts of one of the world's most powerful nations to the present time it has been gaining in force. The recently completed Australian federation is the latest example, and this is merely a step in the formation of the greater federation of the British Empire. Among cities the same tendency is observable. Chicago has become the second city of the country, and has distanced its former competitors largely through successive extensions of its boundaries to include neighboring groups of population. Greater New York has made certain its position as the national metropolis by taking in surrounding cities. In fact, the joining of New York and Brooklyn presents a close analogy to the consolidation of San Francisco and Oakland.

In favor of the proposed Greater San Francisco the Oakland proposers of the scheme urge that it would be the means of removing all jealousy that may exist between the two cities. The Oakland water-front would be developed, and, owing to its position, a large part of the shipping that now goes from San Francisco after the goods have been ferried across the bay would be shipped direct from Oakland. It would reduce the pro rata of expense in the two governments, because many of the offices that are now duplicated would be filled by a single official. From a political point of view the consolidation would infuse a sufficient number of Oakland Republicans into San Francisco to make the Greater San Francisco a strongly Republican city. While these advantages exist, it is not probable that any such consolidation will be consummated for many years. Sentimental objections will intervene to prevent it, and local jealousies will delay it.

Early in the present year, Miss Helen Gould gave one hundred thousand dollars to the New York University for a building to be known as the "Hall of Fame." It was her stipulation that the structure should contain two hundred panels to be inscribed with the names of distinguished Americans, fifty of the panels to be filled as soon as possible and the others at the rate of five a year, no person to be represented who had not been dead at least ten years. The executive committee of the New York University council accepted the trust, and the meeting held to discuss the plan was the first in fifteen years attended by every one of the eleven members of the committee. The university senate decided to choose one hundred judges to select the names for the panels in the Hall of Fame from lists submitted, and sent invitations to prominent men in all the States to accept the duty, choosing these judges from four classes—college presidents and educators; professors of history and scientists; publicists, editors, and authors; supreme court judges. Few of those invited to take a place on the board declined the honor. The first invitation was given to Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, the oldest institution of learning in America.

From the inception of the plan and publication of its details public interest was manifested, and lists of names were sent in from individuals, societies, and institutions. Competitions were held in several cities to induce expressions of opinion. Lists made up at two of the largest contests, one in the East and one in the West, showed a surprising unanimity of choice, as forty names of the first fifty in each were the same. Last week the decision of the judges was made known, and the consensus of opinion regarding the merit of the two hundred and fifty-two names considered was an indorsement of the rating given by the public, as only four names not appearing in the competitive lists were accepted by the judges.

These are the thirty-one names that received the fifty-one votes required to insure their acceptance, with the total received by each:

George Washington, 97 (full vote); Abraham Lincoln, 96; Daniel Webster, 96; Benjamin Franklin, 94; U. S. Grant, 92; John Marshall, 91; Thomas Jefferson, 90; Ralph Waldo Emerson, 86; Henry W. Longfellow, 84; Robert Fulton, 84; Washington Irving, 82; Jonathan Edwards, 82; David G. Farragut, 79; Samuel F. B. Morse, 79; Henry Clay, 74; George Peabody, 72; Nathaniel Hawthorne, 72; Robert E. Lee, 69; Peter Cooper, 68; Horace Mann, 67; Henry Ward Beecher, 66; Eli Whitney, 66; James Kent, 65; Joseph

Storey, 64; John Adams, 61; William Ellery Channing, 58; John James Audubon, 57; Elias Howe, 53; William Morris Hunt, 52; Gilbert Stuart, 52; Asa Gray, 51.

Washington obtained the honor of first place only by the fact that Chief-Justice Nichols, of Louisiana, scratched both Lincoln and Webster. The university senate will take action in 1902 toward filling the vacant panels belonging to the present year, nineteen in number.

The present healthy condition of American finances is a fact that attracts more attention and causes more comment abroad than in this country.

That British, German, Russian, and Swedish treasury bonds have been negotiated in New York during the past year is well known in the money markets of the world, but little public discussion of the matter has been noted on this side. In Europe the situation is referred to frequently by leading journals, and the significance of the change which has taken place in three years is accepted at its full value. The financial tide turned only a little while ago. Very recently England was looked to for capital in the development of American industries; now the United States is making more important investments in Great Britain. Last month an American syndicate bought the franchise of an underground railroad in London, paying a half-million dollars for the right, and the plans of the company involve the expenditure of twenty millions. All this will be furnished without aid from British investors. The deal is regarded with interest by the London press, and the satisfaction with which the introduction of improved methods is welcomed is tempered only by the concern that the invasion of foreign capital has aroused.

Recognition of New York as a financial centre whose importance is no less than that of London and Berlin is no longer denied. In all great loans of the future, the American metropolis will be considered. At this time the supply of capital there is sufficient to make interest rates lower than in any city of Europe. The sound financial policy of this country during the past four years is responsible for this condition of ease and reserved power. The assurance that it will be continued is no more gratifying to the material interests of the nation than to the governments abroad that look to our well-husbanded resources for aid in time of stress.

Some months ago—on June 18th, to be accurate—the *Argonaut* proposed—in view of the fact that

THE IORA OF A
NEW CHINESE
SECTION.
Chinatown was a menace to the health of the city and a plague-spot in its very heart—that a tract of land should be secured on the southern part of the peninsula; that a complete system of sewers and other sanitary arrangements should be established there; that no cellars should be allowed to be constructed; and that the Chinese of the city should be compelled to live there. This was the first proposal for a new Chinatown, and met with ready and general indorsement. The question has been reverted to in these columns since that time, and was discussed by the Public Improvement Central League. Recently, John Partidge, honorary secretary of the California Geographical Society, has taken the matter up and evolved a plan that he has submitted to the presidents of the nine commercial organizations of the city. According to his plan, a site at South San Francisco is to be selected, as was suggested by the *Argonaut*. This tract is to be purchased by a number of prominent business men, who would form building and loan associations, membership in which would be confined to the Chinese themselves. In this way they could become the owners of their own houses within ten years, without paying more than they now pay for rent. The entire city would be built in Oriental style, with water, gas, electric lights, and power for manufactories, and modern plumbing throughout the houses, connecting with a perfect sewerage system. Such a city would be a far greater attraction to tourists than the section that now exists, and therefore the sellers of curios would gain rather than lose in trade. Commercially it would be of great advantage to the Chinese. The water of the bay that touches this tract is deep enough to accommodate the largest vessels at the docks. The Southern Pacific Railway is preparing to build a four-track railroad, the Santa Fé will soon have a line in the same direction, and three electric lines would reach the Chinese city. The proposition is a good business one for all concerned, and should be adopted. It is not probable that it will be adopted, however, unless more vigor is shown in pushing it.

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil Midas, made \$5,678,000 on Monday, October 15th, by the soaring of his Standard Oil stock. From \$566 a share it rose to the highest market price ever quoted, \$583. This meant that Mr. Rockefeller benefited to the extent of just \$17 on each share of his stock. Rockefeller owns 33 per cent. of the \$100,000,000 of Standard Oil capital stock, 334,000 shares. His income upon his holding has been 38 per cent. thus far this year. A 12-per-cent. dividend will soon be declared, so that his dividends for the year will be 50 per cent.

HORACE PLATT ON BRYANISM.

As Able, Eloquent, and Convincing Discussion of the Issues of the Campaign by a Former Democrat—Horace G. Platt on Present Democratic Pretenses.

The accession of Horace G. Platt, the well-known attorney, to the Republican ranks, is a notable event, and has attracted wide attention, as he has been a Democratic member of the legislature, and filled other posts as a Democrat. Mr. Platt is a Southerner, a son of the Rev. W. H. Platt, former rector of Grace Church, of this city, and is a graduate of the University of Virginia. He is a member of the Pacific Union, the Bohemian, and Burlingame Clubs, and is noted for his eloquence and wit as an after-dinner speaker and political orator. Those who heard the speeches at the banquet given by the Union League Club in honor of Chauncey Depew, in April, 1896, while admitting the cleverness of the New Yorker, maintained that Platt made the hit of the evening. Two of his remarks in particular caused laughter. In referring to the discordant views on silver which prevailed among the Republican orators, he said that if the Republican party at that banquet was divided, the Democratic was at least a unit. (He was the only Democrat there.) Again, in referring to Depew he said that his oratorical reputation was like a New York skyscraper—it was built up story after story. It is true that the fame of Mr. Platt is local, but if he lived in New York it would, indeed, be wider.

The speech which Mr. Platt delivered at Metropolitan Hall on Friday evening, October 5th, shows that great care had been taken in its preparation. It is without doubt the most logical and comprehensive discussion of the issues now before the people of California which has yet been offered. It should be widely circulated by all Republicans to swell California's majority for McKinley.

Mr. Platt's Speech at Metropolitan Temple.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: All my life I have been a Democrat. After mature reflection I have determined to publicly change my political affiliation, and this evening I make this public confession of the faith that is in me.

I am opposing the Democratic party because it is now radical, revolutionary, impractical, and populist, and because its present aspirations are a menace to the welfare of the country.

I am supporting the Republican party because it is conservative, practical, progressive, and creative, and because its success at this election is necessary to the continuance of prosperity.

I am leaving the Democratic party because that party has dethroned Jefferson, the man of thought, the statesman, the philosopher, who believed in sound money and territorial expansion, and has enthroned Bryan, the man of words, who mistakes epigrams for ideas, rhetoric for philosophy, declamation for wisdom, personal ambition for patriotism, and a dishonest dollar for an honest one.

I am entering this campaign against the Democratic party because it has nominated for the Presidency a man who, as that old Democratic war-horse, Henry Watterson, said only two years ago, "is not of the material of which the people of the United States have ever made a President, nor of which any party has ever before made a candidate"; because his speeches tend to disturb the peace and order of the state by their appeals to class distinctions that do not exist and to an antagonism between capital and labor that can not obtain in this country as at present organized; and because he is not honest with the American people.

I am entering this campaign on behalf of the Republican party because its candidate for the Presidency has as President proved himself to be a skillful pilot of our ship of state in stormy seas, has shown himself to be one whom sudden emergencies can not confuse, nor great problems overcome, during whose wise administration the country has been blessed with prosperity and crowned with national glory, and whose continuance in office for the next four years is a guarantee to our hopes of their anticipated fulfillment.

Four years ago the country was startled by the utterances of the Democratic National Convention as embodied in the Chicago platform. At no prior time in its history had the United States been in so deplorable a condition. An industrial depression covered the land like a pall. For several years the unemployed had been growing in numbers, in want, and in despair. Factories were empty, furnaces were cold, and mills had ceased to grind. Banks were closing their doors, and depositors were losing their savings. Railroads could not pay their interest, and were passing into the hands of receivers. The only armies that paraded the land were disorderly mobs of idle workmen. Strikers in almost every department of labor threatened the stability of the government. Neighbors were friends or foes as want or wealth united or divided them.

It was after several years of these growing evils, and at a time of general gloom and discontent, when the growlings of hunger were becoming ominous, and lean hands were threatening to take by force or stealth the bread they had no opportunity to earn, that three political national conventions assembled to nominate candidates for the Presidency. The Democrats, denouncing with bitterness Grover Cleveland, the only Democrat who had led them to success since 1856, and who was in integrity of character, nobility of purpose, in fearlessness and fortitude, one of the greatest Americans, and the natural enemy of the Altgelds and Bryans and Tillmans, read him out of the party, and with him Thomas Jefferson, threw all their teachings after them, and installed in their stead the Boy Orator from the Platte, William Jennings Bryan, who mistook Bryanism for Populism, and called it Democracy. They sent him abroad as a Populistic aspirant for the Presidency, and authorized him to preach class distinctions, to stir up bitterness on the part of the many who had not against the few who then had; to cry out against the fortunate, the frugal, the prudent, the successful; to put a premium on failure and a discount on success; to threaten the independence of the judiciary; to invite the people to financial dishonor and certain bankruptcy; to contradict every doctrine of economics and to endeavor to bring about a financial impossibility—the stability of the double standard of gold and silver at a fixed arbitrary ratio of sixteen to one, independently of every other nation. The Silver convention, with like Populistic passion, was also captured by the rhetoric of this man's cross of gold.

The Republicans answered all this political and financial madness with a platform that stood for sound, honest money, for an independent judiciary, for protection to American industries, for union and not for disunion, for peace and prosperity, and not for disaster and dissension, and upon this platform they placed William McKinley.

Bryan predicted that the going out of his jack-o'-lantern would leave the world in utter darkness, impenetrable even by the flame that Liberty holds aloft to light the world.

McKinley predicted that Republican success would mean prosperity in place of poverty, work instead of violence for idle hands, wealth at home, honor and respect abroad.

McKinley was elected, and all the fog and dust of Bryanism disappeared, and this country stepped out of the shadow and into the sun.

It was because I believed that this would be the result that in 1896 I voted for McKinley. It is because I believe that the election of Bryan on the re-christened Chicago platform would undo much of McKinley's good work, would disturb business, arrest enterprise, and suspend the labor of thousands; it is because of McKinley's policy of honor, and because of Bryan's proposed policy of dishonor, that I shall again vote for McKinley.

The paramount issue in this campaign is Bryanism, and Bryanism means political dishonesty, political inexperience, political bad judgment, and the domination of personal opinion influenced by fanaticism over the wisdom of statesmen and the experience of a century of struggle and growth. As the Democratic party has endorsed Bryanism, I am opposed to the Democratic party.

In this campaign we have the unusual opportunity of comparing the two candidates by the promises made by McKinley four years ago and their fulfillment, and by the predictions made then by Bryan and their non-fulfillment.

A very gifted American orator once delivered a lecture which he entitled "The Mistakes of Moses." This evening I propose to speak of the "Mistakes of Bryan."

We all know that hindsight is more reliable than foresight, and that it is easier to be a historian than a prophet, yet we also know that there always must be prophets, leaders, guides, whose duty it is to point the way, and whose skill to guide must be in proportion to their ability to profit by their own experience or the experience of others. Of what avail the lessons of yesterday if they help us not in meeting the inevitable to-morrow?

Judged by this standard, Mr. Bryan has shown himself little adapted to lead or guide the people. In 1896 he did not point out a road for us to travel that would not have led to disaster, and every road that he designated as dangerous has led the people in safety to the land of prosperity they so eagerly and so long had sought. In the language of President McKinley, "The prophet of evil no longer commands confidence, because he has been proved to be a false prophet."

FOREIGN TRADE.

In the campaign of 1896 Bryan made the following prophecy: "If McKinley and the Republican party are successful and put in power for the next four years, wages will be decreased, hard times will come upon us, mortgages on our homes will be foreclosed by the money-lenders, shops and factories will close. We will export no goods and we will import from foreign lands all the goods we use. Thus will ruin, want, and misery be with us."

During the past four years have we been able to sell our products abroad? To-day we can supply our domestic market with manufactures by running our factories only eight months of the year, for our productive power has increased in forty years threefold, while our population has increased only one hundred and forty-two per cent., and we must therefore export one-third of our total manufactures or close down our factories for the remaining four months. The economic policy that keeps our mills running during the entire twelve months should therefore meet with the people's approval.

I submit that the Republican party has kept the factories running the full period of twelve months through an economic policy based on protection to American industries and on an honest dollar.

In 1892, under the McKinley tariff, our exports for the first time passed the billion-dollar mark. In 1893, the first year of Cleveland's administration, under the depressing effect of threatened free trade, our exports were \$180,000,000 less than in 1892. In 1895, when the Wilson Democratic tariff was in full operation, our exports were \$222,000,000 less than in 1892. In 1897, the first year of McKinley's administration, under the encouraging influence of the promise of protection and the assurance of financial honesty, our exports again touched the billion-dollar mark, making a gain of over \$200,000,000.

During the last two years of Cleveland's last term, and under the Wilson Democratic tariff, our exports exceeded our imports only \$180,000,000. During the last two years of McKinley's administration, and under the Dingley Republican tariff, our exports exceed our imports more than \$1,000,000,000.

In other words, we sold to foreigners \$894,000,000 more of products during McKinley's last two years, and under a Republican tariff, than we did during Cleveland's last two years and under a Democratic tariff, and this is sufficient reason for the smoke coming out of every smoke-stack and for the scarcity of labor.

At the end of the Harrison administration the balance of trade in our favor was \$212,000,000. At the end of Cleveland's administration this balance had decreased to \$102,000,000. At the end of McKinley's administration this balance will exceed \$544,000,000.

These figures include all our exports, both manufactures and raw goods, and they are very comforting. Much more comforting, however, because they concern more of our people, and more strongly refuting Bryan's prediction that under the gold standard we can not sell our products abroad at remunerative prices are the following figures as to manufactures alone:

In 1896, under Cleveland, we paid to foreigners for manufactures \$333,000,000 and sold to them manufactures only to the amount of \$288,000,000, leaving a balance against us of \$105,000,000. In 1897, under McKinley, we paid out for manufactures \$27,000,000 less and received \$49,000,000 more than in 1896, leaving a balance against us of only \$27,000,000.

In 1898 we received more for manufactures than we paid out, leaving a balance in our favor of \$60,000,000, and in 1899 this balance was increased to \$80,000,000. In 1900 we are exporting every day more than one million dollars of the products of our factories, and we are not losing money on the goods.

To sum up these statistics: During McKinley's administration our excess of exports over imports have been over five times as much as it was during the one hundred and six years prior thereto—\$383,028,497 against \$2,028,301,884—and yet, according to Bryan, protection has slain its thousands and the gold standard its tens of thousands.

But such has been the outcome of Bryan's predictions. He predicted the downward course of wheat if silver continued to fall, and yet we all remember how wheat began to rise soon after the defeat of the free coinage of silver.

When Bryan was nominated in 1896 wheat was 65 cents a bushel, silver was 69 cents an ounce. Six months thereafter wheat was \$1.04 and silver was 65 cents. In May, 1898, wheat was \$1.30 and silver was 56½ cents. At the date of Bryan's second nomination wheat was fifty per cent. higher and silver twelve per cent. lower than at the date of his first nomination.

GOLD STANDARD.

The following are some of Bryan's mistakes as to the gold standard:

At Newton, Ia., on August 10, 1896, he used the following language: "The law upon which we base our fight is as sure as the law of gravitation. If we have a gold standard, prices are as certain to fall as the stone which is thrown into the air."

In his acceptance of the Democratic nomination at New York, in 1896, he said: "A gold standard discourages enterprise and paralyzes industry." "A gold standard is ruinous to merchants and manufactures." "Salaries in

business occupations depend on business conditions, and the gold standard both lessens the amount and threatens the permanency of those salaries." "The gold standard has compelled the American people to pay an increasing tribute to the creditor nations of the world." "Savings-bank depositors know that under a gold standard there is increasing danger that they will lose their deposits because of the inability of the banks to collect their assets; and they will further know that, if the gold standard is to continue indefinitely, they may be compelled to withdraw their deposits in order to pay living expenses."

At Minneapolis, Minn., he said: "The gold standard means dearer money; dearer money means cheaper property; cheaper property means harder times; harder times means more people out of work; more people out of work means more people destitute; more people destitute means more people desperate; more people desperate means more crime."

We have now a gold standard, and have practically had it since McKinley's election. Have prices fallen as compared with Cleveland's administration? Did the election of McKinley discourage enterprise and paralyze industry? Have times been harder than before McKinley's election? Are we paying an increasing tribute to foreign nations? Are savings-bank depositors withdrawing their deposits to pay living expenses? Let us see.

As to Prices.—On October 1, 1897, six months after McKinley became President, prices had risen two per cent., and in July, 1899, they had risen eleven per cent.

In 1896, the highest price of wheat in New York was 68 cents a bushel; in 1900 it was 92½ cents. In like manner, corn was 30 cents, now 47 cents; oats 23 cents, now 28 cents; lard was 3½ cents, now 6½ cents; beef was \$9 a barrel, now \$12; Ohio XX wool was 17 cents, now 30½ cents. In the one article of live-stock prices have so risen that the farmers to-day can sell out for \$501,444.74 more than they could have obtained in 1896.

As to Labor.—In 1898 and 1899, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, made his report as to the condition of the laboring men.

In January, 1898, within less than a year after the inauguration of President McKinley, he said in a published article: "That terrible period for the wage earners of this country which began in 1893, and which has left behind it such a record of horror, hunger, and misery, practically ended with the dawn of the year 1897. Wages had been steadily forced down from 1893 till toward the end of 1895, and it was variously estimated that between two million and two and a half million wage-earners were unemployed."

In December, 1899, he said in his report to the Convention of the American Federation of Labor: "The revival of industry which we have witnessed within the past year is one for general congratulation, and it should be our purpose to endeavor to prolong this era of more general employment and industrial activity. In this effort no power is so potent as organized labor, if we but follow a right and practical course. It is beyond question that the wages of the organized workers have been increased, and in many instances the hours of labor either reduced or at least maintained."

Mr. Gompers could also have said that the true friend of the wage-earner is he who opens a factory where a man may earn his living by the sweat of his face, independence waiting on strength and opportunity and not on any man's favor, and that that man, though he speak with the eloquence of Paul, is the wage-earner's enemy who, in place of a factory, opens a soup-house where hunger waits upon generosity and independence gives place to gratitude.

As to Savings Banks.—Instead of the depositors in savings banks withdrawing their deposits, we find the number of depositors increased 622,324 in three years under McKinley, and the amount of deposits increased \$49,000,000.

In the State of New York alone there has been an increase of 103,168 depositors in savings banks in the past year. These depositors know of Bryan's prophecies in this regard, and also of his threats, and while remembering the failure of his prophecies they will see that he is not put in a position to carry out his threats of restoring the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1, and thus cut their dollars in two, and force them to draw them out in order to pay living expenses.

As to Commercial Failures.—Bryan said in his 1896 speech of acceptance: "It is only necessary to note the increasing number of failures in order to know that a gold standard is ruinous to merchants and manufacturers."

Note the following list of commercial failures in the United States: 1896, 15,088; 1897, 13,357; 1898, 12,186; 1899, 9,970.

The total sum of the failures in 1899 was \$47,000,000 less than in 1898, and \$37,000,000 less than in 1896. The failures under Harrison amounted to \$74,000,000, under Cleveland to \$226,000,000, under McKinley to only \$91,000,000.

As to Foreign Tribute.—The gold standard instead of increasing our tribute to foreigners seems to have lessened it.

Not only are we now able to pay our foreign debts at the rate of over \$300,000,000 a year, such being the annual balance in our favor, but in the past eighteen months we have loaned money to other nations—\$3,000,000 to the city of Montreal, \$10,000,000 to Russia, \$26,000,000 to England, \$10,000,000 to Sweden, and \$25,000,000 to Germany.

As to Scarcity of Money.—On March 14, 1900, we finally established by law the gold standard, that monometallicism which the Chicago platform, re-christened at Kansas City, stated "has locked fast the prosperity of an industrial people in the paralysis of hard times."

If this be true, this lock must have been broken, for this country has so completely emerged from hard times that to-day its manufactures exceed those of England, France, and Germany combined; it is exporting annually \$500,000,000 more than it imports; its farmers can not get men enough to harvest their crops; its railroads can not get cars enough to carry the freight, and its savings banks are so swamped with deposits that they don't know where to invest them, and its credit is so good that between the passage of this gold standard law on March 14th, 1900, and June 1st it refunded over \$285,000,000 of its three-per-cent., four-per-cent., and five-per-cent. bonds, with its bonds bearing only two per cent., at par, and thus saved over \$7,000,000 in interest, while English consols, that have always been considered the best securities on the market, and which were bearing two and three-quarters per cent. interest, were two points below par. Instead of our prosperity being looked fast in the paralysis of hard times, we are furnishing food and products to foreign consumers at a good profit, and are lending them money at fair interest with which to pay their bills to us, and we have so much money to invest that even in the present unparalleled expansion of business we can't find ways enough at home of salting down our profits.

Bryan predicted in 1896 that the successful opposition to the free coinage of silver at the arbitrary ratio of 16 to 1 would make money scarce, and that there would be no addition to the currency without the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, and yet since the defeat of free coinage the total amount of money in the country has increased over \$500,000,000 (from \$1,509,725,000 to \$2,060,525,465), and the total amount of gold and gold certificates has increased over \$300,000,000 (from \$498,449,242 to \$814,063,155), and the per capita of money has increased from \$27.10 to \$25.

It is true that the production of gold during the last four years has been very large, in 1899 the United States alone producing \$72,500,000 and the world at large producing \$312,307,819, and to this increased production alone Bryan attributes our prosperity and the increase of money in circulation. He overlooks the fact that this gold has stayed in this country because our adoption of the gold standard has kept it here. He overlooks the fact that foreign gold has come into this country to pay for our increasing exports, and that this gold has remained here because there is no longer any fear of the fifty-cent silver dollar. He overlooks the fact that under the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 this gold would have left this country as fast as it was produced or came in.

During the campaign of 1896, because of Bryan's prophecies of evil, because of his free-silver fallacies, because of hard times, because of commercial, agricultural, and financial depression, because of the possibility of Bryan's election, gold was at a premium. It was withdrawn from circulation, withheld from investment, and locked up in safe-deposit vaults or sent abroad. You could not borrow money on anything, not even on real estate.

During this campaign in the midst of good times, of commercial, agricultural, and financial prosperity, because of the success of the Republican policy of protection and honest money, and because there is

no possibility of Bryan's election, gold is not in hiding, but is seeking investment, and is so plentiful that we are loaning money to the rest of the world, and our treasury has to-day the greatest gold stock of the world. The most important factor showing our great prosperity is the fact that in 1897, 1898, and 1899 the large merchandise balance was attended by considerable gold imports, but in the past twelve months, with the stock of gold in the United States unusually large, America has left abroad the whole of the large favorable trade balance, and has also sent abroad a considerable amount of gold.

During Cleveland's administration American securities held abroad were thrown upon the market because of the fear of the adoption of free coinage in this country and of our paying our bonds in fifty-cent silver dollars, and Cleveland had to borrow gold to bolster up American credit. At the end of McKinley's administration American credit is so good that its two-per-cent. bonds sell at par.

BRYAN'S OBSTINACY.

Mr. Bryan has shown himself unfit for the high office of President, not only because the logic of events has proved the fallacy of all his opinions, but because he stubbornly refuses to be convinced of his error, and places his self-created infallibility above the truth itself. The Democratic portion of his partisans were willing to admit that the free coinage of silver was not again worth fighting for and would not be acceptable to the people, and yet, with the history of the immediate past, with the living present, nay, with the history of the Democratic party before him, he forced them to again declare this absurdity as a principle of Democracy. He must know that all attempts to fix a legal ratio at any rate differing from the commercial ratio have proved disastrous when coupled with free and unlimited coinage of the inferior metal. He must know that a very small variation of the commercial ratio from the coinage ratio, even a variation of one cent, is sufficient to expel the superior metal from the country and disturb all business. He must know this, because this is not a new question, because Jefferson, and Jackson, and all the great founders of the Democratic party knew and admitted it. When the first United States coinage act was passed, it provided for the free coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 15 to 1, but this act could not make the two metals circulate together, as the ratio was not correct, and discriminated against gold, and consequently gold was exported. In 1834 the ratio was changed to 16 to 1, a discrimination against silver, and silver was driven out. The true ratio at that time was somewhere between 15 to 1 and 16 to 1. But small as was the variation in either case from the commercial ratio of the two metals, it was sufficient to drive out of circulation the metal whose commercial value was discriminated against.

To-day the commercial ratio is 32 to 1. How much more disastrous would therefore be the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the coinage ratio of 16 to 1?

The result in 1834 was that the Democratic financiers of that time admitted that "the fluctuations in the value of gold and silver can not be controlled," and a committee of a Democratic Congress reported in February, 1834, "That there are inherent and incurable defects in the system which regulates the standard of value in both gold and silver; its instability as a measure on contracts and mutability as the practical currency of a particular nation are serious imperfections, whilst the impossibility of maintaining both metals in concurrent, simultaneous, or promiscuous circulation appears to be clearly ascertained; that the standard being fixed in one metal is the nearest approach to invariableness, and precludes the necessity of further legislative interference."

This report is good monetary philosophy to-day, and has been adopted by all the nations except China, Corea, Persia, Siam, Mexico, and some of the smaller republics of Central and South America. It is the philosophy of the nations that do ninety-five per cent. of the world's commerce.

A country on the double basis of gold and silver, with the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, necessarily will become a country with a silver basis alone, as witness Mexico and China. A country on the double basis of gold and silver, with a limited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, is on a gold basis, and it gets its share of the world's gold which its proportion of the world's business brings to it. We have the satisfaction of knowing that of all the nations the United States attracts and holds the largest stock of gold because the volume of its business transactions exceeds that of any other nation.

We have also the satisfaction of knowing that every paper or silver dollar is exchangeable at par in ordinary business transactions for gold of the same nominal value.

We are doing business on this basis, and to our great enrichment; we have given our pledge to the world that the word "dollar" in every American contract or obligation means a dollar in gold or the actual equivalent thereof; we have said to the laborer that a dollar's wage means one hundred cents in gold.

To violate this pledge to laborer, investor, creditor, whether foreign or domestic, would be an act of dishonor. I feel that the American people understand this question and appreciate it, and that "they hold their financial honor as sacred as their flag, and can be relied on to guard it with the same sacred vigilance."

But, let us look the danger full in the face. There are some \$700,000,000 of United States bonds payable in coin. They were sold for gold coin and upon the implied understanding that they would be paid in gold coin, principal and interest. Mr. Bryan could order the interest to be paid in silver, and he would order it to be paid in silver.

It is claimed that the payees could take their silver to the treasury and have it redeemed in gold. It is claimed that under the present currency law free silver is impossible. It is claimed that any weakness in this law can be cured by the present Congress after Bryan's election and before his inauguration, but all this could not remedy the evil of his election.

The election of Bryan would be accompanied by the election of a Democratic House of Representatives and of State legislatures that would make the Senate Democratic in 1901.

Industry, commerce, and enterprise are based on credit, and credit is based on confidence, and when confidence is destroyed credit dies, and confidence would be destroyed by the election of Bryan—pledged to destroy the gold standard; pledged to act independently of all other nations in establishing our financial policy; pledged to take the United States from the front rank of the nations that do ninety-five per cent. of the world's business and place it with those that now do only five per cent.; pledged to substitute free trade for protection; pledged to unsettle everything, to introduce confusion where now is order, uncertainty where now is certainty, the silence of idleness where now is heard the busy hum of industry, the crowded soup-house for the full dinner-pail, to place an Altgeld on the supreme bench, a Tillman in the Cabinet, to turn over to Aguinaldo, with his pockets lined with the traitor's gold and his hands red with the blood of our soldiers, the trust we agreed in sight of God and man faithfully ourselves to fulfill.

The American people know that the payment of one set of coupons in silver would be an earnest of what is to come, and it would therefore jeopardize the credit of this government and this people, and immediately loans would become difficult, investments would stop, payments would be enforced, manufacturing would be suspended or curtailed, and idle workmen would curse the cry of imperialism that was used to blind them to the real dangers of Bryanism.

IMPERIALISM.

The last Democratic convention selected the Fourth of July as its date of meeting, and undertook to bring about the nomination of Mr. Bryan upon that day in order that he might appropriate as his own special platform the Declaration of Independence. He, however, did not then fully appreciate this opportunity, but preferred to build his platform with his own well-worn plank of 16 to 1, and he threatened to decline to lead the grand old party to another defeat unless this silver heresy was again declared to be the shibboleth of the party. He would not be a candidate upon a platform that did not declare in favor of 16 to 1, and yet he became a candidate upon a platform that subordinated it to imperialism, and declared the latter the paramount issue of the campaign.

The controlling spirit in giving this paramountcy to imperialism was Richard Croker, boss of Tammany, and boss of the Ice Trust, a trust that included among its stockholders most of the leading

Bryanite, pro-Silver, Anti-Trust Democratic officials of New York, a trust that raised the price of ice and shut off all five-cent purchasers during one of the hottest summers New York ever had, and thus made it hot for the poor whom Bryan thinks Providence placed under his special care. Mr. Croker, in his worry over his ice troubles, precipitated by Teddy Roosevelt, evidently forgot a published statement—forgot a published statement of his in which he said, "I believe in holding whatever we have gained by annexation, purchase, or war. . . . If the great country west of the Rocky Mountains were filled with wild Indians, how long would it take us to suppress them and make them respect our laws and constitution? The same thing applies to the Philippines and other country that may fall into our hands by the providence of peace or war."

The leading newspaper supporting this paramount issue is the San Francisco *Examiner*. It evidently has forgotten that on April 27, 1899, it said: "We trust that Mr. Bryan will yet range himself in line with the national aspirations for expansion. . . . The popular instinct of a nation can not be changed in sixteen months, nor can a creature of expediency be converted into a statesman by an appeal to the truths of history. Mr. Bryan may think he is close to the people, and that his silly talk about 'imperialism' moves them, but he will soon find out that Americans are as much in favor of expansion to-day as they were when they applauded the acquisition of Louisiana territory by that noted imperialist, Thomas Jefferson."

On the ninth of August Mr. Bryan journeyed to Indianapolis to be formally notified of his nomination by the Democratic convention. The notification was made in a public park, whither he was escorted by brass bands and uniformed clubs, and where thousands assembled to hear him sound the key-note of his campaign. He was expected to open the Democratic campaign and to give to all Democratic orators their political cue. His address was carefully prepared and read from manuscript. It filled columns in the newspapers, and yet there was scarcely one word in it about the people of this country or their interests. The Filipinos centered all his attention, and the American workman's crown of thorns and cross of gold were forgotten for the more absorbing troubles of the Malays. Not even the disfranchised negro of the South was remembered by this man whose convention met on the fourth day of July. His tears could flow for the distant brown man, but not for the black man at home.

I can readily understand that Mr. Bryan appreciated the fact that the American people do not need his solicitude, and that therefore he must go far from home to find some one over whom to lament, just as he went far from his own home to receive the notification of his nomination.

He seems, however, to have forgotten his letter of acceptance of his nomination in 1896, wherein he said "until the money question is fully and finally settled the American people will not consent to the consideration of any other important question," for he still claims that the money question is not settled, or he thinks that the American people have forgotten it. He will find that the American people will never consider the money question as settled until he ceases to be a menace to the financial stability of the country, and that they will consider him to be such a menace until he retracts the following statement made by him in 1896, to wit: "If there is any one who believes that a gold standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I ask him not to cast a vote for me, for I promise him it will not be maintained in the country longer than I am able to get rid of it."

Mr. Bryan will find that the American people know that his cry of imperialism, the calling it the paramount issue of the campaign, is but a mask to cover his purpose to establish the free coinage of silver, a mask to cover his purpose to bring in free trade, a mask to cover his purpose to overthrow the banking system, a mask to cover an attack on the supreme court, and a purpose to re-organize it if he can get the opportunity.

Some one has well said that this talk of imperialism is like the rattle of the snake that hurts nobody, but that free silver is the poisoned fang in the head of the reptile that is dangerous.

But what of imperialism? Mr. Bryan enlisted in the war against Spain not as a private, but as a colonel. (Roosevelt was content with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, though he gave up the high position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy.) The war ended, but with no additional laurels on Colonel Bryan's brow, and he looked around for an opportunity to get into the procession. The hand-wagon with McKinley, and Roosevelt, and Dewey, and Sampson, and Schley, and Shafter, and Wood, and Lawton, and Chaffee, and McArthur aboard had gone by, but there was still a chance to get in at the head of the second division, which he hoped would be remembered here because it was seen last. The treaty of Paris acknowledging the independence of Cuba and ceding to us Puerto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines was before the Senate for ratification. There was danger of its defeat. The leading Democratic papers were bursting from expansion. The hour for a great coup had come, and Bryan was the man for the hour. Here was a chance to become marshal of the second division of the parade. To see the opportunity was to grasp it, and the Nebraska colonel doffed his uniform and hid him, at his own request, to Washington to save the treaty. According to his enlistment his duty was with his regiment. According to his ambition his duty was in Washington.

Before the vote was taken on the treaty the Filipinos had succeeded in bringing about a clash of arms with the American army, and while the vote was being taken they were shooting at our flag and our soldiers. That should have been Mr. Bryan's signal for opposing the treaty if he was then in favor of an immediate promise of independence to the Filipinos. He knew that the treaty ceded Puerto Rico and the Philippine Islands absolutely to the United States; that it provided that the United States should pay \$20,000,000 for the Philippine Islands; that the independence of Cuba was guaranteed, and not the independence of either Puerto Rico or the Philippines, but that, on the contrary, it was provided that "the civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories hereby ceded to the United States shall be determined by the Congress."

He knew that we could not, with any pride or self-respect, adopt the treaty and thereby accept sovereignty, and then yield this sovereignty to those firing on our flag. He knew that we must and that we would put down the insurrection before we would talk of the independence of the insurgents. He knew that we had never voluntarily given independence to the native inhabitants of any territory ever acquired by us, and that none could force us to give that which we had determined it was our right to control. Knowing all this, he still advocated, and, more than any other man, secured the ratification of the treaty. Without his aid it would have been defeated. When, therefore, he says that "that party is responsible for the shedding of American blood in the Philippines that was responsible for a treaty that made free men of Cubans and tried to make vassals of the Filipinos," the people will point their finger at him and exclaim, "Thou art the man!"

Now he says that he advocated the adoption of the treaty in order that we might assume the task of giving independence to the Filipinos. If Aguinaldo had not attacked our army, if he had not attempted to drive us out of the islands by shot and shell and fire and massacre, who knows what would have been done by us? We give nothing under fire. No, Mr. Bryan, there was but one course for Mr. McKinley to take after Aguinaldo had fired on our flag, and the Senate had so ratified the treaty, and that course he took, and is now pursuing, and the American people will cry out in no uncertain tone, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

In further explanation of his advocacy of this treaty, Mr. Bryan said: "I believe that we are now in a better position to wage a successful contest against imperialism than we would have been had the treaty been rejected. With the treaty ratified, a clean-cut issue is presented between a government by consent and a government by force, and imperialism must bear the responsibility for all that happens until the question is settled."

This sounds as if Mr. Bryan was then setting up a man of straw in order to knock him down, and that he advocated the ratification of the treaty in order to make an imperialist of the President and then attack him for his imperialism, for there certainly could have been no charge of taking the islands if we did not take them. The balance of his explanation is just as flimsy. He said: "If the treaty had been rejected, the opponents of imperialism would have been held responsible for any international complications which might have arisen before the ratification of another treaty."

How could these complications have concerned this country? If we did not want the Philippines, if we declined to have them, what busi-

ness was it of ours what became of them or who took them or fought over them?

So much for Mr. Bryan's explanation of his reasons for advocating the ratification of the treaty. Now, as to his remedy for this Philippine trouble, he said: "If elected, I shall convene Congress in extraordinary session as soon as I am inaugurated, and recommend an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose—first, to establish a stable form of government in the Philippine Islands, just as we are now establishing a stable form of government in the island of Cuba; second, to give independence to the Filipinos, just as we have promised to give independence to the Cubans; third, to protect the Filipinos from outside interference while they work out their destiny, just as we have protected the republics of Central and South America, and are, by the Monroe doctrine, pledged to protect Cuba."

The Anti-Imperialists first demanded that we drop the Philippines like a hot potato and run home. A noted college president said that on some dark night we should steal out as quietly as we stole in. Now, they say that we should not steal out, but that we must stay there, and do three things, to wit: (1) Establish a stable form of government; (2) Give them independence; (3) Protect them from outside interference.

Mr. McKinley has twice replied to this proposition. In his last annual message he said: "The suggestion has been made that we could renounce our authority over the islands, and giving them independence, could retain a protectorate over them. This proposition will not be found, I am sure, worthy of your serious attention. Such an arrangement would involve, at the outset, a cruel breach of faith. It would place the peaceable and loyal majority, who ask nothing better than to accept our authority, at the mercy of the minority of armed insurgents. . . . It would make us responsible for the acts of the insurgent leaders and give us no power to control them. It would charge us with the task of protecting them against each other, and defending them against any foreign power with which they chose to quarrel. In short, it would take from the Congress of the United States the power of declaring war and vest that tremendous prerogative in the Tagal leader of the hour."

"It does not seem desirable that I should recommend at this time a separate and final form of government for these islands. When peace shall be restored, it shall be the duty of Congress to construct a plan of government which shall establish and maintain peace and order in the Philippines."

In his letter of acceptance he states the proposition with a clearness and terseness that must satisfy the American people:

"In short, the proposition of those opposed to us is to continue all the obligations in the Philippines which now rest upon the government, only changing the relation from principal, which now exists, to that of surety. Our responsibility is to remain, but our power is to be diminished. Our obligation is to be no less, but our title is to be surrendered to another power, which is without experience or training, or the ability to maintain a stable government at home, and absolutely helpless to perform its international obligations with the rest of the world. To this we are opposed. We should not yield our title while our obligations last."

If the Filipinos are to be independent they may prefer and will have the right to select their own protector. They may order us to keep our Monroe doctrine at home. We certainly are under no moral or other obligations to protect an independent people living on the other side of the world, and have better use for our money. The Monroe doctrine has to be stretched to cover America. It will not stand an Oriental expansion.

McKinley is now endeavoring to establish a stable form of government in these islands, and would have progressed much further in his task but for the conduct of Mr. Bryan and his friends. But, if we are to be controlled in this task by the doctrine of the "consent of the governed," as interpreted by Mr. Bryan and his parties, what form of government would we establish under Mr. Bryan's leadership? We can not very consistently spend twenty millions for the privilege and many more millions in establishing any other than a Republican form of government. But suppose the Filipinos want a dictatorship, such as Aguinaldo proclaimed, or a monarchy, or an oligarchy, or suppose the Tagalogs, who number 1,500,000, want one form, and the Visayans, who number 2,500,000, another, and the Moros another, and the Ilocanos another! If we can give them only that form of government to which they consent, what a hollow mockery it would be to say to them, "Choose your government; your consent is a prerequisite to any action on our part, but you must choose a republic, as we must give you some form of government, and we can not establish any other without destroying our own."

Whose consent shall we obtain? There is no Philippine people, as we use the term. We have already the consent of Visayans in Negros, of the Moros in Sulu, and of a majority of the Tagalogs in Luzon.

Mr. Bryan knows as well as does the President that the insurgents under Aguinaldo constitute a minority not only of the Filipinos, but also of the Tagalogs. The report of the two commissions and of the military commanders are unanimous in stating that the majority of these people are friendly to this government.

The President, therefore, very pertinently says in his letter of acceptance: "We are asked to transfer our sovereignty to a small minority in the islands without consulting the majority, and abandoning the largest portion of the population, which has been loyal to us, to the cruelties of the guerrilla insurgent bands. More now than this, we are asked to protect this minority in establishing a government, and to this end repress all opposition of the majority. We are required to set up a stable government in the interest of those who have assailed our sovereignty and fired on our soldiers, and then to maintain it at any cost or sacrifice against its enemies within and against those having ambitious designs without. The American people will not make the murderers of our soldiers the agents of the republic to convey the blessings of liberty and order in the Philippines. They will not make them the builders of the new commonwealth. What, then, is the real issue on this subject? Whether it is paramount to any other or not, it is whether we shall be responsible for the government of the Philippines with the sovereignty and authority which enables us to guide them to regulated liberty, law, safety, and progress, or whether we shall be responsible for the forcible and arbitrary government of a minority without sovereignty and authority on our part, and only the embarrassment of a protectorate which draws us into their troubles without the power of preventing them."

The President could have said: "A minority headed by Aguinaldo, who sold his country and his right to live therein for Spanish gold, who planned and ordered the massacre of every American soldier and civilian and every other foreigner in Manila, including women and children."

This minority is encouraged to continue the insurrection by the course taken by the Democratic party and by the utterances of Mr. Bryan. This is proved by the report of the last commission, by the reports of our generals, and by the Filipinos themselves.

The present commission, headed by Judge Taft, an anti-expansionist, and containing on its board Mr. Wright, a Democrat, and Professor Moses, of our university, whom we all know, recently reported as follows: "Disturbances in parts of island, kept up and avowed by insurgent proclamation and orders to influence election, do not show unfriendly attitude of majority of people of provinces where they occur. . . . Uncertainty as to future policy of United States and defenselessness of people without arms largely prevent them from aiding Americans in suppressing outrages. . . . It is conceded by all but men in arms, and is implied in their proclamations, that if the election confirms the present policy the remnant of the insurrection will disappear within sixty days by the surrender of the leader and the fading out of the rank and file."

On this point listen to the following letter very recently written by a young Virginia soldier in the Philippines to his parents: "The anti-expansionists at home have simply ruined all prospects of any probable termination of troubles here, at least until after election. They have discouraged our men and encouraged our enemies. Evidently the soundness of their views, they are guilty of the highest treason and hundreds of deaths must of necessity be laid at their door. The natives have the greatest confidence in Bryan, and they don't hesitate to tell us that as soon as he is elected the soldiers will all be sent away, and they will run things to suit themselves."

"I was down at Calamba a few days ago and saw a large picture of

Bryan stuck up in a native's hut. They all firmly believe he will be elected in November, and they also believe that the anti-expansionists are largely in the majority in the United States. The natives have always been accustomed to living under a most despotic form of government, and for any one to criticize or disagree with the methods of the reigning powers meant no less than instant death and confiscation of all property, and so they reason that if Bryan's party was not stronger than the reigning power in the United States it would be impossible for the party to exist."

"It makes me weary every time I see in one of the papers from the States where some 'anti' is shooting off his head about these poor, down-trodden people over here, and how they are being imposed upon by the Americans, and yet these people who are doing all the talking don't know any more about the condition of affairs in the islands than I do about preaching a sermon. In the first place, they are better off now than they ever were in their lives before, have more liberty and more to eat and are making more money. The natives make a day more than they made in a week before. When farmers raise a crop, as they do now, they do not give half of it to the church and the other half to the government, as they did formerly, and starve themselves. They can carry their goods to market and not be robbed before they get there by *ladrones*.

"The majority of us will be glad when we can return to civil life. We are all tired of it, but we can not leave until there is a change in the situation. In the meantime we need encouragement, instead of being branded as murderers, robbers, and desperadoes. I don't believe you will find a man in the service here who would be willing to give up the islands. It keeps a fellow guessing. I don't know what to make of it. I have been a Democrat all my life and was always a great admirer of Mr. Bryan, but I can not for the life of me see how a man can conscientiously be a follower of Bryan and fight under the Stars and Stripes at the same time."

Very strong testimony in support of our accusation against Mr. Bryan is the following extract from a letter from a Filipino to Aguinaldo, and found among Aguinaldo's papers captured by us. It counsels Aguinaldo to peace, and says: "We are in error, and yet we persist in that error, impelled by those who dream of a triumph of a party which is to-day in the minority in the United States, without perceiving that this party is also American, and that they are not going to give us our independence out of hand as a matter of sentiment at the expense of the honor of America, and in spite of the grave responsibility, both international and domestic, contracted under the treaty of Paris. Others dream that because part of the press of Europe copies from the American anti-imperialist papers the criticisms of that party against the government of President McKinley, a European intervention in our favor is to take place, without reflecting that the treaty of Paris was made before all the civilized world, and with its assent."

Here is a note of honor that Mr. Bryan seems to have missed. We have solemnly by treaty guaranteed to the Spanish subjects remaining in the Philippines protection in their property, their business, their persons, and their religion.

Suppose that we turn over these islands to Aguinaldo, as we must under the Bryan theory, if he and his followers refuse their consent to any government we may establish, and it is a certainty that he will never consent, will the man who attempted to massacre these people while we were in Manila forego his butchery after we have departed? Is American honor, are American promises nothing? Verily, Carl Schurz was right in saying in 1896 that the election of Bryan would be at the price of national honor, which has never been forfeited. All our promises are equally binding, whether contained in a bond or a treaty. The man who would disregard one would disregard the other. Bryan would disregard both. He will never have the opportunity to disregard either.

In his Indianapolis speech, Mr. Bryan said: "The Republican party to-day is responsible for every drop of blood drawn from an American soldier in the Philippine Islands or drawn by an American soldier."

In these distant islands, not many months ago, there died on the firing-line at the head of his troops, as brilliant as gallant a soldier, as brave a man, as true a patriot as ever any nation called a hero, and this people and generations yet unborn will honor the fame and name of Lawton. This is what he said a few days before he was killed on the field of battle by a Filipino bullet: "If I am shot by a Filipino bullet, it might as well come from one of my own men, because I know that the continuance of fighting here is due to reports sent out from America."

Who tells the truth, the man at the front or the man in the rear?

Which will the American people believe? The man who gave his life for his country, or the man who gives only his jaw, and cares not how many of our soldiers' lives are sacrificed upon the altar of his selfish ambition?

I would commend to his thoughtful consideration the following statement made by the New York Journal before the ratification of the treaty.

"President McKinley's proclamation to the people of the Philippines, through General Otis, ought to secure the hearty cooperation in our work of regeneration. The President promises them all they hoped to win in their revolt against Spain. President McKinley promises that civil and municipal government shall be carried on as far as practicable by officers chosen from the inhabitants of the island, and if, in performing this work of civilization, American blood should be shed, the position of our anti-expansionists would not be enviable. The first shot fired against the American flag would make domestic opposition to the measures of our government overt treason."

Think of that, Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan is very fond of quoting from the speeches of Abraham Lincoln. I would suggest to him that when he calls the suppression of the Filipino insurrection an unholy and unjust war, knowing that his words will reach alike the ear of the Filipino rebel and of the American soldier, as they scan each other along the barrels of their loaded rifles, he quote the following appropriate remarks of Abraham Lincoln, aimed at such orators as he:

"He who dissuades one man from volunteering, or induces one soldier to desert, weakens the cause as much as he who kills an American soldier in battle. Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier-boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert? This is none the less injurious when effected by getting a father, or mother, or friend into a public meeting and there working upon his feelings till he is persuaded to write the soldier-boy that he is fighting in a bad cause, for a wicked administration of a contemptible government. I think that, in such a case, to silence the agitator and save the boy is not only constitutional, but withal a great mercy."

Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, has been a very bitter opponent of the President in his Philippine policy, and is now an advocate of Bryan's election and his own. One of these fathers to whom Lincoln referred recently wrote the following letter to the senator, in reply to his appeal for aid in this campaign. I commend this letter to Mr. Bryan's consideration. It is as follows:

"You ask for the active assistance of your 'friends' to overcome the efforts of the Republicans to defeat you. Your friends are mostly in the island of Luzon, and one of my sons is now suffering from the tortures of a Mauser bullet sent into his chest by one of them. Your boasted friends are the enemies of our country, and are thriving on the encouragement and support derived from you as senator from South Dakota. I had two sons in the Philippine rebellion, and your political consort, Judge Moore, prayed that the god of battles would strengthen the arm of their opponents that they might drive these sons and their comrades into the sea. This sentiment you have countenanced and encouraged by your every public act, and it is because of your having thus countenanced and encouraged such treason that the rebellion in the Philippines still hangs on."

I commend to these idle-scarred sons and to their fathers and mothers the following slur upon the American soldiers recently uttered by Mr. Bryan: "In a recent speech at Chicago Mr. Bryan is reported to have spoken as follows: 'If 100,000 soldiers are permitted to walk about in idleness where one soldier would do, what are we coming to?'"

The fact is that of these 100,000 soldiers one-third are regulars and the remaining two-thirds are practically volunteers whose enlistment

is only for one year longer. Have they been, or are they now walking about in idleness where one soldier would do? Have General Wood and his men been idle in Cuba? Were Otis and Lawton and Funston and MacArthur and their brave boys idle in Luzon? Were Liscum and the Ninth Infantry idle at Tien-tsin? Has Chaffee been idling away his time on a pleasure-trip from Tien-tsin to Pekin?

Is it harder work to lecture at Chatauqua clubs, talk at county fairs, and orate from the rear end of a Pullman car than to cleanse the Cuban Augean stable of the accumulated filth of centuries of Spanish misrule, and fight yellow fever? Is it pleasanter to listen to the whizz of a Mauser bullet than the applause of a listening throng? Is it as dangerous and exhausting to make a political campaign, as beneath a tropic sun or in tropic rains, in dust and mud, climbing mountains and fording rivers, to face death in open battle, or secret ambush, or in slow, wasting fever that our country's flag may wave victorious in our distant possessions, that our country's ambassador may be rescued from ignominious death? Are the graves of our soldiers in Cuba, Luzon, and China the resting-places of men who died walking about in idleness?

"Walking around in idleness,
Wherever the flag's assailed;
Meeting the foe with an idle might
That never yet had failed.
Lawton, and Liscum, and Logan, too—
Capron—the list is long—
Went to their death in 'idleness,'
And their 'idleness' was wrong."

"Grant and Sherman and Sheridan—
Why should we call the roll?
They idled away in the idle fight—
In fights that tried the soul.
Walking around in idleness
Braving the leader's hail!
What of the glow of a nation's pride?
Is that but an idle tale?"

"Walking around in idleness,
Over the Pekin road;
Scorched and worn by the galling sun,
Lugging an idle load,
Fighting with idle energy,
Cheering with idle breath—
Thinking, with idle love of home,
And dying an idle death."

Verily, he jests at scars who never felt a wound. Let every American resent this slur upon the nation's heroes.

Mr. Bryan, in quoting very often from the speeches of Abraham Lincoln, would make it appear that he is attempting to follow in the footsteps of the martyred President. In this regard President McKinley very pertinently says: "If our opponents would practice as well as preach the doctrine of Abraham Lincoln, there would be no fear for the safety of our institutions at home or their rightful influence in any territory over which our flag floats." In this regard President McKinley can very appropriately refer Mr. Bryan to Lincoln's first inaugural address, wherein he said: "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government." Bryan's footsteps point in an opposite direction. He has pledged himself, if elected, to call an extra session of Congress to give up some of the territory of the United States. But Mr. Bryan does not preach the doctrine of Lincoln. He garbles Lincoln's utterances and gives them a meaning Lincoln never intended, and therefore I do not think him honest. In his quotation from Lincoln in his Labor Day speech at Chicago, he made it appear that Lincoln apprehended that an attempt would be made to place the dollar above the man, and that thereby the liberties of the people would be destroyed by capital. The quotation reads as if taken bodily from Lincoln's first annual message to Congress. Instead, it is made up of disconnected sentences taken here and there from a message that was discussing the monarchical tendencies of the slave States, was contrasting the slave labor in the South and the hired laborer in the North, the hopelessness of the former and the independence and helpfulness of the latter, but which in no way was colored by any such demoralizing rhetoric as that which Bryan attempted to give to it.

Lincoln was the last man to attempt to mount ambition's ladder upon rungs made of class dissension and internecine strife. He recognized the catholicity of labor, the respect due to honest toil, the interdependence of labor and capital, the protection due to employer and employee alike, and he voiced this sentiment in that part of this message which Mr. Bryan omitted to quote. He said: "Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as other rights."

Lincoln was essentially a man of the people, and his great human heart had room in it for all his countrymen, rich and poor alike, and his mission was to sow far and wide with liberal hand the seeds of fellowship and brotherhood and not of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness.

Mr. Bryan was therefore dishonest in so using Lincoln's great name to fan the flame of discord between wage-earners and wage-payers. This dishonesty was again apparent in a subsequent speech wherein he said: "If he is a wage-earner, and you do not know how soon he may be even if he is not now, is he safe when he is liable to be deprived of trial by jury through the system known as government by injunction?"

Mr. Bryan is a lawyer. He knows the constitution of the United States and of every State. He knows that the right of trial by jury is guaranteed in every constitution drawn by the Anglo-Saxon race since Magna Charta, and that no human power desires to or can take it away from the humblest pauper that begs for alms upon our public streets.

He knows that no man under the American Government is liable to be deprived of trial by jury through government by injunction, or by anything else except by the anarchy he, Bryan, is inciting. He knows the province of the writ of injunction, to wit: to prevent the doing or continuing of an act that would cause damage that no court of law in its usual course can redress, such as the infringement of a patent right, of a copyright, of a trade-mark, the polluting or shutting off of water, the commission of waste, the conspiring of tradesmen or manufacturers or railroads in violation of the interstate commerce act, or of striking laborers to prevent by force commerce by rail between the States or the transportation of the mails. He knows that this preventive remedy has been applied alike to employer and employee, that it broke up the combination of railroads to control the traffic between the Missouri and the Pacific, and the combination of coal-dealers in this city to keep up the price of coal, as well as the combination of Debs and his associates to stop the running of trains. He knows that it is a contempt of court to disobey its writs, whether of injunction or otherwise; that courts must have the summary power to mete out immediate punishment for such disobedience; that without such power courts might as well close their doors and the judicial ermine give place to the red coat of anarchy, the woollack to the guillotine. He knows that the railroad officials and coal-dealers would have been punished by fine and imprisonment if they had disobeyed the injunctions issued against them. He knows that the striking workmen defied the mandates of the courts and were punished solely for such disobedience, as the courts have done under the wisest judges since English law was known; and he knows that such punishments have not in the least impaired to any man the right of trial by jury.

I say, therefore, that in the above utterance he was dishonest with the people, and sowed the wind from which they may reap the whirlwind, and therein he wandered as far from the path that Lincoln trod as did the path of Robespierre diverge from that of Washington.

It is not improbable that Mr. Bryan, owing to his apparent familiarity with the career of Lincoln, has copied his diatribes against McKinley from those uttered in 1864 against Lincoln. The same charges of imperialism that are now made against McKinley were then made against Lincoln. The Indianapolis *Sentinel*, that is now attacking McKinley, attacked Lincoln in 1864, as follows:

"Shall we profit by the teachings of history, and even by our own experience, or continue a policy that must end in the overthrow of one of the best governments that the world ever saw, and of civil liberty? . . . Have not the people daily evidence that Abraham Lincoln is assuming despotic power. More than 1800 years ago Rome was

governed by three men at the end of that republic. One was Caesar. They were all of noble blood. And we, too, have our triumvirate—Lincoln, Stanton, Halleck. Should Mr. Lincoln be reflected, the revolution will be accomplished. This will be no longer a republic of the United States, but a consolidated empire."

In 1864 the Democratic national platform proclaimed that during Lincoln's first administration, under the pretense of a military necessity of a war-power higher than the constitution, the constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private rights alike trodden down."

These charges were made all over the North, and yet, notwithstanding, Lincoln was reelected, the Union was saved, constitutional liberty was sustained and strengthened, and Lincoln's name became a household word, his statues in marble or bronze grace every city in the land, and his fame is and ever will be enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen as one of their most priceless heritages.

In 1868 the Democratic national platform contained the startling accusation against the Republican party that under its repeated assaults the pillars of the government are rocking on their base, and, should it succeed in November next and inaugurate its President, we will meet as a subject and conquered people amid the ruins of liberty and the scattered fragments of the constitution.

General Grant was the President here referred to. The people of the North knew that he had been the battering-ram that had demolished the wall the South had built to divide the Union. The people of the South knew that he was as noble toward a conquered foe as he was great as an opposing one. The people of the entire country, therefore, notwithstanding this terrible prophecy, twice elected and inaugurated as their President the Hero of Appomattox. Then came Hayes and Garfield and Cleveland and Harrison and Cleveland again and McKinley, and we have not yet met "as a subject and conquered people amid the ruins of liberty and the scattered fragments of the constitution," but are, on the contrary, giving liberty and good government, law, order, and protection to those who for centuries have themselves been subject and conquered people.

I would suggest to Mr. Bryan that when he talks of this people losing their liberties, he add to his quotations from Lincoln the following remark of Lincoln's: "There is no fear of the people losing their liberties. We all know that to be the cry of demagogues, and none but the ignorant will listen to it."

This cry of imperialism is purely a bogey man that should scare no man. Not a thing done in Cuba, Puerto Rico, or the Philippines is in any way imperialistic. Vast powers have been necessarily exercised by the President in all of these islands, and yet a great Democratic leader, Senator Morgan, recently said of him:

"His conduct in the government of our newly acquired insular possessions does not justify the suspicion that, personally, he demands these vast powers for his own aggrandizement or for any imperial purpose. His conduct, in the exercise of almost imperial sway in these islands, has established before the whole world the great fact that an American President, inspired with the self-control and self-abnegation which is enjoined by our constitution and is taught by the spirit of our government, is superior to the temptations of unlawful and unhallowed ambitions."

This encomium on McKinley is not only true of him to-day, but will also be true of him four years from now, when he is nearing the close of his second Presidential term.

In short, if it be imperialism to favor territorial expansion, then imperialism has been characteristic of every President who by conquest or treaty has expanded our domain from the Mississippi to the Golden Gate and from the Rio Grande to Alaska. It includes among its votaries Jefferson and Jackson, Adams and Monroe, Polk and Pierce, Andrew Johnson, who brought beneath our flag the land that is lit by the aurora borealis, and Ulysses S. Grant, who would have illumined our galaxy of stars with the Southern Cross that brightens the skies over San Domingo.

There is nothing new, much less imperialistic, in any of the events that have followed upon our war with Spain. From the moment when the Puritans landed upon Plymouth Rock to the ratification of the Treaty of Paris we have never asked the consent of the people of any territory that we have acquired whether by purchase or conquest. Our own government was not established by the consent of all the governed. The colonists came with patents to lands that made no mention of the inhabitants thereof, and whom they did not consult, except at the point of a dagger or over the barrel of a gun. These colonists in the course of time established this government and adopted the constitution, building upon the Declaration of Independence that proclaimed that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and yet they did not permit the Indians and negroes, both free and slave, or all of those who were disqualified by poverty from voting, constituting altogether one-fourth of the population, to give or refuse their consent, any more than the Southern people to-day give the disfranchised negro a voice in the government, though they applaud to the skies Bryan's rodomontades against McKinley for governing the Philippines without their consent.

After the formation of the union several of the States ceded to the federal government what was known as the "North-West Territory," and now which constitutes the States of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana. As the ceding States had never obtained the consent of the natives to be governed by them they did not consult them in giving them a new ruler.

Give Rogers Clark conquered for us the Illinois country and carried our boundaries to the Mississippi on the West and the Great Lakes on the North, but we did not ask the consent of the French inhabitants of that region.

The next, and the greatest of all our expansions, was the Louisiana purchase. There is no word in the treaty about the consent of the governed, nor in the resolutions of Congress which gave Jefferson the power to rule over that vast region, nor in the act organizing the territorial government, which was to be the creation of the executive power. Yet there were 30,000 white men settled at the mouth of the Mississippi and in its neighborhood who had no good will to this government, and whose rights were never consulted at all by the nation which decided their fate, and who protested against the government imposed upon them.

A few years passed, and, in 1819, we bought Florida from Spain without the consent of the governed, and this crime against the Declaration of Independence was perpetrated by John Quincy Adams and James Monroe.

Next came Texas. Was the consent of the Mexicans who lived in that great region ever asked by us or any one? Then came the Mexican War and the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, whereby we acquired New Mexico, California, Arizona. There were many Mexicans within this territory. We never asked their consent. On the contrary, they made bloody opposition. There was an insurrection in New Mexico in which many officials, including the governor, were massacred, and there were some small fights in California, but we put them down with the sword.

Next came the Gadsden purchase of 45,000 square miles, whereby we bought territory with the people on it, and nobody was consulted except the governments of the United States and Mexico.

Next came the purchase of Alaska with the people in it, and it never occurred to any one to ask their consent. Jefferson, Monroe, Polk, Pierce, and Andrew Johnson were the Democratic Presidents who were guilty of imperialism, as defined by Mr. Bryan, in acquiring these lands without consulting the inhabitants thereof.

We might ask the shades of these Democratic Presidents in the language of Mr. Bryan's Indianapolis speech: "Did we purchase the people? If not, how did we secure title to them? Were they thrown in with the land?" They would refer us for an answer to the supreme court of the United States, which has said that "On a transfer of territory by treaty the relations of the inhabitants with their former sovereign are dissolved, and new relations are created between them and the government which has acquired their territory. The same act which transfers their country, transfers the allegiance of those who remain in it."

Mr. Bryan knows this to be settled law, and his statement was therefore another instance in which he was dishonest with the American people.

Democratic Presidents not only annexed contiguous territory, but endeavored to acquire non-contiguous territory. Jefferson wanted Cuba; Polk undertook to annex it, and offered Spain \$100,000,000 for

it; Pierce was willing to add \$30,000,000 to this; Buchanan three times recommended its acquisition to Congress; and the Democratic conventions of 1860 resolved in favor of its annexation, but nothing was said by any of these officials in their letters or messages about the people of Cuba, or about their wishes, or whether its acquisition would be by the "consent of the governed."

Andrew Johnson negotiated a treaty with Denmark for the cession of the Danish West Indies, and, before him, President Pierce negotiated a treaty with the King of the Hawaiian Islands for their acquisition, but objected to the acceptance of the Hawaiian territory coupled with any agreement which would require its admission as a State of the Union, an objection that would shock the modern Democrat.

The Democrats of the past not only annexed every foot of the territory that we have annexed upon this continent, and attempted to annex non-contiguous territory without consulting the inhabitants thereof, but they also governed these people without obtaining their consent and independently of the constitution.

In 1803, in providing for the government of the Louisiana Territory, Congress vested all military, civil, and judicial powers in such person or persons, and to be exercised in such manner as the President of the United States should direct, and Jefferson exercised this power in accordance with the general principles of the constitution; but there was no consultation with the inhabitants, no participation in their government accorded them, and no rights assured to them except "the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion." For this Jefferson was called an "Imperialist" and accused of establishing a despotic government.

In 1819 Congress vested the same power in President Monroe, and he acted as Jefferson did. But say the Bryanites, "We acquired all our previous territory with the intention to occupy the soil with our own people and eventually to admit it into the union as a State."

New Mexico and Arizona were acquired in 1848 with a promise of Statehood, and this promise has not yet been kept, though over fifty years have gone by. Alaska was acquired in 1867 under no such promise, and she has just obtained local government. Its admission as a Territory, and the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as States depend solely upon the will of Congress. In the meantime we have given Puerto Rico a more independent government than we ever gave to any of the Territories. We have treated her more generously. The other Territories we tax to support a government in which they were denied representation. To Puerto Rico we have given every dollar we have taken by tariff or taxation, and we are ready to treat the Philippines in the same manner. But, independent of all this, what is the difference in principle, between imposing government upon New Mexico against the consent of its people and treating the Filipinos in the same way? Did the fact that we intended to occupy New Mexico with our own people, and that we expected in due course of time to admit it into the Union, justify us in imposing upon the New Mexicans a government against which they rebelled, if all governments derive their just powers only from the consent of the governed? Has the fact that we did so treat them, that we put down their rebellion with the sword, that after the lapse of over half a century we have not kept our promise as to Statehood imperiled our government? Is there a single fundamental principle of our constitution, except trial by jury, that we have not extended to both Puerto Rico and the Philippines? There is none. There is no distinction between our conduct in the two acquisitions. The policy we adopted at the start we still continue.

This policy now condemned by William Jennings Bryan as imperialism was inaugurated by the men who made the constitution—by Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence. These men were practical men. They knew that no popular government can stand long or accomplish much for the good of the governed that is not carefully adjusted to the conditions and intelligence of the people who are to live under it. They therefore acquired territory without consulting the inhabitants, and gave them that government that in their opinion was best suited to their needs, never stopping to ask how far the government so created derived its just powers from the consent of the governed. They met the conditions that confronted them, and their justification is the government they bequeathed to us.

We must follow the same common-sense policy. In determining the question as to the form of government to be given to the people of Puerto Rico and the Philippines we must bear in mind that the vast majority of them are unable to read or write; that they have no experience in any real self-government or any really honest government; that in all their experience and traditions, law and freedom have been ideas which were not associated with each other, but opposed to each other. We must bear in mind that a people who are in this condition, who have never acquired any real understanding of the way to conduct a popular government, who have never learned the fundamental and essential lesson of obedience to the decision of the majority, would lapse into anarchy or fall under an oligarchy if intrusted now with self-government. We would be committing a crime, an outrage upon these people, and upon the civilized world; we would be recreant to our trust, if we did not train these people in the art of government before allowing them to govern themselves.

The people of these islands have acquired the moral right to be treated by the United States in accordance with the underlying principles of justice and freedom which we have declared in our constitution, and which are the essential safeguards of every individual against the powers of any government, because they are essential limitations inherent in the very existence of our government. "They are entitled to demand that they shall not be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; that private property shall not be taken for public use without compensation; that no law shall be passed impairing the obligation of contracts or freedom of religious worship; that all men shall be equal before the law, because we have declared that these rights belong to all men, because there is an implied contract between our government and every one under its dominion that these rights shall be respected and enforced, because observance of them is a part of the nature of our government. I do not think that any of you doubt but that Congress, in the exercise of its constitutional power to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory belonging to the United States, will hold itself sacredly bound by these limitations."

It will take time to eradicate from our island possessions the evil effects of centuries of Spanish misrule. For some time we must in the Philippines sustain the law with visible force until confidence is bred of justice, and the husbandman learns that he will reap what he sows, unmolested by native brigand or governmental bandit. This will require a standing army. A great bubble and cry is raised against a large standing army, and from the pages of history are culled the bloody records that standing armies have printed there of their onslaughts upon the lives and liberties of the people. Human history, like the Bible, can be used to prove any crime or virtue that human fears or hopes may conceive. But history is but an incomplete and inaccurate narrative of the past. It tells nothing of the living present. It is for to-day and to-morrow that we are now planning and legislating. The people of this century and the next are to produce the soldiers for our army. This army will be of the same warp and woof as the people whom it is feared they will oppress. They will be American citizens, as an American does not cease to be an American citizen when he becomes an American soldier. Does any one seriously believe that from the common schools of this country there can be enlisted an army from whom any military system, life, or discipline can eradicate that intelligence, manhood, independence, and love of liberty that has made the United States the land of the free? Does any one believe that the people that dared in their infancy to battle with England and wrested from her unwilling hands independence and sovereignty, that has extended the boundaries of this republic from the Atlantic to the Pacific across arid plains, over snow-clad mountains, and in the face of hostile savages, that stopped not at ocean's bounds, but brought within our domain islands in the sunset sea, that fought and won the War of the Rebellion, and the war with Spain, that has built up this government as a tower of strength for struggling humanity, from whose summit Liberty lights the world, that has planted a school-house upon every hill and on each school-house unfurled its flag—does any one believe that the descendants of those that fought at Bunker Hill, or Gettysburg, or Santiago have aught to fear for their liberties from a standing

army organized from their midst? If there be such a man, then I pity him, and I would not trust him on the firing-line.

Be assured therefore, my fellow-citizens, that in your Philippine policy you have not wandered away from the paths your fathers trod, that your government has not changed from a republic to an empire, that the Declaration of Independence is to-day as much as ever your guiding cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. In acquiring and governing the Philippines you follow the example not only of the men who founded this republic, but also of those who saved it. The Southern States attempted to break up this Union. They withdrew their consent to be governed by the Union. They wanted to sacrifice the Union to save slavery. Upon the principle that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed they based their right to secede. The federal government determined to preserve the Union, to sacrifice slavery to save the Union, to keep the Union intact with or without their consent. Thanks be to the God of our country that this was said and done, and that no more declaration of words was allowed to break up this greatest of nations.

And no mere declaration of words is going to induce this country to believe that all our Presidents from Washington to McKinley have been Imperialists, and that Bryan is our promised Messiah. No mere declaration of words is going to induce us to become the Don Quixote of the nations instead of the benefactor of mankind, to substitute Aguinaldo for McKinley in the regeneration of the Philippine Islands. The American people have for over a century been growing in power and wealth and righteousness. They have expanded in territory, increased in wealth, multiplied in numbers, developed in power, and held fast to popular government. Ever vigilant and watchful of their own interests they have poured out their blood and treasure in defense of the rights of others. I do not believe that all of a sudden, in the twinkling of an eye, they have changed in character, purpose, ambition, courage, or determination. I do not believe that a people who began a war to rescue the Cubans from oppression can end it by oppressing the Filipinos. I do not believe that we will establish in the Philippines a government different in principle from our own, though different in form.

I believe that we will show them how to govern under law, that we will teach them that office is a public trust, power a shield for justice and not a weapon of personal prowess, and public moneys a means of public beneficence and not of personal aggrandizement. I believe that under the aegis of our flag, law and order will drive out anarchy and brigandage, industry and education eradicate vagabondage and illiteracy, sanitation drive out disease, and that from the acorn of American civilization sown by us in these islands there will grow the mighty oak of self-government, whose branches will shelter them and their descendants henceforth and forever.

I believe that, as President McKinley has said, we will by our treatment of the Filipinos lead them to feel that it is their liberty and not our power, their welfare and not our gain, that we seek to enhance, and that, as our flag has never waved over any community save in blessing, they will acknowledge that it has not lost its gift of benediction by its world-wide journey to their shores.

Owing in a large measure, as we have seen, to the policy of the Republican party, our people are prosperous, and there is work for all that seek employment. Our farmers are paying their mortgages and capital finds ready investment. Our flag is respected at home and abroad. And yet, at this moment of prosperity, we stand at the parting of the ways. We have arrived at man's estate. What shall our manhood be? Shall we choose the road that leads to the uplands, that will utilize our manhood and make it great and glorious, or shall we select that path whose down grade needs neither struggle nor courage to travel, and whose terminal is the lowland of sloth and decay? Upon our choice depends the history of the next century.

Under the continued wise leadership of William McKinley we will choose the right path. He is one of the three great Presidents whose names shall be remembered throughout all time, and whose administrations mark the three great epochs in the history of this nation.

Washington brought order out of chaos, united the disunited pioneers of freedom, and laid plain and true the corner-stone of the grandest political edifice ever reared by the hand of man, this temple of liberty sheltering for all time government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Lincoln unlocked the manacles of the slave, made the bondman free, and cemented in blood these diverse sovereignties into a Union one and indivisible, now and forever.

McKinley loosed the American eagle that it might wing its flight and drive the Spanish vulture from the islands of the sea, opened the door through which this nation will march to a grandeur yet unknown, and proclaimed to the listening nations that the United States has taken its rightful place on the right of the line of the world powers, and that its flag, alike in the Orient and the Occident—its red, white, and blue flashing equally in the light of the setting and the rising sun—means everywhere the lightning of man's burdens, the lifting up of God's people.

It is said of McKinley, as it was said of Lincoln, that he holds his ear close to the ground, keeping step to the rhythm of the people's tread. This is a grand rhythm, second to none but that to which the stars keep time; it is the rhythm of every national anthem that e'er led warring hosts to battle or moved them to praise and thanksgiving. Inspired by its music Lincoln saved the Union, leaving at his death one flag alone floating in the United States; and McKinley enlarged this nation, and maintained its flag in distant lands where fate and war planted it, and boldly and confidently asks, "Who will baul it down?"

Neither individuals nor nations can live to themselves alone. We are our brothers' keepers. This nation in the great plans of the Almighty, in the economy of mankind, has its duty to perform in the working out of civilization. For its part of this great task it has been its whole life preparing. On May 1st, 1898, its hour was at hand, and in prophetic ink in the Sybillic Book of Fate it had long been written what it then should do. As the drop of rain starts but does not create the life lying dormant in the grain of wheat, as the flash of lightning reveals but does not produce the visions of the night, so the Battle of Manila did not of itself create a new burden nor impose a new responsibility. They had been for years preparing, and the flash of Dewey's guns simply revealed them.

Destiny works in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, and rarely reveals in advance what is forging in the workshop of Fate. Behind the curtain of the future to-morrow waits, holding in its hands the unexpected and the inevitable, towards which the unerring and irresistible magnet of Fate hurries the nations. This nation did not anticipate the outcome of its war with Spain. The Antilles and not the Philippines centred its attention. The liberating of the Cubans and not the civilizing of the Filipinos was the duty we undertook, the burden we assumed.

Likewise, neither Washington, Lincoln, nor McKinley anticipated the great things they were to do nor the responsibilities they were to assume, nor did they dream of the opportunities that were to knock at their doors. But each one proved himself to be a well chosen child of destiny in being equal to his opportunity when it came, to be a "man of mighty days, and equal to the days."

My fellow citizens, I believe that we will be true to our traditions, ever watchful of our liberties and of the rights of others committed to our care, loyal to our flag and all that it represents. I am confident that in the future we will not change in sturdiness of character or uprightness of purpose, but will continue to grow in wealth and power so that as our tasks so shall our strength be, and that we will ever be a light set upon a hill, an exemplar and leader among nations.

I believe that we will be equal to our new opportunities, that we will do our duty in this new sphere of national and international life in which it has pleased God to place us, and that, under the leadership of William McKinley, we will continue in our new career with no uncertain tread, meeting our new obligations as fearlessly, resolutely, and successfully as our revolutionary fathers met theirs when they founded this republic.

Great nations must bear great burdens. That is what makes them great. Our nation did not consciously seek this Oriental burden. But we have this burden to bear, this responsibility to fulfill, this duty to perform. We have never yet shrunk from a danger, neglected an obligation, or failed in a task. We will not close the century with an act of cowardice or an admission of incompetency.

Go to the polls and vote for McKinley. There can be and will be no imperialism, and so thinks every one who has confidence in the virtue, capacity, big purpose, and good faith of the American people,

A COOL SCOUNDREL.

The Peculiar Manner in which a Burglar Cracked a Bank.

My profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much worse than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago, me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since then, and at present isn't able to go out—was looking around for a job, being at that time rather hard up, as you might say. We struck a small country town—I ain't agoin' to give it away by telling where it was, or what the name of it was. There was one bank there; the president was a rich old duffer; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy, who used to sweep out and run of errands.

The bank was on the main street, pretty well up one end of it—nice, snug place, on the corner of a cross-street, with nothing very near it. We took our observations, and found there wasn't no trouble at all about it. There was an old watchman that walked up and down the street nights, when he didn't fall asleep and forget it. The vault had two doors; the outside one was cbilled iroo, and had a three-wheel combination lock; the inner door wasn't no door at all; you could kick it open. It didn't pretend to be nothing but fire-proof, and it wasn't even that. The first thing we done, of course, was to fit a key to the outside door. As the lock on the outside door was an old-fashioned Bacon lock, any gentleman in my profession who chances to read this article will know just how easy that job was, and how we done it. I may say here that the gentlemen in my line of business, having at times a good deal of leisure on their hands, do considerable reading, and are particularly fond of a neat bit of writing. In fact, in the way of literature, I have found among 'em—however, this being digression, I drop it, and go on with the main job again.

This was our plan: after the key was fitted I was to go into the bank, and Jim—that wasn't his name, of course, but let it pass—was to keep watch on the outside. When any one passed be was to tip me a whistle, and then I doused the glim and lay low; after they got by, I goes on again. Simple and easy, you see. Well, the night as we selected, the president happened to be out of town; gone down to the city, as he often did. I got inside all right, with a slide-lantern, a breast-drill, a small steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys, and a green-baize bag, to stow the swag. I fixed my light and rigged my breast-drill, and got to work on the door right over the lock.

Probably a great many of your readers is not so well posted as me about bank-locks, and I may say for them that a three-wheel combination lock has three wheels in it, and a slot in each wheel. In order to unlock the door, you have to get the three slots opposite to each other at the top of the lock. Of course if you know the number the lock is set on, you can do this; but if you don't, you have to depend on your ingenuity. There is in each of these wheels a small hole, through which you put a wire through the back of the lock when you change the combination. Now, if you can bore a hole through the door, and pick up those wheels by running a wire through those holes, why, you can open the door. I hope I make myself clear. I was boring that hole. The door was cbilled iron; about the neatest stuff I ever worked on. I went on steady enough; only stopped when Jim—which, as I said, wasn't his real name—whistled outside, and the watchman toddled by. By-and-by, when I'd got pretty oar through, I heard Jim—so to speak—whistle agao. I stopped, and pretty soon I heard footsteps outside, and I'm blowed if they didn't come right up the bank steps and I heard a key in the lock. I was so dumfounded when I heard that, that you could have slipped the bracelets right on me. I picked up my lantern, and I'll be banged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right on to the door, and there was the president. Instead of calling for help, as I supposed he would, he took a step inside the door, and shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at me. I knowed I ought to knock him down and cut out, but I'm blest if I could, I was that surprised.

"Who are you?" says be.

"Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark as he commenced it, and a-trying all the time to collect myself.

"I'm the president of the bank," says he, kinder short; "something the matter with the lock?"

By George! the idea came to me then.

"Yes, sir," says I, touching my cap; "Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this morning as the lock was out of order and he couldn't get in, and I'm come on to open it for him."

"I told Jennings a week ago," says he, "that he ought to get that lock fixed. Where is he?"

"He's been a-writing letters, and he's gone up to his house to get another letter he wanted for to answer."

"Well, why don't you go right on?" says he.

"I've got almost through," says I; "and I didn't want to finish up and open the vault till there was somebody here."

"That's very creditable to you," says he; "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't," be goes on, coming round by the door, "be too particular about avoiding the very suspicion of evil."

"No, sir," says I, kinder modest-like.

"What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.

"I don't rightly know yet," says I; "but I rather think it's a little wore on account of not being oiled enough. These 'ere locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," says he, "you might as well go right oo, now I'm here; I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you?—hold your lantern, or something of that sort?"

The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says:

"How do I know you're the president? I ain't ever seen you afore, and you may be a-trying to crack this bank, for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess that I should oot have thought of the position in which I was placing you. However, I can easily convince you that it's all right. Do you know what the president's name is?"

"No, I doo't," says I, sorter surly.

"Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket; "and you see the same name on these letters," and he took some letters from his coat.

I suppose I ought to have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:

"You might have got them letters to put up a job on me."

"You're a very honest man," says he; "one among a thousand. Don't think I'm at all offended at your persistence. No, my good fellow, I like it, I like it," and he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Now here," says he, taking a bundle out of his pocket, "is a package of ten thousand dollars in bonds. A burglar wouldn't be apt to carry those around with him, would he? I bought them in the city yesterday, and I stopped here to-night on my way home to place them in the vault, and, I may add, that your simple and manly honesty has so touched me that I would willingly leave them in your hands for safe-keeping. You needn't blush at my praise."

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them bonds. "Are you satisfied now?" says he.

I told him I was, thoroughly, and so I was. So I picked up my drill again, and gave him the lantern to hold, so that I could see the door. I heard Jim, as I call him, outside once or twice, and I like to have burst out laughing, thinking how be must be wondering what was going on inside. I worked away, and kept explaining to him what I was a-trying to do. He was very much interested in mechanics, he said, and he knowed as I was a man as was up in my business by the way I went to work. He asked me about what wages I got, and how I liked my business, and said he took quite a fancy to me. I turned round once in a while and looked at him a-setting up there as solemn as a biled owl, with my dark lantern in his blessed band, and I'm blamed if I didn't think I should have to holler right out.

I got through the lock pretty soon, and put in my wire and opeed it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.

"I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and go home. You can lock up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I doo't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night."

I told him I shouldn't do anything more with it now, as we could get in before morning.

"Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man," says he, as I swung the door to agao.

Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was a-comiog up the street.

"Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra look-out to-night."

"I will," says he, and we both went to the front door.

"There comes the watchman up the street," says be. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank-lock, and I want you to keep a sharp look-out to-night. He will stay here until Mr. Jennings returns."

"Good-night, again," says he, and we shook hands, and he went up the street.

I saw Jim, so-called, in the sbadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.

"Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools, and get ready to go."

I went back into the bank, and it didn't take long to throw the door open and stuff them honds into the bag. There was some boxes lying around, and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we'd had. I looked at my watch, and see it was just a quarter-past twelve. There was an express went through at half-past twelve. I tucked my tools in the bag on the top of the boods, and walked out to the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you his key."

"That's all right," says the watchman.

"I wouldn't go away very far from the bank," says I.

"No, I won't," says he; "I'll stay right about here all night."

"Good-night," says I, and I shook hands with him, and me and Jim—which wasn't his right name, you understand—took the twelve-thirty express, and the best part of that job was we never beard nothing of it.

It never got into the papers.

A mass-meeting of fruit-growers was held in Auburn, Cal., a few days ago, to discuss the merits of the new process for the concentration of fruit. Huge blocks of this concentrated fruit—grape, apricot, peach, pear, and plum—were in evidence, and were freely distributed among the audience. The fruit is concentrated in about the ratio of six to one, retaining its flavor, and keeping for an indefinite period. By this method all the over-ripe and under-sized fruit can be utilized. A factory will be established in Placer County.

Among recent arrivals from the Orient was J. C. Hement, a New York photographer and correspondent, who says the murder of the German minister has made the German troops in China into fighters almost as brutal as the Cossacks. Every time they get a chance to drive a bayonet home into a Chinese they do so, and are often heard to exclaim: "There is one for Von Ketteler!" Their campaign is one of revenge.

MANSFIELD'S SCENIC TRIUMPH.

The New York Production of "King Henry V." a Spectacular Success—One Entire Act a Magnificent Street Pageant without Spoken Lines.

Those enthusiasts who have never been convinced that "Shakespeare spells ruin," appear to have the best of it just now. E. H. Sothern's production of "Hamlet" began its run with small audiences, but interest in the actor's intelligent and sympathetic assumption of the rôle increased rapidly, and the second week found the play-house filled to the doors at each performance. Then came Richard Mansfield's great revival of that rarely seen historical play, "King Henry V.," and its success was immediate and overwhelming. That was only a week ago, and now still another Shakespearean spectacle is offered to New York play-goers, as Louis James and Kathryn Kidder brought out last evening that pictorial fantasy, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and it promises to win popular favor. This proves to many that the public taste has not been permanently destroyed—that Shakespeare's magic has not lost its potency with modern seekers of amusement.

But there is something to be said on the other side. Sothern's venture, it is true, did not depeod materially upon the skillful efforts of the scene-painter, the ingenuity of the stage-carpenter, or the resources of the costumer and the captain of the supers, though the settings and accessories were adequate. Mansfield's production does, however, rank first as a spectacle, a triumph of stage-management and pictorial art, and second as a play, though all the peculiar, original force of the much-lauded and warmly criticised actor-manager was thrown into its stirring situations. The James-Kidder revival was heralded as a special scenic production. This might be taken as evidence that Shakespeare's plays, mounted with a magoificence that was unknown twenty years ago, will delight the eyes of spectators and win a golden harvest, but that the art of the players who speak the immortal lines is but a secondary consideration.

When Richard Mansfield's force and subtlety, as shown in Baron Cbevalier, Mr. Hyde, and Beau Brummel, are forgotten, the splendor of the pageant he has presented in "King Henry V." will still be remembered, and its grandeur and impressiveness be referred to as an epoch-marking achievement in dramatic annals. Even that great master of stagecraft, Sir Henry Irving, has been outdone in this latest creation of genius, for the beauty of his most notable successes, the perfection of training shown in the movement of his mobs and marching soldiers, the artfully planned, dramatic culmination of his varied powers, have oever attained so high a pitch of excellence as Mansfield and the army under his direction have reached and held throughout the four long hours of this memorable preseotation at the Garden Theatre.

There are twenty-six changes of sceoery, some of them, of course, simple drop-curtains, but there are many elaborate settings, with a wealth of detail and historical accessories. Among the striking pictures are the throne-room at Westminster, the quay at Southampton, the intrenchments at Harfeur, the battle-field of Agincourt, and the interior of the cathedral at Troyes. But the surpassing effect of the spectacle comes at the openiog of the fifth act, in a scene conjured out of the suggestion in five lines of Shakespeare's prologue. It is a grand pageant, representing the welcome given the victorious monarch on his return from Fraoce, and it fills the stage with marching men-at-arms, civil dignitaries, and the personal attendants of royalty and the oobility, the populace crowding close upon them as they pass in review. There is a continual by-play of dumb show in which every supernumerary displays the result of careful training. There are shouts and cbeers that come singly and in chorus, rising in volume suddenly and falling with odd yet measured cadence. And at the eod, when the glittering parade has been passiog for minutes, with gleaming armor and weapons and waving banners, a blaze of light and color, when girls in white have strewed the way with flowers, the king himself rides in and halts before Temple Bar, and the air trembles with the joyous huzzas of the multitude.

No lines are spoken during the scene. It is all a show of military pomp and victorious rejoicing, but it is the most stirring of the several powerful scenes, and it infuses every spectator with enthusiasm. Alone it would save even ao otherwise dull and colorless play, but Mr. Mansfield has never wasted his time on plays that do not give him opportunities. He has difficulties to overcome in this drama of history, and he is successful.

Henry the Fifth was a soldier, free, frank, courageous, with little tenderness of heart, and no subtleties or *finesses*. Mr. Mansfield is not by nature suited to the part. It is too heroic for his stature. But in many of the scenes his methods bring out the passion of the moment, and the illusion is perfect for a time. He is at his best in the withering rebuke of Lord Scroop's treachery, and in the thoughtful soliloquy upon the empty vanities that surround the throne. In the comedy scenes at the last, his touch was light and sure, as all had reason to believe it would be. He can show us any affectation of gentle manners upon the part of his royal majesty, but the natural dignity and fire of Henry's nature are a shade beyond him.

No less than fifty-three speaking parts are named on the bill. The general standard of ability was good, and there were no dismal appearances, but one notable success should be mentioned. Miss Florence Kahn, who has attracted some attention in minor companies, had the part of Chorus, and spoke the lines that foreshadow the action in the scenes that follow, and her artistic reading was a surprise and a pleasure. The recognition of her ability and grace was instantaneous and emphatic. Since the opening night the waits between the acts have been shortened materially, and the final curtain falls now half an hour before midnight, a material gain.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, October 9, 1900.

PROVINCIALS IN PARIS.

Apple-Cheeked Mothers in Peasant Caps and Rare Old Lace—
Modish Daughters with Whiten'd Faces—The Twenty-
Two Thousand Mayors at Table.

If those people who came to see the exposition in the scorching middle of the summer had only put off their visit until now, what a difference there would have been in their appreciation of it, of Paris, of France, of the climate, of the people, and of everything in general. Since the first of September there has been an unbroken series of perfect days that even California in its most agreeable mood could not heat. Autumn has come in in an atmosphere of balmy softness and sunshine, tempered with the first faint promise of the year's third season.

Toward the late afternoon the city seems to fairly empty itself into the streets. The throngs on the Avenue de l'Opera and the Rue Royale are so dense that in places they almost jam. Every table in front of the *cafés* is occupied, and in the heat of these packed thoroughfares, where the air is thick with the dust raised by thousands of feet, and clamorous with the roar of traffic and the raucous yells of the cab-drivers, men and women are tranquilly eating. Their tables are brushed by every form of human being that a great city collects and then disperses. One might sit at one of these tables and in the course of an hour see all the world in epitome. It is a procession of terror and of hope, of misery and happiness, of the darkest despair and the most spiritual exaltation.

The feasting crowd seems to be disturbed by no such philosophical fancies. Like all French crowds in time of peace, they look exceedingly bappy and good-humored. How they can possibly enjoy eating and drinking in the midst of such a *mêlée* is a problem not to be solved by the Anglo-Saxon mind. Many of these *cafés* are at the junctions of populous thoroughfares, and the noise and the turmoil are things to make the angels weep. Americans think they are hardened to this sort of thing, for have we not our own dear Chicago, the unmatchable, to measure by? But Americans do not make an allowance for the vivacity of the French temperament, which adds a tabasco flavor to any general gathering. It is a joyous thing to see a block of vehicles in Paris and to hear the cries, the language, the tumult that ascends to heaven. In any other country one would suppose it was a riot and that they were about to call out the militia. But in Paris, just as you are preparing to risk your life by getting out of the carriage and making a desperate dash for the American consulate or legation, your *cocher* turns round, and, with that charmingly naive smile which the Parisian cabman has for all fares who pay him decently, enunciates his stock phrase: "Ne vous dérangez pas."

Passing from these streets to those where one drives—say, to from four to six—one meets with still another phase of the outdoor life of the great city on such choice afternoons. All the world is in carriages here—along the Rue de Rivoli, across the Place de la Concorde, up the Champs-Élysées, and into the Bois de Boulogne. Everybody seems to be driving the same way—outward—and has the low sun shining in their face. Everybody has a look at the river, beginning to show a yellow gleam on its bosom, and the white columns of the Alexander Bridge, with their wild, winged horses gleaming in the golden light. There is a glimpse of gold from the gates of the Tuileries, with their massed foliage, now growing rusty, beyond; and over all the dome of the Invalides shines high and distant, looking in this brilliant sunset glow like a great, golden hubbub dominating the splendor of the city.

In this endless procession there is every sort of vehicle. Fine private carriages, with two men on the box and two stalwart, sleek-flanked horses at the pole. Dog-carts driven by gentlemen and drawn by high-stepping horses, for which the French have evidently a great predilection. Automobiles of all sorts; hired ones, dingy, lumbering, and noisy; private ones, cushioned in rich-colored cloth, brave in paint and well-kept metal finishings, the driver dressed in a distinctive uniform with a peaked cap like a German army officer, and the owner either beside him or in the back seat and protected from dust by a black mask with glass spectacles set in the middle of it. And mixed in among these, *fiacres* of every description—the ones you hire near the opera house and that are hard to tell from a private carriage, with the coachman in irreproachable livery, and a well-groomed, powerful horse, with glittering harness and little red houquets at his ears; the ones with the yellow wheels, kept in fairly good condition, and the *cochers* of which wear fawn-colored coats and high glazed hats. Then the mere common ruck, in which the *cocher* wears apparently anything he likes. The carriage is in various stages of dilapidation, and the horse is almost always dead lame.

In these hundreds of vehicles sit hundreds of different kinds of people. There are beautiful ladies, beautifully dressed, in the splendidly appointed victorias and landaus. Brilliant parasols shade them from the low, inquisitive sun rays, and they wear, for the most part, pale-colored dresses and huge ruches of white, or black and white, round their necks. Many of them are made-up, as so many of these European women are. But the make-up here is different from that in England. It consists in whitening the whole face till it presents what the wearer conceives to be a warm, artistic pallor. This is intensified by reddening the lips to a most improbable crimson. A fine white veil is drawn over the completed masterpiece, and the adorned beauty goes forth. In the bright sunshine, even though it be softened by a rose-tinted parasol, she is apt to look rather ghastly, the effect for which she has aimed being much more suitable to the subdued lights of a shadowed drawing-room. The vogue for this style of make-up was started, I have heard, by Henner's pictures, all of which represent women of luminously white skins, with carmine lips and rich glazes of reddish hair.

By his side with these perfected achievements of art and

nature go homely, apple-cheeked women from the provinces, in Paris to see the exposition, and being taken for a drive at the right hour by initiated relatives. Some of these simple, hearty creatures wear their peasant caps, of many different forms and shapes, always perfectly laundered and clearly starched. One sees caps that are covered with rare old lace, framing sun-burned faces and resting with a certain elegance on smoothly brushed gray hair. Often with these good old *bourgeoises*—who are, in many cases, of large means and high position in their own province—there will be a modern, modish son and daughter. The girl will be dressed in the pale tints that are so fashionable, and carry a fluffy, white ruche round her neck, and show in her reddened hair and whitened skin the effect of Parisian influence. The young man has arrayed himself in what he imagines to be the English style, with a flowing, luridly tinted cravat, a suit of large checks, a white straw hat, and a black-rimmed eyeglass in one eye.

Very gorgeous-looking ladies, so painted that they look as if the hand of death was upon them, follow close on these. Then a carriage in which, all eyes and ears, sits a working-girl, probably carrying home some order from a costumer's which is late. Hatless, her hair smooth and bright, her cotton dress setting perfectly over a figure that in most cases is round and pretty, she lolls back imagining the joys of being always thus luxuriously transported.

In the hired *fiacres*, one's eye is constantly caught by the figures of Americans. They are almost always unmistakable. They are invariably neat-looking, the trimmest women in Paris. They constantly—especially if they are only touring—wear tailor-made clothes, and these always fit them well. They are also very rarely made up, and they are almost always pretty. Certain fads of fashion mark them, and the absence of other fads. For one thing, they are the only women who wear short dresses. Nobody else in Europe appears to travel in a skirt that is well off the ground. A fashion that they do not seem to adopt is the wearing of the large, white ruches which seems to be almost universal in London and Paris. This is somewhat of a pity, as it is one of the prettiest that has been in for a long time. The American woman in her *fiacre*, whether it be *de luxe*, or simply of the glazed-hat, lame-horse variety, sits up erectly and takes in all about her in glances that are charged with the electric and absorbing energy which is said to mark her people. As for her companion, the American man, he wears a white Panama hat, a suit of gray clothes that hang loose about his lean and sinewy figure, a *pince-nez*, and patent-leather low shoes that are about as thick and massively weather-proof as a pair of *sabots*.

On the twenty-second, the afternoon parade of vehicles was offered an additional spectacle in the presence of the twenty-two thousand mayors that visited Paris on that day and enjoyed a monster banquet in the Tuileries Gardens. Every mayor in France received an invitation, and as every small village has its own mayor, their numbers are as the sands upon the sea-shore. Over twenty thousand of them accepted the invitation and hied them to Paris from the most distant departments of the republic. For that one day the city was alive with mayors. You found them everywhere, in Prince Albert coats, silk hats, and tri-color scarfs. There was a story afloat that some of them were in *sabots*, but I saw none, though everybody saw many that must have worn *sabots* when they were not in their company manners and their store clothes. The day was delicious, and the mayors, warmed by the banquets and the president's speech, late in the afternoon broke loose from their colossal feed, and swept over the city like the grasshoppers in Egypt.

Many and various were the forms in which they gave evidence of their lightness of heart. Official etiquette satisfied and the stomach filled and warmed with a princely repast, they were full of good-will to men. According to their natures they inclined toward Bacchus, Venus, or Mars, though I must say, for the credit of the mayors, that they seemed to be most peacefully disposed. Only once did we see them helligerent. That promised to be quite a warm engagement, but *gendarmes* came up and led away the warriors, who were both crimson and perspiring with the heat of battle. Their tri-color scarfs were all awry, and the *gendarmes* had to carry their hats. The only serious fracas of the day took place during the banquet. An anti-Semitic mayor announced his intention of making a socialistic speech on topics inimical to the tranquility of the occasion. When he rose to his feet there were clamorous interruptions, and it looked as if things were going to be warlike. A peaceable mayor tried to calm the tumult, and was in the course of doing so, when an irate mayor on the opposite side of the table fired a hotte at the anti-Semite, which struck the peace-maker and put an end to his peace-making. Fortunately, he was not badly hurt, and the *gendarmes* came in at this stage and hore away the anti-Semite.

Everything connected with the banquet was on the most enormous scale. I saw the buildings in the Tuileries Gardens and they looked like three large railway depots. Lines of tables passed down the centre of each building. A thousand waiters were employed and two hundred head-waiters, while the *chef* who got up the feast was running about the gardens all morning in an automobile overseeing everything. The meal was a cold *déjeuner*—a great meal with the French—and the papers on the day preceding and following were full of stories of its gigantic proportions—thousands upon thousands of pheasants and fish, one harrel of vinegar and one harrel of oil used alone for the salad-dressing. It was even larger than the famous banquet that was served by a great French caterer at St. Petersburg at the time of the Czar's coronation. The Czar telegraphed to the caterer asking if he could provide a meal for six thousand people in three days' time. The caterer telegraphed back that he could. He chartered sixteen trains, filled them with *chefs*, waiters, and provisions, and left Paris. When his sixteen trains steamed into St. Petersburg, the dinner for the six thousand guests was just at that point where in one half-hour it would be ready to serve.

PARIS, September 24, 1900. GERALDINE BONNER.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has proclaimed her betrothal to Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

The Natal subscribers to a testimonial to Major-General Baden-Powell, in recognition of his gallant defense of Mafeking, have decided to present him with a shield made of Transvaal sovereigns.

Count Tolstoy explains that the Greek Church will not formally excommunicate him. It has given orders that he shall not have an orthodox funeral at his death, which Tolstoy says entirely meets his wishes.

Alexander Ramsey, first territorial governor of Minnesota and second State governor, reached his eighty-fifth birthday recently. His first office was as mayor of St. Paul, then as governor of Minnesota Territory; he was second governor of the State, served as United States Senator, and was Secretary of War twenty years ago.

Robert Barrett Browning, the son of the poet, who is now visiting in England, rarely occupies the great Rezzonico Palace in Venice, where his father died, and which is full of Browning memories and relics. His home is in Asolo, where he has built Pippa's Tower, has established a school of lace-making for twenty girls, to revive that industry, and has made a fine studio for his own painting and modeling.

Queen Dowager Margherita has just completed the distribution of her personal effects and has finally retired from the world. Her three hundred superb costumes have been apportioned among her friends. Immediately after King Humbert's funeral she sent to the museum at Florence the exquisite embroideries which made so fine an exhibit at the Chicago Exposition, and all her jewelry has been given to relatives. Young Queen Helena has received Margherita's royal diadem, valued at nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

When the Hereditary Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the younger brother of the Czar and at present the heir to the throne, finishes his visit to Denmark he will go to Scotland to visit the queen at Balmoral. The Czar and the dowager empress want him to marry, so as to preserve the succession in the line of Alexander the Third. But as he can not marry either a first cousin or a Roman Catholic, his choice of a wife is considerably limited, and the only really eligible princesses appear to be the daughters of the Duke of Connaught, the younger sister of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and the Duchess of Albany's daughter.

Sir Francis Plunkett, the new ambassador from Great Britain to Vienna, will be the more pleasing to the Austrian court because of the fact that he is a Roman Catholic and the first diplomat of that faith to be accredited to Vienna for a long time. Sir Francis entered the service in 1855, and his record as a diplomat covers secretaryships to the legations at Yeddo (1873-76) and Washington (1876-77), the mission plenipotentiary to Japan (1883-87), and the Swedish mission, which he filled from 1888 to 1893. Since the last-named year he has been minister to Brussels. Sir Francis is the youngest son of the ninth Earl of Kingall. Lady Plunkett, his wife, was a Miss Morgan, of Philadelphia.

Confirmation has been received in Washington, D. C., of the execution on July 20th of Chang Yen Hoon, the former Chinese minister to the United States. Chang was a loyal adherent of the emperor and a warm supporter of the latter's reform movements. When the empress dowager supplanted the emperor two years ago, Chang was ordered to be beheaded, but through the intervention of the American and British ministers his punishment was commuted to banishment in the district and province of Kashgaria. It now appears that the empress dowager, taking advantage of the late reign of terror at Peking and knowing Chang's influence with the emperor, ordered his execution by decapitation. Chang was considered by those familiar with his affairs as one of the ablest men in China.

The mantle of W. G. Grace has fallen upon worthy shoulders, for Prince Ranjitsinhji has again proved himself the champion batsman of the year in England, and, by compiling an aggregate of 3,065 runs, has once more exceeded the three-thousand mark, a feat never accomplished by any other batsman in a season's first-class cricket. Ranjitsinhji is twenty-eight years old, and is the second son of Jiwan Sinhji, who is connected with the family of the Jam (or sovereign) of Nawanagar, the largest state under British protection in Kathiawar. Ranjitsinhji's remarkable average of 87.57 for forty innings will be better understood by a comparison with the figures of some of the other first-class players in England this season. After Ranjitsinhji, the next man on the list is C. B. Fry, whose average is thirty runs per inning lower than that of the prince, and these two are away ahead of any other batsmen in England this year.

Giacomo Puccini and Ruggiero Leoncavallo have quarreled before this over the material selected for their operas. They were bitter over the incident of "La Bohème," on which both founded operas. Leoncavallo, who was at work on Murger's story, accused his former friend, Puccini, of having taken from him the suggestion to use the hook, and the two have been enemies since that time. Puccini has just announced that he might compose the score to an opera founded on Emile Zola's "La Faute de l'abbé Mouret," when Leoncavallo comes forward with the claim that the right to use the material in Italy is his. "Some years ago," he says, "I wrote to Zola, asking if I might have the right to use his novel for an opera. In a letter which I have kept he wrote me that he had fifteen years before promised the operatic rights in the book to Jules Massenet. I then asked Massenet to let me use the story in case he had decided not to take advantage of Zola's offer. Orally, in the presence of several witnesses, he told me that I might take the hook, and as Zola had promised it to me in case Massenet did not use it, I regard the work as mine."

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Mrs. Steel's unrivaled insight into the native life of India; her knowledge of weird histories of palace intrigue; her power of vivid word painting make her books rarely interesting.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Tender Southern Romance.

The portrait and character study of Basham Miles, that grave, courtly, and solitary figure who suggested the title of "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock," may safely be given a place with the best work of Thomas Nelson Page, whose stories of Southern life have been equaled by few. Next in interest in the story—perhaps first, in the regard of many readers—is Elizabeth Dale, the rose-bud of "Hill-and-Dale." She is a winning figure in every pose, from the first view before the glass in the milliner's parlor to the night when she visits the lonely, dying old man and brightens his last hours. The old Southern home, with its surrounding trees—one the "lover-scarred" beech—and their memories of a generation past, is a perfect setting for the character who read his rare old books and pondered on the disappointment and sorrow of his life in its shadows.

The interest of the story is in its faithful pictures of quiet life and gentle manners, the wooing of Elizabeth Dale, the romance of her mother, who was the lost love of Basham Miles, and the life-long sorrow and self-reproach of that disappointed lover. Its charm is lasting, for Mr. Page's art is simple, unaffected, yet never wanting in adequate expression. The book is a delightful one to the eye, as well as to the deeper sense, for it holds some of Howard Chandler Christy's daintiest drawings in illustration of its chief characters and events, printed in colors, and its cover design is rich in ornament yet in keeping with the story.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Vignettes by Austin Dobson.

There are few more graceful essays in biography than Austin Dobson has written in his studies of eighteenth-century notables, and among these his sketches of Mlle. de Corday, Mme. Roland, the Princess de Lamballe, and Mme. de Genlis, easily stand in the front rank. The four essays form an attractive volume, under the title, "Four French women," and the book will be welcomed by the many. Of the four figures chosen for his studies, Mr. Dobson finds more of interest and entertainment in the nature and career of Mme. de Genlis, the famous preceptor and essayist, than in the life and achievements of the others. But the first of the essays, that devoted to the heroic French girl who took it upon herself to remove Marat, the jackal of the guillotine, is more graphic, more powerful, more pathetic.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Hamlin Garland has recently completed the novel which is regarded as the strongest and most important literary work that he has yet done. The title is "The Eagle's Heart," and the story is said to present an epic of the West, wherein the hero with "the eagle's heart" goes westward and enters upon the strange and picturesque life of the plains.

In "The Hosts of the Lord" Flora Annie Steel is said to have written a novel which is even a finer piece of work than "On the Face of the Waters." Its scene is India and the protagonists English and Hindoos.

Richard Le Gallienne is determined to meet with success here if persistence can accomplish it, and he announces that he expects to return to this country and give another series of lectures.

José Rizal's "Noli me Tangere," which has just been brought out in an English translation entitled "An Eagle's Flight," proved so offensive to the friars of the Philippine Islands that it was publicly burned in the streets and squares of Manila. The book has had an eventful history. It was issued first in Spanish, then translated into Freoch, and now appears first in English.

Mary E. Wilkins is writing a new story, which is to be entitled "The Portion of Labor," and which will first be published as a serial. Miss Wilkins will return to her familiar New England for the background of her story, and is said to have written something akin to a problem novel, selecting the mill-hands of a factory town for her leading characters.

"The Art of Writing English," a helpful manual by Professor J. M. D. Meiklejohn, of the University of St. Andrews, will be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co.

It may be of interest to women who wish to study in German universities to know that while by courtesy of the individual professors women attend lectures at many of the universities, only in Heidelberg and Freiburg is their admittance a matter of right.

"The Brass Bottle," the forthcoming romance by F. Anstey, the brilliant author of "Vice Versa" and "The Tinted Venus," is said to show the author in his happiest vein. The story is an imaginative romance, full of quaint conceits and deliciously extravagant situations, and will be published by D. Appleton & Co.

A matter of literary curiosity but of little intrinsic value is the reproduction of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood magazine, the *Germ*, which will be issued soon. The facsimiles of the four numbers of

the magazine will be accompanied by W. M. Rossetti's literary history of that queer publication.

According to the *Bookman* and the *English Academy*, "The Reign of Law" is the best-selling novel in both countries at the present time. It is now in its hundredth thousand.

"The Story of the Soldier," which the veteran Indian fighter, General G. A. Forsyth, is completing for D. Appleton & Co., is described as presenting a graphic history of the regular army, with special reference to the thrilling experiences and stirring campaigns of the regulars in the days of the old frontier.

B. K. Benson is a new writer of fiction whose first novel, "Who Goes There?" will be published on November 1st by the Macmillan Company.

A. M. Robertson has in press a charming French Christmas story for children entitled "Cœur de Noël," by Professor L. D. Ventura, illustrated by Miss May G. Norris. This is the first illustrated story in French which has been issued in San Francisco, and will doubtless attract considerable attention.

OLD FAVORITES.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., October 9, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you please print the inclosed poems of George Eliot's among your "Old Favorites," and oblige a reader of your paper? G. A. C.

Sweet Evenings Come and Go.

Sweet evenings come and go, love,
They came and went of yore;
This evening of our life, love,
Shall go and come no more.

When we have passed away, love,
All things will keep their name;
But yet no life on earth, love,
With ours will be the same.

The daisies will be there, love,
The stars in heaven will shine,
I shall not feel thy wish, love,
Nor thou my hand in thine.

A better time will come, love,
And better souls be born;
I would not be the best, love,
To leave thee now forlorn.

—George Eliot.

The Two Lovers.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;
They leaned soft cheeks together,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing,
O budding time! O love's best prime!

Two wedded from the portal step:
The bells made happy carolings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept,
O pure-eyed bride! O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent,
Two hands above the head were locked;
Those pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent,
O solemn hour! O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red light fell about their knees,
On heads that rose by slow degrees,
Like buds upon the lily spire,
O patient life! O tender strife!

The two still sat together there;
The red light shone about their knees;
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair,
O voyage fast! O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor,
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, once more,
O memories! O past that is!

—George Eliot.

The French Library Free to the Public.

The library facilities of this city for scholars and students have received an important accession through the liberal action of the board of directors of the French library, who now freely place their books at the disposal of the public for purposes of reference. The French library, founded by the Ligue Nationale Française, comprises about twenty-five thousand volumes of standard Freoch literature. It far surpasses in number, choice, and importance any other similar establishment in the United States, and is said to be the largest and best assorted foreign library outside of France. The collection is admirably diversified, being rich in works of reference, dictionaries, maps, encyclopedias, etc., with the depart-

ment of history, ancient and modern, especially well represented. Standard French periodicals are always on file. The library is advantageously situated in the City of Paris Building, beside Union Square. The arrangement of the shelves renders volumes easy of access, and every facility and assistance will be rendered visitors by the librarian in charge. No charge will be made except when books are taken away.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Happy Year of Hope and Disappointment.

"The Bennett Twins," a story of art-student life in New York, by Grace Marguerite Hurd, is a modest record of youthful ambition, courage, and patient effort, but its sincerity, its humor, its spirit of good comradeship, its many graces of expression, lift it above the ordinary standard of merit. Most of its characters are young people—its hero and heroine are just past their seventeenth birthday—and the bright dreams and merry make-believes of youth fill many of its pages, but there are some meetings with the harsh realities of life, and some wearying struggles with poverty that do not end in glorious victory. The interest of the story never lags, and when the close of the first year of the youthful pair in New York completes the record, the reader would be glad to find the chronicle longer.

Against the wish of the kind-hearted uncle and aunt who have cared for them from their childhood, Agnes and Donald Bennett leave their village home to begin life in the metropolis and art centre of the country. The brother is determined to be an artist, the sister is already a singer of local reputation, and the two have bright hopes of their ability to win their own way. They start out with a capital of two hundred dollars, a fair stock of prudence, and a determination to succeed. Both have letters in New York people who are expected to aid them with instruction or influence, and the future has a roseate hue. They make their home in dingy rooms in a city building of offices, studios, and students' apartments, and begin the struggle cheerfully. Donald takes up his studies in an art class and Agnes looks for an opportunity for the display of her musical talent among the society ladies to whom her letters introduce her. But there is no income for many days, and the little store is exhausted at last. The battle with grim want, and the many expedients resorted to, are described with realism, but there are few harrowing details. Good friends are found in time, but the uphill way clears slowly.

There is much good character-drawing in the story. Every personage is real, and there are no examples of precocious cleverness or surprising munificence. The leading spirit among the practical jokers of the art school, the youthful heir of a wealthy aunt who finds his only pleasure among the struggling students, the sympathetic and admiring wife of the janitor, the charitable but dictatorial mistress of a mansion, these, and others, come and go and speak the language of every-day affairs. And all are entertaining. The author has succeeded far beyond the expectations which can be roused by any outline of the story in making this account of a single year's achievements and disappointments attractive and refreshing.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Charming Renée," by Arabella Kenealy, is a pleasing story of English country life. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

S. Baring Gould's latest novel, "Winefred," is one of the best from his pen, and its pictures of rural English life are particularly well done. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Elements of Rhetoric and English Composition," by G. R. Carpenter, is a text-book for the second high-school course. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Making a Life" is the title of a volume of thoughtful, vignette essays, by Rev. Cortland Myers. The book is entertaining as well as suggestive and encouraging. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A method of cure, with some interesting theories in regard to the nature and cause of stammering, are given in "Speech-Hesitation," by E. J. Ellery Thorpe. Published by the Edgar S. Werner Publishing and Supply Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"A Little Girl in Old Washington," by Amanda M. Douglas, is a story of the South that presents all the familiar excellences of the author's earlier works. It is full of lively conversation, and the interest is not allowed to droop. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Jessie Mansergh has dedicated her book, "Sisters Three," to "four American girls," but the number might have been omitted, for all girls who enjoy a breezy story will appropriate to themselves this kindly offering of an English author who has never visited America. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The Rev. Dr. John C. C. Clarke has written a scholarly, instructive, and mildly controversial series of essays on the enigmas of life and consciousness and the philosophy of the New Testament, and thus made a volume which is named "Man and His Divine Father." Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

Professor Edward D. Jones has put the fruits of much thought and extensive research in his volume, "Economic Crises." It considers the relation of industry, capital, the wage system, and legislation to the crises of the past, and considers their periodicity,

and the influence of credit and speculation as causes. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Still another of the murder-mystery and detective-clews stories of Anna Katharine Green has been issued in book-form, after its tantalizing course as a serial. It is entitled "The Circular Study," and is equal to any of its predecessors, if "The Leavenworth Case," the writer's first great success, is excepted. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

To those who have regard for the wild things of the woods and streams, there could be no more attractive volume of its scope than "Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers," by John Burroughs, that Nature-Inver, close observer, and patient recorder. It is well printed and ornamented with sixteen illustrations in life colors. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

On such subjects as "The House," "Furniture," "Plumbers," "My Writing Table," "Blue Peas," "Young Birds," and "The Level Crossing," Mrs. Alice Dew-Smith has written a number of readable essays that carry some practical suggestions as well as some vagrant fancies. Her book is named "The Diary of a Dreamer." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

A story that includes a hundred other stories, all well told and bearing the true flavor of the land of their birth, makes up the bulk of "Fairies and Folk of Ireland," by William Henry Frost. Its title will commend it to lovers of tradition and humor, and its pages justify the brightest anticipations of entertainment to be found there. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

The latest issues in the new edition of Alphonse Daudet's works are "Tartarin of Tarascon" and "Père Tarascon." The latter volume contains also a collection of Daudet's papers under the title "Studies and Landscapes." The translation was done by Katharine Prescott Wormeley, and the name is a warrant for artistic excellence. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25 each.

Mrs. Leslie Retires.

Mrs. Frank Leslie has resigned the management and editorship of *Leslie's Popular Monthly*, founded by her husband. She says she was forced out by a deep-laid plan, and she unhesitatingly condemns those to whom she lays the blame for her retirement.

According to her story, she leased the property of the Frank Leslie Publishing House, in New York, to a syndicate five years ago on a five-years' lease, at an annual rental of six thousand dollars. The property then included several smaller publications, as well as the magazine. She leased it, she said, for the purpose of getting rid of some useless employees, whom, for divers reasons, she could not discharge herself, and for the purpose of taking a rest and writing a book.

S. F. L. Colver, a successful advertising agent, became the business manager for the new concern. The business did not prosper, Mrs. Leslie says, and at the end of three years it was re-organized as a stock company, capitalized at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, she taking half the stock and becoming the president of the concern and editor of the monthly, which was then reduced from twenty-five cents to ten cents in price.

Through there was an immediate rise in the circulation, she says, no dividends were paid, and early in the present year Mr. Colver, who had been elected president at her suggestion, asked for more money. She refused to make an advance, but surrendered half her stock as an inducement to bring Captain Henry Drisler, formerly business manager of Harpers, into the concern. Captain Drisler took the place of one of her friends in the board of directors.

Mrs. Leslie says that he joined with the directors in electing another, who was a total stranger to her, and that from that day her wishes have been disregarded in many important matters. Her woman assistant was discharged she says, without her knowledge; Henry Tyrrell, who had been connected with the monthly for twenty years, was supplanted as managing editor by Ellery Sedgwick, and while she was abroad last summer she herself was deposed as editor and Mr. Page was put in her place. The new directors, however, continued to use her name on the cover as editor, she says, until she wrote to them and forbade them to do so, and it is dropped in the current number.

Mrs. Leslie says that notwithstanding her losses she is in no danger of financial embarrassment, and that she has already received several tenders of good editorial positions.

Maurice Hewlett's next novel, "Richard Yea and Nay," is to be published in a few weeks by the Macmillan Company. The subject of the story will be the life, adventures, imprisonment, and death of Richard, the Linn-Hearted.

The Eugene Field monument committee have nearly completed their task of raising the fund, which they will divide between the family of the loved and lamented poet and humorist and the erection of the monument.

SCRIBNER'S NEW BOOKS.

BARRIE'S MASTERPIECE

TOMMY and GRIZEL

By J. M. BARRIE

Illustrated by Bernard Partridge.

12mo, \$1.50.

MR. BARRIE'S new novel has been accepted everywhere as the most important book which he has yet written—a character study of remarkable originality, presented with power, humor, and pathos. "The inimitable Tommy," says one reviewer, "redeems the promise of his youth, and Barrie presents him so lovingly that he is fascinating." The advanced demand for the book has called for the printing of 60,000 copies before publication.

"A PERFECT BIOGRAPHY OF THE FAMOUS SEA-FIGHTER"

Paul Jones

FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY. A HISTORY.

By AUGUSTUS C. BUELL

With Portraits, Maps, and Plans.

2 vols., 12mo, \$3.00.

"Mr. Buell eclipses all his predecessors. These two volumes form a perfect biography of the famous sea-fighter, a work which should secure at once, and definitely maintain, a high position in the literature of its subject. Based on wide research here and abroad, it demands consideration as a collection of well-sifted facts. But the author would not have undertaken his task if he had not cherished a profound sympathy for the man whose career shines with such brilliancy in the annals of the Revolution. . . . His fervor as a good American only lends a touch of piquancy to his narrative, and leaves it, from beginning to end, sound in judgment as well as rich in vitality and interest."—*New York Tribune*.

The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock

By THOMAS NELSON PAGE

With 8 full-page illustrations in colors by Howard Chandler Christy. 12mo, \$1.50.

A story that in this attractive holiday form will appeal to all lovers of "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady" by reason of the tenderness of feeling and beauty of sentiment with which the portraits are drawn. The format and the illustrations in color bracket the book with the very successful "Santa Claus's Partner" of last season, now in its 30th thousand.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MISSIONARY IN THE GREAT WEST

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, author of "The Grip of Honor," etc. With portrait. 12mo, \$1.25.

"As a photographic delineation of the raw pinneering life, which ere long will have given place to the ripened product of well-settled conditions, it has a permanent historical value. As a sketch of hardy men and women, with the author among them, who were bravely roughing it for the sake of better things to come, it is full of a dramatic interest."—*The Outlook*.

THE GIRL AND THE GOVERNOR

By CHARLES WARREN. Illustrated by Vohn, Carlton, and Giles. 12mo, \$1.50.

"Mr. Warren was at one time Governor Russell's private secretary, and in this capacity got plenty of material for the type that he has worked out in these stories—that of the college man of high ideals who becomes a power in political life by sheer force of character."—*New York Tribune*.

OLD FIRES AND PROFITABLE GHOSTS

By A. T. QUILLER-ROUCH. Author of "The Ship of Stars," etc. 12mo, \$1.50.

The fifteen stories in "Q's" new book are of *revenants*: persons who either in spirit or in body revisit old scenes, return upon old selves or old emotions, or relate a message from a world beyond perception. They range over a wide variety of scene and incident, and are told with admirable art.

OLIVER CROMWELL

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. With 40 illustrations; and portraits, facsimiles, etc. Octavo, \$2.00.

"The recent revival in Cromwellian literature is an evidence of the interest with which the world regards his career and of the vitality of the great principles for which he stood. . . . It presents an excellent and readable summary of Cromwell's career, and does full justice to the lofty purposes and sincere character of the man who was not only one of the greatest of Englishmen, but one of the greatest men that ever lived."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

AFIELD AND AFLOAT

By FRANK R. STOCKTON. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50.

"In this volume of short stories Mr. Stockton once again proves himself a master of light comedy and a most ingenious spinner of romances. . . . All through the book the comedy is finely balanced by love, and thus 'Afraid and Afloat' makes a delightful volume."—*Boston Journal*.

DOMESTIC DRAMAS

By PAUL BOURGET. Translated by William Marchant. 12mo, \$1.50.

A group of stories of home life, each of which relates a thrilling and sometimes truly tragic drama enacted in the intimacy of the domestic interior, and all of which illustrate the author's genius for spiritual analysis.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS *Publishers New York*



STAGE GOSSIP.

Mary Van Buren as "Madame Sans-Gêne."

The most notable attraction at the theatres next week will be a revival at the Grand Opera House of "Madame Sans-Gêne," Sardou's great historical drama, in which Kathryn Kidder and Blanche Bates have already been seen here in the title-role. In the present production Mary Van Buren will play Madame Sans-Gêne; T. Daniel Frawley will make his first appearance with his company as Napoleon, Harrington Reynolds will again be the Marshal Lefevre, and Wallace Shaw will impersonate Fouché.

The plot revolves about Catherine Hubscher, a laundry-girl, who, at the time of the fall of the Bastille, marries Lefevre, a sergeant who afterward becomes a marshal of France and duke of the First Empire. At the *parvenu* court of the emperor he and his wife take their places, and the vagaries of the newly made duchess are so pronounced as to obtain for her the sobriquet of "Madame Sans-Gêne." Napoleon, at the instigation of his disgruntled sisters, summons her husband and commands him to divorce his wife and choose another from the old nobility. Hearing of the emperor's intentions, the duchess succeeds in obtaining an interview with him, presents him with an unpaid wash-bill, and reminds him of the days when he himself was nothing more than a humble lieutenant. The recital brings back to the Corsican adventurer recollections of his early life and youthful struggle, and, touched by her plea, he allows Madame Sans-Gêne, despite her lack of breeding, to retain her place at court as the wife of his marshal and consort of a duke.

William H. West's Minstrels.

That laughable farce, "The Hindoo Hoodoo," will give way at the California Theatre on Sunday night to William H. West's big minstrel show. The performance will begin with a minstrel first-part, in which Charles Whalen, Billy Van, Ernest Tenny, Raymond Teal, William Hallett, Richard Jose, Manuel Romain, Gus Vernon, and John P. Rodgers will introduce a wealth of new songs, dances, jokes, and witty monologue. The second part of the programme will be devoted to specialties by the Waterbury Brothers, Tenny, the De Elmar Trio, Raymond Teal and Charles Whalen, and the Rio Brothers, all under the active supervision of Mr. West.

"For Her Sake" will be the next attraction.

The Tivoli's Double Bill.

Such has been the success of the bewitching Collamarini in "Carmen" that the management have decided to continue it on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday nights of next week. On the alternate nights Ponchielli's great tragic work, "La Gioconda," will be sung, with Barbateschi, the soprano, and Castella, the tenor, in the leading rôles. Others in the cast will be Ferrari, Nicolini, Frances Graham, Polletini, Perron, and Boyce. With two such popular operas as "Carmen" and "La Gioconda," rendered by such an admirable array of artists, the Tivoli Opera House is sure to be taxed to its capacity each night.

Last Week of "Quo Vadis."

Stanislaus Stange's dramatization of "Quo Vadis" enters on the third and last week of its engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. While the acting of Mary Emerson as Lygia, Winifred Bonnewitz as Poppea, Marcus Ford as Vinicius, Mason Mitchell as Petronius, Elsie Esmond as Eunice, and Willard Newell as Chilo Chilonides contributes largely to the success of the production, perhaps the most credit is due to the scenic artists who have managed to create such a picturesque background for the stirring melodrama.

On Monday evening, October 29th, Stuart Robson, supported by a great cast, including John E. Henshaw, Stephen Grattan, H. A. Weaver, Sr., Beaumont Smith, Maude White, Jeffreys Lewis, Ellen Mortimer, May Ten Broeck, and others, will be seen in Augustus Thomas's "Oliver Goldsmith."

At the Orpheum.

George Evans, the "honey boy," will head the bill at the Orpheum next week. He is a clever monologist, and we are assured that "he comes loaded to the guards with new material which he will discharge with that rapid-fire celerity for which he is famous." Among the other new-comers are Les Frasseties, musical artists, who play the violin,

harp, and xylophone; John W. World and Beatrice Hastings, in a lively skit; Blanche Ring, a sweet singer, who has an extensive collection of new ballads in her repertoire; and Merrill and Murdock.

Those retained from this week's bill are Lizzie Raymond, who has made quite a hit with her songs, particularly the one imitating a cockney miss, and the other about McCarthy and the brick; Edgar Atchison-Ely, in his burlesque, the "hundred-year-hence" dude; Rauchle, the impersonator of famous men; the Hale Sisters, vocalists and dancers; and the great Everhart, with his magic hoops.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 15, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: From the letter in your columns last week from Mr. Hart, one would imagine that the Paris Exposition is a colossal failure. Is it not possible that there is anything to be said on the other side?

GAUL.

The general consensus of opinion is that the Paris Exposition is a failure in many ways. It is admittedly a financial failure. To take one of numerous newspaper articles of a similar tone to the letter of which our correspondent complains, we print herewith one from the New York Tribune:

"The Paris Exposition has not made money for those most interested in its success; in fact, there appears to be ground for the belief that when the gates are closed, the shutters are put up, and the small hours of the night are witnessing the travail of officials and 'concessionaires' over their cash accounts, a wail of bitter disappointment will rise above the city. Some say that the wail will develop into a roar of rage, that when the already startling list of bankruptcies shall have been extended to imposing and unendurable length, the 'people' will turn the present government inside out.

"It never pays to prophesy disaster for the French. They have a way of their own that diverts the lightning, and we are far from sharing the opinion, amounting to a conviction, of those who are only waiting for the close of the exposition to look for reports of revolution in the streets of Paris. The dubious financial outlook of the enterprise, however, cannot be gainsaid; and since the projectors and population generally, including many small investors, are as surprised as they are indignant, it may be interesting to inquire into the causes.

"Thousands of foreigners, confidently expected, have stayed away. Why? It is insufficient to say that the English have been feeling poor on account of their war, and have been in an ill-humor with the nation that has permitted its caricaturists coarsely to lampoon the queen. The rest of the world has been prosperous enough, and only Americans have cared at all as the English have cared about Willette's abominable insults. Germans have visited the exposition in droves. A stone could not have been thrown anywhere in the show without hitting one of the Kaiser's subjects. But, numerous as the foreigners of all nations have been, there might have been more of them, and those who came might have spent more money, if it had not been for reasons to be found nowhere save in defects of management bearing upon the whole affair. A most conspicuous exhibit has been the art of making people uncomfortable.

"Two things are essential in a scheme of this sort—easy means of locomotion and facilities for the enjoyment of repose. Both the moving sidewalk and the electric railway have afforded only a modicum of the convenience required, neither giving easy access to every point in the great show and the stations of both being too few. The wheeled chairs have served fairly well, but have been put out of the question for thousands by the piratical charge made for them. The unhappy pedestrian has been physically and nervously exhausted by the strain of walking over the coarse gravel spread on long stretches of uneven roadway in this place of magnificent distances. What has 'Put the gilded roof on the horror' has been the 'passerelle,' a wooden structure rising in a gradual slope to a level passage across the space interrupting the promenades within the fair, wherever it has been necessary to leave the bridges across the Seine free to the public. Hot, dusty, long, and always crowded, these nuisances have been but poor substitutes for the system of checks which could have been arranged, enabling the people to cross the barrier on the same level in a fraction of the time required by the 'passerelle' and with none of the discomfort involved in that expedient.

"The tourist whose legs have at last refused to perform their office any longer without some recuperation has been reduced to an extremely unpleasant iron chair, the only thing of the sort provided save the benches in the Salle des Fêtes, far off and not particularly agreeable anyway. There have been no shady and comfortable lounging-places, free to every one. Inside the buildings there have been few seats, and when despair has driven the worn-out traveler into a restaurant, he has been relieved of too much of his money. The rates for the smallest of repasts have been incredibly exorbitant. The 'concessionaires' are mostly bankrupt, they say, and it is not to be wondered at. Their prices have been monstrous, at a time and in a place where everybody has seemed bent on extracting from the pilgrim the highest possible sum for the slightest possible service. Finally, there has been practically no open-air music; the amusements generally have been too expensive—not to mention the injudicious arrangement of them, in sad contrast to the policy which made a comprehensive and delightful playground of the Midway at the Chicago Fair—and at night a dullness has brooded upon the scene, only partially redeemed by widely separated entertainments. The electric fountain has frequently been out of order, and has never pretended to be a constant attraction.

"These, then, are important reasons—perhaps

the most important—for the unfortunate drift of the undertaking. Many things have been done or left undone in disregard of the visitor's comfort and his desire to be amused, and charges have been altogether too excessive. Instead of turning each newcomer into a zealous advocate of the fair, too much has been done to justify him in advising his friends against journeying to Paris to be wearied in body and unreasonably depleted in purse."

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

The estate left by Louis P. Drexler, the millionaire, has been distributed by Judge Coffey. Marion Bybee, Gertrude Bybee, and Nettie Bybee, nieces of Drexler, were bequeathed the income from property on California Street, near Davis, valued at \$47,300, and bringing \$3,400 in rents annually. The attorney for the Misses Bybee filed a long list of objections against the exaction of any collateral inheritance tax on this legacy, but Judge Coffey overruled them. By the insurance commissioner's tables the present value of this legacy was calculated at \$57,350, it being stated that each of the young heiresses might reasonably expect to live thirty-eight years. The collateral inheritance tax on this valuation was \$2,375, which Judge Coffey said should be paid. The attorney for the nieces said that practically all the net revenue from the property for the first year would be taken for the tax. He said that the building might be burned down and no rent would then be received and no annuity paid.

The will of the late Isaac R. Hall, whose estate is valued at \$250,000, was filed for probate on Monday, October 15th. Hall owned improved realty in San Francisco, a cattle ranch of 1,800 acres in Lassen County, 1,000 acres in Mendocino County, mines in various parts of California, interests in steamships, stocks in corporations, an insurance policy for \$5,000, a wool-scouring mill in this city, wool, promissory notes, and other personal property. His wife is dead, and he had no children. He was sixty years of age. The heirs-at-law of the deceased who will share his fortune are Abby H. Woodworth, residing in Santa Barbara; Sarah H. Matthews, a sister; Joseph F. Hall, Emma H. Guidinger, Mrs. Clara H. Conaway, Mrs. Mary Tatta, Ira S. Hall, Lincoln Hall, Herbert Hall, and Arthur Hall, children of a deceased half-brother of the testator; Ralph Woodworth, Mary Matthews, Fred Woodworth, and Mrs. Anna B. Anderson. Fred Woodworth, who resides in San Rafael, is named as executor of the will, to whom special letters of administration have been issued.

Following in the lead of Albert Meyer, the banker, Rudolph Spreckels has purchased two blocks south of Golden Gate Park. They are on H Street between Thirty-Sixth, Thirty-Seventh, and Thirty-Eighth Avenues. The size of the blocks is 240 by 600 feet each, and the price paid to H. W. Watkins was \$14,000. Among other owners of property fronting on the H Street thoroughfare along the park are J. J. Doyle, John Nightingale, Albert Meyer, Mrs. Margaret A. Skelly, M. H. de Young, Henry St. Goar, Edward Pollitz, and Henry Esberg.

Cissy Fitzgerald, who had a brief career of prosperity in the United States several years ago, is said to be an object of charity now in London, where she is ill and without employment. Since her return to Europe, three years ago, Cissy has acted in Paris, but in London she is so little known that there has been no demand for her services there. She will be remembered chiefly for her fresh and youthful beauty and her attractive wink, which was practically her theatrical stock in trade.

The Bank of California recently held its thirty-sixth annual meeting, when the former board of directors and all of the old officers were reelected. William Alvord has been chosen president of the institution for the twenty-third successive time, and Thomas Brown has been elected its cashier for the thirty-first time. The total cash movement for the year was \$977,938,118.

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★TIVOLI★

To-Night, "The Jewess." Sunday Night, "Carmen." Week Commencing Monday, October 22d, the Enormous Triumph, "Carmen," with the Great Diva, Collamarini, in the Cast, will be Repeated on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday Nights. Superb Production of "La Gioconda," on Monday, Wednesday, Friday Nights, and Saturday Matinée.

Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone, Bush 9.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Next Monday. Third and Last Week. The Magnificent Whitney-Knowles Production of

"QUO VADIS"

The Most Complete and Successful Dramatization of the Famous Story Ever Staged.

Monday, October 29th—Stuart Robson in "Oliver Goldsmith."

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

Beginning Sunday Afternoon, October 21st.

Wm. H. West's Big Minstrel Jubilee
Forty Famous Artists, including Billy Van, Ernest Tenny, Raymond Teal, Charles Whalen, R. J. Jose, J. P. Rodgers, Manuel Romain, W. H. Hallett, Waterbury Brothers, the Rio Brothers, De Elmar Trio, and too Many Others to Mention.

Next Attraction....."For Her Sake."

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Last Performances of "The Ensign." Week Beginning Monday, October 22d, the New Frawley Company will Present Victorian Sardou's Masterpiece.

"MADAME SANS-GENE"

Evening Prices—10c, 15c, 25c, 50c. A Few Front Rows in Orchestra, 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Prices—10c, 15c, 25c, 50c—No Higher. Branch Ticket Office, Emporium.

Orpheum

George Evans; Les Frasseties; John World and Beatrice Hastings; Blanche Ring; Lizzie B. Raymond; Edgar Atchison-Ely; Rauchle; Hale Sisters; the Great Everhart; and Merrill & Murdock.

Reserved seats, 75c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE--Extra

Next Thursday Afternoon, Oct. 25th, at 3:15

SPECIAL SYMPHONY CONCERT!

BERLIOZ—"An Episode in the Life of an Artist," and other great works.

Reserved Seats,75c, \$1.00, and \$1.50
Box office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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Leave San Francisco, commencing Sept. 30, 1900.

WEEK DAYS—9:15 a. m., 1:45 and 4:00

p. m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 a. m., and 1:15 p. m.

New Tavern of Tamalpais now open.

ROUND TRIP from San Francisco, \$1.40

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Products of our new Scientific Kitchen, depicting the highest accomplishment of culinary art.

ARMOUR & KITCHEN. CHICAGO.

VANITY FAIR.

The Rev. Braddon Hamilton, who created a sensation in Newport last August, when, before a fashionable congregation at All Saints' Church, he severely criticised society for its extravagance in dress, manner of living, desecration of the Sabbath, and introduction of petty gambling into its homes, has contributed an article much in the same vein to the *Smart Set* for October which has created considerable discussion. Among the fads and foibles of society which he condemns is the prevailing custom among the younger married people of being seen in public with persons other than their own life partners—women with other women's husbands, or preferably young boys or aged bachelors, and husbands with other men's wives, or preferably young ladies or widows. "In fact," he says, "there is many a married woman who thinks it 'not the smart thing' to be seen on parade with her own husband, and you can generally tell from her countenance whether it is her own husband or somebody else's—or one of the chronic beaux. To illustrate this: I was standing in the Newport Casino grounds during the tennis tourney talking with a man who has spent many summers there, when a woman passed, whom we both knew, walking with a man whom neither of us recognized. My friend remarked: 'It is her husband, sure. Look at her sullen, dopy countenance. Always when I have talked with her she has been smiling and attractive.' The supposition concerning the stranger was soon proved correct by a chance-overheard introduction. Many similar illustrations relating to the men could be given, but, with all due regard for the women, I must say that they are the greatest transgressors in this Frenchy custom. A man belonging to one of the best families, socially, in New York told me last winter that he was very pleased indeed to have men entertain his wife, because it was only by their attentions that he could hope to keep her in good humor. Another man, well known in Philadelphia, told a friend of mine that he had always to partially board two or three irresponsible men—'rounders,' as he called them—in order that this wife might be fully entertained. 'I've got to do it,' he remarked, 'or stand up against continuous nagging.' This man's complaint voices exactly what exists in a great many society homes in this country."

"Another reprehensible custom that appears to exist to some little degree," continues Dr. Hamilton, "is that of married men sending flowers to other men's wives. Of course, if they are relatives it may be excusable; but respectable, thoughtful men should consider how sensitive and subject to wrong impressions women are generally. A man often turns a woman's head and makes her dissatisfied with her lot by just such little material compliments, when he has no intention of doing any such serious thing, and would be deeply grieved if he found he had upset a friend's happiness, or made mischief in some good man's home. Therefore it is a good custom to avoid." Dr. Hamilton also objects to another fad which has of late years crept into society—the male secretary for women. He says: "Why not have a lady secretary or a lady-in-waiting, if you choose? We have very many young women and women of middle age thoroughly adapted to such a position, well born, well educated, and well versed in matters social. The idea of a family introducing one of its servants and putting him beside guests at the dinner-table is something that is repulsive to most of us. A family came to Newport several years ago and brought a very aggressive private secretary, who afterward proved to be part negro, and who became decidedly obnoxious to all the friends of the family, being even jealous of attentions paid to the ladies of the house. So objectionable did he become that the family suffered many slights on account of his presence. The recent tragic death of a young woman of good family, alone in her boudoir, with no one within reach but one of those male private secretaries—she had to die without a sincere kiss from any of her good little children, or without a last fond stroke on the brow from her well-subdued husband—was an incident that ought to move even hearts of stone to pity; was an incident that revealed to this community a condition of things in an apparently model home which was pitiable beyond any language to express. Let us hope that the male private secretary for our wives and daughters is soon to be a thing of the past."

Dr. Hamilton has come to the conclusion that the only way to solve the problem of reform is for society to do the work itself. He suggests that more promising young men of gentle birth should enter the ministry. "In England," he says, "nearly all the clergymen are in society, being a class above all others, who love fun and amusements, and who have made a study of morals and methods of enjoying life without sinning against one's self and mankind. This is probably one of the reasons why society in England is more stable, and its pastimes more rational and satisfying than here. The clergy in this country who are in society are the exception; therefore, when they, as a class, begin to advise society, society, of course, smiles at their ignorance of the subject; and when they attempt to check society's evils, they go at it so indiscreetly, with

hammer and tongs, and make such sweeping assertions and condemnations, that the result is failure. It will be better for both society and the church in this country when more gentlemen's sons enter the ministry; then the church and good society will be part and parcel of each other."

Thefts by servants employed in New York homes are committed much more frequently in large establishments where a comparatively large number is employed than in households with a domestic retinue of two or three (points out the New York *Sun*). Moreover, the servants who are most frequently arrested for theft are English. By a curious circumstance they are about the only servants that find employment in New York without recommendations that will bear investigation. The circumstances that have produced this result are peculiar. English servants who come to this country usually bring references from their employers who live in England, and are therefore inaccessible to persons who would discover what had happened since these letters were written. It is possible to come to New York and find employment promptly so long as the paper testifying to former employment by some English family of rank is forthcoming. Thefts on the part of servants employed in this way have not served to destroy confidence in the system. That these recommendations frequently do double service is well known. It is the letter from the titled employer which does more than anything else in this country to get employment for foreign domestics who come here with nothing else to recommend them. French servants find this easy, and some of the Continental domestics who have been employed in English families experience the advantageous effects of having been in the service of the mighty in England, or, at all events, of having a letter that testifies to that fact.

While fashionable London has become more nationally representative, indescribably more cosmopolitan, and, as Lord Beaconsfield found out, vastly more amusing (remarks a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*), its entertainments have grown in expense, while the introduction of certain Parisian ways have further increased the financial burdens of the summer on the Thames to a figure prohibitive to whole orders which, in earlier years of the queen's reign, were seldom absent from the capital between the meeting and rising of Parliament. The single item of flowers for the dining-table or drawing-room seems to-day a consideration only less serious than was once a season's rental of a little house conveniently situated for St. Stephen's and Hyde Park. Then there are the dinners and suppers at the smart restaurants, which, since the closing of the famous Boulevard Café, seem to have been transported from the Seine to the Thames. These places are found by the country cousin of the better sort to be not only intolerably costly, but invidiously exclusive. Our country gentleman, up for Ascot week, enters one of such caravansaries to find all the best places taken a week in advance by some Amphitryon whose name is as strange to him as those of the South African *koppies* which puzzle him in the *Times*. If he secures a seat at another of these establishments a little further down Piccadilly, at the next table to his there will be a party of golden youth, spending on their menu and wine-card what, in his generation, sufficed the middle-aged visitor from the shires for a year's allowance at Christ Church.

It is the universal custom all over India for a man whose monthly income is perhaps three dollars to spend as much as three hundred dollars on the marriage of his daughter. This sum he borrows from the local money-lender, a veritable blood-sucker, whose minimum rate of interest is twenty-four per cent., which is only accorded to thoroughly well-to-do people (writes the Simla correspondent of the New York *Times*). The ordinary peasant, small shop-keeper, or domestic servant pays one anna per rupee per mensem in the way of interest, and as sixteen annas go to the rupee, it will be seen that this works out to seventy-five per cent. per annum. As a rule, it is more than the borrower can do to pay off this interest, and so the debt goes on growing, and is handed down from father to son, a terrible load which is never got rid of. An immense proportion of the people of India are loaded with debt in this way, all brought about by senseless extravagance at weddings and other social feasts. Hundreds of rupees are squandered on sweetmeats, native music, dancing, and fire-works on these occasions. There is nothing to show for it afterward, except the frequent visits of the money-lender demanding payment. Thus it happens that when the time of scarcity does come the people have no credit. Could they but borrow a few hundred rupees they could dig wells on their land, import forage, send their cattle to the nearest forests, and take similar measures to ward off the distress. As it is, they can in most cases do nothing of the sort. They sell their wives' trinkets, their cooking-pots, the greater portion of their clothing. When the proceeds of these have been spent they turn at the last to the government for help, and go, the hale ones to the relief works, and the old and sickly to the poor-houses and free kitchens. Government, in the meanwhile, tries to do what, if the peasant were but more thrifty, he should do himself. Wells are dug, reservoirs made, cattle fed, etc. But it is often necessary to save the

people in spite of themselves. They have to be brought almost by force to the kitchens and poor-houses. They make no effort to save themselves. Weighed down under a burden of debt, they have no heart, no backbone, to fight the famine as it should be fought. It is all kismet, destiny. God has willed that they should die this year; why fight against the inscrutable decrees of Providence? Such is their reasoning, and countless thousands who might be saved would they but hold up a little finger for help lay themselves down to die with the calm resignation of despair.

A remarkable record is that of the steamer *Alameda*, now en route here from Sydney. Much of the credit for the steamer's continued good fortune for seventeen years is accorded to her chief engineer, A. D. Little, who will take the position of chief engineer on the new steamer *Ventura*, third of the fine vessels recently launched at Cramps' yards for the Oceanic Company. The *Alameda* was built in 1883, and the trip she made from New York to San Francisco was a record-breaker, and has never since been surpassed, the time between the ports being forty-five days. After reaching the coast the *Alameda* made thirteen round trips to Honolulu, when she was placed on the Australia route. For the thirteen years that she has run between San Francisco and Sydney she has never been laid up for repairs.

The royal and imperial houses of Greece, Denmark, and Russia converse together in English. The queen invariably speaks German in her home circle.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 17th, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,000 @ 110 1/2	110	
Cal. St. Ry. 5%.....	3,000 @ 119	118 1/2	
Contra C. Water 5%.....	2,000 @ 106 3/4	106 1/2	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	28,000 @ 105	105	106
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	19,000 @ 116 1/2-116 3/4	116 1/2	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	4,000 @ 107	107	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	1,000 @ 116 1/2	116 1/2	117
Oceanic S. Co. 4%.....	26,000 @ 107 1/2-107 3/4	107 1/2	
Pac. Gas Imp. 4%.....	15,000 @ 101 1/2	101 1/2	
Park & C. H. Ry. 5%.....	5,000 @ 105	104 1/2	106
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%.....	25,000 @ 100 1/2-100 3/4	100 1/2	100 3/4
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	8,000 @ 112	111 3/4	112 1/4
S. V. Water 4 1/2%.....	15,000 @ 103	103	103 1/2
S. V. Water 4 1/2% 3d.	2,000 @ 102 1/2	102 1/2	103

	STOCKS.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	100 @ 70	69 1/2	70
Spring Valley Water.....	165 @ 94 1/2-95	95	
Gas and Electric.....			
Equitable Gaslight.....	410 @ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4
Oakland Gas.....	170 @ 49 1/2-49 3/4	49 1/2	49 3/4
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	275 @ 51 1/2-51 3/4	51 1/2	
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry.....	25 @ 35	34 1/2	40
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,400 @ 50 1/2-51 1/4	50 1/2	51

	BANKS.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Bank of Cal.....	50 @ 409	405	408
First National Bank.....	20 @ 297	296	300
Merchants Ex. Bank.....	35 @ 16	16	18

	STREET R. R.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Market St.....	35 @ 65	65	

	POWERS.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.....	100 @ 82 1/2-82 3/4	82 1/2	83 1/2
Vigor.....	700 @ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4

	SUGARS.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.....	30 @ 7 1/2	7	7 1/2
Honokaa S. Co.....	15 @ 30 1/2	30	
Hutchinson.....	170 @ 24 1/2-24 3/4	24	24 1/2
Makawell S. Co.....	265 @ 43 1/2	43	43 1/2
Onomea S. Co.....	50 @ 28	27 1/2	
Pauahau S. P. Co.....	375 @ 30	30	30 1/2

	MISCELLANEOUS.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers.....	16 @ 124 1/2-125	124 1/2	125
Oceanic S. Co.....	100 @ 93	93	93 1/2

The stock of the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company was sold down to 50 1/2, seller, apparently by speculative brokers. Fourteen hundred shares were traded in, being a break of only 1 1/4 points, a very good showing for the stock on a very dull market. At the close there was a good demand for the stock, closing at 50 1/2 bid, 51 asked, with sales at 50 1/2. We note a sale of the stock of the First National Bank at 297, this being the highest price the stock has ever reached. The sugar stocks are quiet on very limited sales, prices remaining unchanged with small offerings.

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Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 288 Montgomery Street, S. F.

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Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,238,372.46

Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00

Deposits June 30, 1900..... 28,938,395.12

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532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1900..... \$26,952,875

Paid-up Capital..... 1,000,000

Reserve Fund..... 218,593

Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier. R. M. WELCH, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00

SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00

PROFIT & LOSS ACCOUNT, 2,453,409.59 July 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President

CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President

THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier

S. FRENTISS SMITH..... Assistant Cashier

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OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BRN JAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Joseph H. Choate, our ambassador to the court of St. James, was once asked in a company whom he would like to be if he were not himself. His kindly eyes traveled round the room as if in search of inspiration, and then rested upon Mrs. Choate. In a flash came the answer to the singular question put to him: "Mrs. Choate's second husband."

At the close of a performance given as a benefit to John Brougham, the actor and dramatist, one of the audience threw upon the stage a purse of gold. Brougham picked it up, and, after examining it, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances compel me to pocket the insult; but" (looking grim) "I should like to see the man who would dare to repeat it!"

Standing on the banks of the Potomac, Lord Coleridge one day asked William M. Evarts: "Is it true that Washington threw a silver dollar across the Potomac?" "It is quite possible," replied Mr. Evarts, thoughtfully, "for a dollar in those days, my lord, went farther than it does now. But, indeed, Washington did better than that—he threw a sovereign across the Atlantic!"

As Horace Mann sat in his study one evening, an insane man rushed into the room, and, after abusing him for all kinds of fancied grievances, challenged him to a fight. Mr. Mann replied: "My dear fellow, it would give me a great pleasure to accommodate, but I can't do it, the odds are so unfair. I am a Mann by name and a man by nature—two against one! It would never do to fight." The insane man answered: "Come ahead; I am a man, and a man beside myself; let us four have a fight."

One day, while Millais was painting his famous picture, "Chill October," among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, a man came up behind him and stood looking first at the picture, then at the surrounding landscape. Finally he asked in broad Scotch dialect: "Mar, did ye never try photography?" "No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly. A pause. "It's a hantle quicker," said the man. "Yes, I suppose so." Another pause; then the Scotchman added, thoughtfully: "An' it's mair like the place!"

When Governor Roosevelt's train pulled out of Greeley, Col., the other day, a woman climbed on the back platform in order to give him a home-made cake. The train gained such momentum that when the time came for her to get off she was obliged to make a flying-trapeze leap for *terra firma*. She rolled over a few times in the sand, got up, and smiled at Roosevelt as he stood worried for her safety on the back platform. Then she waved her handkerchief in evident delight, and became the envy of a hundred women who had watched her acrobatic effort.

A crowd of United States surveyors and allotting agents were recently working in the reservation of the Comanche Indians, surveying, establishing corner-stones, and getting everything ready to divide the land in quarter sections. The Indians did not take very kindly to the division and allotment of their land, and, seeing that the whites were scared, they decided to act. The surveyors were all tenderfeet from Washington. Suddenly, without warning, their camp was invaded by a yelling, shooting band of five hundred Indians in war-paint and feathers. The surveying party could not stand the pressure, and started out for the settlements along the Texas line, and kept up their flight, pursued by the Indians, until they crossed the State line. Then they telegraphed to Fort Sill, and the commander there sent out a large cavalry force to protect the surveyors. The general supposition is that a lot of cowboys and young bucks played a practical joke.

When Marius Dahlgreen, the artist, left for Nome some time ago, to seek his fortune in the gold-fields, he decided to take a varied supply of paints and canvases with him, so that, should the nuggets fail to materialize, he might put in his time profitably immortalizing the picturesque scenery of the new mining-camp with his brush. These dreams were shattered, however, when Dahlgreen's party landed at Port Clarence, for on attempting to put together a small boat with which they had provided themselves, it was found that the dishonest—or only careless—ship-builder had forgotten to include the white lead in the boat's fixings. How to caulk the seams without it at eighty miles' distance from Nome civilization was the question. At last the Goth of the party suggested the artist's paint-box, and with tears the sacrifice was made, the "landscapes of the future" decorating the insensate seams of the little craft. It was perhaps owing to this treatment, however, that the tiny boat escaped wrecking during a twenty-eight days' journey through the recent terrible storms from Port Clarence to Nome.

Captain Hans Miron, who lost his life at his post of duty on the burning *Saale* at Hoboken, a few months ago, was found of telling of his early intro-

duction to the stern realities of his chosen career. He had but just come on board the schooner where, as cabin-boy, he was to serve his apprenticeship to the sea, and was still staring about him with boyish interest and inquisitiveness, when the skipper approached and ordered him to assist in washing down the deck. He put down his bundle and started awkwardly to do so, when a second order, accompanied by emphatic expletives, was given him to take off his shoes and stockings. He was perfectly willing to oblige, but at home he had not been permitted to wet his feet. "No," he answered innocently, with an engaging smile, "I should not mind, but my mother does not allow it." The skipper was a rough old sea-dog, who did not appreciate obedience unless it was rendered to himself, and his reply was a stunning blow that flung the boy across the deck. "But after that," Captain Miron would say, with a great laugh and not a shadow of resentment, "I knew who was captain of that schooner, and it was not my mother."

McTWEEDIE'S DEFEAT.

All Strategy Is Fair in Love and Gott.

My blood boiled as McTweedie walked to the tee, and, carefully placing his ball on the small mound of sand which he had molded with his freckled hand, started to drive off. He was alone. Since my defeat at his hands, McTweedie had assumed an air toward me which plainly said, "You are not at present on my horizon." There was black gall in my heart as I placed my right hand on an aged Silvertown ball and swore, "By the shade of St. Andrew, I will be revenged!"

But how? How could I achieve the downfall of the popular McTweedie, the man who held all in thrall, whose irreproachable accent had won the recent match with the Glenlivet Club, and who had defeated that peerless golfer, T. Humpkin, of the Airmouth Club? It was, indeed, a hard problem. But just then McTweedie's caddy looked at me knowingly and placed the forefinger of his left hand on his right eye. In a moment I saw what was meant. McTweedie's caddy was willing to sell him out. Here was my opportunity. But could I, as a true golfer, seize it? Then I remembered the scornful glances which Miss Van Bunker Smythe had thrown at me since my ignominious defeat at the hands of this same McTweedie.

"Hold oop!" I cried to McTweedie, as he addressed the ball in that zigzag, professional manner that had endeared him to all; "dinna fash yersel'. O'ill play yez." (I am Irish, and at times my dialect fails me.) "O'ill play yez for the drinks and for the honor of ould Scotland."

"Ye'll do nae sic thing," replied McTweedie, with his scornful, oatmeal smile.

By this time, between the difficulties of the two dialects and the haughty air of McTweedie, I was well nigh crazed.

"Hoot!" I yelled. "By me pathron saint O'ill bang yez over the head wi' yer ain niblick if ye dinna! Hoot! Will ye no coom oop?"

At this last McTweedie glanced at me doubtfully. I looked him squarely in the eyes, and, holding my caddy bag under my left arm as if it were a bagpipe, hummed twice through "Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon, how can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?" This fixed McTweedie. He drove off and I followed. At the first opportunity I showed the end of a five dollar bill to his caddy, and again saw him place the forefinger of his left hand on his right eye. I knew that all was well.

Never have I seen a caddy work so effectively. No matter how well McTweedie drove, brassied, or approached, his ball was always found in the worst possible position. Occasionally the caddy would deftly place it in the centre of a tuft of grass. Now and then he would step on it and sink it half way in the ground. Three times he lost it and McTweedie swore at him long and loud in his best accent. Finally I said:

"Ochone, will ye no bully the bairn to death?" and McTweedie said no more.

At the thirteenth hole McTweedie was hopelessly beaten. No caddy ever played better than his. Not for one minute was my rival in the game, and, pale with hate, he threw down his clubs at the finish and strode for the locker-house.

"Ye'll hae a wee bit nipple o' the Scotch wi' me?" I inquired sarcastically and in a tone loud enough for Miss Van Bunker Smythe to hear.

"Aw, gwan," snarled McTweedie, and I saw with delight the sensitive Miss Van Bunker Smythe shudder as she heard his Bowerly slang. Here was a chance to spring the unadulterated Scotch, but in my excitement I mixed things.

"Yez played sic extraordinary golf, Alex," I said, "that I hae a gude mind ne'er to hae aught to do wid yer. Sivin oop 'n five to play! Would na that jar yez?" I asked, turning to Miss Van Bunker Smythe. Luckily for me that estimable lady was so much affected by my decisive victory over McTweedie that she did not notice my accent. In fact, so moved was she that she even forgot her own long training.

"Himmel!" she broke forth. "Wilhelm, was hast du gethan?" Du bist ein Held von ausgezeichneten Stiel!"

But at this point my look of amazement and horror stopped her, and she blushed a deep crim-

son, a color that reminded me of a rowan-berry against the dark loch of Loch Sevin.

"Forgie me," she said, brokenly; and I forgied her.

That night, as I sat in a dark corner of the veranda with Miss Van Bunker Smythe, I heard her wee voice say:

"But how kam ye sae to defeat Alex?"

"I thought o' ye, me lassie," I replied, ardently, and Miss Van Bunker Smythe nestled yet closer to me.

Far off in the shadow of the first bunker I could hear McTweedie greeting sairly. But all is fair in golf and love, and before that memorable night was over Miss Van Bunker Smythe had promised to add yet another hyphen to her name.—*Kansas City Star*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Bryan's Platform.

My platform is like Joseph's coat, A crazy quilt to get a vote, The wildest "hobby" I will mount If I can call it Paramount.

Come ye to me who nurse a sore, And I will cure you evermore. On only one thing I'm intent, I want to be a President.

—*Abraham Gruber in the Independent*.

A Query.

A bibulous fellow named Nat, Who was just getting over a bat, Viewed his busted chapeau, Crying, "I'd like to kneau Who it was threw the brick @ th@ h@." —*Philadelphia Record*.

The Army Mule.

Let others sing of the noble horse, High-stepping, brave, and gay, Who prances proudly o'er the course In his patrician way. A humbler figure claims our song, A victim of misrule, The poor, oppressed, yet tough and strong American army mule: The long-eared mule, Missouri mule, The balking, biting, Kicking, fighting, Rough and rusty, Tried and trusty, Tough old army mule.

He's no prize beauty, and, beside, He wasn't made for show, The meat inside his leathery hide Is gristlier than crow. But warring nations wait until He comes across the sea Before their armies move to kill The blasted enemy. He's ugly, churlish, crabbed, glum, And cross, and sullen, yet He's won his crown of martyrdom A thousand times, you bet!

That tough old mule, Missouri mule, That aw-he-bawing, Kicking, jawing, Bucking, biting, Swearing, fighting, Ugly, rancorous, Rude, cantankerous, Old, moth-eaten, Weather-beaten, Measly, piebald, Glistering eyeballed, Gronty, grumpy, Rope-tailed, dumpy, Darned old mule, Missouri mule, American army mule.

—*Chicago Tribune*.

Unappreciated.

Said the bride: "Here's my first batch of biscuit I just wait! From the oven I'll whiskit." How the poor woman cried When her hubby replied: "Let it burn! I don't think I should riscuit!" —*Philadelphia Press*.

Kind lady—"Here is a dime; now, promise me you will not go to that saloon over the way and spend it." "Thirty Thomas—" I promise, lady; but is there any special saloon in town you'd like me to patronize?"—*Puck*.

Summer Feeding.

For infants necessitates the greatest caution and careful study of conditions. Care in diet, first and last. The use of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has largely simplified this problem. Beware of unknown brands. Get the Best.

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It's as harmless as the flour you eat. It makes old silver new—in brilliancy—and keeps new silver always new.
The proof is yours simply for the asking. Send address on a postal, or 15c. in stamps for box, postpaid. Grocers and druggists sell it.
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NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900
Doric. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, November 3
Doric. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, November 28
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, December 22
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu) Wed., Jan. 16, 1901
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)
IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.
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1900.
Hongkong Maru. Tuesday, November 13
Nippon Maru. Thursday, December 6
America Maru. Saturday, December 29
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO. Sierra, 6000 Tons
Sonoma, 6000 Tons
Ventura, 6000 Tons
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu, Apr. 1, 1900, at 9 P. M.
S. S. Australia, for Papeete, Tahiti, Thursday, Nov. 1, 1900, at 6 P. M.
S. S. Zealandia, for Honolulu, Nov. 10, 1900, at 2 P. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.
Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., October 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, November 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., October 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, November 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., October 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, November 4, and every fifth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., October 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, November 1, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., October 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, November 3, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., Seventh of each month.
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
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GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines
AMERICAN LINE.
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
New York October 31 | St. Louis November 14
St. Paul November 7 | New York November 21
RED STAR LINE.
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Nordland October 31 | Southwark November 14
Friesland November 7 | Westernland November 21
EMPIRE LINE.
To Alaska and Gold Fields.
For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent, Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

SOCIETY.

The Crawford-Clay Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Anna Clay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clay, to Mr. Harden L. Crawford, of New York, took place at "Level Lea," the home of the bride's parents, at Fruitvale, on Wednesday, October 17th. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Dr. Hannon, of Alameda. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father; Miss Margaret Sinclair, the bride's cousin, was the maid of honor; Miss Rosella Price, of St. Louis, and Miss Naomi Wakefield were the bridesmaids; Mr. Everett Crawford, the groom's brother, was the best man; and Mr. Thomas Sidell, of New York, Mr. Philip Clay, Mr. Lyman Dyer, and Mr. Robert Bain acted as ushers.

After the ceremony and reception, an elaborate wedding breakfast was served, and later Mr. and Mrs. Crawford took their departure for the East. Their wedding tour will include a trip to Italy, where they will spend the winter, and on their return they will take up their home permanently in New York City.

Golf Notes.

The San Francisco Golf Club has arranged a schedule of events for the coming fall and winter months, which in number and variety insures a lively season for those interested in golf. All of the fixtures are for gentlemen players and are set for Saturdays and holidays. The ladies will do considerable tournament playing during the same period, but their events, which have not been scheduled as yet, will generally take place during the middle of the week. The schedule of tournaments for men is as follows:

October 20th—A driving contest, five balls, at 2 P. M. November 6th—A putting contest at 10:30 A. M., four balls on each green; at 1:30 P. M., qualifying rounds for Council's Cup. First match for Council's Cup, November 10th; second match for Council's Cup, November 17th. November 24th—Mixed foursome handicap, 2 P. M. November 29th—Thanksgiving-Day handicap; bogey match, medal play, 9:30 A. M. December 8th—Qualifying round for round robin; best twelve scores to qualify; 2 P. M. December 15th—Approaching contest, 2 P. M. December 25th—Foursome handicap, medal play. On the first Saturday of each month, handicap medal play, sweepstakes, entrance two balls, at 2 P. M.

In the handicap sweepstakes tournament of the Class B men on Saturday, October 13th, Warren Gregory won. The scores were as follows:

	1st.	2d.	Gross.
Warren Gregory.....	51	52	103
J. S. Severance.....	59	58	117
Captain Rumbough.....	65	53	118
R. V. Watt.....	55	65	120
L. B. Edwards.....	63	64	124
L. Montague.....	64	64	128
W. J. Dutton.....	67	62	129
C. Christensen.....	61	71	132
Dr. J. A. Spencer.....	69	70	139
S. G. Buckbee.....	74	75	149

In the ladies' continuous tournament, Miss Mullins succeeded in defeating Miss Houghton, who previously held second place. Miss Mullins has now challenged Mrs. R. G. Brown for the club championship. Mrs. F. Green retained her position of sixth place by defeating Miss Drum.

W. P. Johnson won the Captain's Cup at the Oakland Club links last Saturday, October 13th, by the score of 94 for the 18 holes.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Mrs. Elizabeth Parker to Mr. Frederick S. Knight took place at Trinity Episcopal Church on Monday afternoon, October 15th. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Rev. F. W. Clappett. The bride, who was unattended, was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother-in-law, Dr. Raymond, and Mr. Charles E. Knight, the groom's brother, acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Knight left for San José on Tuesday, and on October 31st will sail on the Oceanic steamer *Alameda* for Honolulu, where Mr. Knight will engage in business.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emma L. Hunt and Mr. Harry Bostwick. Miss Hunt is a daughter of the late Henry B. Hunt, a granddaughter of Mr. D. T. Cole, coiner at the United States Mint in this city, and a sister of Mrs. Frank J. Moroney. Mr. Bostwick, who is a son of Mr. H. E. Bostwick and a brother of Mr. Frank F. Bostwick, has spent most of his business career in Japan and Korea. He went out first representing a large commercial firm, and later formed a co-partnership with Mr. H. Collbran, the millionaire railroad builder.

The engagement of Miss Eula Elston, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Elston, of 2023 Channing Way, Berkeley, to Dr. B. F. Sandow, government physician of the island of Kauai, Hawaiian Islands, has been announced.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Florence Whaley, daughter of Mr. William Whaley, to Assistant Paymaster James Saxton Barber, U. S. N., took place in the Episcopal church, Hong Kong, China, on Saturday, August 25th. Paymaster Barber is attached to the United States ship *Don Juan de Austria*, now stationed at Canton, China.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann have sent out cards for a reception and musical to be given at their residence, 3474 Washington Street, on Thurs-

day evening, October 25th. Professional talent has been engaged for this pleasant event.

The Misses Gage recently gave a seven-handed euchre-party at their home, 1300 Harrison Street, Oakland. Among those present were Miss Ruth Dunham, the Misses Alice and Ruth Knowles, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Ada Kenna, Miss Alice Middleton, Miss Edith Selby, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Edith Gaskill, Miss Irene Baker, Miss Maud Pope, Miss Chrissie Taft, the Misses Pauline and Anita Lohse, Miss Jane Crellin, the Misses Pauline and Ione Fore, Miss Ethel Crellin, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Violet Albright, Miss Susan de Fremery, Miss Gertrude Allen, Miss Florence Hayden, and Miss Elsie Marwedel.

Mrs. McKenna, wife of Captain Frank B. McKenna, U. S. A., has been spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Kerens, at their country home, near Elkins, W. Va. There is much rejoicing in this household over the recent birth of a son to Captain and Mrs. McKenna. This interesting addition to two well-known families enjoys the distinction of being the first grandchild of Justice McKenna, of the supreme court, and of the Hon. Richard C. Kerens, of St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor (*nee* Hopkins) have taken a five years' lease of the residence, 2221 Gough Street, one of the five new dwellings which Mr. Rudolph Spreckels has recently built on the south-west corner of Pacific Avenue and Gough Street.

One of the most enjoyable events of the past week was the opening assembly and german given by the members of the Entre Nous Cotillion on Friday evening, October 19th, at the Palace Hotel. Six pretty and novel figures of the german were given under the leadership of Mr. Sanford G. Lewald, assisted by his partner, Miss Belle Herzer.

Invitations have been issued by the Concordia Club for the opening ball which takes place at their club-house, on Van Ness Avenue, on Saturday evening, October 27th. A few invitations to resident non-members have been issued.

A Notable Benefit Matinée.

A notable event of the current week is the matinee to be given at the Orpheum on Tuesday, October 23d, under the auspices of the California Club for the benefit of the fund of the Social Science Department, of which Mrs. Arthur Cornwall is chairman. Choice numbers are to be given by Collamarini, Salassa, Frances Graham, Jean Durrell, Bessie Blitz-Paxton, Grace Marie Dickman, Ruby Dawson, the Montgomerys, Edith Angus, W. J. Hynes, George Hammersmith, W. P. Buckingham, and Herbert Williams.

Assisting Mrs. Cornwall are the following ladies of her section: Mrs. Buckingham, Mrs. Cachot, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Blodgett, Mrs. Barnett, Mrs. Schell, Mrs. E. Z. Rolker, Mrs. Truesdell, and Miss Ida M. Kervan.

The Hirschfeld Symphony Concert.

Those who enjoy high-class music will be given a rare treat on Thursday next, when Max Hirschfeld, the popular musical director, and a selected orchestra of sixty musicians will give a grand symphony concert at the Tivoli Opera House. The programme will be a unique one, and in addition to Berlioz's famous symphony fantastic, entitled "An Episode in the Life of an Artist," the following numbers will be given: "In the Highlands" (Scotch overture), by Neils W. Gade; "Kaiser March," by Wagner; "Dance of the Brides" (from the opera "Foramors"), by Rubinstein; "Alla Tuna" (from Mozart's great A-major sonata); and by special request, "The Ride of the Valkyries," by Wagner. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store, the prices being 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50.

The Pixley Memorial Kindergarten, on Green Street, is to be removed, and nearly all of the trees now on this block are to be cut down. The streets surrounding the block have already been paved. Mrs. Pixley, in her will, instructed the executors to tear down the old Pixley home, which was situated on the block. This has already been done, and in its place in all probability there will soon be numerous residences and flats, making a decided change in the appearance of that section of the city.

Father James O. S. Huntington, of the Episcopal Order of the Holy Cross, will deliver a lecture for the benefit of the Hospitals and Prisons Fund, at eight o'clock Monday night, October 22d, at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. His subject will be "The Wage-Earners of 1900."

In a trip up Mt. Tamalpais is afforded a pleasant day's outing full of enjoyment and devoid of tedium, for there is an ever-changing panorama presented as you make the ascent. The accommodations at the Tavern of Tamalpais for remaining over night are excellent.

— BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

— MOST EVERY ONE WHO HAS WHISKY FOR sale compares its virtues to Jesse Moore "AA" whisky.

ART NOTES.

An Exhibition of Valuable Paintings.

A loan exhibition of paintings of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries opened to the public at the Hopkins Institute of Art on Friday, October 18th. On Thursday there was a private view and reception, with music, for members only. This display is probably one of the most interesting that has ever been placed before the public in San Francisco. It includes some of the most important works of the well-known Nahl collection of old masters, which have not been seen here for nearly twenty years; the Lotdmann collection of portraits, about the "discovery" of which so many items have been going the rounds of the newspapers recently; and a great many other notable groups and individual works which make their first public appearance on this occasion, to the amount in round numbers of one hundred paintings.

The immense canvas by David (Jacques-Louis) belonging to the Mercantile Library Association, and which has been in one of the small upstairs corridors of the Institute for several years, has been hung on the south wall of the gallery, where, for the first time, it can be properly seen. By reason of this place of vantage it attracts almost as much attention as if it were a new arrival. There are two new arrivals, so far as the public are concerned, flanking the David. These are the "Nativity" and "The Adoration of the Wise Men of the East," by Jacopo de Ponte Bassano, a famous painter of the Venetian school (1510-1592). They are canvases five feet by seven, thronged with figures. In the centre of the west wall is another large canvas, the painter of which is unknown. A study of the rich coloring and admirable drawing, however, quickly assures the spectator that whoever he was there is no doubt he was a great master of his art. This fine work was purchased by its present owner in Quebec (where it was known to have been for some two hundred years previous), and much speculation is being provoked as to its origin.

To the right of the great unknown are the Nahl pictures, handed down intact from their original collector, John August Nahl, Sr., whose portrait by Tischbein, a celebrated German painter (1722-1782) is a part of the collection. There are sketches and finished pictures here by such renowned painters as Rubens; Van Dyck, Leonardo da Vinci, Paul Veronese, and Wouvermans, not to mention a host of lesser geniuses. Of course these pictures do not represent the greatest work of these great men—that would be asking too much; but sketches and fragments, as most of them are, they are deeply interesting, not to say highly instructive.

There are several very old pictures, dating back to the middle of the fifteenth century, done on wood and copper, and for all the ravages of time there are faces gleaming out of the cracked and bedimmed color that haunt the beholder. There is a portrait by that old Flemish painter, Gortzius (1553-1618), of an aged lady who might be the mother superior of a convent, if it were not for the coat of arms displayed in worldly pride on one corner, with a life full of sad experience brimming in the brave eyes that look one straight in the face.

Then there is the Lotdmann collection of portraits, the history of which, with its haughty dames, and severe justices, and proud cavaliers, is a romantic sermon in itself. The painters are unknown, but there were men of genius among them. Another picture with a story is that of Van Loo's portrait of the Duchesse de Mouchy, maid of honor to Marie Antoinette, which had a couple of pistol-balls fired through it by the mob of revolutionists as it hung in Versailles.

The opening reception at the institute was well attended in spite of the wet weather. Indeed, the members of the Art Association are to be congratulated on such a treat as this which has been prepared for them. The exhibition will be open to the public for one week.

The two valuable works of art which Mrs. Stanford purchased some time ago from J. O. Coleman, of Sacramento, have been brought to the university, and were hung in the art gallery of the museum last week. They are the work of the well-known artist, Richard Nahl, and represent phases of pioneer life. The subjects are "Crossing the Plains" and "Saturday Night in the Mines." The paintings have hung on the wall opposite the staircase in the Capitol at Sacramento for some time, and are familiar to most Californians.

Helen Hyde, who has been for the past year in Japan and who expects to remain another twelve months, has sold outright to a San Francisco and a New York firm the most important thing she has done since she commenced colored etching. It is a Japanese Madonna, and the edition will be limited to something over two hundred prints. The destroyed blocks are now on their way to this country.

Florence Lundborg has located her studio in the old Montgomery Block, 628 Montgomery Street. She is now commencing her first serious work since her return from Paris, and is making some drawings for the mural decoration of a living-room. The first panel is outlined, and is a development of the name she has given her motif, "The Isle of Idleness."

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No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval (*nde Tobin*), after a short visit in the East, sailed from New York for Liverpool on the White Star steamer *Teutonic* on October 10th. They will spend several months in Paris, where Mr. Raoul-Duval's mother and brother live.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Miss Rutherford, and Mr. Alexander Rutherford are at the Virginia Hot Springs for a fortnight's stay. Miss Emma Rutherford expects to conclude her art studies at Leipzig in January, when she will return home.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey has returned from the East, where she left her daughters in school.

Miss Jennie Blair and her brother, Mr. William S. Blair, expect to remain in England until the end of next month.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin arrived in New York last week en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck and the Misses Gertrude and Edna Van Wyck, who for the past two years have been making a tour around the world, arrived in New York on Saturday, October 13th. After a visit of several weeks in the East with relatives, they will return to San Francisco and occupy their home, 2424 Steiner Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, formerly Mrs. Cunningham, have been sojourning for some months in Paris. Their home has been recently brightened by the advent of a son.

Mrs. Charles F. MacDermot and the Misses MacDermot sailed from New York for Paris on the White Star steamer *Teutonic* on Wednesday, October 10th.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will receive on the first Monday of each month during the winter at her home, 1171 Alice Street, Oakland.

Mrs. H. J. Craft (*nde Wilder*), arrived from Honolulu on Thursday.

Mrs. P. McG. McBean and Miss McBean were visitors at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. Charles H. Crocker has returned to this city. Mr. and Mrs. George E. Ranm, who are returning from an extended trip abroad, were in New York last week for a brief stay. Much of their time was spent at Cairo and Nice, and they remained in Paris for several weeks.

Mrs. William H. Morrow will receive the third and fourth Fridays in October at her home, 1511 Scott Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Stanton are occupying their villa at "Walnut Heights," in Santa Cruz County. Mr. Stanton, who has been for a number of years business-manager of the *Argonaut*, is at his country-place for a well-earned rest.

Mr. Lawrence H. Van Wyck is still in Paris. He expects to sail for New York en route home about December 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels have returned from a trip to the Paris Exposition, and will remain for the winter at their home in London, 7 Handel Street, Brunswick Square.

Mr. A. J. Clunie was in New York early in the week.

Captain William Banning, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Banning, Mr. J. B. Banning, Jr., Miss Katharine M. Banning, Miss Mabel Horn, and Mr. J. H. Schumacher, of Catalina Island, drove up to San José in a four-in-hand last week, on their way to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott are now in Paris, where they will make a stay of several months.

Judge W. B. Gilbert, of the United States Circuit Court, arrived in San Francisco from Portland early in the week and was at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Augustus C. Doan (*nde Cummins*) is visiting her mother, Mrs. Phillip Verrill Mighels, in London, where Mr. Doan will soon join her. Later they will visit the Paris Exposition.

Judge J. A. Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, and Miss Cooper will give up their house on November 1st, and return to the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, was at the Occidental Hotel early in the week.

Dr. Tillie Dittenhoefer has returned from Europe, and is now permanently located at 1017 Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Roberts, of Byron Springs, were at the Palace Hotel a few days ago.

Mrs. Edward Barron and Mr. E. F. Barron, of Washington, D. C., enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. O. R. Johnson, with her son and daughter, are staying at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Professor and Mrs. William H. Henderson and Professor and Mrs. Ellwood P. Cuhberley, of Stanford University, were guests at the California Hotel during the week.

Mrs. and Miss Davies have taken rooms at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. Richard M. Hotaling was a visitor at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. M. Smith and Mrs. A. M. Allen, of Los Angeles, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Ruby Bond, Miss Ruth Bond, and Miss Ruth Adams remained over night at the Tavern of Tamalpais on Wednesday of last week.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. G. C. B. Anderson, Judge Tobin, Mr. W. P. Glynn, Miss Nellie Glynn, Mr. S. S. Curtiss, Mr. G. L. Woolrich, Mr. D. M. Delmas, Mr. E. M. Welsh, and Mr. N. Welsh.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Barrett, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Veuve, of Los Gatos, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schmidt, of Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. William Ryder, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Barlow, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. King and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jackson, of Vallejo, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Adams, of Spokane, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Bradley, of San Diego, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Irish, of Santa Cruz, Mr. E. W. Cox, of Santa

Rosa, Mr. E. L. Woods, of Sausalito, Mr. C. E. Moore, of Santa Clara, Mr. W. L. Clark, of Benicia, Mrs. E. S. Gill, of Honolulu, and Mr. J. S. Hoover, of San Rafael.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. E. W. Fogg, Miss Alida M. Fogg, and Mr. Timothy E. Fogg, of Orville, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Olshansen and Miss Lily Olshansen, of Los Angeles, Mr. Monroe H. Starr, of Ithaca, N. Y., Mrs. William C. Hardy, of Minneapolis, Minn., Mrs. E. A. Barner, of Syracuse, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. John Schlenk, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Wallace, of Newcastle, Pa., Dr. and Mrs. O. S. Trimmer, of Pacific Grove, Mr. J. F. Stark and Mr. H. M. Clark, of Oakland, Mrs. W. R. A. Johnson, of Santa Clara, Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Field, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. G. Munkhouse, of Los Gatos, Mr. M. J. Kleson, Mr. F. B. Dallam, Mr. Robert F. Haight, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. William H. Alexander, Mrs. J. McCurdy, Mrs. E. H. Horton, Miss Florence Horton, Miss H. Wright, and Miss E. H. Horton.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant Ethelbert L. D. Breckinridge, who has been stationed at Alcatraz for some time, has been ordered to rejoin his regiment, the Tenth Infantry, at Santiago, Cuba. Lieutenant Breckinridge is the son of Brigadier-General Joseph C. Breckinridge, inspector-general, U. S. A.

Mrs. Frederick Funston, wife of Brigadier-General Funston, U. S. V., was a passenger on the transport *Grant*, which sailed for the Philippines on Tuesday. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Blankart, who will remain with her for several months.

Lieutenant-Commander Wythe M. Parks, U. S. N., and Passed-Assistant Robert S. Blakeman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Blakeman, were at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Naval Constructor Frank W. Hibbs, U. S. N., left Mare Island for the Puget Sound naval station on Thursday, and Mrs. Hibbs will follow him in a few days.

Captain J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., has had his sick leave extended until January 6th.

Mrs. Cottman, wife of Lieutenant-Commander V. L. Cottman, U. S. N., has returned to Washington, D. C., and is now located at 1717 Riggs Place. Mrs. Cottman's sister, Miss Mary Klink, of this city, will be her guest throughout the winter.

Chaplain Walter G. Isaacs, U. S. N., registered at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Mrs. F. E. Green, wife of Captain Green, U. S. A., sailed for the Orient on Wednesday, October 17th, on the Japanese steamer *America Maru*. Upon her arrival in Hong Kong she will proceed to Manila, where her husband is stationed.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles E. Fox, U. S. N., Captain Henry Leonard, U. S. M. C., and Captain W. H. Gould arrived from the Orient on Thursday.

Assistant-Paymaster E. F. Hall, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Honolulu Naval Station, and will sail from this city for the Hawaiian Islands on November 13th.

Among the passengers of the transport *Grant*, which sailed for Manila on Tuesday, October 16th, were Captain Edmund Du Bois, Forty-Second Infantry, U. S. V., Lieutenant John P. Hasson, Thirty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. V., Lieutenant Leo M. Cutts, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. V., Lieutenant Albert C. Allen, Thirty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. V., Lieutenant Raymond H. Fenner, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., Lieutenant E. B. Howell, Philippine Cavalry, Assistant-Surgeons W. B. McLaughlin, M. A. Probert, and W. J. Lyster, U. S. A., Colonel Mancil C. Goodrell, U. S. M. C., Major T. C. Prince, quartermaster, U. S. M. C., Mrs. Roach, wife of Lieutenant Roach, U. S. A., Mrs. E. A. Miller, wife of Captain Edward A. Miller, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., Mrs. Frank H. Albright, wife of Captain Albright, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., Mrs. Chapman, wife of Lieutenant Chapman, U. S. A., Mrs. Howard L. Laubach, wife of Lieutenant Laubach, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Katharine Smith, wife of General James F. Smith, U. S. A.

The "Little Mother's" Cooking School.

Mrs. Mary S. Bartlett Sheppard's "Little Mother's" Cooking School opened its doors on Saturday, October 13th, with an enjoyable programme of music, at which the little girls who are to attend, their mothers, and other invited guests were pleasantly entertained. This school is a most meritorious one. It is for little girls from ten to fourteen years of age who are the older sisters in poor families, who care for their younger brothers and sisters, and who perform the various household duties while their mothers are out at work. To show how eager the "little mothers" are to avail themselves of this excellent opportunity, it may be mentioned that fifty-one were ready to begin, but the club-rooms can accommodate only twenty.

Joshua Tevis, a brother of the late Lloyd Tevis and a pioneer attorney of the Pacific Coast, passed away at his residence, 1257 East Fourteenth Street, Oakland, on Friday, October 12th. Joshua Tevis was born in Kentucky, June 26, 1826. He took a prominent part in political affairs in Kentucky, and was district attorney of Louisville for several terms. In 1864 he came to California and engaged in the practice of law. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Tevis removed with his family from San Francisco to East Oakland, and has since made his home there. He leaves two grown sons living in Oakland, Dr. Samuel Tevis and Mr. Carter Tevis.

COMMUNICATIONS.

California Wines at the Paris Exposition.

NEW YORK, October 6, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: A San Francisco friend sends me an extract from the *Argonaut* on the matter of the naming and labeling of California wines. It is one of the best of the many comments I have seen, and, besides, the position taken is, in my opinion, in the main the right one.

As a member of the international jury on wines at the Paris Exposition, I am quite familiar with the action of the jury, and with the discussion which resulted in excluding those wines bearing a "false indication of origin," whether they came from California, or from New York, or from Australia. There has been, and is yet, too much "faking" in the liquor trade, and this matter of using imitation names and labels is an evil wide-spread and of long standing.

Without going into the details, which are more or less known, I would say that the subject was officially brought to the attention of the president of our jury by a letter written to him by Comte Perrier de Larsan, who was a member of the international jury in another class, namely viticulture. Thereupon the president of our jury laid the matter before the members, and at a meeting the resolution was unanimously passed excluding those wines bearing a false indication of origin from receiving any award. While the resolution aroused some discussion, the justice of it was admitted by almost every member present.

However, my colleague on the jury, Dr. H. W. Wiley, thought otherwise. In the first place, he sought to justify the practice of some wine-makers in using false and imitation names and labels. In the second place, he was in favor of withdrawing all of our wine exhibits. In other words, he would have made the innocent suffer because of the guilty, and those who had sent wines properly named and labeled, at much trouble and expense, would not have received the awards and honors which they deserved.

I mention these facts, as Dr. Wiley, in two long and labored letters, one to the secretary of the California commission and another to Mr. W. H. Mills, of the Southern Pacific exhibit, takes so much credit to himself and what he did that Mr. Mills seems to think that he and Professor Rising deserve a vote of thanks. Now, what Professor Rising did for the California wines I do not know. He was not a member of the jury. He did not appear before the jury. Nothing that he said or did in any way influenced the action of the jury for California wines.

Finally, there seems to be no question that our wine-makers have no moral, legal, or business right to use the French and foreign names for their wines. In this connection I would call attention to the order made a few weeks ago by Judge Lacombe, of the United States Circuit Court of the southern district of New York, perpetually enjoining the Fred Hollender Company, of New York City, from using the word "Milwaukee" on receptacles containing beer, and from selling the product as Milwaukee beer. The suit was brought by three large Milwaukee brewing companies to stop the Hollender Company from using the word "Milwaukee" unless its beer was brewed or made in Milwaukee. The order made by Judge Lacombe in this case only follows the law, which is well established. Of course the principle applies with equal force and effect to the use of certain foreign words for American wines.

I am, yours very truly, LEE J. VANCE,
Member International Jury, Class 60,
Associate Juror, Class 61.

An Appreciative Author.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 28, 1900.

MY DEAR SIR: I have this morning received a very kind notice of my book published in the *Argonaut*. I write to thank you, as I think it must be spontaneous and an honest opinion, for I have no influence with your writers, and indeed with no one in that way. That one of the oldest and best-known journals in the country should have been so kind as to give me so much space makes me more than grateful. Appreciatively and sincerely,
M—B—C—.

Miss Christine Payson, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson, granddaughter of Mrs. A. M. Parrott, and niece of Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe and Mr. John Parrott, died suddenly on Thursday of last week at the family home in San Mateo. Her death was due to the bursting of a blood-vessel in the brain. Miss Payson was sixteen years old, and one of the best golf-players of her age on the Burlingame links, where she played regularly with her father.

—THE "OLD ENGLISH" STYLE OF ENGRAVING for visiting cards is becoming more popular every day, and no doubt will soon supersede the Roman and Script of the past seasons. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, are making a specialty of this new departure.

The Australia for Tahiti.

This favorite steamer, under command of Captain Lawless, will sail for Papeete November 1st. Hitherto these charming islands of the South Seas have been reached by sailing vessels, requiring thirty to forty days, but the time of new steamship service will be ten and a half days. Ask for particulars of the low excursion rate at 643 Market Street.

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To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

—MANY PROMINENT AMERICANS HAVE ALREADY completed their arrangements with Thomas Cook & Son for a sojourn on the Nile during the coming winter. Full particulars of steamer sailings, available dahabehs, hotel accommodation, etc., can be obtained at 621 Market Street, San Francisco.

—DR. TILLIE DITTENHOEFER, FORMERLY 1137 Geary Street, has returned from Europe, and permanently located at 1017 Sutter St. Tel. East 59.

What he'd sacrifice: *Eloise Eastside*—"Would yer leave yer happy home fer me, love?" *Maraschino Mulberry*—"Would I? Light uv me heart, I'd leave a base-ball game in de ate innin's wit' de score tie!"—*Puck*.

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GOING -TO- MEXICO ?

The Southern Pacific Company will run a Special Train of Pullman Sleeping Cars from San Francisco to the City of Mexico, leaving on Wednesday, November 14th, and passing Los Angeles on the following day.

The round-trip rate from San Francisco will be \$80; from Los Angeles, \$70, and proportionate rates from other points.

It is calculated that the excursion will require about 30 days, but tickets will be good for 60 days, so that those who wish may prolong their visit. Very complete arrangements are provided for side trips. Mexico is famous for its strange, quaint, and curious attractions, but unfortunately not all of them are found on the main avenues of travel. They can be visited at small cost, and should not be omitted.

The Excursion will be in charge of Wm. H. Menton, Excursion Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific, who is familiar with Mexico, speaks its language, and will cheerfully give all desired information to inquirers. Go and see or address him at 613 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., or any agent of the Southern Pacific Company.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	From Oct. 1, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runcney, and Sacramento.	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	*6.75 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.	*12.45 A
*8.00 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.	*9.45 A
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carthers.	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.	*7.15 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.	*5.45 P
*10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.	*4.15 P
*11.00 A	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.	*4.15 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*2.45 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.	*5.00 A
*2.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.	*7.15 P
*4.30 P	The Owl Limited. Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanger for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	*10.15 A
*5.00 P	Stockton.	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.	*12.45 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.	*12.15 P
*7.00 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	*8.45 A
*18.05 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.	*11.00 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge), (Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	*6.20 P
*12.45 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	*7.45 A
*11.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.	*17.20 P

CREAK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M. 1.00 3.00 5.00 P. M.
*4.00	13.00 16.00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

*10.00 A. M.	*12.00	*2.00	*3.00	*4.00	*5.00 P. M.
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EAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge), (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco, San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	*16.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.	*6.25 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations.	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.	*10.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.	*7.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
§ Saturday only.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"Is your knee tired, dear?" He—"Oh, no. I can't feel it at all now."—*Life*.

"Dat's a queer hoss-shoe over your door, Mr. Johnsing." "Hoss-shoes is out of style; dat's a automobile tire."—*Chicago News*.

Contributor (reading aloud)—"His eyes were riveted on her face." Magazine editor—"Riveted"? Here cut that out. If he didn't belong to the union you'll have all the boiler-makers in this country down on us."—*Chicago Record*.

Mrs. Nagsby (impatiently calling)—"Nora, drop everything at once and come to me!" Nora—"Yes, ma'am." Mrs. Nagsby—"Now, what's the baby crying for?" Nora—"Cause I dropped him, ma'am."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

A sweeter parting: "So you wish to take my daughter away from me," remarked her doting father. "Well—ah—that wasn't just exactly my thought," stammered the nervous young suitor; "my folks could perhaps spare me with fewer pangs."—*Philadelphia Record*.

The professor's granddaughter was looking at a half-tone portrait of Prince Albert of Flanders and the Duchess Marie Gabrielle of Bavaria. "Who are these people, grandfather?" she asked. "Those are the Belgian heirs," replied the professor.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Teacher—"Jimmy, if you found eighteen pennies and another boy should take two-thirds of them away, what would each of you have?" Jimmy—"I'd have six pennies an' he'd have a good thumpin', 'less he handed back the rest of 'em mighty quick."—*Glasgow Evening News*.

House-owner—"You didn't pay the rent last month." Tenant—"No? Well, I suppose you'll hold me to your agreement." Owner—"Agreement—what agreement?" Tenant—"Why, when I rented, you said I must pay in advance or not at all."—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal*.

A literary career: Friend—"What is your son doing now?" Lady—"He's writing for the papers." Friend—"Oh, he is doing literary work, is he?" Lady—"I suppose so; he solicits subscribers, and when they pay him the money he writes for the papers they want."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Fair visitor—"So you have really decided not to sell your house?" Fair host—"Yes; you see, we placed the matter in the hands of a real-estate agent. After reading his lovely advertisement of our property neither John nor myself could think of parting with such a wonderful and perfect home."—*Tit-Bits*.

Excited lady (on the beach)—"Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some of you—" Chief coast-guard (hurriedly)—"We are doing all we can, madam, and have sent the crew a line to come ashore." Excited lady (to her companion)—"Good gracious, Matilda, just fancy, the silly fellows were actually waiting for a formal invitation."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

A short time ago, at a school in the North of England, during a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question: "Can any boy name me an animal of the order edentata; that is, a toothless animal?" A boy, whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark, replied: "I can." "Well, what is the animal?" "My grandmother," replied the boy, in great glee.—*Ex.*

The pride of the family: Mrs. McMoriarty—"Phwat is your son doin' now, Mrs. O'Rafferty?" Mrs. O'Rafferty—"Sure, he's adopted th' stage as a profession, Mrs. McMoriarty." Mrs. McMoriarty—"Dhrivin' a stage, is it?" Mrs. O'Rafferty—"Be away wid y'r nonsense! It's an actor he is. He do be a light comedian." Mrs. McMoriarty—"A loight comedian, is it?" Mrs. O'Rafferty—"Yis. He stands beyant the black curtain, wid his mouth to a hole forinist a candle, an', when Pawnee Ike shoots at the candle, he blows it out."—*Tit-Bits*.

A Polish couple came before a justice of the peace to be married. The justice looked at the document which authorized him to unite in matrimony Zacharewicz Perezynski and Leokowarda Jeulinseika. "Ahem!" he said; "Zacha—h'm—h'm—ski, do you take this woman—" and so forth. "Yes, sir," responded the young man. "Leo—h'm—th—ska, do you take this man to be—" and so forth. "Yes, sir." "Then I pronounce you man and wife," said the justice, glad to find something he could pronounce; "and I heartily congratulate you both on having reduced those two names to one."—*Ex.*

All over the world, babies have been benefited, during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Short one—"Go azy, Tim; u's tree moiles that's before us!" Tall one—"Sure an' that's phy Oi'm hurrying; Oi want to git there before I git all tired out!"—*Brooklyn Life*.

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office:
Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	\$7.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	6.10
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail	6.70
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail	4.50
The Argonaut and the Thrice-a-Week N. Y. World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail	4.25
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World for One Year, by Mail	5.25
The Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly for One Year, by Mail	5.90
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail	4.70
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail	6.70
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail	5.75
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail	7.50
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	6.20
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The Argonaut and the Overland Monthly for One Year, by Mail	4.25
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The Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	5.20
The Argonaut and the North American Review for One Year, by Mail	7.50
The Argonaut and the Cosmopolitan for One Year, by Mail	4.35
The Argonaut and the Forum for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and Vogue for One Year, by Mail	6.10
The Argonaut and Little's Living Age for One Year, by Mail	9.00
The Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly for One Year, by Mail	5.50
The Argonaut and the International Magazine for One Year, by Mail	4.50
The Argonaut and the Pall Mall Magazine for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and the Mexican Herald for One Year, by Mail	10.50
The Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	4.35
The Argonaut and McClure's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	4.35
The Argonaut and the Criterion for One Year, by Mail	4.35

The Argonaut.

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Speculation has been busy from time to time with the outcome of Bryan's election, assuming for the purpose that the worst might happen. Not the least phase of the dangers which would threaten the country is recognized to be the character and records of the group of men who represent those close behind the candidate, whose election would be their work and their victory.

In forming a cabinet Bryan would have to recognize the political forces which made his election possible. What are those forces? They comprise the three wings of fusion—Silverites, Democrats, and Populists; the solid South; Richard Croker, without whom he could not carry the indispensable State of New York; and Altgeld, who is working tooth and nail to deliver the votes of anarchy, license, and disorder. Who are the men who represent

these various elements of Bryanism? They are Jones of Arkansas, Towne of Minnesota, George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, Tillman of South Carolina, Croker of New York, Altgeld of Illinois, and Jerry Simpson of Kansas. There is the natural material for a Bryan cabinet, and they are the powers which must be reckoned with if Bryan should be President.

There is no other place to look for material. Boutwell, Schurz, and Olney do not count, because they represent nothing but themselves, and would be thrown aside when they have been used in the campaign. Old-line Democrats, like Morgan, Pettus, McEnery, and McLaurin, are not in full accord with Bryanism. They are expansionists, with little sentiment about "consent of the governed," and no liking for debased finances.

The special objects of a Bryan administration would be free and unlimited coinage of silver, a tariff for revenue only, and an assault upon the supreme court to make impossible the so-called "government by injunction." Jones, as Secretary of State, would dictate our foreign policy; Altgeld, as Attorney-General, would cater to the forces of anarchy and disorder. Towne, in the Treasury, would be a valuable club with which to destroy national credit; Croker, in the War Office, would introduce Tammany methods of misrule and patronage; while Tillman, as Secretary of the Interior, would represent the cause of "consent of the governed"; and all would unite in measures to debase the civil service in their own interests.

The fact that these men are the closest associates of Bryan in his campaign makes this no fancy picture. It is a positive danger to be apprehended. What they represent is known by their records, and their acts are bound to be a reflex of their political characters. They represent what Senator Hoar meant when he said: "You can not mix tyranny, dishonor, broken faith, anarchy, and license in one cup and have constitutional liberty the result of the mixture."

At the coming election next month the electors will be called upon to vote upon a number of constitutional amendments. Whatever may be thought of the others, there is one that should receive the hearty support of every voter in the State, for its adoption will enable this city to perform a simple act of justice which it is now prevented from performing. The amendment is in the form of an addition to section 18 of article 11 of the constitution, and is known as "Amendment No. 15." This section limits the indebtedness to be incurred by any school board to the revenue of the year in which the indebtedness is incurred, unless the expenditure is authorized by two-thirds of the voters in the district. The proposed amendment provides that San Francisco may pay any unpaid claims incurred for teachers' salaries or for material during the forty-first, forty-second, forty-third, forty-fourth, and fiftieth fiscal years. It will be noticed that the amendment affects San Francisco alone; the other parts of the State will have nothing to pay on account of it, yet it is necessary that it should be supported throughout the State if it be adopted.

The indebtedness which this amendment is intended to enable San Francisco to pay is in return for value actually received and enjoyed by the people of this city. The trouble was that successive boards of education incurred indebtedness during the five years in excess of the appropriation for those years, and when the appropriation was exhausted the constitutional inhibition stood in the way of paying what remained. There is no more conscientious and hard-working class of people than the school-teachers. They have earned their money, and it is an injustice that they should not receive it. In many cases it has worked a distinct hardship that they should have been kept out of it so long. Of the salaries earned in November and December, 1898, they have received only a comparatively small portion, though they have waited nearly two years. During January of this year, thirteen months after the indebtedness was incurred, they received sixty-one per cent. of the November salaries. Up to the present time they have received only about seventy

per cent. of the November salaries, and about one and one-fifth per cent. of those for December. Nor is the relief intended for the teachers only. Many merchants have furnished, in good faith, supplies and material that were absolutely necessary, and are yet unpaid. The coal furnished during the winter, to render the school-rooms habitable for the children, is one item among many.

The adoption of this amendment offers the only method by which these bills can be paid. It is but a simple act of justice and honesty. The people of San Francisco ask their neighbors throughout the State to enable them to remove this blot from the fair fame of their city, and they can do it without any expense or liability, as the taxes to pay this indebtedness will be collected from San Francisco County alone. The elector who votes against this amendment commits a wrong.

A Pan-Latin conference has been called to meet at Madrid within a few days, and the people of this country may well regard its proceedings with a certain degree of anxiety. Not only are delegates to be present from all of the Latin countries of Europe, but the Spanish-American republics to the south of this country are expected to participate. The purpose of the congress is announced as purely defensive, but the line between defense and offense is seldom very clearly drawn when there is a supposedly sufficient force behind. The lead in calling this congress is being taken by Spain, and this is an indication of the animus of the movement. It is idle to suppose that the Spanish people, and more particularly the Spanish administration, do not feel resentment on account of the recent war. France was inclined to side with Spain during that struggle, and was restrained only by considerations of policy. In spite of the paternal policy that has been pursued by the United States, the Central and South American republics sympathized with Spain rather than with this country. In fact, subscriptions were organized in certain of the cities of South America with the avowed purpose of sustaining the Madrid government against the attacks of this country. The fact that the independence of these same republics was secured through the action of the United States, and that this country has done all in its power to advance their interests, counted for nothing. These facts were ignored and those countries appeared as the opponents and enemies of the United States.

Under these circumstances it is natural that the Pan-Latin countries should combine. France, which has always claimed the leadership among the Latin races, will endeavor to place herself at the head of the new movement. It offers an opportunity to erase, or at least to obscure, the stain that was placed upon that country by the Franco-German War. Portugal fears for its possessions in Africa that are menaced by the British triumphs over the Boers, and will do its utmost to advance the new movement. Italy has been almost a nonentity in the Dreikund, which has ceased to be an international force through mere lack of vitality. The Pan-Latin League offers Italy a position of more dignity and more influence. The republics of South America will attain a position of importance that they could not have hoped for otherwise. Even Mexico, which has shown a friendly inclination toward the United States, is to be included in this new combination, and, since blood is thicker than water, may enroll itself among the enemies of this country. The congress is an event that may well be regarded by the people of this country with interest.

It has been the universal experience with wars that a picturesque aftermath of the exciting news of battles lost and won has been furnished by the chroniclers' accounts of the looting done and the treasure secured. The modern correspondent, being more imaginative and less hampered by the limitations of truth than his predecessor, has elevated this to the dignity of a distinct branch of literature. The Chinese war has furnished an ideally favorable setting for these literary efforts, and, as a result, the civilized world has been aroused by the

untold wealth and priceless curios that the troops of the allied powers have secured. London is a large city, and is made up of all classes and conditions of men. This is probably why the excitement has been most intense there, and dealers in curios are sending their agents forward to Pekin to secure some of these treasures. As a matter of fact, very little of any value has been secured by the soldiers. They have gathered together a collection of commonplace Chinese articles, the chief value of which arises from the fact that they are relics of the war. In every street and in the neighborhood of every camp there are little extemporized bazaars where a motley crowd of soldiers of all nations haggle with civilians over the price of articles that could as well and as cheaply be purchased at a curio store in this country. The few real bargains that have been secured are in furs. Persian lamb, and slink, or the dressed hide of the unborn lamb, are the most valuable, while there are some sable, ermine, cat-skins, rabbit, and Mongolian goat hides. There is an abundance of bronzes and porcelain. While these speculators are doomed to disappointment, it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. In this city are a number of curio stores where Chinese goods, far more rare and more costly than those secured by the soldiers are on sale. The dealers ought to ship them to Europe as relics of the war. They might be in too good condition for relics, but that is easily remedied. They would be snapped up at fabulous prices while this correspondent-made excitement exists. Here is a fortune awaiting some enterprising dealer in curios and antiquities.

Stanford University has a large interest at stake in the coming election, and the fact that in a great measure the future of the institution will then be decided excites general sympathy in educational centres. The future greatness of the university depends upon the ratification by the people of the proposed constitutional amendment which passed the legislature almost unanimously on the second of March last year.

The opinion has gone forth that the object of this amendment is to procure for the university an extensive tax-exemption, hence the reason for fearing some popular hesitation to vote for it. As a matter of fact, the Stanford trustees do not hold to the idea of asking any exemption, as the university investments are now in non-taxable government bonds. Our State constitution is unique in withholding from the legislature power to make tax-exemptions in general. The clause relating to taxation in the proposed amendment is intended only to authorize the legislature in this particular instance to exempt a limited amount or not to exempt, just as it sees fit, and just as in all cases the legislature of any other State may do constitutionally. The university claims that at present its money is driven out of the State, and that while the State gains nothing in taxes, the university loses each year in revenue, and must do correspondingly less work for the State. It suggests that some future exemption, if hereafter deemed advisable upon this plea, be once for all rendered a constitutional possibility.

The amendment wholly concerns technical constitutionalities. The main object is to confirm the grant of the original foundation act, vague and incomplete, if not actually unconstitutional in itself. A minor object is to authorize and confirm other than foundation grants—that is, gifts and bequests wherever situated and made to the trustees for the university. Senator Stanford did not provide for gifts nor bequests. Thus the objects of the amendment are seen to be entirely reasonable when understood.

In service rendered, the university amounts to a State institution. The trustees make annually to the governor a report of their proceedings and of the financial affairs of the institution. If Stanford should be closed or its growth checked, it would be necessary for the State to let the Stanford quota of students go out of the State for higher education, or else by increased taxes to enlarge the State university. As Stanford not only enables the State to educate this surplus at home, but also attracts one-third of its student body from outside the State; as it not only saves the State taxation, and may not receive State aid, it becomes a matter of mere justice as well as self-interest to enable the university to increase in usefulness to the full extent. It becomes a matter of State pride to enable California to have in a short time the largest and best-equipped universities in the world.

The necessity of framing the amendment lies in the fact that none of the results sought can be secured through legislation, because special legislation is, in this State, unconstitutional. Stanford students begin to show a vital interest in the on-coming election. In conjunction with the alumni, they have organized an "Amendment Club," to propagate a popular understanding of the beneficent intent of the measure. A spirit of hearty approval and cooperation in the movement is shown at Berkeley, where the president of Stanford was recently invited to address the students on the question.

Dr. Jordan made an earnest appeal for their votes and influence.

It is believed that the electors of California will show no hesitation in approving the constitutional amendment. There would be no room for doubt in the matter if the real object and scope of the measure were understood.

The floundering of Bryanism have so clearly revealed the insincerity of its candidate that it is apparent the party realizes that it had no real issue to present. The attempt to eliminate free silver from the platform failed through Bryan's insistence that it must be explicitly recognized. That done, he was constrained by his associates to ignore it and try the effect of anti-imperialism upon the people. He tried it, and it was soon discredited.

Something must be done. A change of tactics was begun in September, when Bryan brought the trust question to the front at St. Louis. It was quickly discovered that "Democracy on Trusts" was a poor text-book; that the party was deeper in the mud than Republicans in the mire; and that Bryan had no tenable remedy to propose.

He has talked imperialism here, trusts there, militarism yonder, and occasionally thrown out a crumb of comfort to the dwindling silverites. With him all issues seem to turn on what he supposes to be the sentiment of the locality where he speaks. No one doubted his thorough belief in his silver theories and gold predictions four years ago. Frightened away from those subjects by fear of defeat, the old ring of sincerity is gone, leaving nothing but a desire for votes, and the means used to gain them are reprehensible.

The conviction obtains that Mr. Bryan is not expounding any principle, but merely talking for office. His whole career supports that belief. It justifies Henry Watterson's vigorous statement that Bryan is "not of the class from which Democrats ever chose a candidate before, or the kind of timber of which any party ever made a President." His speeches are so lowered in tone of late that we hear nothing but quibbles, cheap aphorisms, desperate appeals to class distinctions, warnings against military despotism, assertions that impractical forts are to be built to enable impossible armies to over-awe workmen, and that an empire is to rise on the ruins of the republic. Once it was "Free silver or nothing!" Now it has descended through logical sequence to "Anything for votes!"

The hopeful signs indicate that the people can be trusted, will not be deceived, and do not need to be corrupted to eschew a candidate whose utterances prove him to be wavering, irresponsible, and impracticable. What is needed now is a supreme effort in this final week to make the victory decisive and bury Bryanism beyond a hope of resurrection.

The fruit-growers of California have been accustomed to look to the Eastern States for a market for their surplus product that would inevitably grow to immense dimensions within a few years. At present, New York, Chicago, and one or two others of the larger cities take the bulk of the shipments, but only increased facilities of handling and reduced freight rates have been required to extend the field to an unlimited extent. Now, however, a new rival has entered the field. The United Fruit Company, which constitutes an Eastern fruit trust, with head-quarters in Virginia, is reaching out to capture practically the entire business. A line of fruit steamers is to be established between Newport News and British Honduras. There is nothing in this to alarm California fruit-growers, as none of the fruit from this State enters that market or is likely to do so. Another feature of their plan, however, presents a more serious menace. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad is to run fast fruit trains to Cincinnati, Louisville, and Memphis. Both Chicago and St. Louis are to be entered, and it is only a question of time when the New York field will be invaded. The Eastern trust will have the advantage of a shorter haul, and, consequently, reduced freight charges. The California fruit will be compelled to compete solely on the points of quality and flavor. The fruit-growers will have to make extra efforts, and the railroad company would be wise to make concessions in rates and service, lest it lose an important source of income.

At the time of C. P. Huntington's death, considerable speculation was indulged in throughout the country, and particularly in this State, as to the effect it was likely to have upon the management and policy of the company. Some light is thrown upon this question by recent developments. It was Huntington's pet ambition to be at the head of the most extensive railway system in the world. In pursuit of this ambition he was continually projecting new lines and extending old ones in all directions. The surplus profits of the company were expended for this purpose, and not in the

payment of dividends. There has not been one dividend paid since the organization of the company. At the recent reorganization, by which the Stanford and Crocker interests were wiped out, a number of prominent New York bankers became interested. Having invested their money it was natural that they, in common with other stockholders, should desire to receive some return on their investment, and should feel little sympathy with Huntington's ambition. The removal of his dominating personality has enabled them to enforce their views. The agent whose business it was to obtain rights-of-way for new lines has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted, because in the future there will be no work for him to do. It is understood that the work under way will be completed, but projected lines will be abandoned. The gap in the coast division between San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara will be completed as was formerly intended, and when this is done the main line will take the coast route, avoiding the extreme beat of the San Joaquin Valley. The bay-shore cut-off from Third and Townsend Streets in this city will also be built, and possibly without further delay, as a contract has just been let for putting in double tracks on a part of the line between San Francisco and San José. The change of policy will be welcomed by the stockholders, for it will guarantee them dividends, but it is not probable that it will affect the traveling and shipping public in any way.

It seems unfortunate for Mr. Bryan that oratory is at its ebb. Old-school emotionalism, stilted sentiment and pathos, ring pathetically out of place at present. The auditor of to-day will laugh, and the orator of to-day becomes amusing, even unintentionally. Such a burst of eloquence as Mr. Bryan's Chicago speech in 1896 fastens in mind only the grotesque image of distorted crown and cross. It becomes like the once famous flight with which, in 1876, Robert Ingersoll nominated Blaine, as "the plumed knight," and which now awakens only mild wonder and a smile.

A recent study of the vocabulary of Rufus Choate has revealed that in wealth of words he stands second only to Shakespeare. Choate flourished in the golden age of oratory, which fell between 1830 and 1850—the golden age when Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and Choate made the House of Representatives ring with impassioned eloquence. What change has come over the spirit of the age that Mr. Bryan's dramatic eloquence of this type is largely wasted?

The pressure of time demands business methods in the speaker—trenchant briefness and clearness. Audiences will not listen to theatrical recitations, even if speakers find time to memorize them, as formerly. People will not waste thought upon empty ornament. Moreover, the actual problems of the present do not justify the emotional resources of persuasion. With the multiplication of newspapers and magazines and unlimited "leave to print," it is apparent that written discourse is supplanting oratory, discussion is supplanting passion. Legislation by committees instead of by the whole body removes what was formerly the commonest opportunity for spoken eloquence. It is now limited to the milder expositions of the pulpit and the pseudo-rhetoric which labors for applause.

A sign of the times is the revival of debating societies. It is an age not for oratory but for debate, not for fancies but for facts. The strongest appeal is that made to the intellect rather than to the emotions; the triumph rests with the best argument, and the leadership with him who reasons best, rather than with him whose voice is most silver-toned in oratory.

In reply to a serious question asked by the *Argonaut*, two vigorous articles have been written. One is in the form of a letter, and is printed below. The other is an editorial fulmination in a Los Angeles journal, which will receive consideration later. The writer of the following communication recognizes the conditions to which the *Argonaut* called attention, and states the case fairly. His conclusions, and the remedy he proposes, come from experience and knowledge:

LOS ANGELES, CAL., October 16, 1900.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: On two recent occasions the *Argonaut* has compared the rate of growth during the past decade of Los Angeles and San Francisco, noting that while San Francisco has the greater natural advantages it has been badly beaten, the percentage of increase in population being for Los Angeles 103, for San Francisco 14.5. The query was made: "What is the matter with San Francisco?"

There is no question as to the relatively greater natural advantages enjoyed by San Francisco. The magnitude and native value of her mines, forests, water supply, and expansive inland valleys make the resources of Southern California look like mere toys. The climatic conditions in the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys permit of the growth of all the horticultural and agricultural products of the south. Two or three localities of the north, notably Fresno, which has earned \$2,000,000 profit this year, have improved their opportunities; but as a rule the inhabitants have preferred becoming bankrupt over dry wheat raising and in litigations resisting irrigation.

A typical case in point is the Central Irrigation District, in Glenn and Colusa Counties, containing 156,529 acres of fine land. A navigable river, the largest in the State, flows along its eastern borders.

A score of scattered house-gardens indicate the possibility of producing citrus fruits. Transportation opportunities are above the average. Some \$575,000 had been spent on an irrigation canal in 1890, when litigation put its blight upon this fair land; two-thirds of the system was completed, and it has been permitted to remain unfinished to date. In 1890 this 156,550 acres, or 245 square miles, supported a wheat-growing population, including towns, of about 1,200 souls, and had an assessed valuation, for all town and city property, of \$2,720,779. This was at the rate of an inhabitant to each 130 acres. They are handicapped by drought, and in competition with India, Russia, and Egypt for the European wheat market. Since 1890 both population and values have decreased. The farm-houses, towns, and people all show retrogression stamped upon them. Glenn County, having wonderful natural opportunities, has a school child to every 1,000 acres. This condition is typical of the great central valley of California, and these people are holding barbecues over the defeat of irrigation measures.

Riverside may be taken as an example of development by irrigation in Southern California. It is not an isolated case. About 13,500 acres are irrigated. It must be remembered that the south has for four years been suffering from an intense drought, much more severe than that of the central portion of the State. Streams have failed, but five hundred wells have been sunk in this locality from which the water supply has been maintained in volume greater than during periods of average precipitation. These wells probably represent an investment of over half a million dollars, and are producing 75 cubic feet per second of water, or enough to irrigate 20,000 acres of land. Starting with a sheep-pasture, assessed under protest at 75 cents per acre in 1870, this district now supports about 10,000 inhabitants in comfort, or a citizen to every 1½ acres irrigated, which is just about one hundred times as dense a population as the Central Irrigation District. It shipped over 4,000 car-loads of citrus fruits alone, worth \$2,000,000, during the past season. The value of this crop averages \$150 per acre, and this output is rapidly increasing. The city has three banks, thirteen churches, and eight school-houses. The post-office receipts were \$16,555 last year. The amount of its bank deposits and assessed valuation makes it perhaps the first city of its class in the United States.

From an agricultural standpoint the difference between Central and Southern California is irrigation.

It has been said that while Northern California has cursed the tenderfoot and kicked him out, Southern California has blessed the tenderfoot and taken him in. Riverside is one of his products. The only resource lacking in Central California is human energy. San Francisco should take other concern in "her back country" than in collecting ten per cent. interest from mortgages on dry farms, for she is killing the goose that lays her largest golden eggs. The California Water and Forest Association, under the able management of Mr. William Thomas, of San Francisco, is endeavoring to inject this much needed new life into this situation. He is assembling many powerful influences with him. His cause is just and statesmanlike. He must be helped and encouraged.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT,
Resident Hydrographer, U. S. Geological Survey.

Any region or development that could by comparison make the "resources of Southern California look like mere toys," surely would compel the admiration of the world, yet the *Argonaut's* correspondent has not exaggerated. And neglected opportunities are as abundant as the products in this field.

A series of questions supposed to be embarrassing to Republicans was recently offered by the *New York World* to the *New York Times*, with a request for satisfactory answers. The reply was immediate, direct, and comprehensive, without the faintest show of equivocation. That it was satisfactory to the querist is doubtful. The *San Francisco Chronicle* follows its comments on the discussion with categorical and even more concise answers to the seven questions propounded by the *World*, which are given here:

"What is the 'self-government' of a people and what does Mr. McKinley mean by this term?"

"Answer.—The government of the people by the whole people as opposed to the government of the Philippine archipelago by a tribe occupying a small part of one island.

"Who is the rightful judge as to what sort of government is 'suitable to the wants and conditions' of the inhabitants of the Philippines? If Mr. McKinley or the Congress of the United States is that judge, what is the source and nature of their authority?"

"Answer.—The President and Congress. They derive their authority from the treaty of Paris, which Mr. Bryan lobbied through the Senate.

"Are the inhabitants of those islands, or are they not, 'endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights,' among which are 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'?"

"Answer.—Yes; and President McKinley is doing his best to get them for them. So far the Democrats here and in Luzon have prevented his success.

"If they have no such natural or divine endowments, have they any rights except such as we may see fit to grant them? Have whites and blacks a right to govern themselves, but not browns?"

"Answer.—The Republican reply to this is that whites and browns and blacks have the right to govern themselves. The Democratic reply is that whites and browns may govern themselves, but not blacks. We hold with the Republicans.

"If, as Congress proclaimed in declaring war upon Spain, the people of Cuba 'are and of right ought to be free and independent,' why are not the Filipinos in the same category?"

"Answer.—Because they are not capable of the self-government to which they have the right. An infant may have the right to a fortune, but it is withheld from him until he reaches maturity.

"Mr. McKinley says that 'Freedom is a rock upon which the Republican party was founded,' and that 'Liberty is the great Republican doctrine.' These are fine words, but just what is the Republican definition and application of freedom and liberty as applied to the inhabitants of the Philippines?"

"Answer.—The largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and our duty.

"Are government without consent and taxation without representation 'tyranny when applied to them but philanthropy when applied by us'?"

"Answer.—No; when applied to races incapable of self-government, like the American Indians and the tribes of Oceania.

"Ask us more things. Republicans hide nothing, dodge nothing. We will even tell what we are going to do about free silver and what we think of the 'grandfather clause' of the Southern constitution."

In the article "The Passion Play," the phrase, "printed by the Elzevirs" should read, "printed in Elzevir." There were a number of pseudonymous Elzevirs.

THE PASSION PLAY.

Is It Artistic?—Are the Peasants Good Actors?—Are the Tourist Audiences Good Critics?—Cao Piety Replace Training?—A Mild Note of Dissent.

It would be waste of space and ink to tell of Oberammergau. What Not to Tell of the Passion Play. It has been so much written about that little remains to tell. While one may comment on the play, it is best to be chary of description. Every one has heard descriptions of the village. The play lasts from eight o'clock in the morning till five in the evening—a long play to sit through, and a still longer one to tell about, to write about, or to review. As for the village, it would be a thrice-told tale to tell of it. Perhaps it would be well in writing of the play at Oberammergau to compile a list of what not to write about—as for example:

- of the origin of the Passion Play;
- of the history of the Passion Play;
- of the performers in the Passion Play;
- of the lives of the performers in the Passion Play;
- of the village of Oberammergau;
- of its uninteresting whitewashed houses, with their iron roofs;
- of the enormous ugly building, with iron girders like a railway station, which is the "new theatre";
- of the crowded hotels at Munich and Innsbruck;
- of the carriage trip from Oberau to Oberammergau;
- of the electric-train trip between Murnau and Oberammergau;
- of the new hotel, the Wittelsbacherhof, with its uniformed porter and its brass-buttoned hell-boys;
- of the inns or beer-houses, with their tobacco-reeking tap-rooms;
- of the crowded trains between Munich and Oberammergau;
- of the people with first-class tickets who were forced to travel third;
- of what they threatened to do about it;
- of what they did not do;
- of the German-speaking Americans who could not understand the Ammergauers' German;
- of the number of Jews one sees at the Passion Play;
- of the Gentile curiosity as to what their mental attitude is toward it;
- of the "picturesque Tyrolean mountaineers" some people see in the streets;
- of the "funny-looking men with feathers in their hats" whom some other people see;
- of the fire company marching through the streets headed by the Passion Play Brass Band;
- of the long procession of cows one sees filing through the village every evening;
- of the shrines that line the roads around Oberammergau;
- of the difficulty of getting seats to see the play;
- of the people who neglected to bring rugs and wraps, and "simply froze";
- of the people who ate incessantly out of lunch-baskets;
- of what queer things foreigners take out of lunch-baskets;
- of the multifariousness, mystery, and intricacy of the German sausage;
- of how the cold, hard-boiled egg makes the whole world akin;
- of the queer effect produced by the chorus when shouting scraps of Scripture;
- of their resemblance to some American college yells;
- of the staring posters of the tourist agencies;
- of the people who came via Innsbruck and saw the famous Maximilian tomb;
- of those who came the same way and did not see it;
- of those who did not see it and said they did not think much of the Maximilian tomb anyway;
- of the egotism of travelers who have seen things that other travelers have not seen;
- of the travelers who say they have seen things when they have not;
- of travelers' lies generally, and whether they are white lies;
- of the long-haired actors one sees walking along the streets;
- of the gaping tourist men who follow them;
- of the silly tourist women who ogle and flatter the Passion Play performers;
- of the silly performers who are spoiled by the silly tourist women;
- of the pestiferous guides and touts for Munich hotels;
- of the biograph machines and their crews planted on commanding positions;
- of the wise tourist virgins who have their lamps well filled, their lodgings secured, and who float around smiling;
- of the foolish tourist virgins who have neglected to fill their lamps, who have a worried expression, and who don't know where they are going to sleep;

- of the people who can not manage the German feather-beds;
- of the fact that there are eleven thousand American tourists hooked this year as against two thousand English;
- of the probability that the Americans are more pious than the English;
- of the possibility that they are only more gullible;
- of the people that one saw in the audience in tears;
- of their diversity in age, condition, and sex;
- of the weeping English tourists in noisy tweeds and violent shirts;
- of the weeping German tourists who blew their noses without the use of a handkerchief;
- Of the American maidens who wept and chewed gum synchronously;
- of the possible sympathetic connection between the salivary and lachrymal glands;
- of their probable non-relation, as pyalin is alkaline and tears saline;
- of suddenly waking up and looking at the play again;
- of the people who "wonder whether the crucifixion scene is unpleasant";
- of the striking nature of the tableaux;
- of the inartistic effect of the actors' loud shouting;
- of its necessity by reason of the open-air stage;
- of the curiosity of the audience over the way in which the blood gushes from the side of the Crucified One;
- of the fact that it flows out of the spear-head;
- of the gratification of the audience in discovering that fact;
- of their further discovery that the Christ wears a steel corset under his flesh-colored tights;
- of the imitation cock which crows over Peter's denial of Our Lord;
- of the genuine village cocks which cheerily answer him;
- of the thieves who hang on the right and left of the Lord;
- of their descent from the cross;
- of their dreadful death at the hands of a Roman soldier by having their bones broken with stuffed clubs.

Among the many queer tourists who go to Oberammergau here is a specimen: I met in Munich a man who had been recommended to the "Hotel den zu Vier Jahreszeiten." He had the name so written on a card. He had left his hotel for a walk. He could not find it again. He could not pronounce the name of his hotel. The passing Münchener could not read it on his card, for it was written in English script instead of German cursive. His hotel omnibus was passing him in the street continually, but he did not recognize it, for on the right side was the sign "Four Seasons Hotel," and on the left "Hotel des Quatre Saisons," while the German name was on the back of the 'bus, where he did not look. Had he not met an American Good Samaritan, he would have been arrested—for in Germany it is a misdemeanor to get lost and it is a criminal offense not to know where you live—*Es verboten*. Yet this tourist was one of the many who pass judgment on a play whose players use a Bavarian dialect that many Germans can not understand.

* * *

What will be the fate of any man who ventures to say that the RAW PEASANTS ARE NOT GOOD ACTORS. Passion Play at Oberammergau is not all the tourists say it is? What the fate of him who asks awkward questions?

"'Hush,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'don't ask any questions. It's always best on these occasions to do what the mob do.'

"'But suppose there are two mobs?' suggested Mr. Snodgrass.

"'Shout with the largest,' said Mr. Pickwick.

"'Volumes could not have said more.'

No one can doubt the soundness of Mr. Pickwick's worldly wisdom, as set forth in the foregoing extract. It is always easier to agree with everybody—when you can. Sometimes it is difficult to find out what everybody thinks. But find out what most people think, and then agree. To disagree implies superiority. People think (and say) that you are affecting a higher wisdom. To disagree is to be lonesome. It is better to agree, to be commonplace, and to be happy. Mr. Pickwick was right.

But the foregoing lines from the "Pickwick Papers" recall another passage in one of Dickens's books—I have forgotten which—some one who "always wanted to know, you know." Was it the Young Gentleman in the Circumlocution Office? Or was it Rosa Dartle? I do not remember. But like him or her, I want to know, you know. I want to know whether the Passion Play at Oberammergau is really the dramatic, the artistic event that everybody says it is. And I am the more disposed to doubt it because its audiences are mostly tourists, and, to my thinking, tourists lack independence of judgment.

One of the curious phases of this traveling age is the disposition of travelers to hoodwink themselves. By this I mean the propensity of tourists to throw dust in their own eyes, to sneeze when art critics take snuff, to gush to order, to admire by rule, to rave by rote, to fall into ecstasies over

the proper thing—in short, to “jolly” themselves, to use the slang phrase. If you take some of these soulful tourists into a strange gallery and show them a picture in the school of Raphael, telling them it is from the master's brush, they will rave over Raphael. When you (accidentally) discover that you have made a mistake—that it is by one of Raphael's followers—that the “genuine” Raphael is in the next room—then they will rave over the picture in the next room. They remind me of the actor “Billy” Florence, who, when called before the curtain, always made an “old home” speech in each new town. Before a Connecticut audience one night he was extending his heartfelt thanks, and with tears in his voice said: “I can never forget that the happiest days of my life—my boyhood's days—were passed here in Hartford!” A man in the front row interrupted, and said: “This is New Haven, Mr. Florence.” “I meant New Haven,” said Florence, gravely.

The soulful tourist will correct himself with as little discomfiture as did Florence, and with as brazen an ease will direct the nozzle of his emotional hose in another direction, and besprinkle with tears a New Haven instead of a Hartford.

May I be pardoned, therefore, if I question the sincerity of some of the tourists who unqualifiedly rave over Oberammergau?—question the wisdom of those who rave sincerely?—question the claims of the Oberammergau peasants to be raved over?

To save space let me coin a couple of words, and call the gushers the “Oberammergushers,” and the gushes the “Oberammergauers.”

It is the thing to think the Oberammergauers artistic and the Passion Play soulful, therefore all tourists declare they are soulful and artistic.

But why should these Bavarian villagers be considered artistic? Why should their crude and mediæval Passion Play be deemed soulful? The players are peasants—dull peasants—dull Teutonic peasants. Were English peasants to-day to produce the mediæval “Gammer Gurton's Needle,” mother of English plays, would it be “artistic”? No. Why, then, should Bavarian peasants successfully present a play which would test the abilities of skilled actors? Acting is an art like any other. How can these peasants excel in an art which they have never learned? Why should Anton Lang, potter, without an actor's training, succeed in acting Jesus Christ? Why should Sebastian Bauer, wood-carver, without an actor's training, succeed in acting Pontius Pilate? Could Nat Goodwin, without a potter's training, succeed in making Anton Lang's pots? Could Richard Mansfield, without a carver's training, succeed in making Sebastian Bauer's wooden angels?

All intelligent people—except amateur actors—will agree that the acting of untrained actors is very bad. Who ever saw a genuinely good amateur performance? Maugre the galvanic smiles with which hapless guests greet drawing-room comedies, every one knows in his secret soul that they are awful. The worst barn-storming company that ever stormed barns is better than the best of amateurs.

Are these ignorant peasants brighter than the well-educated and highly polished people who fail so lamentably in drawing-room performances? And if so, why? It may be contended that they are “nearer to nature.” That would only make them awkward and shy. The stage peasant is always more picturesque than the real thing.

It was the beautiful *ballerina* Fanny Ellsler, who, masquerading as a milkmaid, won the heart of the gloomy Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son. Had Metternich hired a genuine Schönnbrunn milkmaid instead of an actress, his trick would have failed. Genuine milkmaids, to be good milkers, must have large, red hands, and they often have bad tempers and use bad language from contact with obstinate cows that persist in switching their tails and tipping over the milk-pail.

Can a plow-boy play a plow-boy as well as an actor can? Can a clod-bopper successfully delineate a lout?

The Oberammergushers contend that the Oberammergauers possess a special gift of cleverness. But why should they? There is no smarter set of country people than those who dwell in the rural districts of the United States. They are not so “smart” in the gainful sense—that is, not so mercenary—as are most European country people. I hope they never may become so. But in other respects they are fully as keen-witted as Swiss villagers or Normandy farmers, and they are very much more intelligent, broader, and better educated. I say this despite the excellent schools in Switzerland and North Germany. Our American common schools may have faults. But few European common-school systems surpass them. Take some hundreds of the graduates of the American public schools, keen-witted, bright young men and women, with the facility of speech which comes from the “composition” writing and “declamation” taught in the American schools. Give them an ambitious histrionic performance to cope with. Let us not say the Passion of Christ, for it is foreign to their ideas and to many of Protestant training its stage representation would be repulsive. Take any other great human drama—say, the Reign of Terror, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the Fall of Troy. What sort of a fist would they make of putting such a play upon the stage? One smiles at the mere idea. Yet these Americans would be superior in every way to the Bavarians.

To those who say that the peasants have, in the interval between their decennial performances, training enough to make their scenes into a play, to make their tableaux into a drama, and to make themselves into actors, the answer is that no such training ever accomplishes those ends. It is not rehearsing, but actual *playing*—upon a stage, and before audiences—that turns raw material into plays, and raw men and women into actors and actresses. No man, however expert, can tell the fate of an untried actor or an unplayed play. Millions have been spent to produce new plays by skilled playwrights, which plays saw the footlights only to meet disaster. Sardou and Dumas—veterans both—have both produced *fiascos* between their most successful plays.

Dress-rehearsals—which are what the peasants have—settle nothing. Dramatic schools, “lyceums,” teachers of acting—most of what they teach has to be unlearned when the novice faces the footlights.

The contention of the Oberammergushers is that the lack of histrionic ability in these peasants is made up by their “simple piety.” Simple piety is perhaps a potent thing. Like faith, it may move mountains, but it will not move audiences—that is, not metropolitan audiences. The tourist audiences one sees at Oberammergau may be moved by this mixture of piety, bad acting, and maudlinism. That is what they are there for—to “jolly” themselves into the belief that they are witnessing a great dramatic representation and artistic acting. But the gatherings of jaded worldlings and hurried workers that make up metropolitan audiences do not indulge in self-deception. They will not be “jollied.” They want their money's worth. They are keen critics, enthusiastic admirers, merciless judges. They would hoot the bad acting of the peasants unless it was so bad as to be funny. And it is not that. It is only dull. At Oberammergau this year the only one whose acting was so bad as to be ludicrous was the young woman who played Mary, the Mother of God.

Alienists and other skeptic specialists say that “fervent piety” is a form of mild mania. If the religious fervor of these peasants be madness, there is certainly method in their madness. In 1890 they took in three-quarters of a million marks as gate-money for their performance—for piety. They gave a quarter of a million marks in salaries to performers—for piety. Some fifty thousand marks went to house-owners for rooms rented—for piety. Each of the following funds received ten thousand marks—hospital, drainage, public fountains, paving, fire-engines, paupers, soldiers, parish church, singing lessons, agriculture, carving-school—all for piety. Among the performers, the man who played Jesus Christ received two thousand marks—for piety. The leader of the band, thirteen hundred marks—for piety. Even the six-year-old children in the tableaux received forty marks each—for piety. There is nothing like making children pious when they are young. A little Oberammergau angel who gets forty marks for being pious when he is six years old may grow up to be a Caiaphas and get four hundred marks for being pious when he is sixty.

Anton Lang, the man who plays Jesus Christ, in addition to receiving two thousand marks for his play-acting, has made some five thousand marks this year by the sale of his photographs, autographs, and poems.

The “fervent piety” of the villagers seems to an unprejudiced person to be highly commercialized. Everything is for sale. Every bed in the village is for sale. Every seat in the theatre, every litre of milk, every hen and every egg, at a pious price. If you have a camera you may not use it, as the concession for photographing has been sold—for piety. If you wish to have stenographic notes taken of the play, you are stopped, as the right of republication has been sold—for piety. And as for the “homely, simple, unspoiled villagers,” they strike me as being more practical than pious. The villagers may have been simple, fervent, and unspoiled creatures in the old days, but they are not now. The tourist agencies have spoiled that. When you can hire in London the Virgin Mary's best front bedroom for twenty marks per day it removes the glamour.

Those who babble of the simple villagers, their being children of nature, and their intuitive ability as actors and actresses, will find it difficult to explain why the simple villagers should hire skilled stage-managers and professional costumers to help them. Yet to the non-gusher the reason is not difficult to find. It is easy to drill ignorant people so as to make them march and group themselves in effective tableaux. It is easy to design handsome costumes, and so to arrange their wearers on the stage as to make the color-masses unique and effective. In short, any kind of human beings can be utilized as stage-supers, banner-bearers, and clothes-racks. But when it comes to utilizing them for histrionic purposes, it requires human beings with some brains and a talent for acting.

As for the Oberammergushers who talk of the idyllic simplicity of the old days, the religious fervor, and the primitive piety of the peasants, and all that sort of religious legend, one may be pardoned for taking it with a great deal of salt. Up to a very recent period the devil was the principal character in the Passion Play, and its greatest scene was that in which he tore open the bowels of the suicide, Judas Iscariot, and produced long strings of sausages, which he distributed to the admiring and pious audience of peasants. From the point of view of good taste, the pious commercial peasant of to-day is perhaps better than his primitive pious brother of some years ago.

One evening in New York, some years ago, I was in the club-house of The Players, and happened to be one of a circle the centre of which was Edwin Booth. It was shortly after Booth had purchased this building on Gramercy Square and donated it to The Players, reserving apartments in it for himself. At that time Booth and Barrett were making a tour of the country, playing Shakespearean rôles together. The tour financially was very successful. Booth was a great actor. Barrett was not great, but he was a fair actor, and an excellent business man. He did much toward rehabilitating Booth's fallen fortunes. It is probable that the existence of The Players' Club to-day is indirectly due to Barrett's clever management of Booth as a star.

However that may be, a warm friendship existed between the two men. There was apparently no professional jealousy. But there could have been none. Barrett was an eminently just man—a very rare quality in actors—and knew that Booth was infinitely his superior. Barrett was more than willing to serve as a foil to Booth's genius, to

play the secondary rôles, which he did admirably, and look out for the box-office, which he did even more admirably.

On this particular evening Booth was, as I said, the centre of the circle. But he was a silent centre. At best he was monosyllabic. Booth was a shy man, and could not be induced to talk in a circle of any size. How he may have been in the privacy of a small and intimate circle, I do not know. Barrett was a good talker, and acted as a “feeder” to Booth, as the stage slang goes. But the dialogue between them consisted principally in Barrett saying that he believed “Mr. Booth thought so and so,” and then saying deferentially, “Is that not so, Edwin?” To which Booth would reply, “Yes, Lawrence,” or else would silently bow.

The talk that evening turned upon Edwin Forrest and other robust tragedians of the old school; of tearing a passion to tatters; of the repressed or so-called Union Square School of that day; of Clara Morris and her fits of hysterics in emotional rôles; of intensity and emotionalism on the stage; and, lastly, of whether the actor should himself feel the emotion which he is attempting to portray.

Although knowing nothing of the stage, except from the orchestra side of the footlights, I ventured to advance some views in the matter—with less diffidence because they were not mine. They were the theories which Diderot, critic, dramatist, and encyclopedist, sets forth in his famous “Paradoxe sur le Comédien.” Briefly to summarize them—I am writing from memory—they are somewhat in this wise: Acting is an art like any other. The artist who is producing the highest type of his art-work should be at the highest pitch of his art-faculty. The highest pitch of the creative art-faculty is not produced by self-shared or reflex emotion, but the reverse. The artist who designs to produce a certain emotion must not himself be affected by his own effort. To produce the highest type of emotional simulacrum, his mind must be clarified, tense, and free from any of the disturbing effects of that emotion. If he yield to its effects his mind loses its clarity, and he ceases to judge accurately of artistic values. The clearness of his mental vision is disturbed by metaphorical tears, if that which he is representing be pathetic. It is a species of artistic auto-toxication. When the metaphorical tears become actual ones, and the artist, like Narcissus, becomes so enamored of his own creation that he weeps over its intense pathos, artistic auto-toxication becomes maudlinism. This is the extreme. But there are many stages on the bither side of maudlinism, when the artist's sense of values is affected by emotionalism. To produce the highest type of his art-work, therefore, the artist's mind must be clear, calm, well-balanced, unconfused, and unaffected by emotion. When he begins to be affected by his own delineation, from that moment his work begins to deteriorate. This is true of all artists—notably true of the histrionic artist, who simulates human emotion in the flesh.

These views of Diderot, modestly put forward by myself, attracted not a little attention. They became the main topic of the conversation for the rest of the evening, and were discussed with great vigor. Naturally the views were varying. Booth listened with close attention, but expressed no opinion, much to my regret, as I had deliberately introduced the topic for the purpose of drawing him out. I had long looked upon him as the greatest artist on the English-speaking stage; I had always believed that his was the high type of art which approaches its task with calmness and coolness, and which delineates emotion without pretending to be affected by it. I was disappointed that he expressed no opinion.

But at last he spoke. It was in reply to a direct question from Barrett. We all listened with bated breath. Booth spoke in low tones, and very briefly. This substantially is what he said:

“There can be no question that the Diderot theory is sound. To accomplish his best work, the actor, like any other artist, must have his mind clear and free from any overmastering emotion. True, there is a certain exhilaration which every artist feels when he knows that he is doing his best work. But he does not feel the emotion which he is attempting to portray.”

Although several of them were actors, none of the men present seemed to have heard of Diderot's theory before, with the exception of Barrett. He told me that he had the book in his library, but frankly admitted he had never read it. Next day he sent me a handsome edition of Diderot's “Paradoxe”—a tall copy, printed by the Elzevirs, and bound in vellum, with a pleasant note, begging me to keep it as a souvenir of the conversation the night before. I have it now.

I was not in that club again for a long time, and when next I crossed its threshold it was to find the club-house hung with black. Edwin Booth had passed away the night before, and his gentle presence was henceforth to be among The Players in the spirit only.

It was the eve of the funeral. A hush brooded over the luxurious club-house. The chair in which Booth had sat on the evening of this conversation—his accustomed seat—was draped in mourning. The few members who were there conversed in undertones. We walked through the rooms, confronted at every hand by some souvenir of the dead man. Here it was Collier's large and imposing picture of Booth in the rôle of Richelieu, as he stands with uplifted finger threatening Baradas with the curse of Rome. There it was a spirited black-and-white by Thure de Thulstrup—a group in the grill-room of The Players, with portraits of Booth, Jefferson, Barrett, Florence, James Lewis, and others. Next it was his silver cup hanging on its peg in the grill-room, with his name beneath.

In the library there was upon the wall something before which hung a decorous curtain. One of our party drew it aside. It was a collection of death-masks. The freshest-looking were those of Dion Boucicault and Lawrence Barrett.

The same thought occurred to all of us—not many days would pass before that of Booth would figure there as well. His body was lying in an upper room, laid out for

burial. We were asked if we wished to see it. We declined.

Personally I did not wish to see him dead. I preferred to remember him as he was in life. So we went out of the Players' Club into the warm June night, and stopping as we walked by Gramercy Park, we looked up at the floor where the dead actor lay. The little park is away from the roar and turmoil of New York—it was as quiet as a village. There was nothing to disturb the rest of the great actor, as he lay there sleeping under the silent stars.

I have often thought of the conversation that night in The Players—more often since the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Probably what recalls it is the contrast between the opinions expressed on acting by actors—among them Booth, one of the greatest of actors—and the opinions expressed by tourists about the Passion Play. The tourists include young women of eighteen or thereabouts, whose matured opinions on any subject are naturally of value; their younger brothers—hohledehys of sixteen, say, who decide all grave questions instantly; faded mothers of fifty-odd, who secretly disapprove of all plays except "Ben Hur," "Quo Vadis," and the circus; gray-whiskered fathers of nearly threescore, who have retired from business, who know naught except business, who never went to the theatre to see Brass Monkeys or Parlor Matches, and who generally went to sleep there even then. American tourists in large majority are made up of the foregoing types. And it is odd how closely the foreign tourists resemble them in the types, if not in the individuals.

It is not remarkable, therefore, that actors should not share the views of the tourist audiences about the Passion Play. With the exception of the tableaux, it is, they say, crude and inartistic. If I were a very religious person, I would go further and say that it seems coarse and blasphemous. The tableaux are remarkable, but that is due to the Munich stage-managers and costumers. The peasants serve no higher purpose in the tableaux than would so many mules. Perhaps, however, they stand better.

I have already said that actors could play peasants better than peasants could. I will go further—irreligious actors can play a religious drama better than religious peasants can. I saw the Passion Play when it was put upon the American stage by Salmi Morse years ago. James O'Neil, a good actor (and a good Roman Catholic), played the Christ. He played the difficult rôle reverently and well—far better, in my opinion, than any peasant could—even Josef Mayer, who played it ten years ago, and who this year at Oberammergau is Prologue Reciter. So with the other actors in the professional rendering of the Passion Play—whatever their private lives or their religions, they played their rôles very much better than the pious peasants. Let the cobbler stick to his last.

With the memories of the last time I saw Booth revived by this train of thought—the Passion Play—the crude workmanship of the peasant player-folk—the recollection of the discussion over actors and acting at The Players—the superiority of the professional players to the untrained ones—the Christ as played by James O'Neil, actor, and by Anton Lang, potter—this train of thought suggested to me the idea: How would Edwin Booth have played the Christ? As there rose up before me the recollection of his magnetic person, his handsome, haunting face, his melancholy eyes, I could not help but think that in his early manhood no one could have played the Saviour better than Edwin Booth, player.

JEROME A. HART.

Frederick Macmonnies, the noted American sculptor, who has lived in Paris for the last eighteen years, has temporarily abandoned the mallet and chisel for the palette and brush, and intends leaving Paris and taking up his residence in New York. As soon as he completes the Slocum statue, on which he is now working, he will temporarily abandon sculpture for painting, which he regards as a pastime. Says the artist's brother, Frank Macmonnies, who has just returned from Europe: "Few persons realize the amount of work required to make a heroic statue. Perched upon a scaffold, with hands, arms, and brain working together, it is physically as well as mentally exceedingly trying work. My brother has often said that a statue must be absolutely correct from a thousand points of view, while a painting must be correct only from the point of view from which it is painted. On a statue the artist must work from in front, behind, above, below, and from either side. Think of the work required to pose a spirited horse, as I saw my brother do for the Slocum statue. This statue will, I believe, prove to be his best work. It is spirited and full of life, both in horse and rider. The general's face is aglow with excitement, and his mouth is formed as if he is roaring 'Charge!'"

United States Judge George Gray, ex-senator from Delaware, according to Washington dispatches, has been selected by the President for appointment as a member of The Hague Tribunal of Arbitration, to serve with ex-President Harrison, in place of ex-President Cleveland, who declined the appointment. He is a Democrat, and was a member of the commission which drew up the treaty which terminated the war between the United States and Spain. When his term as senator expired, the President appointed him to be a judge of the Third Judicial Circuit.

In the presence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and 3,000 invited guests, the corner-stone of the new Quebec bridge over the St. Lawrence was laid October 2d. This bridge will have one span, the biggest in the world. It will cost \$5,000,000, and is to be finished in 1904.

The Angora goat is so highly valued in South Africa that the government of Cape Colony has levied an export duty of five hundred dollars per head on each goat exported.

THE GARMENT OF IRON.

A Tradition of the Coyoteros that Worked Disaster and Death.

There was no skeleton in the armor when Hartpole found it; only some sand and a bunch of tumble-weed, a rattlesnake, and a tarantula. The tarantula scuttled off, he killed the rattlesnake, and the tumble-weed and sand he emptied out. Then he had the armor done up in a shelter-tent and put upon a pack-mule. After which, the column moved on. It should not have halted at all, for it was in pursuit of a band of Indians. But there were hands of Indians every day, and the finding of a full suit of armor lying under a mesquite hush beside their trail was rare.

Certainly Hartpole had never heard of such a thing. And, so far as he knew, it was the only suit of armor ever discovered on the New Mexico plains, but his lore on the subject was not profound.

When he got back to his two-company post on the banks of the Gila, he found the interest in life, which had been lacking for him up to then, in enlarging that knowledge. He sent East for books and histories and treatises concerning coats of mail and the men who have worn them, and he even went so far as to write to the Smithsonian Institution, at the risk of having a government commission sent out at once to seize his treasure. And in the interval of two months which elapsed before he received a reply—for the railroad was only to Kansas in those days—he set about cleaning the armor himself, and with his own hands joining it together.

He was so occupied, what with that and the histories and the other books, that he forgot to have Gila-bottom malaria and had no time to worry about the flies. Then, when the steel was once more bright as the azure shield of Achilles, and he had proved to his own and to every one's satisfaction that it must once have protected the body of one of Coronado's men, and must date from the middle of the sixteenth century, or thereabout, he hung it up in his one-room adobe quarters, along with the Indian trophies that were as nothing now and the bottled reptiles of many sorts; and the fame of it spread through the land. An English lord, in a pith helmet and gray linen, who was going about the country, traveled miles out of his way to look upon it; and a scientific party from Boston did the same. Hartpole was beginning to be very proud, when, one day, he had a visitor of another kind.

It was a man he had seen sometimes hanging around the agency and the post—a small, lithe fellow, part Coyotero Apache, part Mexican, possibly a very small part white, who had some reputation as a medicine-man with the tribes, but not much as anything else.

Hartpole was sitting under his *ramada* on a late summer afternoon, reading a book whose covers curled up with the heat, when something came between him and his light, and, looking up, he saw the medicine-man peering in the opening. He said, "Hullo, Ciego," and added: "What do you want, eh?"

Ciego was so-called because he was blind in one eye. He came in under the *ramada*, and stood so close to him that Hartpole moved a little. The Coyotero's cast-off uniform and red head-band were not clean.

Ciego spoke excellent Spanish, and, as Hartpole did, too, he had no trouble about making himself understood. He explained that he would like to see the suit of iron clothes which he had been told that the lieutenant possessed. The lieutenant was so pleased to think that it had been spoken of even in the fastnesses of the Sierra Blanca and of the Tonto Basin that he forgot how dirty Ciego was, and straightway rose and invited him into the one room.

The medicine-man stood looking at the armor with an interest and evident appreciation that touched Hartpole very much. After the manner of his kind, he said no word, but presently he went nearer and felt of the plates and chains with his finger-tips, and put his good eye close and looked inside. Then he turned to Hartpole. "Where did you find it?" he asked.

The lieutenant explained at some length.

"Is it very old?"

Hartpole said it was at least three hundred and thirty odd years old, and went into a little history.

Ciego nodded his head. "I know," he said. But that was so manifestly absurd that Hartpole did not pay any attention to it. "It is very fine," said Ciego. "For how much will you sell it to me?" Naturally, Hartpole only laughed, but the Apache was in earnest, nevertheless. "No," he insisted, looking him sharply in the face. "No, *de veras*, I wish to buy it from you."

"Well, I don't wish to sell," answered the lieutenant, rather vexed at the mere idea.

"I have five hundred dollars," said the Indian.

"If you had a thousand you could not have it."

"I have a thousand."

Hartpole laughed again, a little impatiently.

"You do not believe me—look here." Ciego drew a buckskin bag from the folds of his sash. It was full of gold. "There are five hundred dollars here. In three days I can bring you five hundred more."

Hartpole guessed how he had come by it, and his temper rose. "That is stolen money," he said, angrily; "put it up. You can't have the armor. *Ukashce*."

"You let me have it," begged Ciego; "I wish it very much. I will do many things for you."

Hartpole swore this time—mean, Spanish oaths. "No," he said, "you can't have it. Go to the devil—get out."

Even though Ciego was only a dirty Indian, the White-Eye should have remembered that he probably had feelings which could be hurt. It is well, however, for those who have the direction of children and savages in their hands to remember that those simple folk have sometimes reasons for the things they do and say, good and sufficient unto themselves. But it never occurred to Hartpole what this half-

blind Indian's reasons might be. They did not transpire until some weeks later.

Yet in Ciego's tribe there was a legend of a great white chief who had once married one of their women, and had ruled over them, and who had worn a suit of shining iron. And their tradition ran that whosoever should find and wear that garment again would be impervious to the bullets of the White-Eye, would become the greatest of medicine-men, and rule not only over his own people but over all the Apache tribes and those of the plains of the North. And the very founder of that family to which Ciego belonged was reputed to have been the white chief in the coat of iron.

The Coyoteros believed these things and so did the medicine man. So when the news of the armor suit had reached him, he had levied heavy fees for his incantations for some months, and, adding these to the gold he had exchanged for Mexican dollars, collected from many raids, he took himself down to the camp of the soldiers to obtain fairly and by purchase that which was his very own. But fairness and the offers of purchase had failed.

Ciego looked the White-Eye officer over from his scalp to his toes, and up again, and then with no sound, save just one grunt, went out from the quarters and from the post.

Hartpole told of it at the mess that night, and forgot all about it after that. But Ciego did not—as Hartpole ought to have foreseen.

One night an Indian, his body naked as it was born, a poisoned knife in his hand, stole across the sandy parade-ground when the moon was under the clouds of a coming storm, and slipped, as silently as none but a savage can, under the *ramada* of Hartpole's quarters, and thence through the open door. The Indian had missed nothing when he had been in that one small room a month before. He knew where everything in it was, from the chromo in a blue frame on the wall to the cot in the corner, across from the fire-place. He hid himself behind the piece of calico that curtained off the nook where Hartpole's clothes hung, and waited until the moon showed for a moment through a break in the clouds, and he could see the figure on the cot beneath the mosquito-net. When the room was dark again, he slid out; and the blade of the knife in his hand went straight through the heart of the man asleep. Then he took the rattling armor from its nails and wrapped it in the calico curtain, and fled through the night, as silently and swiftly as only an Apache can.

Now it happened that Hartpole had gone to another post a good many miles to the east that very day, and he had left his striker to sleep in his quarters and keep guard over his things. So it was into the luckless soldier's heart that the knife was driven, and the next day a telegram apprised Hartpole that his striker was murdered and his suit of mail was gone.

The day after that all the department knew that the Coyoteros were on the war-path, and, having cut the reservation, were killing right and left. They were led by a medicine-man called "Ciego," and the scouts reported that he was dressed in a garment of white iron which no White-Eye's bullet could pierce. They also reported that the Chiricahuas and the Pah-Utes and the Sierra Blancas were joining him. It promised to be an interesting time for the Territories.

Hartpole began to have a dim idea of why the medicine-man had wanted his Spanish mail, now. He was ordered out, of course. Most of the department was. Trouble of the sort that this promised to be had to be checked at once, if at all. It was serious already; but there was one thing in favor of the troops, which was that the hostiles showed no desire to get away. Their fanatical faith in their medicine-man led them to seek battle rather than to shun it. And twice, having done so, they heat off the troops, because there were, as usual, too few. But the third time they were caught in a pocket of the Mogallons, and there were no less than six troops against them. Hartpole's was of the number.

The Indians fought from dawn of the first day until twilight of the second, in the open at first, then from behind shelter, then at last they retreated to a shallow cave high up on a hillside, and there was no getting them out. A mountain-howitzer might have done it, but there was none with the command. All day the troops fired volleys into so much of the mouth of the cave as showed between the pine trunks and the walls of rock. They knew that the slaughter within must have been pretty severe, but there were no signs of surrender, nevertheless. The hostiles might hold out until the last one was dead; they certainly would until their medicine-man should fall. The medicine-man could be seen from time to time, a gleaming figure, moving clumsily among the trees and underbrush. And for all that it went so slowly and was so bright, no bullet seemed ever to hit it. Even the white men began to consider it with awe.

At sunset of the second day, when the sounds from the cave had all but ceased and the Indians within it were without ammunition and at bay, the glistening form came clambering deliberately to the top of a high rock, whooping and yelling, calling the remnant of its followers on. It stood so, for a moment, the red sun rays striking through the pine branches on the dented steel, a weird sight in the depths of the mountain fastnesses of the New World; so odd and strange that the soldiers hesitated with their fingers on the triggers of their carbines.

But Hartpole, kneeling alone behind a howitzer, remembered only that that glowing armor was his, and that he wanted it. The visor was up and he could see the glitter of the one good eye. He had won a sharpshooter's medal in his time, and he put his skill to use now. There was a puff of smoke from above his howitzer, and the shining figure threw up its arms and staggered. Then it fell forward, down from the pinnacle of rock, clattering and crashing among the logs and stones.

They found, when they dragged him out, that Hartpole's bullet had gone straight through the good eye, and that Ciego was *ciego* in very truth now—and quite dead.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1900.

ENGLAND'S NEW PARLIAMENT.

Excitement of Election Contests in Great Britain—The Government Sustained—Notable Instances of Personal Popularity—Literary Men Among the Candidates.

It was expected that the elections now in progress would develop greater interest than any within the memory of the younger generation, but the expectations have not been realized. American visitors see nothing in the situation that they can consider an indication of apathy; in fact, the meetings that some of our transatlantic cousins have witnessed reminded them of like occurrences in their own country, but even in London the frenzy has been of a mild type. The excitement of five years ago has been equaled in few instances. Then the great Unionist victory caused intense feeling, and uproar and disorder were rife. Scenes of tumult this year have been confined to constituencies comparatively few in number. Candidates have been interrupted, "heckled," and offered violence in some divisions, but these incidents are in nowise extraordinary. They have been known in times when the questions discussed were of much less importance. Popular enthusiasm has worn itself out during the past year. Great occasions, when the usually stolid people have shouted themselves hoarse at a martial display or gone wild with joy over a victory, have been numerous. There have been other times of stress, when the popular feeling was as great, even though the emotions were not expressed—the days of weary, anxious waiting for news, good or bad, for certainty to end the suspense. The great public is tired of grave issues, and it is a good thing. The tide of favor set none too strong for the government at one time, but it is full in the right direction now.

The appeal to the constituencies was made at an auspicious moment. Lord Roberts had just issued his proclamation announcing the annexation of the Transvaal, marking the culmination of successful effort in South Africa. The Liberals were never more disunited, never more in need of a leadership that has been wanting from the first. Yet the results are not so gratifying to Lord Salisbury as they might well have been, nor as sanguine Conservatives hoped. There was no doubt of a Unionist victory, but the ministry asked for an emphatic vote of confidence, and must be content with a slightly decreased party majority. Some of the most violent assailants of the government's policy have been defeated, but a number of outspoken pro-Boers have been returned. A feature of the elections so far has been the narrow margin by which some contestants have gained their seats. When the total electorate is considered with the summing up of the polls, it will be seen that the Unionists do not far outnumber their opponents. In fact, were it not for the peculiarities of the election system, which allows a freeholder a vote in each constituency where he has property, the outcome might have worn a different aspect. The elections occupy a fortnight, and are not completed in a single day, as in the United States. The middle class have little opportunity to support more than a single candidate; men of wealth may vote as often as their scattered interests permit. However, the Conservatives are safe for another long term, with a majority which, if a little less than the one hundred and fifty-two of the preceding Parliament, is sufficiently large for working purposes, if not positively unwieldy.

One fact is notable, and it is a matter for pleasing consideration—the new Parliament will contain the usual high average of power and attainments. The members chosen, with few exceptions, are men of ability and distinction. A list of those whose names are well known in America would be too long for this letter. One, who is half-American and a prominent figure now, has triumphed where he was rejected a year ago. Mr. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill is returned as one of the members from Oldham, and his victory was earned. His career, from service with the Spaniards in Cuba in 1895, through his experiences in the Malakand Field Force, with the Twenty-First Lancers at Omdurman, and later as a war-correspondent in Africa, is familiar. In his contest before the electors his methods were as earnest and youthfully frank as ever. At one meeting he noticed among his hearers a newspaper writer who had reflected on his courage, and leaving the stand he caught the unwilling witness by the arm, brought him forward, and demanded that he repeat his accusations with specified instances where the speaker had shown cowardice. The journalist acknowledged in a shamed manner that his employers were responsible for his attacks, and the meeting cheered for Churchill. Mr. Chamberlain will welcome the young man on his entrance to political life with no little of the regard that he held for his father.

Among the Liberals who lead in the councils of the party, Sir William Harcourt is returned without opposition, and Mr. John Morley won in spite of the fact that he was prevented by an affection of the throat from taking part personally in the meetings. John Burns, the Radical, who has represented Battersea for eight years, is again chosen over his Conservative opponent. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, however, went down in the contest, being defeated by two hundred votes in an electorate of nearly eleven thousand. He had been a member of the House since 1859, with the exception of three years. Mr. Herbert J. Gladstone was reelected by a pleasing majority.

Two journalists of international reputation, Labouchère, the Radical, and T. P. O'Connor, the Nationalist, have been reelected, the former from his beloved Northampton, and the latter from a Liverpool division. Both have been members since 1886, and they have some qualities in common. Mr. O'Connor, at fifty-two, is seventeen years younger than his colleague, and is a forceful debater. He is charged with the ambition of being known as the best-dressed member of the House, while Mr. Labouchère is certainly the worst-dressed.

A number of literary men made their first essay in politics in the elections. Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins announced his intentions as a candidate, but was obliged by

ill health to retire, as was Mr. J. M. Barrie. Mr. Gilbert Parker was elected, and at the same time his publisher brought out his new novel, "The Lane That Hath No Turning." Dr. Conan Doyle was defeated, and his next book may be a novel with a political motive. Mr. Augustine Birrell, whose wit will be missed in the House, was defeated for reelection. Professor James Bryce is again returned, as are Mr. Lecky and Sir R. C. Jebb.

With the close of the elections and the continuation of the ministry in power, the course is not all smooth sailing. There are three great problems to be solved in South Africa—the settlement with the Boers in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, and the Afrikanders—and the policies to be pursued are not yet well outlined. The "Little Englanders" have been beaten, but there are other victories still to be won, and all the patience and strategy of the prime minister and the colonial secretary will be required to maintain a steady advance. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, October 9, 1900.

KIPLING'S LATEST POEM.

The Young Queen.

Her hand still on her sword-hilt—the spur was still on her heel—
She had not cast her harness of gray war-dinted steel:
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold, and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the young Queen rode to be crowned.

And she came to the old Queen's presence, in the hall of our thousand years,
In the hall of the five free nations that are peers among their peers:

Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the head,
Crying:—"Crown me, my mother!" and the old Queen stood and said:—

"How can I crown thee further. I know whose standard flies
Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin, or the notched Kal-kouras rise.
Blood of our foes on thy bridle and speech of our friends in thy mouth—
How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the Sovereign South?"

"Let the five free nations witness!" But the young Queen answered swift:—
"It shall be crown of our crowning to hold our crown for a gift.
In the days when our folk were feeble thy sword made sure our lands—
Wherefore we come in power to beg our crown at thy hands."

And the old Queen raised and kissed her, and the jealous circlet prest,
Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with the gold of the West—
Lit with her land's own opals, lion-hearted, alive,
And the five-starred cross above them, for sign of the nations five.

So it was done in the presence—in the hall of our thousand years—
In the face of the five free nations that have no peer but their peers;
And the young Queen out of the Southland knelt down at the old Queen's knee
And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent years to be.

And the old Queen stooped in the stillness where the jeweled head dropped low:

"Daughter no more but sister, and doubly daugh' er so—
Mother of many princes—and child of the child I bore,
What good things all I wish thee that I have not wished before?"

* * * * *
"Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers or vows,
Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother's house,
God requite thee, my daughter, through the strenuous years to be,
And make thy people to love thee as thou hast loved me!"
—Rudyard Kipling in *Harper's Weekly*.

John Sherman, former Representative in the House, for a long term a member of the Senate, and twice holding Cabinet positions, died at his residence in Washington, October 22d, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His death had been expected for some days. John Sherman was the eighth of eleven children. His father was a judge of the Ohio supreme court. The son was born in Lancaster, O., May 10, 1823, and studied law with his brother at Mansfield, was taken into partnership, and practiced with success from the time he was twenty-one years of age until he was thirty-one. When only twenty-five years of age he was a prominent young Whig in the national convention which nominated General Taylor for the Presidency, in 1848. He was nominated to the Thirty-Fourth Congress when a little past thirty years of age, in 1854, and remained in the public service continually till 1898, a period of forty-four years. On the inauguration of Lincoln, Sherman left the House to take the place in the Senate made vacant by Salmon P. Chase, who had been called into Lincoln's Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. That place he occupied until 1897, with the exception of four years, when he was Secretary of the Treasury under President Hayes. Sherman's most important work, and that with which his name will always be most closely associated, was with the restoration of the currency to a sound and stable basis. After the election of McKinley to the Presidency in 1896 he selected Sherman to be his Secretary of State, and the Ohio senator left the national body of which he had so long been a brilliant member. The arduous duties of the Cabinet office, due to the culminating troubles with Spain over the Cuban question, bore heavily upon Mr. Sherman, then five years past the allotted threescore and ten, and led to his retirement from office on April 5, 1898. Three times he was a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination—in 1880, 1884, and 1888. Mrs. Sherman is a woman of simple tastes and much force of character. She and Mr. Sherman adopted a daughter, Mrs. James Ivers McCallum, who lives in Washington.

The will of J. B. Clayton, the son of the late member of Parliament of that name, has just been probated in London. By it he leaves his two daughters a fortune of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with the curious provision that the money is only to be payable if they attain the age of thirty-five years without marrying either a citizen of the United States or a Hebrew. The reason for this proviso is not given.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Pope Leo recently performed the ceremony of canonizing the Baroness de Montferrant-Laudias, who founded a new religious order in France in 1592. This is the two-hundred-and-sixtieth saint Leo the Thirteenth has created.

The Bishop of Liverpool has issued a new code of rules for confirmation. He desires that girls should refrain from the use of long pins in the hair, as the presence of such pins frequently results in the bishop's fingers being lacerated during the "laying on of hands."

According to a dispatch from Rome, Prince Cbigi, who was found guilty of having violated the law against the selling of valued works of art, in disposing of Botticelli's famous painting, "The Virgin and Child," was arraigned in court on Tuesday and sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred thousand dollars, which is the price he is said to have received from a London dealer. The masterpiece got past the Italian custom authorities by painting over the picture of "The Virgin and Child" another picture that could easily be washed off.

Mary E. Wilkins, the novelist, is to be married soon to Dr. Charles Freeman, of Metuchen, N. J. Dr. Freeman is thirty-five years old and a graduate of Rutgers College. He studied medicine, and, after receiving his diploma as a physician, became a medical examiner in the Pension Department at Washington. His father, Manning Freeman, established a large lumber-yard and coal business at Metuchen, N. J. At the death of his father, Dr. Freeman inherited a fortune. He stopped practicing medicine and took up the lumber business.

F. Hopkinson Smith, the author of "Caleb West," has just returned from his annual painting trip in Europe. He had with him on his journey the soiled white umbrella which has accompanied him in so many of his painting expeditions, and furnished him with a point of view for many of his sketches of travel, "Under a White Umbrella." The umbrella has traveled one hundred and eighty thousand miles in company with Mr. Smith, in jaunts in Mexico, Cuba, England, France, Holland, Italy, and Turkey. Mr. Smith brought back with him thirty-four water-color sketches, which will be exhibited in New York in January.

Sir Redvers Buller's return to England is a great surprise to military men in England, who had expected that he would succeed Lord Roberts. It is interpreted as a sign that Lord Kitchener will be left in command in South Africa. This result causes satisfaction in two quarters. The Aldershot contingent is relieved, because it dreads the transfer of Lord Kitchener to London, where he might turn the military service upside down if allowed by Lord Salisbury to have a free hand; and the South African community is also pleased, because it is weary of what it describes as Lord Roberts's "soft-hearted leniency," and regards Lord Kitchener as a rough and resolute soldier, who will not be swayed by sentimental considerations, but will restore order in the two new colonies by drastic methods.

Judson W. Lyons, the Register of the American Treasury, holds the most important public office ever filled by a colored man. With Secretary Gage and Treasurer Roberts he forms a triumvirate that controls the money stock of the republic. Not a dollar can be paid from the Treasury without their assent, and the smallest greenback and the imposing new fifty-thousand-dollar consols alike require the name of this interesting negro to make them other than mere paper. Of course Mr. Lyons can not personally sign every note issued by the Treasury at the bureau of engraving and printing. Therefore his signature is cut into the steel dies from which the bills are struck. It is different, however, with the registered bonds, on which the faith of the government is pledged. The register has to sign each of them by hand. This is a tremendous task, for Mr. Lyons is often compelled to handle near five thousand bonds a day.

Count Stanislas de Castellane, a brother of Count Boni de Castellane, came near to embarrassing the recent grand Republican banquet of French mayors, in the Tuileries Gardens—without any intention, it is true. He is mayor of the little commune of Cantal, elected as a *Rallié*, and turns out to be the youngest mayor in France. At the banquet it was arranged that the oldest and the youngest mayors should have places of honor at the right and left of President Loubet. But, considering that the banquet was a Republican demonstration, there would have been something anomalous in seating at M. Loubet's elbow a man whose brother owns the principal press organ hostile to the government. Happily, it was discovered just in time that Count Stanislas was too young for the honor; that he has not yet arrived at legal age, and holds his functions only by the good-will of his electors. And so the matter was arranged.

Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose engagement to Queen Wilhelmina has been officially announced, is closely attached to the German court, holding the commission of a lieutenant in the Chasseur battalion of the Prussian guard stationed at Potsdam. He was born at Schwerin April 19, 1876, and is thus four years the senior of the young queen, who was born August 31, 1880. Duke Henry, of course, will become his wife's naturalized subject. Many of the difficulties which beset in similar circumstances Prince Albert, the prince-consort of Queen Victoria in England, are unlikely to arise in the present instance, as the only members of the house of Orange nearly related to the queen are the two Princes of Saxe-Weimar, who are rarely in the Netherlands, although they are the next heirs to the throne. Consequently many awkward questions of precedence such as troubled the early married life of the royal English pair will not need consideration. Queen Wilhelmina, moreover, is one of the wealthiest sovereigns in Europe, enjoying a civil list of upward of fifteen millions of dollars per annum, besides an immense private fortune inherited from her father.

BUELL'S LIFE OF JOHN PAUL JONES.

Founding the American Navy—The Commodore as a Social Lion in Paris—His Liaison with Aimée de Telion.

Augustus C. Buell's painstaking and scholarly biography of "Paul Jones: Founder of the American Navy" is by far the most complete and satisfactory of the innumerable sketches and books which have dealt with the life of the great commodore. Through all the others, points out the writer in his preface, "there runs a vein of mystery which, in its turn, has made his name the sport of novel writers and the prey of fiction for three generations. The result has been distorted views of his character and imperfect conceptions of his career. But there was no mystery about his career, had the materials for a plain history of him been intelligently handled. On the contrary, his life, as indicated by his own singularly frank writings, and as mirrored in the copious discussions of him and his character in the papers of his great contemporaries, was free from mystery, and in most respects extraordinarily open and above board. It is by no means on his own literary relics that a real history of Paul Jones must be based. As is true of every famous man, the materials for such a history of him must be sought in the records of his contemporaries and colleagues, as well as, or to a greater extent than, in his own. The present volume represents an effort to combine the most important or most interesting parts of each element—his own papers on the one hand, and those of his contemporaries on the other."

It is interesting to know that Mr. Buell is himself a lineal descendant of a member of the crew of the *Bon Homme Richard*, who also sailed with Jones in the *Alfred*, the *Providence*, and the *Ranger*. Mr. Buell is connected in a responsible capacity with the William Cramp & Sons' Ship and Engine Building Company, of Philadelphia, and dedicates his work to "Charles Henry Cramp, builder of navies." It was while representing the Cramps in St. Petersburg that the writer made many interesting discoveries regarding Jones's service in the Russian navy under Catherine the Great.

Mr. Buell's first two chapters are devoted to Jones's life as a sailor and planter and the obstacles which the colonies had to overcome in founding the American navy. He says:

About the middle of December, 1775, the marine committee of the Continental Congress recommended the appointment of five captains, five first lieutenants, and eight junior lieutenants. There had been earlier appointments by individual colonies, but this was the first national navy list—the foundation of the American navy. The senior captain, Ezek Hopkins, was nominated commodore, and the four other captains were Dudley Saltonstall, Nicholas Biddle, Abraham Whipple, and John B. Hopkins. John Paul Jones was placed at the head of the list of lieutenants. This arrangement had been the subject of heated debate in the committee, between Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Hewes, of North Carolina. Mr. Adams was the particular champion of Dudley Saltonstall; Mr. Hewes of Paul Jones. Speaking of the "five captains," long afterward, Paul Jones himself said: "Four of them were respectable skippers; and they all outlived the war! One of them was the kind of naval captain that the God of Battles makes. That one was Nick Biddle—poor, brave Nick!—and he died in a hapless ship going down and the other half going up by explosion of his magazine!"

Though sixth on the list, and only the senior lieutenant, Paul Jones was the first of the pioneer officers of our navy to receive his commission, which was handed to him in the old Hall of Independence, Philadelphia, by John Hancock in person, shortly after noon, December 22, 1775:

The other officers, above and below him, received theirs at different times as they reached Philadelphia or reported at Independence Hall. Immediately after receiving his commission, Paul Jones, accompanied by about twenty-five of the leading men of the day, went on board the *Alfred*, which was moored about a cable's length off Chestnut Street wharf, and was to be commanded by Captain Saltonstall, who had not arrived from Boston. John Hancock directed Lieutenant Jones to take command of the *Alfred pro tempore* and to "break her pennant"—the naval phrase meaning to place a man-of-war in commission. Obeying this order, Paul Jones flung out the first American flag ever shown on a regular man-of-war. This was not the Stars and Stripes, but the "Pine-Tree and Rattlesnake" emblem, with the motto "Don't Tread on Me!" Though he had the honor of hoisting it for the first time aboard ship, Jones never fancied this emblem.

Some time later, in one of his journals, he said of it:

"I was always at a loss to know by what queer fancy or by whose notion that device was first adopted. For my own part I could never see how or why a venomous serpent could be the combatant emblem of a brave and honest folk fighting to be free. Of course I had no choice but to break the pennant as it was given to me. But I always abhorred the device, and was glad when it was discarded for one much more symmetrical as well as appropriate a year and a half later."

The pioneer squadron of our new navy consisted of four ships—the *Alfred*, Captain Dudley Saltonstall; the *Columbus*, Captain Abraham Whipple; the *Andrea Doria*, Captain Biddle; and the *Cabot*, Captain John B. Hopkins:

Its first cruise, which lasted from February 17 to April 8, 1776, resolved itself into a series of courts-martial, votes of censure, and dismissals from the service. It showed Congress that war itself is wiser than statesmen in the selection of warriors and that powder and ball are no respecters of political influence or family connections. Incidentally it also contributed to give Lieutenant Paul Jones an independent command, and freed him, as the sequel proved, forever from the incubus of imbecile superiors. His first command was indeed a small one, but it was all his own, and fortunately for his fame and the glory of the American navy, the order by virtue of which he assumed it instructed him in report directly to the head of naval authority, the Marine Committee of the Congress. From that moment to the end of his eventful career Paul Jones was always the ranking officer of his station, and never afterward served under the orders of any senior.

Paul Jones's name and fame are linked also with the first American flag which bore the Stars and Stripes. We quote the passage in his journal in which he tells the story of its fate in the battle of the *Bon Homme Richard* with the *Serapis*:

"No one was now left aboard the *Richard* but our dead. To them I gave the good old ship for their coffin, and in her they found a sublime sepulchre. She rolled heavily in the long swell, her gun-deck a wash to the port sills, settled slowly by the head, and sank peacefully in about forty fathoms. The ensign-gaff, shot away in the action, had been fished up and put in place soon after firing ceased, and our torn and tattered flag was left flying when we abandoned her. As she plunged down by the head at the last, her taffrail momentarily rose in the air; so that the very last vestige mortal eyes ever saw of the *Bon Homme Richard* was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down. And, as I had given to them the good old ship for their sepulchre, I now bequeathed to my immortal dead the flag they had so desperately defended for their winding-sheet!"

In a foot-note Mr. Buell explains that the "unconquered and unstricken flag" that went down with the *Bon Homme Richard* was "the same one which the girls of Portsmouth made from slices of their best silk gowns, and presented to Jones to hoist on the *Ranger*, July 4, 1777," and he considered it his personal property—or, perhaps, the property of the girls who made it, intrusted to his keeping:

On relinquishing command of the *Ranger*, in 1778, he kept this flag with him and used it at L'Orient when he "broke his pennant" to commission the old *Richard*. It was made by a "quilting party," according to specifications which Jones furnished. The thirteen stars in the "new constellation" were cut from the bridal-dress in which Helen Seavey had been wedded in May, 1777, to a young officer of the New Hampshire line. Of the "quilting party" who made that flag we can find but five names—Mary Langdon, Caroline Chandler, Helen Seavey, Augusta Pierce, and Dorothy Hall (niece of Elijah Hall, second lieutenant of the *Ranger*). This was the "first edition" of the Stars and Stripes that Europe ever saw; the first to be saluted by the guns of a European naval power; but, far beyond that, and beyond anything, it was the first and the last flag that ever went down or ever will go down flying on the ship that conquered and captured the ship that sunk her. When Jones returned to this country in the *Ariel*, February, 1781, he found Miss Langdon a guest of the Ross family, whose house was always his home when in Philadelphia. By way of apology he explained to Miss Langdon that his most ardent desire had been to bring that flag home to America, with all its glories, and give it back untarnished into the fair hands that had given it to him nearly four years before. "But, Miss Mary," he said, "I couldn't bear to strip it from the poor old ship in her last agony, nor could I deny to my dead on her decks, who had given their lives to keep it flying, the glory of taking it with them." "You did exactly right, commodore!" exclaimed Miss Langdon; "that flag is just where we all wish it to be—flying at the bottom of the sea over the only ship that ever sunk in victory. If you had taken it from her and brought it back to us, we would hate you!"

For months the wonderful combat off Flamborough Head had been the talk of Paris, of all France, and of Europe at large; the subject of innumerable pamphlets; it had been made the theme of ballads and of representation on the stage:

No name at that moment was more widely known or more universally honored than that of Paul Jones. It was also known that the king of France intended to confer upon him the honor of knighthood. But the rarest distinction of all was that the Duke and Duchess de Chartres, in total disregard of the etiquette of the French court, had commanded him to accept, during his stay in Paris, an apartment in their palace; a distinction to which no person not of royal blood was then admitted.

Jones was not without art. He knew as well as any one in the world how to be dramatic. Among the treasures of victory that he brought to Paris was the sword that Captain Pearson had yielded to him on the deck of the *Bon Homme Richard* at thirty-five minutes past to P. M., September 23, 1779. This sword, carefully incased, he had close at hand on the occasion when the Duchess de Chartres gave a grand dinner in his honor. At a suitable point during the banquet he asked the duchess if she designed to remember having given to him her grandfather's watch two years before, and his promise, if fortune should favor him, to "lay an English frigate at her feet" in token of it. She bowed assent. Then Jones sent an attendant to bring from his apartment in the palace a leather case. When the attendant returned, Jones took from the case a sword and said: "Your royal highness perceived the impossibility of keeping my promise in kind. The 'English frigate' proved to be a forty-four on two decks, and she is now at

L'Orient, with French colors flying. The best I can do toward keeping my word of two years ago is to place in your dainty hands the sword of the brave officer who commanded the English forty-four. I have the honor to surrender to the loveliest of women the sword surrendered to me by one of the bravest of men—the sword of Captain the Hon. Richard Pearson, of his Britannic majesty's late ship the *Serapis*!"

That sword is still—or ought to be—among the relics of the house of Bourbon-Orléans. The remark of Jones that French colors were then flying on the *Serapis* was true, that ship having been transferred to the King of France in December, 1779, for diplomatic reasons.

About this time was developed the only affair in Paul Jones's whole career that had the flavor of sustained romance, in the sense of permanent relation with one of the fair sex. However numerous may have been his temporary amours, this one, at least, lasted his life-time, with only such interruptions as were unavoidably caused by the incidents of his career as a naval commander. The lady was Aimée Adele de Telion, who was twenty years old when Jones met her. She was a natural daughter of Louis the Fifteenth by one of the numerous temporary mistresses of that king during the period of Mme. de Pompadour's ascendancy. It was in the palace of the Duchesse de Chartres, the rendezvous of naval heroes, that Jones was introduced to the young lady. Among the few of her letters to her lover that have been preserved is the following, which, under date of August 27, 1780, is addressed to the commodore at L'Orient:

"Since your departure, my dear commodore, I have done little else than answer inquiries concerning you from your legion of feminine worshippers. 'Is he going to sea again?' 'Has the king given him a new command?' 'When will he return hither?' are questions constantly addressed to me by all the fair world. In vain I expostulate that I am not your jailer! That you honor me, only as you do them, with your society at times, and regale me, only as you do them, with your exhaustless wit and graces. They will not have it so, but declare one and all that I am the chosen one. Only yesterday the Countess de la Vendahl said to me: 'Alas, my poor husband; he is so good and withal so dull! What would I not give to be, as you are, enshrined in the affections of a heart like that of Paul Jones; to know that devotion and affection for me were cherished in the same bosom that holds the courage that made him the conqueror in a battle the like of which is unheard of? Do not fail, my dearest Aimée, to plume yourself upon your conquest. You are, as all know, the daughter of a king. But far more than that, you are, as all equally know, the beloved of a hero!' Now, my dear commodore, what can I say in reward for such compliments? Surely I can say nothing that would be adequate. But I never permit myself to doubt that what all say must be true. I could not doubt it without despair. Fortuneless as I am, and dependent upon the charity of a benefactress who, I believe, has taken me in place of a child of her own, denied to her in the providence of God, I am richly content so to be, if only I may trustfully believe that I have your affection. Her royal highness [meaning the Duchess de Chartres] has told me since you went away that there is no doubt of your receiving command of another squadron by direct order of his majesty and in spite of the interference of M. de C— [Chamont] or any other interested person. She tells me H. M. — [the king] himself has said you shall have the *Serapis* as soon as she is fitted out; your own prize, gained by such desperate valor—by valor like unto the legend of La Tour d'Auvergne. Necessarily I hope so. It will take you once more far away from me, amid perils no one can foresee the end of; but all in pursuit of glory and in defense of our common cause. For that, and that alone, I am willing to deny myself all—even the rapture of being with you once again. When you are in readiness with your new *Argosy* to sail in quest of another Golden Fleece, may not your poor little Aimée come to L'Orient to say 'Bon voyage?' True, I can not indulge the fancy that such parting would in anywise reinforce your chivalry, which needs not reinforcement; but it would enable a poor little waif who loves you to see for once her hero with his armor on in all the panoply of battle!"

In the "Anecdotes of the Court of Louis XVI," Aimée de Telion is described (about 1784) as "petite, extremely vivacious, of most charming temper, and possessed of all the polite accomplishments":

"Her features are a softened and refined image of the late king, her father; her eyes are large, dark, and lustrous, and her hair, which is of great length and profusion, is a deep auburn, often in bright light having the hue of red gold. Her complexion is the perfection of pink and white, and though in her twenty-sixth year, she passes everywhere for a young girl not twenty. She talks and writes with grace and wit, talks the English and Spanish languages fluently, and is admitted by all to be the most finished performer on the guitar in court circles. She enjoys the protection of the most powerful ladies, and is, consequently, in request to aid at the most important fêtes, receptions, and balls, and in the most exclusive private theatricals. Though without fortune, she has ever commanded the attentions of the most distinguished men, but has never encouraged any one except the famous Chevalier Paul Jones, commodore of the American navy."

From the same authority Mr. Buell reproduces a description of Commodore Jones's personal appearance at this time:

He is a man of about thirty-eight years, five feet seven inches tall, slender in build, of exquisitely

symmetrical form, with nicely perfect development of limbs. His features are delicately molded, of classical cast, clear cut, and, when animated, mobile and expressive in the last degree, but when in repose sedate almost to melancholy. His hair and eyebrows are black, and his eyes are large, brilliant, piercing, and of a peculiar dark-gray tint that at once changes to lustrous black when he becomes earnest or animated. His eyes are, in fact, his most remarkable feature, and are the first to attract the attention of those whose good—or ill—fortune it may be to come in contact with him. They betray unmistakable evidences of a subtle nature, intense with passion, surcharged with ambition, and capable of the widest extremes of sentiment and action. His complexion is swarthy, almost like that of a Moor, though this is doubtless much due to his having spent the best part of his life, from early boyhood to near the age of thirty, at sea in tropical voyages to the West and East Indies. He is master of the arts of dress and personal adornment, and it is a common remark that, notwithstanding the frugality of his means, he never fails to be the best-dressed man at any dinner or fête he may honor by attending. His manners are in complete case, perfect *aplomb*, and also martial to the last degree; but he has a supple grace of motion and agile facility of gait and gesture that relieve his presence of all suspicion of affectation or stiffness. To all these charms of person and grace of manner he adds the power of conversation, a store of rare and original anecdote, and an apparently inexhaustible fund of ready, pointed wit, always apropos and always pleasing except on the infrequent occasions when he chooses to turn it to the uses of sarcasm and satire. On such occasions his keen tongue is without pity, and, as all know that a swift and terrible hand lurks close behind the reckless tongue, it is always the study of those in his society to avoid rousing the ferocious nature so thinly, albeit so sleekly, veneered by gentle manners and seductive speech. Next to the magic of his eyes is the charm of his voice, which no one can ever forget, man or woman, who has heard it. It is surely the most musical and perfectly modulated voice ever heard, and it is equally resistless in each of the three languages he speaks—English, French, and Spanish. It is difficult, when one sees the Chevalier Paul Jones in the affairs of society, or hears his discourse at the dinner-table or in a *salon*, to believe that this is one and the same person as the ruthless sea-fighter, hero of the most desperate battles ever fought on the ocean, and for the first time in history the conqueror of those who conquered the sea!

Among other interesting chapters, which we leave our readers to peruse for themselves, are "Controversies and Honors in America," "Prize-Money Settlements," "Admiral in the Russian Navy," "The Conquest of the Turks," "Russian Intrigue and Calumny," and "Last Years and Death." The volume is also supplemented with five appendices devoted to rosters of the *Ranger*, *Bon Homme Richard*, and *Serapis*, a list of works consulted, and "the Portraits of Paul Jones." The frontispiece of the first volume is a color reproduction of a miniature portrait of Jones by a Dutch artist, now in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg, and that of the second is a reproduction of Charles Wilson Peale's portrait. These two likenesses are believed by Mr. Buell to be the only ones painted from sittings. On the front covers of the two volumes are copies in gilt of the obverse and reverse, respectively, of the gold medal voted to Paul Jones by Congress after his fight with the *Serapis*. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, two volumes, \$3.00.

The youth of Brussels, it appears, were not slow to profit by the Shah's weakness for children, which was incautiously referred to in the press. One enterprising lad wrote to him for a bicycle, while another asked for a doll. In both instances the gifts were forthcoming, with the result that on the last day of his majesty's visit the Persian legation was besieged by youthful applicants.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Heroine to Be Held in Remembrance.

While J. M. Barrie's novel, "Tommy and Grizel," was greeting its readers in measured fragments, as a serial, there were diverse opinions regarding its strength and interest, but now that it has been gathered and presented in complete form there should be more unanimity of judgment. As the finished product of Mr. Barrie's art, it will rank above anything he has written. In some respects it will rank above any example of recent fiction. There has been no portrait in novels of the day equal to that of Grizel. There are not many such in novels of earlier days. She is a perfect woman, whose beauty, grace, love, and loyalty are exquisitely delineated. And her sorrows win a compassion that will last till her name is forgotten.

In Tommy Sandys the author has drawn a character who is seldom consistent. At the best he is an unfortunate, and never altogether winning. He is a "masterful" hoy, but a weak, sentimental man, who lives in a world of unreal imaginings. He is no more inconsistent than the majority, but he is a poor figure for a hero. He wins Grizel in a sentimental way, but can not feel the love he affects and inspires. He wrecks her life, and dies at last, in a grewsome way, pursuing a shadow.

There are other personages in the book, even more real than the ill-starred author of Grizel's greatest joy and sorrow. Elspeth, the sister, is a well-drawn figure. The care that Tommy gives her is almost his only redeeming feature, and is hardly explained by her fond ministering to his vanity. Some of the figures introduced are not accepted with good grace by the reader. They could have been spared. But Tommy would have been led in some other way, by interests just as contemptible, and it is perhaps just as well.

To those who have read "Sentimental Tommy," the novel will need no recommendation. They will desire to know more of the characters of that story. To those who were won by "A Window in Thrums," and more firmly held by "The Little Minister," the novel will appeal most effectively. Yet it contains all of Mr. Barrie's faults enlarged and strengthened. But the close analysis, the tender sentiment, the grace of expression with which his stories abound, more than compensate for their roundabout course, their disappointing conclusions.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Stedman's American Anthology.

Had the editor of "An American Anthology" been chosen by the poets and readers of America, the name upon the title-page would have been Edmund Clarence Stedman, as it is. Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Poets" and "Poets of America" reviewed the poetry of the century on both sides of the Atlantic in a masterly way. His latest volume supplements his "Poets of America," as his "Victorian Anthology" supplemented the earlier survey of the English poets of the period. Its selections illustrate his critical review of American poets, and its range is notable, though it is not designed to be a "treasury of imperishable American poems."

The work is a compact volume of nearly nine hundred pages. It gives selections from the verse of more than four hundred writers, arranged in chronological order, and divided into three periods. An introduction from the pen of the editor, covering twenty pages, sketches and explains the plan of the book, and is rich in critical observations. The department devoted to biographical notices fills sixty pages, and contains a vast amount of personal information presented briefly. There are an index of poets, an index of titles, and an index of first lines. No minor details have been overlooked in the arrangement, and in system and comprehensiveness the book is as nearly perfect as care could make it.

Its contents will be found to include hundreds of "old favorites," as well as many poems that are not familiar to general readers. There is opportunity for difference of opinion concerning the space properly devoted to poets of to-day, but Mr. Stedman's decisions will not be seriously questioned by any considerable number. The work will find a prominent place on many bookshelves, as there has been no collection of American poetry of its scope for many years.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$3.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

S. R. Crockett is at work upon a novel in which he returns to the scene of "The Raiders." The title of the new book is to be "Silver Sand," the character hearing that name taking the foremost part in it.

Mrs. "John Strange Winter" Stannard, in her new novel, "A Self-Made Countess," shows, we are told, a seeming determination to be as offensive as possible to Americans. The *Athenaeum* rebukes her, saying with truth: "This wholesale abuse of the citizens of the United States is unjust, unwise, and in 'had taste.'"

John Morley is said to have made so much progress with his "Life of Gladstone" that the first volume will be issued in January. The work will be presented in two volumes, one of which will consist of the life and letters and the other of documents and notes. Another important biographical book,

which will be published immediately in London, is entitled "The Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain: The Man and the Statesman," by N. Murrell Marris.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have several new novels just out or just ready. Among them are "The Brass Bottle," by F. Anstey, of "Vice Versa" fame; "The Eagle's Heart," by Hamlin Garland; "King Stork of the Netherlands," by Albert Lee, a story of the Dutch republic in the day of its glory under the Prince of Orange; and "Cupid's Garden," a new story by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. They will also bring out shortly "The Art of Writing English," by Professor J. M. D. Meiklejohn; and "The Story of the Soldier," by General G. A. Forsyth, the veteran Indian fighter.

Philip Verrill Mighels's novel, "Nella, the Heart of the Army," was issued in London on October 1st. It deals with the domestic problem, giving a new solution to that vexed question, by suggesting the formation of an "Army of Industry" for women.

"Penelope" is to go through one more set of "experiences" at the hands of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, and then no more. This charming heroine will visit Ireland, and the chronicle of her adventures will run through six numbers of one of the Eastern magazines.

Alfred Austin, laureate, is quoted as writing to an American correspondent: "I read as little as possible of what is written, either depreciatory or the reverse, concerning myself; wishing to be preserved from that irritation under censure and that craving for flattering recognition which you probably have observed are the most conspicuous foibles of the artistic temperament, as they are the besetting dangers of a literary career." Marie Corelli in the *Free Lance* says: "I have never written anything in my life with a desire to be praised for it. And I never, though often accused of doing so, 'advertise myself.'"

"Forest and Water," by Hon. Abbot Kinney, vice-president of the American Forestry Association for California, has just been published.

Richard Whiteing's "Paris of To Day," with all of André Castaigne's splendid illustrations, will appear in book-form from the press of the Century Company this month.

General and Mrs. Lew Wallace have presented to the Wahash College library the original manuscript of "The Prince of India." There are over two thousand pages on six-by-nine paper. The pages are in the fine handwriting of General Wallace, and show corrections and suggestions in the handwriting of Mrs. Wallace. "The Prince of India" was begun in 1886 on the Kankakee River, and was finished in 1892.

A novel that is announced as the most ambitious work ever attempted by John Fox, Jr., has been added to Charles Scribner's Sons' fall list, and is entitled "Crittenden." Most of the scenes are laid in Kentucky and Cuba.

Albert Gardner Robinson, whose letters from the Philippines to the New York *Evening Post* have attracted such wide-spread attention, has just completed a volume on the Philippines.

William Waldorf Astor's new book, "Pharaoh's Daughter, and Other Stories," is nearly ready for publication.

Seumas MacManus, the Irish story-teller, has spent the summer roaming the mountains of his own Donegal, and at intervals working upon a novel, his first one, by the way, of Irish life and character. The novel is now completed, and is entitled "A Lord of the O'Fields." Before its appearance in book-form it will run serially both here and in England and Ireland.

Professor F. Max Müller, Corpus Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, who has been ill for a long time, has suffered a relapse, and his condition is critical.

Mrs. Annie Fields, the widow of James T. Fields, the publisher, is bringing out, in a small volume, "Orpheus: A Masque." It is written partly in rhyme and partly in blank verse.

Among the interesting publications which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will bring out this month are: E. C. Stedman's "American Anthology," in a regular edition for the trade, following the limited large-paper edition; the fifth and sixth volumes of the "Riverside Edition" of the works of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson; "Theodore Parker, Preacher and Reformer," written by John White Chadwick, a sympathetic student of Parker's life, and himself a notable preacher and reformer; "A Century of American Diplomacy," by Ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster, a review of American foreign relations since their beginnings, written in a popular style; "Ednah and Her Brothers," by Eliza Orne White, a story for children of incidents of visits to Boston, New York, and elsewhere, and "Counsel upon the Reading of Books," a series of University Extension lectures delivered in Philadelphia by Hamilton Wright Mahie, Professor Bliss Perry, Miss Repplier, President Hadley, Professor Brander Matthews, and Professor H. Morse Stephens, with a "Preface on Books and Reading," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

OLD FAVORITES.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 22, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Would you have the kindness to publish, under the head of "Old Favorites," Dan O'Connell's poem entitled "Sweethearts and Wives"? And oblige, L. A. S.

Sweethearts and Wives.

If sweethearts were sweethearts always,
Whether as maid or wife,
No drop would be half so pleasant
In the mingled draught of life.

But the sweetheart has smiles and blushes
When the wife has frowns and sighs,
And the wife's have a wrathful glitter
For the glow of the sweetheart's eyes.

If lovers were lovers always,
The same to sweetheart and wife,
Who would change for a future of Eden
The joys of this checkered life?

But husbands grow grave and silent,
And cares on the anxious brow
Oft replace the sunshine that perished
At the words of the marriage vow.

Happy is he whose sweetheart
Is wife and sweetheart still—
Whose voice, as of old, can charm;
Whose kiss, as of old, can thrill;

Who has plucked the rose, to find ever
Its heauty and fragrance increase,
As the flush of passion is mellowed
In love's unmeasured peace;

Who sees in the step a lightness
Who finds in the form a grace;
Who reads an unaltered brightness
In the witchery of the face,

Undimmed and unchanged. Ah! happy
Is he, crowned with such a life,
Who drinks the wife, pledging the sweetheart,
And toasts in the sweetheart the wife.

—Daniel O'Connell in "Lyrics."

Meredith's Retirement.

It is sad to hear that George Meredith, although he calls himself in perfect health, has been forced to give up the walks which he used to take near his place at Boxhill. But as Meredith is now seventy-two, this is perhaps not to be wondered at. He is still, however, as keenly active, intellectually, as ever, and a visit to the Boxhill cottage is a rare privilege for any lover of literature. Most people, even literary people, know nothing whatever of his private career, and his biography, when it comes to be written, will be almost absolutely fresh and of the most unusual interest.

Mr. Meredith did most of his work before the days of personal journalism, and since he has become one of the most distinguished literary figures in England, almost every one who has approached him has respected his confidence and has refrained from making "copy" of anything which he has done or said. The sole instance to the contrary, of late years (says the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*), was the case of a French journalist who printed some rather scathing remarks made by Mr. Meredith on Mr. Alfred Austin, on the occasion of the latter's appointment to the laureateship. This grieved the famous novelist very much, the more so as he is a great reader of French and a great admirer of the French nation.

Death of Charles Dudley Warner.

Charles Dudley Warner, the author and one of the owners of the Hartford *Courant*, died suddenly in Hartford, Conn., on Saturday, October 20th. Mr. Warner was born at Plainfield, Mass., September 12, 1829. He was graduated from Hamilton College, and later from the law department of the University of Pennsylvania. He removed to Hartford, Conn., and since 1867 has been the editor of the Hartford *Courant*. Later he became a contributor to leading magazines, an occasional lecturer on literary topics, and an advocate of prison reform work.

Among Mr. Warner's best-known books are "My Summer in the Garden," "Saunterings," "Back-Log Studies," "My Winter on the Nile," "Being a Boy," "Life of Washington Irving," "A Roundabout Journey," "A Tour in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, With Notes of Travel in Mexico and California," "A Little Journey in the World," "Our Italy—Southern California," "The Golden House" (a novel), "The Relation of Literature to Life," "The People for Whom Shakespeare Wrote," "That Fortune" (a novel), "American Men of Letters," and "A Library of the World's Best Literature," in thirty volumes.

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F. Anstey's New Romance.

The Brass Bottle

A Romance. By F. ANSTEY, author of "Vice Versa," etc. 12mo. Cloth, with frontispiece, \$1.50.

"The Brass Bottle," the new romance by F. Anstey, the brilliant author of "Vice Versa" and "The Tinted Venus," shows the author in his happiest vein. The story is an imaginative romance, full of quaint conceits and deliciously extravagant situations. His new book is the most important, as regards length, quality, and sustained interest, which he has given us for years.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Marie Bashkirtseff's Confessions.

The most interesting portion of the "Unpublished Confessions of Marie Bashkirtseff," which appears in the current number of the *Gentlewoman*, consists of the correspondence between that unhappy young genius and Guy de Maupassant. These "Confessions" are full of criticisms, anecdotes, and pen-pictures of men and women who were already famous at the time they were penned, or who have since become so. Julian, Tony Robert-Fleury, Wagner, Bouguereau, Meissonier, Massenet, Bastien-Lepage, Lefebvre, Carolus-Duran, Cazin, Munkacz, Manet, Sargent, all figure in these confessions and criticisms. Russian grand dukes and grand duchesses, French princes and princesses, Turkish noblemen, and other personages with great gifts or great names or both, frequented the Sunday afternoons of the young painter. All artistic Paris seems to have been visitors to her studio—all except de Maupassant, whom she never met. She enjoyed her literary friendship with him, but she did not wish to be disenchanted, so remained to the end unknown to him.

In the first letter, Marie "dreams quite romantically of becoming the confidante of his fine spirit," and is inspired by the *Gaulois* to hope that Maupassant would write to her as well. She goes on to say: "I do not wish to see you. Your head might displease me; who knows? I only know that you are young, and that you are not married—two essential points. But I warn you that I am charming; this secret thought will encourage you to reply."

Maupassant replied, but asked: "How can one reveal one's inner self to a being whose physical form, the color of whose hair, whose smile and look one does not know?" and signs himself, "Your grateful and devoted Guy de Maupassant." In another and later letter, he writes: "You may be, it is true, a young and charming woman, whose hands I should be happy one day to kiss. But also you may be an old housekeeper nurtured on the novels of Eugène Sue. You may be a young woman of literary society and hard and dry as a mattress." He also says: "I have not a ha'p'orth of poetry. I pass two-thirds of my time in profound boredom." To this Marie replies that she is never bored: "I am an opportunist, and above all, a victim of moral contagions. . . . My ear is small, irregular, but pretty; eyes, gray. Yes, a musician."

This seems to have aroused Maupassant's doubts. In his last letter he writes:

"Oh, now I know you: my nice old mummer. You are a professor of the sixth in the Louis le Grand College. . . . Ah, shy old man, old usher, old grubber at Latin. You wanted to pass yourself off for a pretty woman. I prefer a pretty woman to all the arts. I put a good dinner, a real dinner, the rare dinner, almost in the same rank as a pretty woman. Sir Usher, tell me of yourself; of your wife, since you are married. Have you a daughter? If so, think of me, I beseech you."

Because he had taunted her with being the usher of a school, she speaks of her "pupils" in the following extract:

"I have profited, sir, by the leisure of Holy Week to re-read your complete works. You are a gay dog, incontestably. I had never read you *en bloc* and right off. The impression is, therefore, fresh, and that impression. . . . It is enough to turn all my pupils inside out and to upset all the convents of Christendom. As for myself, who am not at all bashful, I am confounded—yes, sir, confounded—by this intense pre-occupation of yours with the sentiment that M. Alexandre Dumas *fills* named Love. It will become a monomania, and that will be regrettable, for you are richly dowered and your peasant tales are well sketched. I know that you have done a 'Life,' and that this book is stamped with a great feeling of disgust, sadness, and discouragement. This feeling, which leads one to pardon the other thing, appears from time to time in your writings, and leads people to believe that you are a superior being who suffers from life. It is this that cuts me to the heart. But this whining is, I fear, only an echo of Flaubert."

On the vexed question of matrimony *versus* a career Marie Bashkirtseff had much to say:

"We went to see the G—'s, who want me to marry A—. They have lost hope of getting me to make the happiness of a charming little Frenchman; then go for a foreign prince. But marry, become a lover, and you will paint no more. The Queen of Roumania paints and writes. I even told them details of the works of the queen; it was the only way of making them believe in the painter's devotion. They worry me with these marriages. . . . He is as good as possible in his own way; he has even some heart, I believe. In fact . . . but that is not for me. Oh! to be stupid! To be beautiful and stupid! That is what I would wish for my daughter—beautiful and stupid, and with some principles, so as not to be lost. . . . 'If you spend yourself in words, in pleasanties, in enthusiasm for J— and R—,' says the judicious architect, 'you will do wrong to your art.' They say Michael Angelo never loved. And if I never have really encouraging success I shall be capable of loving only my art. . . . When one really works and is devoured by ambition, one is no longer good for anything; everything disappears, the preoccupation is so great, so continual, so intense. Then artists should never be lovers? I do not say that; an artist who has won his place can pay for that luxury, and while he pays his work will be stopped, or he will be little heeded."

Having thus decided that she can not love so early in her career, she sets out to fascinate all with whom she comes in contact—this most feminine of women and geniuses:

"I come in to dress; there is a little dinner this evening. I leave my forehead frankly uncovered. Amid all these carefully draped heads it is a charming novelty. The hair twisted on top of the head and spreading naturally, and this magnificent brow, of which I did not suspect the beauty or the nobleness, change me altogether. This gives a sweet gentleness to the bearing, an air of calm and strength. It seems to me that I am pontifical, or that I am descending from a throne. And this forehead, always hidden, is of an infantine purity. This evening, when there is no one interesting to me, I was of a radiant freshness. . . . Ever since I dressed myself in Paris, I have struggled against the stupid and uncouth fashions. Five years ago I asked for draperies and corsages gathered and open at the neck, mythological or Louis the Fifteenth, antique skirts, Jewish robes. I passed as very eccentric; but thanks to working hours at Laferrière's, Worth's, and Doucet's, the fashion has taken; for two years one has seen only negligé draperies, frills, fichus, sashes. The fashions most run after at Doucet's are my inventions. And none of them bear my name! . . . I am admirable, and I adore myself. It is because I have worked well to-day, and I have also tried some sublime dresses. . . . A splendid *soirée* at the Italian's. I went with the G—'s, Princess Jeanne Bonaparte, her husband. Mme. G— finds me very pretty, dressed to kill, corsage black velvet, classic, *décolleté*, hair well dressed, shoulders of marble—quite the shoulders that show the breed. Nothing less!"

Of Daudet and Zola she writes:

"I have read Daudet's new book, over which Paris is distracted. It is called 'Sapho.' I have read it twice, wishing to be reconciled with Daudet's style, which unnerves me. Am I ridiculous to be provoked by it? It runs, runs, runs; it spins along, always quickly. It is a flight, a scattering. The readers strive to follow, breathless. It is all scraps of phrases, scraps thrown together as if regretfully by a pitiful man, who is too much pressed to say as much as he knows, and always something sinister in hints apropos of fried potatoes. It is like a picture painted by the piece—the eye is fidgeted by not being able to rest on anything solid—an endless *pizzicato*. How Zola would execrate it! But he will not say so. If he disparage Daudet, whom should he praise? And he must have the air of loving others besides himself. He burns incense to Goncourt and Daudet, so as not to seem to admire himself only!"

New Publications.

Russian conspirators, abductors, and outlaws, plots, counterplots, captures, and rescues, are the principal interests in "Ursula," by K. Douglas King, but two happy brides appear in the concluding chapter. The story is told in a graphic manner. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Dishonor of Frank Scott," by M. Hamilton, is a novel with an original plot that is not altogether pleasing. The dishonor was a marriage that was not a legal ceremony, and the end of the dishonor was the death of the victim of the deception. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Practical suggestions for teachers, parents, and investigators abound in the fourteen essays included in "Education and the Philosophical Ideal," by Horatio W. Dresser. The papers are written in view of the spiritual ideals of the author, and are on a high plane. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

It has been a labor of love for J. R. Tutin to prepare his "Concordance to Fitzgerald's Translation of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyám," but it is none the less a monument of patience and literary taste. The volume is handsomely printed and bound in parchment. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

"The Autobiography of a Tomboy," by Jeannette L. Gilder, a story for girls, does not possess the winning or amusing qualities that were to be expected from the practiced pen of its author. It is pronounced "a warning" in its dedication, but the moral does not appear. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A thoroughly eulogistic appreciation of an actor who has hosts of admirers, is "John Drew," by Edward A. Dithmar. There are twenty-four photo-engravings in the handsome little volume, of Drew in favorite rôles and some of his prominent associates in the profession. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Arthur T. Vance has identified the central figure of "David Harum" with one David Hannum of Homer, N. Y., and has written a book about him under the title, "The Real David Harum." There are some good things in the little volume aside from its fancied or real resemblances. Published by the Baker & Taylor Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

Andrew Carnegie is a conspicuous figure in the world to-day, and his book, "The Gospel of Wealth, and Other Timely Essays," will attract no little attention, but certainly no more than it deserves. He has written frankly, entertainingly, and wisely in its pages of some illusions, the labor question, imperialism and Americanism, home rule, and the feeling of this country for England. The essays have been collected from various periodicals,

but few readers have seen all of them in other dress. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Frank Barrett has written several novels of adventure, with original motives and unique situations, and his power of invention is still effective. "Breaking the Shackles," his latest book, is as full of exciting happenings as any that have preceded it, and the interest of the reader is never allowed to droop. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A collection of letters and a diary written some years ago, yet vividly portraying many phases of life in the Chinese capital which has seen few changes, make up "The Attaché at Peking," by A. B. Freeman-Mitford. A map from recent drawings and a complete index add to the value of the book. Published by the Macmillan Company New York; price, \$2.00.

The biographical study presented in "A Life of Francis Parkman," by Charles Haight Farnham, is worthy of high praise. It is the work of one who knew the historian's writings well and had a just conception of his character. There are many quotations from Parkman's books in the biography, and they are introduced and commented upon in a satisfactory manner. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.50.

"The Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888," collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell, first issued in two volumes in 1895, have been brought out in a single-volume edition. Among similar collections there are few to be compared with this for biographical worth or illuminative criticism. It will continue a favorite with those who appreciate the beauty and strength of Matthew Arnold's prose. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.25.

A new and beautifully illustrated edition, in two volumes, of "Ramona," Helen Jackson's powerful and pathetic romance of Southern California, has just come from the press. It contains a portrait of the author, many other good pictures, several from drawings by Henry Sandham, and an introduction by Sarah C. Woolsey. It has been named the "Monterey" edition. The printing and binding are thoroughly artistic. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$6.00.

No more valuable aid for the student nor more pleasing historical collection for the general reader could be offered than Guy Carleton Lee's "Source-Book of English History," which presents extracts

from leading documents and illustrative material from contemporary writers, together with a catalogue of historians and collections, arranged by epochs. Important events from the earliest times are shown in the least space, yet most impressively, and the learning, research, and method of the compiler and author are in evidence from the first page. The work has a complete index. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

An English literary chronicler, in commenting on the hopeless artistic nullity of most translations from the French, comforts himself with the reflection that things are even worse the other side of the Channel. "Some of our leading novelists," he says, "have suffered an eclipse of the fame that they might have had in France through this maltreatment. Thomas Hardy is completely distorted, whereas he, of all men, requires intelligent translators—men with sufficient enterprise to visit his beloved Wessex, the intimate and characteristic background of his works. Stevenson has been wretchedly done; his translated works, almost unreadable in French, are scattered among all the publishers of Paris, and the result is that Stevenson is totally unknown to the reading public, whereas he ought to be one of its favorites." Curiously enough it is an American that has had superlative luck in his French translator—Poe with Baudelaire.



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LITERARY NOTES.

A Volume of Western Verse.

The promise of the poet in "A Season's Sowing" has been more than fulfilled in "Idyls of Eldorado," a second volume of verse by Charles Keeler. The book contains two-score poems, some of only two or three stanzas, and others of several pages' length. The highest flights of the poet's fancy are well sustained and most pleasing. His "Woodland Tales Hesperian," on nature myths of California, that fill the last half of the volume, in form and thought are worthy of a place among the true poetry of the time. In all his work there is a freshness, a fragrance of the woods and fields, a brightness of unclouded sky, that make it distinctive.

Here is one of the best of his descriptive bits:

AUTUMN IN THE SIERRAS.

The gentle summer zephyrs yield their sway
To blustering blasts that down the frigid stream
Of high Sierra glacier bear dismay
To tender foliage when autumn's gleam
Of golden sun has lost its quick'ning charm
And fails the frost king's legions to disarm,
As on they hear their flags in bright array.

The pine-trees sway their tasseled boughs aloft
As rude winds revel at their wanton will,
Making wild music 'mid their tops, while oft
The lone woodpecker calls in accents shrill
And asters tremble with foreboding fear.
The streamlet sobs while all the leaflets dear
Are fluttering to the earth with wailings soft.

The mice beside the runnels seek retreat,
The prudent squirrel finds his winter nest.
The swallows wing them south on pinions fleet,
The flowers shrink upon their mother's breast.
Now sobs the cold bleak rain on leafless trees
And on the sedgy pools of mountain leas,
Proclaiming weary autumn's swift defeat.

These lines are the conclusion of one of the striking "Woodland Tales," entitled, "The Mist Maidens":

Evanescent are those days of godly things
When on Hesperian shores, in fealty
To beauty, footed free the host of heav'n.
Their tenuous forms, like dreamland ghosts
Have flown,
To find new haunts on singing spheres afar.
But in our vale loves tokens still abide
Of their blessed presence—birds and trees and flows

To body forth their beauty still on earth.
O ye, to whom all things of life are dear
Who treasure the sweet carolings of birds,
The modest faces of spring posies bright,
The veined sheen of insects' vibrant wings,
The play of fountains and the flow of streams,
With silvery fish amidst their quiet pools,—
Forget not that the mountain Titans still
Stand sentinel, transmuted to fair trees
That weave their branchéd arms above the springs

To treasure all their wealth of liquor sweet,—
Forget not that the passing of the groves
Means death to flow'rs and all of life most fair,
Means ravishment of earth and ruin wide,
Whereat the tender gods will weep afar
And cry out: "Stay, O vandals, stay thy greed
That beauty may not leave thee in despair."

The decorations of the volume are designs from California wild flowers by Louise Keeler.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, \$1.25.

Old Friends in New Dress.

In the constant stream of books pouring from the presses there are a few that catch the eye quickly because of past memories, and many readers reach out their hands for them eagerly without a thought for the new and unfamiliar titles that surround them. Some of the reprints are notable for the attractive form in which they appear, and when to beauty of outward appearance is added the merit of careful editing, indexing, and annotating, the volumes seldom fail to arouse the desire of possession.

Such volumes are the numbers of Macmillan's Library of English Classics, edited by A. W. Pollard (\$1.50 each). The first seven issues in the series have been noticed in these columns, and four new volumes are now in hand. The quaint "Travels of Sir John Mandeville," with their old-time theological flavor and anazlog legends, and illustrated by three narratives from Hakluyt's "Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries," make up the eighth book in the library. Gilbert White's "Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne, in the County of Southampton," the work of a learned and patient observer, that has been a model of descriptive essays since its publication in 1789, is the ninth volume. J. G. Lockhart's "Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott," in two volumes, follow, and this work, which is one of the two greatest biographies in the language, has been carefully prepared from the edition of 1839, including the alterations and additions made by the biographer for his abridgement of 1848.

Next in interest to these large and handsome volumes are the issues in the Temple Classic Series, which are no less perfect in execution though in miniature form (50 cents each). A recent issue in this edition is "Critical and Historical Essays by Thomas Babington Macaulay, Volume I," which includes the papers on Milton, Machiavelli, Hallam's history, Southey's "Colloquies," Robert Montgomery's poems, and Moore's "Byron."

Next is "Lectures on the English Comic Writers," by William Hazlitt, which includes his studies of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Cowley, Butler, Suckling, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanhugh, Farquhar, Hogarth, and the English novelists. Volumes three, four, and five of "The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints," by William Caxton, follow, and the latest number is the first volume of that poetical allegory from the French of the century before Chaucer, "The Romance of the Rose," by W. Morris and J. Clopinel, Englished by F. S. Ellis.

In the Temple Classics for Young People, the latest issue is "Gulliver's Travels," with twelve illustrations by A. Rackham (50 cents).

Macmillan's Pocket English Classics (25 cents each) are choice selections, well edited, with critical introductions and notes, bound in leatherette. Late issues are Longfellow's "Evangeline," Macaulay's "Warren Hastings," Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," and a collection of poems from Shelley and Keats.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

John Morley's Oliver Cromwell.

In the note that appears as preface to "Oliver Cromwell," by John Morley, M. P., the author makes an apology for undertaking the biography when giants of research were already in the field. The modest disclaimer was not needed to gain consideration for the work. Its merit is notable. More than a study of that great figure in English history is given in the book—it is a series of pictures of stirring scenes in the life of a nation, and each view is presented with graphic art. Mr. Morley has followed Cromwell's career, step by step, from his early life to the pathetic ending on the anniversary of his two great victories, and the revenge of his enemies after his death, turning aside only here and there for comment and historical parallels.

The view of the biographer and the charm of his style are shown in this paragraph from the prologue to the work:

"The figure of Cromwell has emerged from the floating mists of time in many varied semblances, from blood-stained and hypocritical usurper up to transcendental hero and the liberator of mankind. The contradictions of his career all come over again in the fluctuations of his fame. He put a king to death, but then he broke up Parliament after Parliament. He led the way in the violent suppression of hishops, he trampled on Scottish Presbytery, and set up a state system of his own; yet he is the idol of voluntary congregations and the free churches. He had little comprehension of that government by discussion which is now counted the secret of liberty. No man that ever lived was less of a patero for working those constitutional charters that are the favorite guarantees of public rights in our century. His rule was the rule of the sword. Yet his name stands first, half warrior, half saint, in the calendar of English-speaking democracy."

The volume is embellished with sixty-five portraits of the great figures of the time, and is in every way a worthy specimen of the bookmaker's art.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$3.50.

Mrs. Margaret Foulks was found dead at the Champ de Mars railway station, in the grounds of the Paris exposition, on Wednesday, October 24th. Her body was identified by her brother-in-law, Mr. Freeman, whom she was visiting. Mrs. Foulks left here on August 18th last, with her brother-in-law and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Freeman, and her niece, Miss Freeman, and the party of four had a most enjoyable journey through Ireland, Scotland, and England, devoting all of the month of September to the British Isles. Mrs. Foulks leaves two sons, George H. Foulks, an attorney and head of the commercial department of the Lincoln Evening School, and William C. Foulks, with Cunningham, Curtis & Welch; also a brother, Robert Nixon, proprietor of the Yreka Journal.

Miss Evelyn Morehouse, daughter of Senator Morehouse, of San José, made her debut in the world of vaudeville on Wednesday afternoon at the Orpheum matinee. Miss Morehouse appeared in "coon" songs and dances, and created a favorable impression. She has a light mezzo-soprano voice, and sang very pleasingly her two songs, "Close Your Goo-Goo Eyes" and "A Coon Is Just as Happy as If He Had His Right Mind." Senator Morehouse, Mrs. Morehouse, and Miss Sibyl Morehouse were among those present, and a large number of representative citizens of San José also joined in making successful the reception to one of that city's most popular daughters.

The Country Club has made an addition to its preserve. Last week a lease was signed with Mrs. J. S. Hamilton for the right to shoot over her land for the present season. Up to the time of making terms with Mrs. Hamilton the club had only about eighteen thousand acres to shoot over, and the most of this was good only for ducks. Now, with this addition, the club will have some of the best quail ground in this State, consisting of about sixteen thousand acres. This gives all the ground between the two pieces held by the Point Reyes Sportsmen's Club and owned by the O. L. Shafter Estate Company.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Dooley's Dialect.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 17, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Isn't Mither Dooley imposing a bit upon us "hunny fidy" Hibernians? For instance, in his recent remarks to "Hinnissy" on the American stage:

Would Pat say "Jawn," and then, directly, "hox" and "dog" instead of bawx and dawg? Would he say "ates" for cats and then pronounce speak, scooe, real, believe, in straight English way? Would he say "cud" (could) "wud" (would), and in the same breath pronounce good and book properly?

Would he give hird the burr and then speak born, first, shirt, without it? Would he burr "r-right" and not write?

Would Pat say "whin" (when), "niver," "iv" (of), "cillyhrated," "nicissry," and, at the same time, put "tell, prettily, end, hundred, threads, next, rest," etc., in his conversation with the "e" properly sounded? He niver wud!

Would he get along with "department, constitution, repartee, lithograph, silo and ensilage, sugar-beet culture, Li Hung Chang, Shakespeare, and Hostetter's Almanac" without a stumble, then go for to say "Onabridge Ditchny"? Hardly.

Would he say "shtep," then "stole," "stiones," then "stage"? Would he pronounce before "he-fure," door "dure," and then "foremost" with o long in both syllables?

Would the Hinnissy kind say "mather," then "letter"? Would he say "girl" and "boy," or "gur-rl" and "b'y"? Mr. Dunne gives us these common Irishisms in correct English. Would he say "cuples" and "clutches" with u properly sounded? Would he say "fr" (for) and still pronounce "their" and "always" full and plain? Would any other than Paddy do that?

Would he say "Aggynaloo," then "Holmes"? My office-boy, who came from Mither Dooley's own neck o' th' bogs, says "tree" for three, and when he bumps up against "th" double, as "with the," he invariably says "wid th," and if he isn't careful, "wid d."

Mr. Dunne sins with the majority of dialectors in misspelling words in spoken conversation when such error does not change the sound—as "marrid, marredge, colledge, character"—the "k" does not shift accent to the second syllable. The word over, Paddy Miles's boy has said "character." Why "divvie," when "divl" is all the change necessary? If the printer and proof-reader are to blame for these slips, Mr. Dunne would better look after his syndicate customers.

E. C. T.

"The Duke of Cambridge" Again.

LONDON, October 12, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the face of your authorities I "cave in" and own myself completely crushed. I simply ask that every statement in my last note to you may be taken as a genuine expression of my opinion. Still there is (isn't there?) a moral difference between those connections between non-royal personages that produce illegitimate children and those "morganatic" alliances in which the "wife" has no other husband and the "husband" no other wife. This may be ultra

vires, but I fancy it is a way of thinking that is held by most people. Forgive me for occupying your space with a discussion on so trivial a point, and believe me, Your admiring, humble servant,
A BRITISHER.

After many months of failing health, Marcus P. Wiggin passed away on Thursday, October 18th, at the age of fifty-three years. Mr. Wiggin was one of the first graduates of the State University, and after being admitted to the bar practiced law in Oakland for a number of years. After that he served for some years as judge of the superior court of Mono County. Subsequently, for nearly ten years, he filled the position of editorial writer on the *Chronicle*, retiring about four years ago. He was for many years a member of the Bohemian Club, and was one of the first presidents of the San Francisco Press Club. Two children survive him. They are Marcus Haines Wiggin, twenty-six years of age, who is engaged in mining in one of the northern counties, and Philip Wiggin, eight years old, the child of his second marriage.

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, New York.



Howard Hall, leading man of the Alcazar Theatre, has indulged himself in the luxury of tossing off a play. It is an occupation that is generally associated with labor, not luxury. Famous dramatic authors have had to toil to win renown, and many a one has been obliged, after the completion of a masterpiece, to contend with rival jealousies, wearying delays, and apparently insuperable obstacles, before he was able to see his work given stage representation.

So it was in the days when stage literature was comparatively young, and so, judging from W. D. Howells' "Story of a Play," it still is. In that interesting and probably more than half veracious chronicle, the hero had to struggle long and vainly with the would-be actor-purchaser's desire to occupy the centre of the stage, and to remorselessly cut the lines and scenes of subordinate characters, no matter how much crispness of dialogue or delicacy of sentiment had been lavished upon them. The struggle between the two conflicting interests, the artistic instinct of the author, the all-absorbing vanity of the actor, make up a book which throws quite a light on the evils of stage authorship.

Such vexations, however, have not fretted the proud spirit of Mr. Hall, for he has written the play all around himself; his tall, slender figure, his long, shapely James Hackett legs, his big, booming voice, have been carefully considered and given due prominence. The figure is inducted into a miraculously tight uniform of much gorgeousness, glitter, and gilt. The legs are clothed in sweetly fitting trousers, which are a triumph of the sartorial art. The voice utters by turns, in deep, mournful tones, many patriotic, romantic, and cynical sentiments which are as familiar as Æsop's fables. In fact, the actor-author has had full license to make himself a killing figure, and has ingeniously thrown his whole youthful soul into the exploiting of himself.

In the doing of it, however, he has not been ungenerous to the heroine, who loves the gold-laced young soldier of the empire "with the love of a six-horse team," and who has a plentiful allotment of scenes of lachrymose sorrow. The author, indeed, has been sparing of nothing, and has adopted in his play all the characters, situations, and events that could possibly be compressed into three hours' time. There is a refugee, a flight, several faints, an *ingénue*, a fencing encounter, a wedding, a dark-hearted villain, a scheming, treacherous governess, an attempt at a poisoning, several tons of hate, a woman scorned, black gulfs of revenge, reprisals, heroism, broken hearts, and a grand clearing up of the weather in the last act.

The action takes place in the year 1815, but the dialogue is as cheerfully modern and colloquial as a vaudeville sketch at the Orpheum. I append several choice specimens:

"Say, now, look me square in the eye."

"Mother was wild. I never saw (sic) her so unreasonable."

"I was very pleased."

The play virtually closed at the end of the third act, but Mr. Hall had a little bit of heroics to unpack from his assortment of dramatic properties, and in the fourth act let himself go, so to speak, with a wild, delirious, melodramatic whoop. When the hero parted with his smart, gold-braided jacket and appeared in a snow-white, fluttering, full-sleeved shirt as fine as a cobweb and as dainty as a ball-dress, we all knew from familiar experiences that there was some exciting business afoot. So it was not at all surprising to see the intrepid Gilbert, supported by the white shirt, engage in a fencing bout, throw the plotting villain into the mill-stream, knock down half a dozen soldiers like nine-pins, and fondly clasp the all-conquering shirt-sleeves around his trembling bride under a triumphant glare of calcium. The play, considering that it is destined for an early tomb, was surprisingly well mounted and prettily costumed, and the ladies in the company made quite an effective showing both in looks and style.

Any witness of Mr. Hall's *chef d'œuvre* who wishes to recover from an attack of dramatic indigestion had better hasten to see Sardou's comedy of "Madame Sans-Gêne," which is being presented this week at the Grand Opera House. So admirably are Sardou's plays always put together, that after a number of repetitions one finds one's self enjoying them if for the play alone, irrespective of the cast, although, for that matter, we may always count on the excellence of a play vitalizing the work of the players to a marked degree. Give them something sane, human, and meaningful to do, characters of distinctness of outline to impersonate, and lines which are pithy, witty, and wise to utter, and unless they are utterly feeble

and valueless, they gain in color and warmth of personality, power of attractiveness, and intellectual significance.

Several members of the present Frawley Company have already appeared in the same rôles, when Frawley presented the play at a matinee performance during his former engagement at the California. It was experimental then, and was meant to give an opportunity to Miss Van Buren to show what she could do in a leading comedy rôle. Oddly enough, although she seemed at the time to betray some evidences of imitating Blanche Bates, she really did a more creditable piece of work than her model in representing the *parvenu* duchess. She still does so, for Blanche Bates played it like a giddy, bonoing, sloazy school-girl, while Miss Van Buren has caught something of the broad, *bourgeois* humor and the shrewd, unconventional good-heartedness of the titled ex-washerwoman. Her personal attractions, too, are of a kind to adapt themselves to the character and the situations, and she looked equally handsome in the picturesque riding habit of the second act and the sumptuous robe in which the flustered duchess received her royal guests.

Frawley has at last emerged from his retirement, and attempted to shake off his unshakable individuality in the rôle of Napoleon. But it is all there, under a very good make-up, it is true, but unescapeable. His Napoleon, intensely clever and absorbingly interesting as is the act in which the man of destiny appears, never quite succeeds in blinding one's perceptions to the fact that it is always Frawley under the dome-like brow and clothed in the skin-tight small-clothes of the first emperor.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Stuart Robson in "Oliver Goldsmith."

The re-appearance of Stuart Robson at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night in "Oliver Goldsmith" will be a welcome relief to the patrons of the Columbia Theatre, who, since the departure of Henry Miller, have been suffering from a surfeit of heavy, clap-trap melodramas, plotless farces, and uninteresting revivals. Augustus Thomas is credited with having supplied Mr. Robson with an excellent rôle as the timid, awkward, lovable, improvident "Noll," and among other historical characters which he introduces in his comedy are Dr. Johnson, David Garrick, pretty Mary Horneck—whom Oliver loved so hopelessly, and who, for dramatic purposes, becomes his *fiancée*—Burke, Boswell, and Featherstone. While Mr. Robson has surrounded himself with an excellent company, which includes John E. Henshaw, Beaumont Smith, Henry Weaver, Sr., Stephen Grattan, Maud White, Jeffreys Lewis, Ellen Mortimer, and May Ten Broeck, it is to be regretted that Henry Dixey, who shared the honors of the play with Robson in New York, will not be seen in his inimitable impersonation of David Garrick. Dixey, by the way, is starring this season in Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of his father's story, "The Adventures of François."

The Frawleys in "Secret Service."

"Madame Sans-Gêne" is to be followed at the Grand Opera House by William Gillette's great success, "Secret Service," the most famous of all the war dramas, and generally regarded as the best American play yet written. It created quite a furor when it was produced here in November, 1898, at the Baldwin Theatre by the original company. It will be remembered that its run there was interrupted by the burning of the hotel and theatre, when it was transferred to the California Theatre. It has not been seen here since, and as Gillette's engagement was limited and many were turned away at every performance, it did not have a chance to exhaust its popularity, and will doubtless crowd the Grand Opera House.

T. Daniel Frawley will be seen in William Gillette's rôle of Lewis Dumont, the federal secret-service officer, who works for the downfall of the Confederacy in Richmond as Captain Thorne; Mary Van Buren will be the Edith Varney, formerly played by Miss Parry; and Minnie Dupree will succeed dainty little Hope Ross as Caroline Mitford. The remainder of the cast includes H. S. Duffield as General Randolph, Phosha McAllister as Mrs. Varney, Clarence Chase as Wilfred Varney, David McCartney as Henry Dumont, Harrington Reynolds as Benton Arrelsford, Pearl Landers as Miss Kirtledge, J. R. Amory as Lieutenant Maxwell, Christine Hill as Martha, Wallace Shaw as Jonas, Frank Mathieu as Lieutenant Foray, C. B. Swift as Lieutenant Allison, Herbert Ashton as Corporal Wilson, and Reginald Travers as Corporal Ellington.

A Russian Melodrama at the California.

Beginning Sunday afternoon, the new four-act Russo-Siberian melodrama, "For Her Sake," will be presented for the first time in this city at the California Theatre. The plot hinges on the love of Prince Valdemar Radetsky, a nobleman of right impulses and great courage, for a peasant girl named Olga, who has been brought up in his household. His own family oppose the match, and with the assistance of the secret police of the Czar's dominion, manage to keep the lovers apart for three acts, but in the concluding one the dashing prince overcomes all obstacles and the curtain falls on a happy union.

The company is said to be an excellent one, and several picturesque stage settings are promised.

"For Her Sake" will run for one week only, and will be followed by "Whose Baby Are You?" the latest comedy success of Mark Swao, the author of "Brown's in Town."

Collamarini's Great Success.

That the management of the Tivoli Opera House were wise in eagerly gathering the charming Collamarini into their fold when the Azalli Grand Opera Company went to pieces, has certainly been demonstrated again this week, for every seat for the four "Carneo" nights were sold out as early as Monday noon, and so great is the demand to hear Bizet's opera that it will be repeated again on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings and Saturday matinee.

"Aida," with Barbareschi in the title rôle, Castellano as Radames, and Lucenti as Ramphis, will be the bill on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights.

At the Orpheum.

The most notable new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be James F. Dolan and Iva Lenhart, who will present a bright one-act farce entitled "A High-Toned Burglar." It is said to be extremely clever, and contains a wealth of sparkling dialogue. Other new attractions are Prelle's Talking Dogs; Johnson, Elan, and Bentley, who will appear in a laughable skit called "The Mookey and the Farmer"; Leona Bland, the concert-singer; and Bert Howard, one of the cleverest pianists in vaudeville.

Those retained from this week's bill are George Evans, the monologist; Les Frasers, musical artists; World and Hastings, Blanche Ring, and Lizzie B. Raymond.

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Beginning Next Monday, October 29th. Stuart Robson in Augustus Thomas's Masterpiece.

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Wednesday, October 31st "Das Rheingold."

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James F. Nolan and Ida Lenhart; Prelle's Talking Dogs; Johnson, Riano, and Bentley; Bert Howard and Leona Bland; George Evans; Les Fra: setties; John World and Beatrice Hastings; Blanche Ring; and Lizzie B. Ray.

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VANITY FAIR.

President Robert Ellis Jones, of Hobart College, delivered an address on "The Alleged Impracticability of the College Graduate" at a dinner of the Schoolmasters' Club in New York last week, which has caused considerable discussion in the East. He criticised in caustic terms "the increasing luxury and extravagance of modern American college life," which he considers "a menace to culture and public welfare." The maintenance by students, who enter college as freshmen, with all the expensive tastes of the metropolitan clubman of costly club-houses, while faculties and instructors are underpaid, was also commented on. "College professors," said President Jones, "are miserably paid. The full professor in a New York State college gets an average salary equal to that of a railroad engineer, an assistant professor the same as a fireman, while an instructor is rewarded equally with a brakeman." "Dreamy Realism," which President Jones said the late C. P. Huntington held was the result of college training, unfitting its victim for practical life, was also discussed and disputed by the speaker, who said that there was very little "dreamy realism" about the strenuous cane-rush and gentle foot-ball game. "Academic distinction," said he, "has become a matter of brawn and bulldog courage, rather than Greek and calculus. The literary ambitions of the collegians of the 'fifties are no longer entertained. Harvard freshmen can not write English, and every college president meditates an article on the growing illiteracy of the college student. Mr. Huntington's college dreamer is rarely met with. He is born that way, and is in no sense a college product. At this time of cane-rushes, hazing, and class suppers, with their genial abductions and other pleasures, you can hardly pick up a paper without finding items headed 'College Ruffianism,' 'Academic Sluggers,' etc., and old-fashioned people are at a loss to discover the connection between liberal education and the horse-play reported. There is certainly little 'dreamy realism' about the phases of college life which bring so much grist to the sensational press mill."

"The freshman brings with him to college habits of financial dependency and irresponsibility, and the present tendency," continues President Jones, "of college life is to confirm him in them. The college is at fault if it does not try to teach him manly independence and a willingness to go without that which he can not pay for. That it does so teach him will hardly be asserted by the boldest. Unearned luxury is enervating. It is positively corrupting when within the reach of those still adolescent. Varied self-indulgence is at war with education. The college press reports a whirl of spreads, theatres, dances, athletics, and card-parties; fashionable dress and equipage are indispensable. Club-houses costing fifty thousand dollars are too common for remark, and a sum sufficient to support an average family is absorbed by a single student who does not study. The greater part of this injurious luxury is parasitic; it is paid for directly by parents, alumni, and fraternity friends, and indirectly by the faculty. Alumni subscriptions are as thick as blackberries. Many of us here present contribute yearly to maintain fraternity houses, which our under-graduate brothers say they can not themselves keep up, but we observe little ascetic self-denial in their personal habits. Skill in 'pulling the governor's leg' is as admired academic accomplishment. Not only the governor, but the alumni and all elderly relatives are afflicted with a chronic limp. How to compass pleasures and possessions which he can not pay for is the under-graduate's problem. College tuition covers but a fourth of the cost of teaching each individual. Endowments and annual gifts make up the deficiency. The under-graduate who can not be made to pay for good instruction is lodged like a prince, indulges in expensive pleasures, and wastes far more than would suffice to give his instructor the livelihood which he deserves. We can not blame the professor who feels that he is unwillingly supporting under-graduate extravagance."

President Jones considers it an evil lesson in the laws of life to allow the under-graduate to waste on superfluities money which should be spent in fuller payment for the fundamental necessities of intellectual development, and he adds: "Fraternity houses, costing a hundred thousand dollars in colleges which pay barely more than two thousand dollars per year to a full professor, are not calculated to give the under-graduate a sense of the real value and just proportion of things. They prevent the acquisition of social common sense. College luxury is parasitic and non-educational, it prevents the growth of manly self-dependence and makes its victim 'a little brother of the rich,' finding his joy in the unearned sharing of their flesh-pots. An acquaintance with luxury, which on any self-respectful basis will not be continued beyond the college doors, is injury rather than education." To change the existing conditions of under-graduate life for the better, President Jones suggested "that the college should give it all no airs; should not allow itself to become a fool's paradise; should frame its social life so that its tendency shall be healthy; its buildings and material equipment should assist in an unconscious education, and it should not follow the line of least

resistance. The graver evils of college life are caused by too long delayed entrance upon it," President Jones continued. "Nineteen and a half is the average age in the up-State colleges. College life is at present psychologically ill-timed, and it never will be sound and sane and safe until we recognize its appropriate seasons. It is a weighty indictment against our whole educational system that physical and political maturity come at twenty-one, while self-support lags behind till thirty. Physical, mental, economic, and political emancipation should be attained together."

The autumn season in Scotland is now drawing rapidly to a close, and people are deserting their shooting-boxes for the comparatively warmer climate of England. From a sporting point of view, the season has been a notable one, but hardly so in regard to the Scottish gatherings. Several parties were arranged in the South of Scotland for the annual race-meetings at Lanark, Ayr, and Musselburgh, but so many men are still absent in South Africa that the halls held in connection with the races were not altogether successful. The cost of shooting-parties in Scotland is tremendous (says the New York Times). It is generally estimated that the rent of a Scottish moor is about \$5.25 per live brace—that is to say, a moor that will yield 400 brace will cost \$2,100, and yet many side luxuries, such as a bit of good salmon or trout fishing, a nice yachting anchorage, good roads for cycling, or proximity to golf links, will add quite \$525 more. Keepers' wages are included in this rent. The lessee, especially if unused to shooting, will require a pair of new guns, which will cost him from \$600 to \$800, and in the gun-room, for guests, will need three other pairs of cheaper manufacture, which will cost \$300 to \$500 more. The ammunition bill, allowing three shots to a grouse and three shots for other game, will run to \$150 or more, while the railway fares on a moor renting for \$2,000, of lessee, family, and servants, will rarely fall under \$5,000. Washing, with cartage to and from London, will amount to \$250 or \$350; horses and carriages, usually hired from London, \$500 more, not to speak of the cost of gillies, beaters, etc. It will thus be seen that a Scotch grouse averages a cost of about a guinea and a half, or, say, \$8, to the average English sportsman.

Which way the Presidential election goes may decide who is to be the next president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It has been decided by many of the leading members to ask either Mrs. Roosevelt or Mrs. Bryan to fill this honorable position. Neither of these ladies is at present a member of the association, but both are eligible, and one of the board of managers a few days ago made the statement that within the last week papers have been made out for the admission of both to the ranks of the Daughters. If McKinley and Roosevelt are elected, then the choice will fall upon Mrs. Roosevelt. If the Democrats win, the honor will be conferred upon Mrs. Bryan. The election will not take place until next February, but already the warmth exhibited in the contest is surprising. Mrs. Daniel Manning's second term will expire at that time. Mrs. Manning has been criticised by some of the Daughters as being too much of an aristocrat. One member of the board is a clerk in the Pension Office; another, although of aristocratic lineage, runs a boarding-house. Mrs. Manning neglected her social duties inasmuch that she did not extend her courtesy to the point of calling upon these ladies. This criticism of Mrs. Manning probably will stand in the way of her election for a third time.

England seems to be suffering from as great a scarcity of good servant girls as the United States. Listen to what London Truth has to say: "Difficult as it is for mistresses living in town to find good servants, those in the country experience far greater difficulty. The matter must, in another year or two, approach a point where it will have to be vigorously dealt with in some way. By an advertisement in a daily paper, I see that domestic servants are promised very high wages in Queensland, and are offered free passages out there. Cooks are offered £30 to £78; housemaids and general servants, £26 to £44; and laundresses, £31 to £52. No doubt these inducements will drain England still more of domestic servants, and the position must eventually become acute. There is one thing of which I feel certain, and that is that we shall have by degrees to accustom ourselves to the greater part of the house-work being done by women who come in for a few hours a day. There are inconveniences attached to this plan, but these we shall have to face. The workers have their evenings to themselves, and that is the great stumbling block with the ordinary servant."

A young man and young woman belonging to the smart set of New York, preparations for the usual consummation of whose engagement were in the initial stage, eloped the other day, and gave as their reason that they wanted to avoid an elaborate wedding. During the summer the same reason was given by a son of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and the young woman of his choice, who surprised society by slipping away and being quietly married in Boston, when their friends were all agog with ex-

pectation of a fashionable ceremony. "This sort of thing can not occur many times without itself becoming fashionable," comments the Bazar, which adds: "We shall have quiet weddings 'the style,' and who but florists, caterers, and dressmakers will fail to welcome the change? The parade of a fashionable wedding necessarily occupies the minds of the contracting parties to the exclusion of reverent consideration of the solemn obligations marriage imposes. To those who regard matrimony as a sacred institution, the theatrical rehearsal which commonly is enacted previous to the performance of the ceremony proper is little less of an affront to deep feeling than rehearsing a funeral would be. The display features of fashionable weddings, so withdraw attention from everything else that, in the instance of church weddings, such is the babble, the sacrilegious stir, and hubbub occasioned in 'God's house,' ministers of the gospel have long been impatient for a reform. The marriage of Miss Elsie Clews recently betokened how the higher education of woman tends to such reform. Miss Clews has taken degrees from several colleges, and is the author of a work on philosophy that is used as a text-book at Barnard, where she was occupied as an instructor without pay. Her wedding to a prominent New Yorker, instead of betokening the great wealth of her father and her conspicuous place in society, was marked by the dignity and simplicity of her own character, and breathed the spirit of her lofty aim in life. An unostentatious wedding is greatly to the glory of a bride. Incidentally it is a great deal off the nerves of the bridegroom."

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 24th, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,200	@ 110-110 1/2	109 3/4	110 1/2	
Bay Counties Power					
5%.....	10,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2	104	
Contra C Water 5%.....	3,000	@ 106 1/2	107 1/2		
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	9,000	@ 105 1/2-105 3/4	106	106 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	3,000	@ 128 1/2-129	128 1/2		
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	6,000	@ 118 1/2	118 1/2		
Oakland Water 5%.....	1,000	@ 103 1/2	103 1/2		
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	58,000	@ 108 1/2-108 3/4	109	109 1/2	
Pac. Gas Imp. 4%.....	5,000	@ 102	102		
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%.....	11,000	@ 100 1/2	100 3/4	101	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	20,000	@ 118 1/2	118		
S. V. Water 4%.....	1,000	@ 103	103		
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	1,000	@ 102	102		
	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Spring Valley Water.....	320	@ 93-94 1/2	93 1/2	93 3/4	
Gas and Electric.....					
Equitable Light.....	200	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2		
Oakland Gas.....	5	@ 49 1/2	49 1/2	49 3/4	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	95	@ 52-52 1/2	52		
Pacific Lighting Co.....	15	@ 44	44		
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	663	@ 50-51 1/2	50 3/4		
S. F. Gas.....	104	@ 5	5	5 1/2	
Insurance.....					
Fireman's Fund.....	27	@ 226	224		
Banks.....					
Bank of Cal.....	12	@ 409-410	408 1/2	410	
Powders.....					
Giant Con.....	30	@ 82 1/2-83 1/2	83 1/2		
Vigorit.....	450	@ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4	
Street R. R.....					
Market St.....	60	@ 66-67	67	67 1/2	
Sugars.....					
Hana P. Co.....	110	@ 7-7 1/2	7	7 1/2	
Hawaiian C. & S.....	20	@ 84	84	87 1/2	
Honolulu S. Co.....	425	@ 30 1/2	30 1/2		
Hutchinson.....	685	@ 24 1/2-24 3/4	24 1/2		
Makaweli S. Co.....	810	@ 41-42 1/2	41 1/2	42	
Panahu S. P. Co.....	400	@ 30 1/2	30 1/2		
Miscellaneous.....					
Alaska Packers.....	108	@ 125-125 1/2	125 1/2	126	
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	390	@ 104 1/2-105	105		
Oceanic S. Co.....	25	@ 92 1/2-93	93		

The stock of the California Fruit Cannery advanced seven points from last transaction to 105, and closed in good demand at that price. The sugar stocks have made fractional advances with an increased volume of business. San Francisco Gas and Electric was pressed down as low as 50, seller, but was in good demand at 50 1/2-51 at the close, with small offerings. Pacific Gas Improvement has reduced its dividend to 30 cents per month, on which the stock advanced one point to 52 1/2 bid.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEORGE R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.
A. W. BLOW & CO.
Tel. Bush 24. 338 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE, Member Stock and Bond Exchange. Stock and Bond Broker. Telephone Bush 351.
407 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd
Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.
In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.
References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.
GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer,
409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.



Strengthens System Body Brain and Nerves.

VIN MARIANI
(MARIANI WINE)

No other preparation has ever received so many voluntary testimonials from eminent people as the world-famous Mariani Wine. Agreeable and lasting.

Before Meals APPETIZER
After Meals DIGESTIVE
At all Times TONIC

Sold by all druggists. Refuse Substitutes. Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th St., New York, publish a handsome book of endorsements of Emperors, Emperess, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other distinguished personages. It is sent gratis and postpaid to all who write for it.

DE RICQLES
Alcool de Menthe
Essentially Hygienic
For the HEALTH For the TOILET
Over Sixty Years of Increasing Popularity. Assists digestion and maintains or re-establishes a healthy circulation of the blood; indispensable to those who value health.
de RICQLES ALCOOL de MENTHE is a most delightful perfume.
Sold by All Druggists.
B. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., New York

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,238,372.45
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1900..... 28,938,395.12
OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HEHRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Robte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and I. N. Walter.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.
Deposits, July 1, 1900.....\$26,952,875
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 218,583
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.
CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00
PROFIT & LOSS ACCOUNT. 2,453,469.59
July 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.
The Bank of New York, N. E. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The National Shawmut Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank
Philadelphia.....First National Bank
St. Louis.....The Philadelphia National Bank
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$3,176,896.63
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier;
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christensen, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Berningham, Dudley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.
Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,461.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,
411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is said that Mr. Evarts was once going up in the elevator at the State Department with many applicants for ministerships and consulships. "Well," said he to a friend, "this is the largest collection for foreign missions that has been taken up for a long time."

In the clock and watch department of the Paris Exposition an expert called the attention of the Shah of Persia to a queer little *pendule*, which he wished his majesty to buy. "This little clock," said he, "fires a pistol every hour!" "To kill time, I suppose," said the witty ruler, as he walked away.

A Scotch divine took one of his parishioners to task for his non-attendance at kirk; the man said: "I dinna like lang sermons." The parson, with some wrath, replied: "John, ye'll dee, and go to a place where ye'll not have the privilege of hearing long or short sermons." "That may be," said John, "but it winna be for lack of parsons."

After his return to London from his first tour in the United States, Matthew Arnold visited old Mrs. Proctor, widow of the poet, "Barry Cornwall," and mother of Adelaide Proctor. Mrs. Proctor, who was then eighty years old, in giving Mr. Arnold a cup of tea, asked him: "And what did they say about you in America?" "Well," said the literary autocrat, "they said I was conceited, and they said my clothes did not fit me." "Well, now," said the old lady, "I think they were mistaken as to the clothes."

According to the *Wasp*, Mr. Flynn, a prominent contractor, while conducting a civil-service examination at the City Hall, the other day, asked Tim Murphy, a candidate for a job under the board of public works: "How many feet of paving would you consider a good day's work, Murphy?" "Do you mane for yourself or for the city, Mr. Flynn?" Staggered, but not quite knocked out, Mr. Flynn replied, with a gurgle in his voice: "Well—ah—a good day's work for any one, Mr. Murphy." "Hm—well, Mr. Flynn, I would say a good day's work for yez would be eighteen hundred feet, an' for the city one hundred and eighty."

Frederick Sandys, whom some one has called the greatest of English draughtsmen and Millais said was worth any five Academicians, was waited upon in his young days by a deputation from a corporation which wanted a portrait of an estimable grocer, their mayor. When the question of terms was reached, the spokesman of the party announced that they were willing to pay the magnificent sum of two hundred and fifty dollars. As the painter's face fell, the worthy town councilor hastily added that they only wanted a half length. "Oh, of course, that makes a difference," said the artist, unbarley; "which half would you prefer, gentlemen?"

Professor Tait, of Edinburgh, after having subdued a lady pianist who annoyed him by taking to the bagpipes, was troubled by an amateur elocutionist in the house. One day, the story goes, when the house was filled with oratory, a volley of explosions came from Tait's room, followed by smoke and unearthly smells. The lessons in oratory were suspended, and every one in the house collected to find out what the trouble was. Tait, with unmoved countenance, said to the landlord: "As there seems to be no restraint on the nature of the studies pursued in these lodgings, I have begun a series of experiments in high explosives, from which I expect to draw much advantage." The elocution ceased.

Mrs. Mutsu, whose death has recently been announced, was one of the most attractive women who ever presided at the Japanese legation at Washington, D. C. Her end, it is said, was hastened by her sorrow for the death of her husband, which occurred three years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Mutsu were a most devoted couple, and when Mrs. Mutsu was stationed at the national capital they were constantly seen together. Asked at an afternoon tea what was Minister Mutsu's favorite sport, his gentle little wife looked up archly and said: "Oh, madam, my husband be like to flirt best of all things in the world. He think this American sport most adorable. We flirt and flirt all the day long. I flirt with him, he flirt with me."

At a puppet-show held some months ago in one of the small towns of Germany, the proprietor, who did a turn himself, gave what he considered to be the chief characteristics of the three famous men who have occupied the exalted position of German emperor—William the First, Frederick the Third, and the present Kaiser, William the Second. "Kaiser William," said this public entertainer, "will ever be remembered by his saying, 'I have no time to be weary!' The Emperor Frederick's most characteristic utterance will undoubtedly be for all ages: 'Learn to suffer without complaining!' And the present illustrious ruler will ever be inseparably associated with his familiar expression: 'Augusta! pack the trunks!' But the enterpris-

ing showman's remarks were reckoned by the law an insult to his imperial majesty, and the offending speaker had to pay the penalty of two months' imprisonment for his temerity.

In the early days of the Third Empire, the chief of the Paris omnibus service, an ardent horseman, appeared on the Bois de Boulogne driving a mail-coach drawn by six spanking horses. He was notified that only the emperor was entitled to indulge in the luxury of a six-horse equipage. So a few days later he astounded the Parisians by tooling along the Bois with the same coach, drawn by four very small horses and two large donkeys. The next day he was commanded to appear before the emperor, who was really fond of him. After some general conversation, Napoleon said: "I hear, baron, that you are infringing court etiquette by driving through Paris first with six horses and then with four horses and three donkeys?" "Only two donkeys, sire," respectfully insinuated the baron, who did not feel quite comfortable, despite his habitual audacity and recklessness. "But there were three donkeys in the affair," insisted Napoleon. "Mille pardons, sire, I fear your majesty has been misinformed. Four horses and two donkeys." "But," said the emperor, with a quizzical smile, "you forget the one on the box!" From that day forth the baron contented himself with a more modest equipage.

Leigh Hunt, who owns more gold mines and hydraulic concessions from the government of Corea than all the other foreigners in that country put together and, although not yet thirty-five years of age, is reputed to be worth \$20,000,000, arrived at Vancouver from the Orient last week. On the second day out, he was drawn into a poker game on the steamer. The limit soon touched the ceiling, and Hunt and Baron de St. Laurent, the Belgian vice-consul at Shanghai, who was on his way home on official business, were soon the only ones who could stand the pressure. The men gambled by huge jackpots until early in the morning, by which time the Belgian diplomat had parted with all his loose cash and I O U's aggregating \$3,500. At this juncture, Hunt said, cheerfully: "I don't want to keep your money; let's shake dice and you can win it all back by doubling every time you shake." Fifteen minutes later the \$3,500 had increased to something over \$12,000, and then the baron broke down and wept. "I wouldn't take your money," said the American; "you can't play poker nor shake dice, anyhow, and I'll let you off on one condition." Five minutes later Captain Pybus, before the two hundred passengers, took the solemn oath of Baron de St. Laurent upon a Bible that he would never play cards again.

The Great Historical Novel.

The young novelist laid his card on the great publisher's desk and then began unwrapping a large bundle that was fastened with heavy ropes. "I have here," he said, "a novel which—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you," the publisher said, "but there's no use undoing it. We have more books on hand now than we shall be able to publish in the next five years. It will only be a waste of time for us to discuss your work. Take it somewhere else."

A look of sadness took the place of the hopeful expression that had illuminated the young novelist's countenance, and, turning toward the door, he said: "I don't mind telling you that George Washington is the hero of this tale."

"Ah, very good," the publisher answered;

"George, if worked up properly ought to make a first-class hero."

"And," the novelist continued, as he took a step or two toward the hall, "Benedict Arnold is the villain of the story. Benjamin Franklin is the funny man—the fellow that says the droll things, you know. Dolly Madison figures in it as the beautiful, gentle maiden who doesn't know her own heart until every male character in the book has taken a twang at the strings, and Thomas Jefferson is the wise chap who can't see a joke and is always trying to get off logic. But I'm taking up your time. Excuse me. Printem & Co., across the street, seem to be bringing out a good many successful books lately. I guess I'll go over there. By the way, I've worked up the duel scene between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton in great shape. I have them fight first with knives, then they try it with swords; upon a third occasion they use pitchforks; at another time they come together with clubbed guns, and finally with pistols, according to the historical fact. Israel Putnam's leap over the precipice with his horse, and Patrick Henry's defiance of King George, in the Virginia legislature, form thrilling chapters of my story. Perhaps at some future time—"

"Ho! Help! Help!" shouted the publisher;

"stop this man! Don't let him get away! He has a historical novel! Come back! Come back! Please come back and name your terms. William," the head of the great firm said, turning to his secretary, "write a half-page advertisement at once, mentioning the fact that 1,260,000 copies of Mr. — Mr. — ah, what is your name? Mr. Carvel-Johnstone's novel have already been sold and that the publishers confidently expect a sale of 7,000,000 more before the proofs are read."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Tit for Tat.

Said a young and tactless husband
To his inexperienced wife:
"If you should give up leading
Such a fashionable life,
And devote more time to cooking—
How to mix and when to bake—
Then perhaps you might make pastry
Such as mother used to make."
And the wife, resenting, answered
(For the worm will turn, you know):
"If you would give up horses
And a score of clubs or so,
To devote more time to business—
When to buy and what to stake—
Then perhaps you might make money
Such as father used to make."

—*Boston Journal.*

The Modest One.

"Who is it sits back in the box
And lets the others show their frocks?
Who has so many kindly calls,
For operas, theatres, and balls?
Who never lacks a place to go,
And never seems too much to know?
Who eats and drinks and never pays,
Is never shocked nor shows amaze?
Who's in a crowd but quite alone?
Why, don't you know?—the chaperon."

—*Ex.*

To "Mrs. T. Sandys."

Dear Grizel: We have felt for months,
Since Barrie got so hazy
With sentimental tommyrot,
That some one would go crazy.

While James M. went his league-long way
Elaborating matter,
He had his readers growing mad
As vacuous Aaron Latta.

In your unselfish way you've saved
Brain-weary, dazed humanity;
Your sad attack of "Alice" was
Vicarious insanity.

Relief's in sight for all of us,
With joy we'll all remember
That line that rings the knell of Sandys:
"Concluded in November."—*Ex.*

The Wonderful Waldersee.

Field-Marshal Count Von Waldersee
Set forth to take supreme command;
With banners flying gloriously
He started from the Fatherland!
He went away to far Cathay
To smite the heathen hip and thigh,
And all the world looked on that day,
And people's hopes went mountain high.

Field-Marshal Count Von Waldersee
Went forth to right a grievous wrong;
In all a warrior's panoply
He proudly passed before the throng,
And armies waited far away
For him to take supreme command,
And monarchs wished him well that day
And shook the mighty soldier's hand.

Field-Marshal Count Von Waldersee
Sailed out upon the spreading blue,
And then the world found suddenly
That there was something else to do.
The armies that he went to lead
Prepared in haste to march away,
Agreeing that there was no need
Of Waldersee in far Cathay.

Field-Marshal Count Von Waldersee,
You went away with great ado,
What matters, though, if there shall be
No armies waiting there for you?
A king marched up a hill and then
Marched boldly down, but you shall sail
Clear o'er the sea and back again—
All hail the fearless marshal!—hail!

—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Food for Babies

Must be nourishing and suitable, and by "suitable food" is meant a food which a child will properly digest and assimilate. Gail Gorden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for forty years has been the leading infant food. Book entitled "Babies" sent free.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS

(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

VVO
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

EGYPT

The chosen Winter play-ground and Winter residence of the fashionable world.

COOK'S NILE STEAMERS maintain a tri-weekly service between CAIRO and the First Cataract, connecting with service for the Second Cataract, Khartoum, etc.

Also high-class special steamers and Dahabeahs for families and private parties.

Sailing lists, plans, and full information from

THOS. COOK & SON,
621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Country Club Luncheon Specialties

"An Invention to Delight the Taste"

Country Club Luncheon Specialties

Veal Cutlets, Pork Cutlets, Veal Loaf, Chicken Fricassee, Chicken a la Marengo, Sliced Chicken and Tongue, Tenderloin of Beef, Macedoine Stew.

Products of our new Scientific Kitchen, depicting the highest accomplishment of culinary art.

ARMOUR & COMPANY CHICAGO.

GEO. GOODMAN
PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF
ARTIFICIAL STONE Schillinger's Patent.
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Side Walk and Garden Walk a Specialty.
Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, November 3
Doric. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, November 28
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, December 22
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, Jan. 16, 1901
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha
(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)
IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.
Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.
Hongkong Maru. Tuesday, November 13
Nippon Maru. Thursday, December 6
America Maru. Saturday, December 29
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO. Sierra, 6000 Tons
Sonoma, 6000 Tons
Ventura, 6000 Tons
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu, Apia, Auckland, and Sydney, Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1900, at 9 P. M.
S. S. Australia, for Papeete, Tahiti, Thursday, Nov. 1, 1900, at 6 P. M.
S. S. Zealandia, for Honolulu, Nov. 10, 1900, at 2 P. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 377 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.
Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., October 4,
8, 12, 18, 23, 28, November 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, 11 A. M., October 4, 8, 12, 18, 23, 28, November 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., October 2, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, November 4, and every fifth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., October 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, November 1, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., October 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, November 3, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
Ticket-Office a New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines
AMERICAN LINE.
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
St. Paul. November 7 | New York. November 21
St. Louis. November 14 | St. Paul. November 28
RED STAR LINE.
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Friesland. November 7 | Westernland. November 21
Southwark. November 14 | Kensington. November 28
EMPIRE LINE.
To Alaska and Cold Fields.
For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

SOCIETY.

The Welch-Livingston Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Kilsyth Livingston and Mr. Charles J. Welch, eldest son of Mrs. Andrew Welch, took place in the private chapel of Archbishop Corrigan's residence, Madison Avenue and Fifth Street, New York, on Wednesday morning, October 24th. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Corrigan, and the bride, who was unattended, was given into the keeping of the groom by her uncle, Mr. Van Burgh Livingston. Mr. Andrew P. Welch, the groom's brother, was best man, and Mr. J. Montgomery Strong, a cousin of the bride, and Mr. Louis Welch, another brother of the groom, acted as ushers.

After the service, a wedding breakfast was served in the banquet-hall of the Buckingham Hotel, to which only intimate friends and relatives were invited. The honeymoon will be spent in Honolulu, and on their return to New York, Mr. and Mrs. Welch will take up their residence at No. 1 West Forty-Seventh Street.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson have sent out invitations for an afternoon reception and tea to be given at Century Hall, 123 Sutter Street, on Friday, November 9th, from four to seven o'clock, in honor of their daughter, Miss Elena Robinson, who will make her social debut.

The debut of Miss Edith W. Huntington will be postponed owing to the death of her granduncle, Mr. C. P. Huntington. Mrs. W. V. Huntington has returned from the East.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ada Bell Jewett, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philo D. Jewett, to Mr. E. Willard Burr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence C. Burr.

The marriage of Miss Katharine Sunderland, daughter of Mr. John Sunderland, of Reno, Nev., to Mr. John Beare O'Sullivan, took place in Reno on Thursday, October 25th. Mr. O'Sullivan is the youngest son of the late C. D. O'Sullivan, and a brother of Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, the popular singer. After a short tour the young couple will go to Telluride, Col., where Mr. O'Sullivan is engaged as a mining expert.

The wedding of Miss Isabel Preston has been set for December 12th. Miss Edith Preston, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Spreckels, and Miss Grace Spreckels will be the bridesmaids.

The wedding of Miss Laura Carmany, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ringold Carmany, to Dr. Alfred Rulofson took place at the First Presbyterian Church on Wednesday evening, October 24th. A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents. Upon their return from Southern California Mr. and Mrs. Rulofson will reside at 1724 Larkin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann gave a reception and musical at their residence, 3474 Washington Street, on Thursday evening, October 25th.

Mrs. J. S. Porteous entertained a few of her San Francisco friends at luncheon on Tuesday at "Hippolyte Ranch," her home in Ross Valley.

Mrs. George E. Morse gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel Grill on Saturday, October 20th, in honor of Mrs. Henry O. D. Heistand, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Heistand, who is at present in China, but is expected here next month. Mrs. Heistand arrived on the *Sherman* on Friday, October 19th, and left for her Washington home on Monday.

Miss Carmen Moore recently gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Jean Hush, whose marriage to Mr. Frank Richardson Wells will take place at "Etemere," in Fruitvale, on November 7th. Others at the table were: Miss Florence Hush, Miss Susie Bixby, Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Bernie Brown, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Ruth Dunham, Miss May Denman, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Miss Eleanor Davenport, Miss Marie Stubbs, and Miss Ethel Valentine.

Mrs. Oscar Luning will give a tea at her home on Telegraph Avenue, Oakland, on the afternoon of November 3d in aid of the Temescal Free Kindergarten. A band will play, refreshments of all sorts will be served, fancy articles sold, and the kindergarten itself will be placed directly in evidence through the presence of a class of little children, who will present an entertainment of their own under the supervision of their teacher, Miss Belle Compton. Mrs. Luning, who is herself a director of the Kindergarten Association, will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore, president of the board since its organization; Mrs. George P. Morrow, its vice-president; Mrs. John Ballard, its treasurer; and other ladies identified with its growth and history.

Art Notes.

The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art announces the opening of a photographic *salon* in the galleries of the institution on Thursday, January 17, 1907. The purpose of this *salon* is to bring together the best examples of the photographic work of the day, possessing the highest degree of artistic merit and pictorial interest. The exhibition will be given under the joint management of the California Camera Club and the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, and first and second certificates of merit will be awarded in each of the following classes: Landscape, marine, genre, portraiture, still life,

animal studies, architecture, and interiors. In addition to these awards *Camera Craft*, of San Francisco, offers a first and second medal in each of the different classes, in accordance with the recommendation made by a jury appointed by the board of directors of the San Francisco Art Association.

Announcement is made of the thirteenth semi-annual exhibition of the Sketch Club and Association of Allied Arts, which opened on Friday at the club cottage, 1308 California Street. It will continue daily, Sunday included, until Thursday, November 1st, from ten to five o'clock, and on Saturday evening the members will receive their friends from eight to ten o'clock.

Recent Wills and Successions.

An interesting recapitulation of cases disposed of by Judge Coffey since his election to the bench in 1883 has been prepared. The number of estates settled in Judge Coffey's department from January 3, 1883, to October 1, 1906, is 14,470, while 648 guardianship cases have been disposed of, making the total number of probate cases adjudicated 15,118. The total amount of money involved in these estates aggregates \$226,060,096. Among the largest estates settled were those of Charles Crocker, valued at \$24,142,474; Mary Ann Crocker, \$11,883,658; George Hearst, \$3,788,137; Charles F. Crocker, \$7,325,474; Nicholas Luning, \$7,245,083; Theresa Fair, \$5,096,646; Daniel T. Murphy, \$2,041,670; Maria Coleman, \$2,022,856; William P. Fuller, \$2,003,742; James Freeborn, \$1,061,599; James P. Treadwell, \$1,058,382; Thomas H. Blythe, \$4,000,000; Lloyd Tevis, \$7,000,000; Louis P. Drexler, \$2,500,000; Peter Donahue, \$3,798,312; Emanuel Goldstein, \$1,000,000; W. S. Hobart, \$5,273,366; Robert C. Johnson, \$1,910,550; Kate Johnson, \$1,250,000; Charles McLaughlin, \$2,476,162; Kate D. McLaughlin, \$4,909,309; Egbert Judson, \$1,000,000; Washington Ryer, \$1,276,398; Leland Stanford, \$17,688,319; James Whartenby, \$1,266,862; Thomas H. Williams, \$1,180,700; Adolph C. Whitcomb, \$4,477,642; Sophia Wieland, \$1,310,000; and Robert Sherwood, \$1,000,000.

The will of the late M. A. Dorn has been filed for probate. A. W. Wilson, N. A. Dorn, D. S. Dorn, and F. A. Dorn are named as executors, to serve without bonds. Following are the bequests: To N. A. Dorn, a brother, \$2,000 in trust, "for the benefit of his children"; to Etta Hush, a sister, \$1,000, "to be used for the education of her son"; to D. S. Dorn, a brother, \$5,000, "as a token of their life-long struggle together"; to F. A. Dorn, a brother, \$2,000, "in memory of old days"; to Lulu Toomis, a sister, \$2,000, "to help her child through life"; to Dr. Dora Dorn, a sister, \$5,000, "to assist her in her profession"; to W. E. Dorn, a brother, \$1,000, "to assist him in educating his children"; to D. S. Dorn, a brother, \$1,000, "to assist Arthur Dorn, another brother, in securing a profession"; to Emma Clark, a sister-in-law, \$1,000; to Ida Globe, an aunt, \$500. The residue of the estate is bequeathed in trust to N. A. Dorn, D. S. Dorn, F. A. Dorn, and Dr. Dora Dorn for the use and benefit of decedent's parents.

The inventory and appraisal of the estate of the late H. L. Simon has been filed. The estate is valued at \$370,449.50. Decedent's interest in the firm of Stein, Simon & Co. is valued at \$180,312.69, and that in the London and Paris Bank at \$67,000. The balance of the estate is composed of stocks and bonds and real-estate holdings.

Miss Isabella Levy, in consideration of the respect and esteem in which she holds Reuben H. Lloyd, the well-known lawyer, has deeded to him the absolute title to eleven pieces of real estate in this city, retaining for herself only a life interest. The deed was acknowledged before Notary Lincoln Sonntag and witnessed by W. W. Montague and Charles S. Wheeler. The war-revenue law provides that upon the transfer of property upon each \$1,000 of the assessed value of the same, revenue in the sum of \$1 shall be paid. The stamps used in this case show the assessed value of the property to be \$168,000. A quarter of a million dollars would thus be about the actual value of the property which passes from Miss Levy to Mr. Lloyd.

The programme of Cook's arrangements for visiting the land of the pyramids and neighboring points of interest, as given in the little book, "Egypt and the Nile," is a fascinating account that has an air of reality about it often wanting in the letters of tourists. It is probable that more exact information concerning the attractive places on this tour is given in the modest volume than can be found elsewhere in the same space. Distances and rates of fare and other expenses are arranged in tables. There are many engravings of the wonders and beauties of Egypt to illustrate the descriptive matter, and two folded maps accompany the book. It is published by Thos. Cook & Son, the tourist agents, and sent from any of their offices in the great cities.

Lord Roberts has appointed General Maxwell military governor of the Transvaal. He has powers of life and death over the inhabitants. San Franciscans will be interested in knowing that General Maxwell married the youngest daughter of Mr. C. W. Bonyne, formerly a member of the Stock Board here. The young lady was born in San Francisco, although most of her life has been spent in England, where the Bonynges now reside.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Grau Opera Season.

The season of grand opera to be given here by Maurice Grau's Metropolitan Opera Company at the Grand Opera House, beginning on Monday evening, November 12th, promises to be a memorable one. Never in the history of San Francisco's musical annals has such a galaxy of world-renowned singers been heard here during one season. With the exception of Melba, Gadske, and Nordica, the artists are all new to this city, although the reputation of such artists as Mme. Schuman-Heink, Susan Strong, Van Dyck, Edouard de Reszské, Saleza, Plançon, has already preceded them.

The repertoire for the first week, as arranged at present, will include "Romeo et Juliette" (in French) on the opening night; "Tannhäuser" (in German) on Tuesday night; "Aida" (in Italian) on Wednesday night; "Faust" (in French) on Thursday night; "Lohengrin" (in German) on Friday night; "Lucia di Lammermoor" (in Italian) on Saturday afternoon; and "Der Fliegende Holländer" (in German) on Saturday night.

The subscription sale of seats for the series of twenty performances began on Thursday morning, and promises to be very large. The scale of prices varies from \$100, for seats in the orchestra and dress circle, to \$35, for seats in the gallery. The boxes are quoted at \$500, and range up to \$1,000, according to size and location. The subscription performances will include six nights and one matinee the first week, six nights and one matinee the second week, and five nights and one matinee the third week. The sale of seats for single performances will begin on Wednesday, November 7th.

The Damrosch Recitals.

Great interest is being manifested in the four afternoon explanatory recitals at the piano which Walter Damrosch is to give at the California Theatre. This series is especially timely in view of the fact that the operas of the Niebelungen Ring will be one of the most interesting features of the coming opera season of the Grau Opera Company, of which Mr. Damrosch will be the director of the Wagner music-dramas. The first recital will be given next Wednesday afternoon, October 31st, when "Das Rheingold" will be explained; Friday, November 2d, will be devoted to "Die Walküre"; Monday, November 5th, to "Siegfried"; and Wednesday, November 7th, to "Die Gotterdammerung."

Owing to the forthcoming Damrosch lectures and the Grau opera season, the Minetti String Quartet have decided to postpone their last afternoon chamber concerts until December 14th. Hereafter these concerts will be given only to subscribers, and tickets will no longer be sold at the box-office. A new subscription-list is open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store, and the price for the four remaining concerts will be three dollars. The evening concerts are announced for December 28th and January 11th and 25th, 1907.

There will be a *soirée-musicale* at Byron Maury Hall Wednesday, October 31st, given by the faculty and pupils of the San Francisco College of Music, under the direction of James Hamilton Howe. Among the soloists will be Miss Mabel Gordon, pianoforte; Mr. Henry L. Bettman, violin; Mr. James Hamilton Howe, pianoforte; and the Priscilla Quartet, which includes Miss Violet Rulofson, Miss Emma Medeau, Mr. James Hamilton Howe, and Miss Carrie V. Truslow.

Enid Brandt, the talented child pianist, will give three concerts at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall next month. They are announced for Thursday evening, November 1st, and Thursday afternoons, November 8th and 15th.

William L. Wilson, president of Washington and Lee University and Postmaster-General in President Cleveland's last Cabinet, died suddenly at Lexington, Va., October 17th. While his death was not altogether unexpected, it came as a great shock to his friends, for he had been attending to his duties as president of Washington and Lee since the session opened. William Lyne Wilson was born in Jefferson County, Va. (now West Virginia), on May 3, 1843. He was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee from 1893 to 1895, and so became the official leader of the Democratic majority in the House, and his work as chairman of that committee gave his name to the tariff bill passed during Cleveland's second administration. Since 1897 he had been president of the Washington and Lee University.

A candidate who is deserving of reelection is Superior Judge Daingerfield, a jurist who has served the public faithfully, and who is respected by lawyer and layman alike.

— BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore F. Payne are in New York en route for Europe. They intend to take up their residence in Paris, where their sons will attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond are back from Monterey, and are staying at the Palace Hotel prior to their departure for England.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Morton Grinnell (née Catherwood), who have been sojourning in Ridgefield, Conn., for the summer, are at their New York house, 873 Madison Avenue, for the winter.

Mrs. Andrew Martin and her brother, Mr. Frank Goad, expect to go to Manila to attend the McNutt-Potter wedding, and will visit Japan before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay arrived in New York from Europe on the White Star steamer *Oceanic* on Wednesday. Mrs. John W. Mackay will spend the greater part of the coming winter with them in New York, where she will arrive the latter part of November, and be joined by Mr. Mackay, who is now in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown expect to sail for Tahiti on the *Australia* on November 1st. This will be the initial trip on the Oceanic Steamship Company's new mail route between San Francisco and Papeete.

Ex-Mayor and Mrs. E. B. Pond are planning to spend three or four months abroad, and will probably take a trip to Cairo and up the Nile before their return. Mrs. Pond's sister, Miss Nora McNeil, who has been abroad for some months, will join them in Europe.

Mrs. Jane Stanford was recently in Paris. Mrs. and Mrs. Garritt P. Wilder sailed for Honolulu on Friday.

Mr. H. E. Huntington is expected to return to San Francisco from the East early next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin are at Colorado Springs.

Dr. C. B. Brigham and family have returned to this city after an absence of eight months in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Magee have moved from Fruitvale, and will be at home hereafter to their friends in their new residence on Madison Street in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin, who have just returned from their trip to Europe, are now occupying their New York home at 587 Fifth Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. de la Montanya are traveling in Europe.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee is at Carlsbad. She will spend the winter in the Holy Land.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent have been in New York.

Mrs. C. L. Maynard has returned to the city from her trip abroad, and is registered at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton has returned to town from Auburn, where she went as a delegate to the Episcopal convention.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine has taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for six months.

Mr. John Dolbeer and Miss Bertha Dolbeer were in New York on Monday.

Among the San Franciscans in New York during the week were Mrs. W. R. Whittier, Miss Carroll, Mr. H. C. Chesebrough, Miss Chesebrough, Mr. B. Reinstein, and Mrs. H. Schmiedell.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Eyre will live at 2291 Sacramento Street during the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Judah have rented a house at 1523 Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King are at Bartlett Springs.

Mr. William S. Barnes was in San José last week for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot were in New York early in the week.

Mr. William Alvord made a short visit to his brother, Mr. Henry B. Alvord, at San José last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann have returned from their wedding trip, and have taken apartments at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., Miss Jacqueline Moore, and Dr. J. P. Dunn, of Oakland, are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Wood have gone to New York, where they will remain during the winter with their son.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kobler are among the permanent guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. S. N. Hundley and Miss Bernice Hundley, of Honolulu, returned to San Francisco early in the week from an enjoyable tour of the State, en route home, and were guests at the Occidental Hotel for a short stay.

Mr. Montagu White, ex-consul of the Transvaal republic to London, is at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd, of San Rafael, enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Cooper have returned from Europe and are at their residence on Leavenworth Street.

Miss Jennie M. Long has returned from her vacation and is again at home to her friends at 1096 Post Street.

Mrs. William M. Frank was at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Stevenson came up from Menlo Park a few days ago and were at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Wilcox, of Portland, Or., are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Jacks, of Monterey, who is in the city for a

visit of some duration, is staying at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. J. Alva Watt and Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Wanger, of Santa Cruz, were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. F. R. Gardiner and Miss Gardiner, of Shoshone, Ida., Mrs. William Garland and Mrs. M. York, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Evans and Miss Simpson, of Oakland, and Mr. George Gibbs, Mr. R. C. Mills, and Miss Steinbart.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George Bragg, and Mr. and Mrs. L. Callish, of San José, Mrs. H. A. Pratt, of San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Russell, of Winnepeg, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Knudsen and Mr. W. W. Smith, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hessinger, and Mr. W. H. Rice, of Honolulu, Mr. J. A. Harrington, of Portland, Or., Mr. C. W. Chamberlain and Mrs. S. W. Stanwood, of Boston, Mrs. S. J. Austin, of Providence, R. I., Mrs. A. B. McCloskey, of New York, Mr. C. J. Devereaux, of Boston, Mr. J. C. Ray, and Mr. C. D. Taylor.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. W. Bird, of Sacramento, Mr. Charles H. Ingham, of Manchester, England, Mr. C. H. W. Norton, of Honolulu, H. I., Mr. Clyde Kirkpatrick, of Chicago, Mr. W. E. Harris, of Portland, Or., Mr. J. E. Melville, of New York, Mr. S. Waterhouse, of Placer County, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Kemp, of Phoenix, Ariz., Mr. Walter Bentley, of London, Mrs. H. O. S. Heistand, of Washington, Mr. W. J. Harris, of Red Bluff, Miss Maude Knowlton and Miss Jessie Mae Hall, of New York, Mr. J. L. Yost, of Toledo, O., Mr. W. H. Porterfield, of San Diego, Mr. E. A. Harrison, of San José, and Mr. C. D. Marx and Mr. E. P. Cubberley, of Stanford University.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Ingalls, U. S. A., promoted from major, Fifth Artillery, to the Third Artillery, vice Major Lancaster, deceased, will take station at the Presidio.

Mrs. and Miss Greely, wife and daughter of Brigadier-General A. W. Greely, chief signal officer, U. S. A., have returned to Washington, D. C. Mrs. Greely has been visiting friends on the Pacific Coast, and Miss Greely has been summering in the mountains near Charlottesville, Va. Miss Adola Greely, second daughter of Brigadier-General Greely, has entered Bryn Mawr.

Lieutenant R. M. Cutts, U. S. M. C., has returned from Sitka, Alaska, where he went in charge of a draft of sixty-five men.

Mrs. Carpenter, wife of Lieutenant Charles Carroll Carpenter, U. S. M. C., is visiting Miss Charlotte L. Field. Later Mrs. Carpenter will join her husband at Cavite, where he is now stationed.

Medical Inspector George P. Bradley, U. S. N., is waiting orders at Fryburg, Me., having been detached from duty at the naval hospital at Mare Island.

Assistant-Paymaster Philip W. Delano, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Yosemite* and ordered to duty at the naval station at Guam, as pay officer, purchasing and general store-keeper.

Major W. A. Thurston, U. S. A., was at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Lieutenant L. S. D. Rucker, Jr., Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to Aparri, P. I., from Manila, after a period in the hospital.

Captain Charles G. Andresen, U. S. M. C., who was serving with the marine regiment in China, is now under medical treatment at the United States general hospital at Yokohama.

Major John O. Skinner, U. S. A. (retired), Captain Thomas S. McCaleb, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Albert N. McClure, U. S. A., Lieutenant Guy A. Boyle, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. V., and Dr. R. N. Winn, U. S. A., who returned from the Orient on Friday, October 19th, on the transport *Sherman*, registered at the California Hotel.

The Races.

The California Jockey Club have arranged an especially interesting programme for Saturday afternoon, November 3d, the opening day of their fall and winter meeting at the Emeryville track. The first race is for all ages, distance five and a half furlongs; the second, for two-year-olds, futurity course; the third—the event of the day—will be a handicap for three-year-olds and upward, distance one mile, for which there are some sixty entries; the fourth, for three-year-olds and upward, distance one mile and a sixteenth; and the fifth and last race, for three-year-olds and upward, over a seven furlong course.

Joseph A. Harrington, the artist, died in this city last Saturday after a surgical operation. He was the brother of Rev. John Harrington, who was pastor of St. Francis Church on Vallejo Street. Joseph displayed so much talent for drawing that Father Harrington sent him to Rome for a five years' course in art. He stood at the head of the figure-painters of this coast. It was his boast that he could paint a nude human figure in any position without the use of a model, so thorough was his knowledge of anatomy, as that term is used by painters. But there was no demand for figure-paintings of the classic school outside of a few occasional orders for crucifixion and station work from the Roman Catholic churches, and the artist became poorer and poorer every day. He was a native of County Cork, Ireland, fifty-nine years old. Gregory Harrington, of this city, is his brother.

Golf Notes.

There were two interesting golf events at the Presidio links on Saturday last, October 20th—a handicap sweepstake tournament for the Class B men, in which the entrance was ten golf balls, and a driving contest. J. S. Severance proved an easy winner for the handicap sweepstake, with a gross of 103, less 4—99. The complete score was as follows:

	1st.	2d.	Gross.	cap.	Net.
J. S. Severance.....	43	55	103	4	99
Captain C. Christianson..	61	55	116	12	104
Captain Rumbough.....	60	55	115	4	111
R. V. Watt.....	59	62	121	5	116
W. Gregory.....	64	55	119	2	117
L. E. Edwards.....	68	61	129	7	122
W. J. Dutton.....	67	68	135	10	125
L. Monteagle.....	68	68	136	10	126
S. G. Buckbee.....	74	73	147	13	129

In the driving contest, in which seven crack players competed, Lansing O. Kellogg won the handsome trophy offered by the club.

The men's foursomes, with handicap, over 18 holes, that were to have taken place on the Oakland links last Saturday, did not come off owing to the absence of some of the contestants. A foursome, however, was played between W. R. Johnson and Harry Rawlins on one side and F. S. Stratton and Horace Rawlins on the other, the latter couple winning 7 up.

Last week H. B. Goodwin broke the amateur record of the Presidio links. The 9 holes were made in thirty-nine strokes, or a fraction over four strokes to the hole.

The Sausalito Golf Club, through the courtesy of Major-General Shafter, has been allowed the privilege of erecting a temporary club-house on its links on the military reservation. This building will call for some slight alterations in the links. An inaugural tournament will be held by the club early in November.

At San Rafael the weekly tournaments have been well attended by the members, but owing to the stormy weather the tournament scheduled for last Saturday at San Rafael was postponed.

The Baker mansion, at the north-east corner of Franklin and Washington Streets, has been purchased by William J. Dingee, the Oakland water magnate, for seventy-five thousand dollars. Mr. Dingee will make it his future home, and will spend a small fortune in refitting and remodeling his new purchase. The Baker residence contains four floors. According to the plans for remodeling, these floors will contain thirty-two rooms. The rooms and hallways will be finished in hardwood, principally mahogany and black walnut.

The new Tavern of Tamalpais occupies a position overlooking the grandest scenery and views in California. It is situated half a mile above the surrounding landscape of valleys, mountains, cities, bays, and ocean, and at this season of the year the atmosphere is so clear that the Sierra Mountains, hundreds of miles in the distance, are distinctly seen. There is no trip that affords so delightful and instructive a day's outing as a ride over the Mt. Tamalpais Railway to the Tavern in the sky.

—THE "OLD ENGLISH" STYLE OF ENGRAVING for visiting cards is becoming more popular every day, and no doubt will soon supersede the Roman and Script of the past seasons. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, are making a specialty of this new departure.

—LOVERS OF ART WILL BE GRATIFIED INSPECTING the art rooms of the P. Rossi Co., 229 Sutter Street, between Grant Avenue and Kearny Street. Their imported furniture, which was awarded the great gold medal at the present Paris Exposition, is not only richly decorated, but correct in lines, tasty, artistic, and perfect in period. Their exhibition of water-colors, oil-paintings, statuary, and objects of art is a revelation of what art can produce, the *tout ensemble* is, in fact, a monument to art, and a delightful hour will be the one spent at the interesting store of the P. Rossi Co.

—I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN EXTENDING to my friends and patrons a cordial invitation to visit my autumnal water-color exhibition, commencing Saturday, October 20th, 1906, and until further notice. I have been fortunate enough on this occasion to collect some very interesting examples of both the leading American and foreign artists. Wm. Morris, 248 Sutter Street.

—DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET. Specialty, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; THE BEST for all purposes.

—DO YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS CAMERA? You can obtain one free. Read our offer on page 11.

The Australia for Tahiti.

This favorite steamer, under command of Captain Lawless, will sail for Papeete November 1st. Hitherto these charming islands of the South Sea have been reached by sailing vessels, requiring thirty to forty days, but the time of new steamship service will be ten and a half days. Ask for particulars of the low excursion rate at 643 Market Street.

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—DR. TILLIE DITTENHOEFER, FORMERLY 1137 Geary Street, has returned from Europe, and permanently located at 1017 Sutter St. Tel. East 59.

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*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A	
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*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A	
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*5.00 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 A	
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*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.45 P	
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18.05 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	11.00 P	
COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)			
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P	
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A	
*4.15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A	
217.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.....	17.20 P	
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10.00 A. M., 12.00 1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.			
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*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P	
*7.00 A	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P	
*9.00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P	
*10.40 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*4.35 A	
*11.30 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P	
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A	
*13.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P	
*14.15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A	
*15.00 P	San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	19.00 A	
*5.30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A	
*6.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8.00 A	
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

An easy part: *Youth*—"Oh, I don't want to take that character; I'll make a fool of myself, sure." *Maiden*—"Well, you said you wanted an easy part."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Stoughton—"Did you have a good time at the banquet, last night?" *Manhattan*—"Splendid; I drank myself into insensibility before the speaking began."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Dresser—"Do you think this dress is long enough behind, Jack?" *Mr. Dresser*—"Plenty! Any microbe that can escape that isn't worth catching."—*London Modern Society*.

Emancipation of women: "Miller's wife is very saving, isn't she?" "I should say so. She saves half of the house allowance every week for her divorce expenses."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Back and forth: "Edmond, what made you so late?" "My dear, I came up in my new automobile and passed the house five times before I could arrange to stop."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Father (who has helped his son with his homework)—"What did the teacher say when you showed him the sums?" *Johnny*—"He said I was getting more stupid every day."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

Judge—"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything further to state in your defense?" *Prisoner*—"No, your honor; I only ask you to deal with me as you would with yourself if you were in my place."—*Green Bag*.

Fairlie—"Jack, have you that ten pounds I lent you the other day?" *Flyntie*—"Not all of it, old chap; but what I have will do me a day or two longer. Jolly kind and thoughtful of you to inquire, though."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

Before the christening: *Mr. Freeborn Jackson*—"What yoh gwine name 'im, Laurelia?" *Mrs. Jackson*—"Anyfing you laiks. Anyfing 'cept Alias. Ise noticed boys o' that name nevah comes to no good. They's allus in the police co't."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Used to make up: *New nurse*—"Please, mum, I can't do a thing with the baby. He cries all the time." *Mistress*—"Well, I declare! How stupid of me! His other nurses were colored girls. You'll find some stove-polish in the kitchen."—*New York Weekly*.

Consolatory: The political orator at the noon meeting evidently was much disturbed by the whistle of a big factory in the neighborhood. "Never mind," yelled a hard-fisted son of toil in the audience; "if you elect Bryan he'll put a stop to that noise."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A proud papa: "This is my son Frederick, Mr. Fosdick," said Mr. Glanders, proudly, introducing his five-year-old boy to his caller. "Well, Frederick," said the caller, "do you mind your mamma?" "Yes, sir," replied Frederick, promptly, "and so does papa."—*Bazar*.

Tom—"You've been leaning against a white-washed fence, haven't you?" *Dick*—"No; why?" *Tom*—"Your coat tails are covered with white dust." *Dick*—"Sh! I'm going to call on Miss Pechy; her father, you know, keeps a bulldog; that white dust is poison."—*Philadelphia Press*.

A mother was showing her dear little Joe a picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was. "Ma," he said, suddenly, "oh, ma, just look at that little lion right behind there; he won't get any."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

All that was needed: *Cassidy*—"Wudn't yez loike t' live on a farm, Pat?" *Casey*—"Oh, ut's th' only way t' live! Ef they only hod illivated roads, cable-cars, plinty af saloons, concert-halls, tinmin't-houses, dirt, noise, and polacemin on a farm, Oi'd move on to a farm to-morrow."—*Judge*.

Bad form: *Mrs. Highblower*—"Don't forget, my dear, that in conversation the interest must not be allowed to flag." *Clara*—"But I'm sure I do my best, mamma." *Mrs. Highblower*—"May be so; but while the pianist was playing I thought, once or twice, that I detected you listening to him."—*Life*.

Odious comparison: "Tell me," said the seeker after knowledge, "wasn't it Shakespeare who said: 'The evil that men do lives after them, the good is of itself with their bones'?" "I don't know," replied the man who had married a widow, "but I'm sure it was never said by a man whose wife insists upon comparing him with her first husband."—*Philadelphia Press*.

All over the world, babies have been benefited, during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Mamma—"Johnny, I fear you were not at school yesterday." *Johnny*—"H'm! I'll bet the teacher told you. A woman can never keep a secret."—*Tit-Bits*.

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Argonaut

Clubbing List for 1900

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Those who should be most concerned about the result of the Presidential election are not the rich who have ample resources to tide them over any conceivable era of business depression or financial confusion, but the laboring men, the wage-earners, and the men of limited means. These are the people whose main method of accumulation is by means of a savings-bank deposit. Their modest savings are deposited with the banks as trustees, whose duty it is to invest the combined deposits in securities to enable them to repay the depositors their principal with certain interest. For this reason the value of securities is of the most vital interest to savings-bank depositors. The value of the securities depends on sound national finance and prosperous business conditions. We now have those conditions. In

the dark years of 1893 and 1894, when the Democrats introduced the Wilson tariff and unsettled business, the deposits of savings in California alone fell off \$12,600,000. The workers were forced into idleness and had to draw on their savings. When the Dingley bill went into effect there was instant recovery. California depositors increased their savings more than \$8,000,000 the first year. By July 1, 1899, they had added nearly \$10,000,000 more, and in the last year have saved an additional \$12,000,000. In the same period the savings of the whole country show an increase of over \$500,000,000. This is actual experience, and vitally concerns more than 6,200,000 persons—about half the number of voters—in the United States to-day.

On the one hand they are asked to continue in power a Republican administration under whose benign policies business has been unexcelled, labor in unprecedented demand, paid in money worth one hundred cents on the dollar, the savings of the poor enormously increased, and the value of the securities on which they rest enhanced. On the other hand they are urged to vote for Bryanism, which means not only another period of depression and disaster by a return to a free-trade tariff, but the additional terror threatened by a determined effort to unsettle money values by the coinage of free silver. Where the Wilson bill brought only depression, Bryanism will bring destruction. No one can estimate the total result of experimenting with Bryan theories. To the savings-bank depositor it would mean that the securities of his banker would go down in the wild rush to exchange them for money. If they depreciate one-half, the banks can not pay depositors in full. If the country is forced upon a silver basis, what the depositor received would have about half the actual value of its face. If the experiments are made, the disaster will surely arrive. Can any voter with a savings account take the chances? Confidence and prosperity came in with McKinley, it will remain until something disturbs it.

It was with no feeling of envy that the *Argonaut* commented on the surprising growth of Los Angeles, as shown by the late census report, and asked why San Francisco, with immeasurably superior advantages, had gained but slowly. The subject was taken up seriously, and with the intention of pointing out neglected opportunities in the rich fields tributary to this city. A Los Angeles correspondent noted the question, acknowledged the advantages and resources which, according to his statement, make those of "Southern California look like mere toys," and suggested that irrigation would develop the great possibilities of this region. His letter was printed in these columns last week, and its tone and views commended. But another article, called out by the *Argonaut's* question, demands attention—first, because it mistakes the feeling that prompted the query; second, because it attempts to form hasty conclusions from incomplete knowledge.

The article appeared in the *Western Graphic* of Los Angeles, and it accuses the *Argonaut* of groaning and refusing to be comforted while it contemplates the census returns. Then it proceeds to enlarge upon the "urban miracle" that has caused a city to increase its population 103.35 per cent. in ten years. The *Argonaut* made no moan, and is well comforted by a closer examination of the figures. Los Angeles city increased 103.35 per cent. in the decade that has passed since the last census; but Los Angeles County increased only 68 per cent. The eight counties of Southern California increased only 47½ per cent. collectively; of these, Orange County had a growth of 45 per cent., Ventura gained 42½ per cent., Santa Barbara only 20 per cent., San Bernardino only 9½ per cent., and San Diego less than one-third of 1 per cent. These figures show that the growth is not even in favored Southern California, but that the attractions of her cities—Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and Riverside—draw large numbers of tourists and winter visitors who swell the roll.

In the rivalry of Minneapolis and St. Paul ten years ago, it is alleged that every visitor passing through was counted

in each city, and commercial travelers were enumerated each time they returned to the hotels of the twin rivals. There is little need of such enterprise in Los Angeles; still it is probable that few of the transient sojourners in the southern city were missed by the enumerators. As an Eastern paper remarks, "You can't live on climate, but you can live on those who will pay for the climate."

San Francisco and the seven counties immediately connected show a remarkably even growth for the ten years past—the percentage for the city alone is the same as for the eight counties of San Francisco, Alameda, San Mateo, Santa Clara, San Joaquin, Sacramento, Contra Costa, and Sonoma. These are the counties that are rich in resources. The figures of the present are but faint indications of their possibilities.

The *Western Graphic* "points with pride" to the citrus products of Riverside and Orange Counties, to the beans of Ventura County. The *Argonaut* has often sung the praises of the citrus products of Southern California; it knows oranges by sight and smell; it even knows beans. But it also knows that Santa Clara County has more acres in fruits and vines than any other county in California, and produces a larger income from cultivation of the soil than any other territory of equal area in the United States. It also knows that Alameda County has the largest hop farm in the world; that San Joaquin County has more acres of productive land than any other in the State; that Sacramento County thinks nothing of sending out ten car-loads of dried prunes a day; that Sonoma County has more grape-vines and pear-trees than any other county in California; that the largest smelter and refinery for precious metals in the United States is in Contra Costa County; and that San Francisco County has the great ship-building and manufacturing interests that make this a city of homes.

Assessors' returns of property values in the eight counties of Northern California named above show an average of nearly one thousand dollars for each inhabitant; the eight counties of Southern California show an average of a little more than half that amount for each inhabitant.

The political campaign that is just drawing to a close in this country has been marked by more disorder and interruptions of speakers than has been known here since the earlier days of the republic. The attack upon Theodore Roosevelt in Colorado, some weeks ago, was the beginning of the trouble. His tour through New York State has been a series of disorders, even in that section where the Republicans have always looked for their largest majorities. Senator Hanna has received somewhat similar treatment, though the element of violence has been lacking. Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate, has also met with an unprecedented number of interruptions during his speeches throughout the country in this campaign. These facts lend interest to an article by Sidney Brooks, recently published in the *London Chronicle*, contrasting American and English political methods. Mr. Brooks wrote before this particular expression of the strenuous political life had come so much in evidence, and therefore he is inclined to think that the British claim that the greatest amount of free speech and fair play is to be found in the tight little isle is not justified. Every election in England, he says, sees a goodly percentage of heads broken, platforms stormed, speakers howled down, and meetings turned into riots.

On the other hand, Mr. Brooks finds the elections in this country most orderly. He was in the United States during the campaign of 1896, when, as he says, the excitement was greater than at the bitterest moments of the fight for home rule, and for four solid months the most ingenious campaign managers used every conceivable artifice to keep it up to boiling point. Yet everywhere he found the speakers listened to as courteously and the meetings conducted as free from interruption as though nothing of greater moment were at hand than a gathering in favor of some local charity. Mr. Brooks is not inclined to consider this orderly conduct of political meetings an unmixed blessing. He says it ten

to keep the members of one party away from the meetings of the other, and it encourages public speakers in making irresponsible and exaggerated statements, since their audiences will indorse and cheer whatever they may say. For these reasons political meetings lose much of their educational value.

It is clear that these remarks would lose some of their force if applied to the present campaign instead of that of four years ago. With far less excitement and less activity on the part of political leaders and public speakers, there has been an immense increase of disorder and violence. Why is this so? Are elections in this country approaching more closely in character those in England, and is the present campaign but an indication of what may be expected regularly in the future? Why is Roosevelt made the target for the greater number and more violent of these assaults? A few months ago he was regarded as one of the leading popular favorites; to-day he is pelted with vegetables and stones and jeered at by mobs who cheered him when he returned in triumph from Cuba. Can it be that his strong personality arouses antagonism among his enemies as strongly as it arouses enthusiasm among his friends?

Eight amendments to the State constitution, proposed at the last session of the legislature, come before the voters at this election to be ratified or rejected. The amendments are described only in general terms on the ballot, and more definite information concerning them is required for intelligent action. In their order they are as follows:

Amendment No. 1 proposes to exempt from taxation churches and the real estate upon which they are situated that is convenient for their use. Property of this kind is not taxed in other States.

Amendment No. 2, entitled "Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 23," confirms the charter of Leland Stanford Junior University, gives the trustees enlarged powers—necessary to enable them to accept gifts and legacies to the institution—and authorizes the legislature to pass a law exempting the property of the university from taxation. Vote for this amendment.

Amendment No. 3 proposes to exempt from taxation the property of the Lick School of Mechanical Arts, on condition that the trustees make annual reports of their proceedings and financial accounts to the governor. Vote for this amendment.

Amendment No. 4 exempts from taxation all bonds issued by the State, by counties, cities, or districts (including irrigation and reclamation districts). Few of such bonds are now held in the State, and consequently they pay little revenue. Should they be made free of taxes they will become favorite investments for funds at home at lower rates of interest. Vote for this amendment.

Amendment No. 5 proposes to give the legislature power to enact a primary election law. No primary law of value is possible under present legal restrictions.

Amendment No. 6 provides for a number of changes in the laws concerning the compensation of supreme and superior court judges, the appointment of stenographers for courts, and the payment of their salaries by the State. Vote against this amendment.

Amendment No. 7, entitled "Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 15," permits the city of Vallejo to pay its indebtedness incurred in the building of water-works, and enables the City and County of San Francisco to pay the back salaries of school-teachers now withheld by legal technicalities, and to pay claims for materials furnished and work done for the city and county. Vote for this amendment.

Amendment No. 8 proposes a number of changes in our judicial system—the appointment of the clerk of the supreme court by the court instead of his election; the creation of three new "appellate courts," each court to have three judges, with a force of clerks, bailiffs, and stenographers. Vote against this amendment.

When the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad was organized, a few years ago, great things were expected of it. It was to be the people's railroad, and was to release the State from the grasp of the Southern Pacific. A little less than two and one-half million dollars were subscribed for stock, and six million dollars more were raised by the sale of bonds. It is a source of disappointment that the hopes of the projectors were doomed to failure. The report for the year ending June 30th has recently been filed with the railroad commissioners, and the financial showing therein set forth is not encouraging. The gross earnings for the year amounted to \$615,348.22, of which about one-fifth came from passenger traffic and four-fifths from the carriage of freight. The operating expenses for the year left only \$128,149.04 of this gross income. And this small surplus was more than eaten

up by the fixed charges. Interest on outstanding bonds amounted to \$296,875, or more than double the surplus over operating expenses. Taxes called for \$49,726.72, and miscellaneous expenses \$1,656.75 more. Thus the deficit for the year amounts to \$216,795.93, or nearly a quarter of a million dollars. This is the heaviest deficit that the company has been called upon to meet since its organization. While this is discouraging, the report for the current fiscal year will undoubtedly make a far better showing. The line from Stockton to Point Richmond began to be operated on July 1st, and therefore the increased business, which ought to be considerable, will all be included in the report for the current fiscal year.

Recently there took place in San Francisco a most regrettable affair. This was a dinner to Dr. R. Beverly Cole. By the term "regrettable" we do not mean that there was any scandalous happening at this feast. The regret is because the leading medicos of California should set such a dreadful example to their patients. The menu of this dinner is calculated to stagger Gargantua, a Methodist circuit-rider, or a hired man—in short, any person famous for metaphorical omnivorousness and gigantic feeding. If any one of these doctors were to prescribe this menu to one of his patients, it would be euthanasia—it would be fatal—it would be a violation of his Hippocratic oath.

This deadly bill of fare began with "Canapés d'Anchois et de caviare," flanked by olives and salted almonds. This combination is artfully designed to create a dreadful thirst, which it always succeeds in doing. Next comes "Grape Fruit et cerise, au Marasquin." Many wise doctors assure us that the grape fruit is unfit for human consumption by reason of its excess of free acid; complicated with cherry juice and Maraschino, it must act something like pickles and milk. Next on the bill are "Blue Points sur coquille," washed down with "Guntersblumer"—which we take to be some sort of California Rhine wine, little brother to the Rhine wine of the Rhine. The soup is "Clear Green Turtle," which is followed by "Crab à l'University Club." Crab!—this reads like a grim jest. Were these doctors bent upon self-destruction, that they should thus run up against crab?—crab which twists up the ilio-coecal valve—crab which causes intussusception of the jejunum—crab which makes kinks in one's insides? To give the crab its most potent effect it was washed down with "Mira Valle" Grand Vin. Doubtless the tannic acid in this wine was intended to intensify the virulence of the crab. "For this be sure tonight thou shalt have cramps."

Following these potent viands come several less deadly, such as "Ris de Veau piqués aux Champignons frais"; "Petits pois nouveaux"; "Noisettes d'agneau de Printemps, à la Moelle"; "Fond d'Artichaut, Macedoine"—dainty little kickshaws, but convertible into peptones with great difficulty. These were succeeded by "Punch à la Beverly Cole." Again, for the uninitiated, we may explain that this so-called punch is not like a whisky or rum-punch, but is an icy and deceptive compound cleverly concocted for the purpose of clarifying the palate; sometimes it is a water-ice, sometimes a sherbet with various flavorings, but in every case the end is the same—to clear away, as it were, the numerous flavors of the earlier part of the repast, and to give the slightly flagging diner a new start in the last lap. In this case the lap began with "Perrier-Jouet magnums." Again, for the uninitiated, we may explain that "magnums" are two-quart bottles, and are for gentlemen who find quarts inadequate. There is but one larger bottle and that is the "jeroboam," which holds four quarts.

After their slight collation had proceeded thus far, the dietetic doctors fell to on "Canvas-back Duck with hominy croquettes" and "celery mayonnaise," after which they had "Glace d'abricotine," "Petits fours assortis," "Fromage de Brie et Stilton," "café," "cigars," and "liqueurs." How can these gormandizing doctors ever face their patients? These Hippocratic hypocrites are continually telling people "not to eat too much," "to eat plain food," "not to take too much liquid with their meals," "to take but one kind of wine at a time," "to avoid liqueurs and punches," "to eschew sweets and made dishes." With the foregoing bill of fare on record, how can they ever look their patients in the face again?

It recalls the anecdote of a well-known London physician who ordered an epicurean patient to make his dinner on "one dish and one glass of wine." The patient met his medico not long afterwards at a dinner-party in Mayfair, and with envious eyes watched the doctor slowly proceeding through the menu *seriatim*, from oysters to cheese, from sherry to champagne. When the ladies withdrew, the disgruntled patient sat down beside the doctor and said: "Look here, doctor, I thought you said that one should dine on a single dish and a single glass of wine? Now you have been eating and drinking everything in sight." "Yes," said the doctor, as he slowly sipped the last drop of a glass of

old brown Curaçoa, and blew the smoke from a large, black Havana cigar; "yes, but that rule is for patients, not for doctors. There is a great difference."

Very true. Were the patients of these dining doctors to eat the dining doctors' dinner, they would have no further need for pills, potions, powders, or boluses, but only some neat and handsomely trimmed black boxes with silver nails.

While no one can say with certainty what is to be the verdict in this campaign, an examination of the electoral vote on the eve of election seems to divide the States into four groups. It requires no partisan bias to concede to McKinley and Roosevelt all the New England States, the three Pacific Coast States, together with Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, West Virginia, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Wyoming, and Kansas—a total of 215 votes. It is equally certain that Bryan will win in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia—a total of 132 votes.

Of the doubtful States, and those in which especially vigorous contests have been made, there is a group in which the probabilities largely favor Bryan. They are Delaware, Kentucky, Nebraska, South Dakota, Idaho, Montana, and Colorado—a total of 38 votes.

The remaining group of doubtful States in which the conditions are decidedly favorable to McKinley comprises New York, Maryland, Indiana and Utah—a total of 62 votes. This makes McKinley practically assured of reelection, because in addition to his 215 votes he can win if he carries either New York, Indiana, Kentucky, or any one of half a dozen combinations of the smaller States. We incline to the belief that he will gain both New York and Indiana, and has excellent chances of adding Maryland and Utah, and that he will receive a total somewhere between 266 and 280 votes.

The work of tabulating the statistics of population collected by the census bureau last June has progressed far enough for the population of California to be announced with considerable detail. This State now contains 1,485,953 people—an increase of 276,923, or nearly 23 per cent. during the last ten years. This rate of increase may not be so large as that of some other States, but considering the conditions that have existed the increase may be regarded as showing a very healthy and very satisfactory growth. First and foremost among the causes that have retarded the growth of the State has been the Alaska mining excitement. Three years ago Dawson City and the Klondike attracted thousands of the people of California, and few of them have returned. Later, it has been Cape Nome and the hundreds of minor camps that dot the rivers and gulches of Alaska. The annexation of Hawaii, mining developments in Arizona, and the war in the Philippines have drained population from California. Considered by counties and sections there is considerable difference in the rates of increase. Eleven counties, located mostly in the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys, show decreases in population; some show large gains. Grouped by sections, Southern California shows the greatest gain.

A decided change of methods in campaigning would seem to be coming about if the character of the present Presidential election may be taken as a sign. There have been a few political parades in the storm-centres of the Middle West, and Mr. Croker has taken especial pains to provide a spectacular occasion for Bryan in New York, but beyond these the canvass, both East and West, has been remarkably void of the usual concomitants of uniformed marching clubs, banners, torches, and pyrotechnics. Our elections, which used to be the wonder of the Old World, are losing their picturesqueness. Perhaps we are becoming more sensible, or it may be that we are losing enthusiasm, and growing nationally blasé. At any rate, although plenty of money is being spent, no party is attempting to make votes by means of brass bands and Greek-fire. The agencies relied on are mainly campaign oratory and pamphleteering. Probably the inception took place four years ago, when the campaign was essentially one of education, and every voter was obliged to study finance in order to vote intelligently.

Despite the protests of the opponents of the proposed ordinance to legalize that form of gambling that is conducted in pool-rooms, the election commissioners have decided to place the question of its adoption upon the official ballot, and to submit it to the decision of the people. As the law stands, their decision could not have been otherwise. The charter provides that an ordinance must be submitted to the votes of the people when backed by a petition containing the names of fifteen per cent. of the voters at the last election.

THE DEFICIT OF THE VALLEY ROAD.

This would require 8,000 signatures, and the petition bore at least 20,000 names. It was urged that many of these signatures were fraudulent, but in only one case was fraud actually proved. As pointed out by Attorney Lane, who asked to give his opinion, all signatures in excess of the required 8,000 were surplusage, and even if all of them were proved to be fraudulent it would not affect the validity of the petition if 8,000 were genuine.

The election commissioners had no choice but to put the question upon the ballots, but this, in itself, does not secure its enactment. The whole matter now rests with the voters of the city. The gamblers, poker-sharps, and pool-sellers have won the first step in the fight; can they win the final struggle? There is no question that they will bend their entire energies to that end, and they have already proved that they are good fighters. But the honest people of the city far outnumber the thugs. They know the ruin that has been wrought by these gamblers, and they know that this proposed ordinance is but an opening wedge to permit the establishment of all kinds of gambling devices. Nothing but apathy on the part of the people will enable the gamblers to win.

Last May it was announced that an experiment was to be made under the auspices of the British Colonial Office to test the truth of the mosquito theory of malaria. Dr. Patrick Manson was the inspirer and inventor of the experiment, and the men who are helping him are Dr. Luigi Sambon and Dr. G. C. Low, of the Lodon School of Tropical Medicine. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* thus describes the scene of the scientific investigations and the preparations:

"The first step was to find the deadliest spot on the globe, which proved to be the Roman Campagna, where no man can stay on a summer night without contracting malaria, so that it remains practically uninhabited. It consists of a barren waste about seven miles from Rome, dotted with occasional patches of stubble, and pools of stagnant water that comes from the mountains and volcanic hills about. Men come down from the hills in spring and plant crops, but when they return in autumn to harvest them they contract malaria, and it kills them off in shoals. Peasants from Normandy and the south of France come there, ignorant of their peril, great lusty fellows, who soon fall sick and return to their country miserable wrecks."

It is in the centre of this deadly locality that the iron mosquito-proof cottage was erected:

"The cottage was made in England. The roof overhangs about three feet, to protect the windows from the sun's rays, the floors are covered with an inodorous felt, and the windows, doors, chimneys, ventilators, and all other openings are protected with mosquito-netting made of very thin wire. The doors can be shut twice as quickly as an ordinary door. The house has two bedrooms, a sitting-room, a kitchen, and a lavatory. Two Italian servants care for it, and water from near-by wells is always boiled before using. A railway passing through the Campagna will take the doctors to Rome to work in the laboratories daily—but they will return before the twilight, the mosquito's busiest season. To make assurance doubly sure, the house will be thoroughly fumigated every day, and the doctors will sleep under mosquito-netting in addition."

The experiment is now said to have been completely successful, notwithstanding vague rumors of its failure that have been current. Dr. Sambon and Dr. Low lived from June till October, the height of the malaria season, in the Campagna. The following announcement is now made editorially in the *British Medical Journal*:

"Dr. Sambon, Dr. Low, Signor Terzi, and their servants have now exposed themselves to the pestilential influence of this valley of the shadow of death for over two months. They live in a mosquito-proof hut. . . . They take no quinine or other drug which might be regarded as prophylactic. Not one of the experimenting party has shown the least sign of infection. We are able to make this statement on the best authority. . . . We may now, with as much confidence as the uncertainty of human things warrants, look forward to a successful completion of this important experiment. Satisfactory as such a consummation will be from a scientific point of view, it will also be matter for gratification that the men who have in the cause of humanity deliberately exposed themselves to a most serious risk have not had to suffer for the scientific faith that is in them."

All the medical world has watched the experiment with eager interest; and the non-medical men see, if this proves what is expected of it, that the practical work of draining every mosquito-breeding, stagnant, marshy pool will be begun, and that those compelled to visit malarial countries will persistently use mosquito-nets. Dr. Kock truly says that if the mosquito can be exterminated, immense stretches of the most fertile portions of the globe, now left empty of inhabitants, will be made to support teeming populations.

Attempts have also been made to produce malaria in healthy persons in England by causing them to be bitten by mosquitoes carrying the germ of the disease:

"Dr. Manson's son, who has never been in a malarious country since he was a child, is now suffering from well-marked malarial infection of double tertian type, and microscopic examination shows the presence of numerous parasites in his blood. The genuineness of the experiment and the accuracy of the observations can be vouched for by several competent and independent witnesses. The mosquitoes were fed under the personal superintendence of Dr. Bastianelli, and were sent by Dr. Sambon to the London School of Tropical Medicine, where they were placed in a warm chamber with all the precautions necessary to keep them in a state of vigorous vitality."

The malaria problem is not yet entirely solved, but these experiments certainly afford very strong confirmation of the theory that makes mosquitoes chiefly responsible for the conveyance of the poison to man.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

Views of an Experienced American Observer Now in the Field.

The following article is by Professor Van Norman McGee, a well-known civil engineer, who was professor of railroad engineering in the Imperial University at Tien-tsin. On the demolition of that institution by the Boxers, and its subsequent gutting and virtual destruction by the German troops, Professor McGee went to Nagasaki, where he met Professor David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, on his recent visit to the Orient. Professor Jordan says of him: "He is a highly intelligent and thoroughly trustworthy man, and his opinion on the Chinese question is of more value than much that is current in papers and magazines nowadays." Professor McGee is now occupying a chair in the Imperial Nan Yang College at Shanghai.

Since we have received this manuscript, there comes to hand an extract from an article in the *Fortnightly Review* by Sir Robert Hart, director-general of the Chinese imperial maritime customs. Sir Robert has been in China many years and is thoroughly familiar with the Chinese character. He takes a pessimistic view of the Chinese situation, and frankly declares his opinion to be that the Boxer movement is "national and patriotic; has taken hold of the Chinese imagination and will spread like wild-fire throughout the length and breadth of the empire. There is not the slightest doubt," he says, "that fifty years hence there will be millions of Boxers in serried ranks and war's panoply at the call of the Chinese Government." Discussing the alternative courses open to the powers, Sir Robert sees a very real "yellow peril" ahead and nothing of a permanent solution.

The situation in China at this moment is, on the surface, characterized by inactivity. Peking has been relieved. Conditions were better than, in the light of Tien-tsin experience, we had any right to expect. (Barely five hundred men held for two months an area one-half mile square, while at one time at Tien-tsin twelve thousand allied troops were on the defensive, wholly.) The resulting reaction has largely silenced the demands for revenge. The military responded, as the military usually does, to the definite demands made upon it, and with the accomplishment of the plain, concerted purpose of all the nations to relieve Peking, the unit objective seems to have vanished.

The impressive German fleet and the formidable German army will soon arrive. Shanghai adds to its guard by an occasional regiment of Rajputs, or Ghoorkas, or Sikhs ("sons of the empire"); some thousands of Japanese; a few hundreds of French and German troops; a battery or two of artillery; and the thousand volunteers continue their irksome drills. The powerful, victorious army of the allied forces remains in the north; magnificent foreign fleets lie at anchor off the treaty ports.

As to China, her navy is helpless; her armies, some of them, have met disastrous defeat; her northern metropolis and her capital have fallen, and her government has removed the seat of authority to some point not definitely known. A state of famine exists in the whole northern region—its a contributory cause of the outbreaks in the first place, its effect has been accentuated by the reaction.

The real crisis, a settlement, is approaching. Whatever negotiations are progressing, whatever agreements have been made, we have no means of knowing until they are announced. Fully convinced that the trained minds responsible for the solution of the problem will properly adjust all considerations, and quite ready to accept their conclusions, I wish to venture the suggestion that the interests of the powers are not inimical to the interests of China, and that both lie somewhere near the line of least resistance.

In the first place, leaving aside the duty of governments to protect within treaty rights the lives and property of their nationals, it will be admitted, I am sure, that the sole interest of Western nations, as nations, in China is a commercial interest—to trade the surplus of their production for Oriental products and to profit by the exchange. It is a Dollar objective, and sentimentalism is hypocritical. It will, too, be unnecessary to point out that lack of effective resistance on the part of China has resulted in her being treated, since the opening of the treaty ports, in a manner only justified by force, and which must have caused a twinge to at least three or four national consciences.

In the desire for exclusive rights to its possibilities, trade has been treated as an existing creature, something to be surrounded, captured, and held. Trade with China is largely potential, and depends upon values yet to be created. For it to flourish, conditions of peace must prevail. Full profits will never be realized while the margins must cover risk of disturbance. It will be admitted that the trade possibilities have only been touched. I believe that, with the development of a transportation system, itself offering a legitimate investment for an enormous sum, and the consequent creation of time and place values, the surplus so created will be largely devoted to foreign trade, and that the most enthusiastic estimate has not exceeded probability. That the Chinese in colonies abroad, as in Chinatown, San Francisco, do not "waste" their surplus in foreign "luxuries" is no criterion for their action at home. The experience in the treaty ports, Shanghai in particular, shows this conclusively. Abroad they are "preparing to live"; at home they are "living."

As Americans, we wish to build for the present genera-

tion. How, then, is it possible to proceed to a satisfactory agreement?

In the May *Harper's Magazine* Captain Mahan lays down this law: "The claims of an indigenous population to retain indefinitely control of territory depends not upon a natural right, but upon political fitness, shown in the political work of governing, administering, and developing in such manner as to insure the natural right of the world at large that resources should not be left idle, but be utilized for the general good." This must, of course, be modified to include alien as well as indigenous control.

Applying this law to China, it is evident at a glance that the "political work of governing, administering, and developing" has not been done "in such manner as to insure the natural right of the world at large that resources should not be left idle, but be utilized for the general good." Has, then, the indigenous population forfeited the right of government? All Asiatic peoples are controlled by absolutism. Passing the possibility of the government failing to reflect the wishes of the governed, I submit that, in the interest of the development desired, a government should never pass until its successor has demonstrated at least probable fitness beyond mere strength of arms.

Is it possible for any Western nation to demonstrate such fitness to control China?

The first requirement in a ruler is a knowledge of the point of view of his subjects, both mental and moral. A common basis of understanding is essential. It is folly for any man, not an Oriental, to predict effect from cause in China. The Chinese mind is as involved in its operations as is the combination of dots and dashes which make up a Chinese written word. For tens of centuries has it reasoned from analogies different from our own. For thousands of years have its shaping surroundings been different. Arthur H. Smith, who perhaps knows the Chinese of the middle class as well as anybody, in the preface to his well-known book, "Chinese Characteristics," disavows, after twenty-two years' residence among them, his ability to fit a character of his own making to this people, and quotes Mr. George Wingrove Cooke as saying in the preface to his published letters, many years ago: "I have often talked over this matter with the most eminent sinologists and have always found them ready to agree with me as to the impossibility of a conception of the Chinese character as a whole." Says Kipling:

"You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
And if you did, it isn't worth the toil.
Think of a sleek, fat priest in Canada:
Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply
By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your East
And you're as wise as ever. So am I."

Yet, were it possible to see plainly the character and purpose of this people; even did the method of at once shaping their individual acts to accord with Occidental ideas show itself openly; yet neither the United States nor any European nation could descend to the moral plane necessary for administration. Not forgetting that we are upon a purely commercial basis so far as China is concerned, it would not be worth the sacrifice.

Control of any people is possible only through penalty for violation of the law. And whether this penalty be forcible subjection to reformatory processes, or a direct punishment, control fails when it is not adequate. All Asiatic control is despotic. The successful government is the one of terrible penalties—which demands vengeful satisfaction for disobedience. Fear is the only restraint. "Authority is based on the dumb terror inspired by hideous and dramatic punishments." It is but a week's time since, in native Shanghai, a short walk only from the foreign settlements, an offender, variously described as a river pirate, a thief, and a murderer, satisfied society for his crime, by standing in a cage, placed in full public view, his neck through an aperture in the top too small to pass his head, and his feet on small bricks. The latter were removed, one each day, till the "stretch" was too much for him and he died. His wife, meanwhile, and several solicitors, asked alms from the curious, and sold to foreigners the right to photograph the criminal for gold—two dollars and a half. Chinese imperial edicts close with the fearful admonition to "tremble and obey."

"If, in seeking a solution," says Edgar Pierce Allen, in one of the best limited discussions I have seen, though only for local circulation—"if it is expected that any one measure or plan may be found by which permanent results of safety can quickly be assured, I submit there is an obstacle not easily to be surmounted. This obstacle is one of moral character, and does not consist so much in the moral character of the Chinese alone, as in the difference between the moral character of the East and that of the West. In the present crisis there is the collision between Europe and America in their nineteenth century and China in her 'Dark Ages.' We cannot deal effectively with China because we are not on the same moral plane. In the days of the Crusades, Europe could deal with Asia on a more nearly equal footing; and when, in the sixteenth and seventeenth

centuries, the Poles stood as the bulwark of Europe against the Asiatic hordes, it was because they were able to punish the Asiatic with a punishment the Asiatic understood, exacting an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. . . . The *lex talionis* is the only law that carries a sanction sufficiently strong to effect the Chinese mind."

To descend to such a plane would be to lose the best results of our civilization. No commercial supremacy; no "manifest destiny"; no Mahan's law will justify meeting the Chinese on his own moral ground.

A moral standard is based on a mental conception. "The reason for virtuous action must lie in the knowledge of what is right." Conscience comes as a demand of civilization. By the law of reaction, its equal force causes an accelerated moral progress. The governing intellect of Japan, in thirty years after the beginning of the leavening of personal contact with representatives of Western civilization; with an initial pressure only sufficient to enforce comparatively minor concessions of reform in administration and social intercourse, has appreciated with a fine discrimination the better points of Western social order. The reaction has not yet shaped her average conscience. She might, and might not also Russia, "the most Western of Eastern nations," as Kipling insists, successfully undertake the work of administration in China? The very suggestion of such permission carries with it a feeling of dread, and rightly. It puts a dangerous force under the control of a power already strong and ambitious. The military possibilities of the Chinese, when directed, are second only to their commercial possibilities. "Military strength is proportional to numbers and engineering skill." Supply the latter to these nerveless hordes, capable of support and transportation for one-tenth the cost of American soldiers in equal numbers, with no restraining qualm, and its directed force would be well-nigh irresistible.

To pass control, then, to either of the powers which might possibly qualify is not to be considered. Joint control would be no more capable of justification by the same test than individual control, even did not the Samoan experience preclude such an attempt. Division would lessen only in quantity, not in kind, the difficulty, and would furthermore introduce external restrictions, themselves great hindrances to the trade it is desired to foster.

We are reduced, therefore, to the seemingly absurd proposition of permitting China to work out her own salvation. If this is to the advantage of the powers, it is certainly to China's interest, and there is no conflict.

If Japan has justified her treatment, why not accord the same, with such modifications as seem expedient, to China? Is it not fair to assume that the same civilization that compels our social relations, that compelled conformity on the part of Japan, will, with the exposure of the proper surfaces to contact, in like manner affect China?

As from Shogun to Mikado, so perhaps must the power revert from Manchu to Chinese. It must not be forgotten that among the Chinese are very many progressive men—men of the type of Ho Yow, consul-general at San Francisco—who are anxious for all progress consistent with permanence. Nor must it be forgotten, as many enthusiastic and sincere are prone to do, that the pinnacles of a new civilization can not be placed in position before the foundations.

Whether or not the recent uprising, as an effort to free herself from the tightening grip of foreign control, had any justification, from no point of view could the methods employed be excused or palliated. Reparation must be made, and a guarantee for the future. Both these demands are dependent upon the conditions above related. Both must be settled on a commercial basis. For me to go into details of possible terms would be presumption. The United States is fortunate in having special representation by Mr. Rockbill, whose attainments and whose knowledge of the East render him exceptionally capable. Doubtless he and Minister Conger will look well after American rights; doubtless, also, they will advocate a just course of action.

I may suggest, however, that whatever means are provided for greater contact with foreigners, such as rapid construction of transportation lines and the encouragement of travel, will result in greater prosperity and largely increased national wealth for China; in her increased ability to govern, and in time in the disappearance of many superstitious delusions of the natives. It seems, too, that the present capital is too isolated and that the maintenance, equipment, or training of any military force in excess of that necessary for police duty, as well as the unrestricted occupation of forts between the foreign settlements and the sea should no longer be permitted. However these details are determined, it is imperative that the commercial problem is placed in the field of economics and not of politics. Subdivision would not only defeat full commercial development, it would introduce difficulties which should be entirely extraneous to this problem. "Free markets and equality of opportunity" is the world's right, and there must be a hard and fast agreement to preserve China as a unit, however that unit is controlled.

VAN NORMAN MCGEE.

The *New Voice*, a Prohibition paper published in Chicago, sent a commissioner, Mr. William E. Johnson, to the Philippine Islands to look into the liquor question. He found more than he went for. He discovered that official houses of prostitution "on the canteen plan" had been established by our army officers, and placed under guard and medical inspection, the guards to prevent the female inmates from escaping, the inspectors to prevent the spread of disease. Mr. Johnson publishes photographs of two of these houses, both of them decorated with the American flag, inside and out. He publishes, also, in fac-simile, the medical certificates of two of the women, omitting their names.

It is said that the introduction of electrical contrivances for the manufacture of cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco will soon replace hundreds of workmen.

A DECOROUS DEATH.

How All the Social Forms Were Compiled With.

The Count de Verteuil is fifty years of age. Blue blood runs in the count's veins. His family is one of the most ancient in France. Yellow gold lies in the count's coffers. His fortune is one of the largest in France. Honors are heaped upon the count's head. He is a member of the Academy, a deputy, a patron of the arts.

The Countess Mathilde de Verteuil is thirty-six. Blonde is the Countess Mathilde—blonde and beautiful. Age does not wither her. Her rounded shoulders, her satiny skin, her golden hair, her starry eyes—all these make the matronly beauty of the countess the envy of younger rivals.

The Verteuil household is a thoroughly respectable one. Dame Rumor's tongue never wags concerning it. Their marriage had been one of eminent good taste, said the world—both wealthy, both of good family. And then they had lived as husband and wife for nearly six years. And their two children—Ferdinand, in the army, and Blanche—had been so well brought up. And they had married Blanche very well. It is true they no longer affect the sentimental husband and wife. But what of that? If each has a separate suite in the Verteuil abode, do they not treat each other with the utmost courtesy? They are perfect models of deportment, and nothing can be said against either.

One night madame the countess returns from a ball at two o'clock. She is fatigued, is Mme. Mathilde. As her maid disrobes her, she says:

"The count, madame, is somewhat unwell this evening."

The countess yawns. "Ah," she murmurs. Then, as she extends her form beneath the luxurious coverlet: "Wake me at ten to-morrow, Julie. The *modiste* is coming."

At breakfast the next morning the count does not appear. Madame is concerned. She sends to inquire after his health. The count is desolated; he presents his excuses to madame, but he can not quit his chamber. Madame is more concerned. She will herself see the count. She enters. She finds him in bed, extremely pale, but extremely trim. He is a perfectly respectable invalid. The room shows no vulgar signs of disorder—no vials scattered around, no furniture misplaced. Three physicians are whispering in a corner, and two well-trained domestics move noiselessly about the room. This is no common invalid—it is my lord the Count of Verteuil who lies abed. This is not your low and plebeian "sickness"—it is illness, trim, and proper, and ceremonious illness which is here.

"You are unwell, I see, my dear," says the countess. "I hope it is nothing dangerous?"

The count smiles feebly—a somewhat strained smile.

"Not at all," he answers, with an effort. "All I need is rest and quiet. I am sorry to have put you to so much trouble."

The days pass. The chamber remains, as ever, well arranged. The smug and shaven faces of the servants are expressionless. Nothing is changed—nothing save the master. And he is much changed. For he lies at death's door, and he knows it. Physicians shall not dole out weak platitudes to the Count de Verteuil. But sometimes, as he lies staring grimly at nothing, the count's face shows weariness.

In the world of fashion the countess tells her friends that her husband is "a little indisposed." She could not say that he was more, for Mme. Mathilde has not changed her life. Rides, drives, balls, and parties make up the round. But nevertheless, morning and evening the countess dutifully visits her husband's chamber:

"Better, I hope, to-day, my dear?"

"A little better, I think, my dear Mathilde."

"If you wish it, my dear, I will stay with you."

"Thanks, but it is unnecessary. It would only fatigue you uselessly. Thanks, very much, nevertheless."

They understand each other perfectly. They have lived apart. The count would die apart. He enjoys a certain bitter egotism in thus quitting life alone, without the comedy of sorrow being played at his bedside. And he will die with dignity, will the count, as should a man of the world.

The sick man is growing weaker, his breath more labored. He knows he will not see the morning sun. So this evening, when the countess pays her habitual visit, he says, with a faint smile:

"It would be better—not to go out this—evening, my dear. I am—not—very—well."

The count is considerate even in his weakness. He would spare her the gossip of the world, were she seen abroad the night he died. The countess appreciates his courtesy. She stays at home.

The physicians remain in the sick man's chamber. The countess sends for the children, Blanche and Ferdinand, and the three install themselves by the count's bedside. Now the forms are complied with—the count can die.

But he struggles to repress himself. He would avoid a convulsive, vulgar death—scene. He stifles his rattling breath. And, when he finds himself going, he turns to his wife and children, and kisses them. The domestics are much moved. And then he turns his face to the wall. When his wife would speak to him, he motions her from him with a feeble gesture.

The moments pass away. There is no movement in the silent form with its face against the wall. One of the physicians leans toward it.

"All is over," he says, as he closes the dead man's eyes.

The Count de Verteuil has died, as he wished, alone.

The morning of the funeral the Verteuil mansion is filled with sorrowing friends. The son and son-in-law of the count receive the guests with the mute politeness of afflic-

tion. And the mourners at the count's funeral are not common mourners. The nobility, the army, the magistracy, the Senate, the Academy—yes, come they all to Verteuil's funeral.

The procession sets out for the church. The hearse is magnificently sombre; black-plumed, black-draped, its hangings edged with silver; and the pall-bearers, too, are magnificent in their way—a duke, a field-marshal, a prime minister, and an Academician. The black-gloved, black-cravated, and black-coated line files slowly through the streets, while the busy passers-by stop and uncover.

And the countess? Well, she is completely broken down with grief, say the relatives. The countess is at home.

At the church the ceremony lasts for nearly two hours. The organ thunders forth its lamentations, the singers wail theirs, while from torches held by boys the green flames cast a sickly pallor over the gathering.

"Is not Faure, the celebrated tenor, going to sing to-day?" asks one mourner of another.

"Yes," says mourner No. 2, an elderly beau, who has just been staring through a single eyeglass at a pretty mourner; "yes, I believe he is. Ah, that is his voice now. What method! What range! Eh?"

"Yes, indeed," says mourner No. 1. "Never heard him sing better in my life. Ah, it's a pity poor Verteuil can't hear him, ain't it? He was very fond of him."

It is a beautiful June day. And as the carriages roll along the route for the cemetery, the windings of the road take the hearse out of sight from time to time, therefore it is not to be wondered at if the mourners sometimes forget it. The disjointed bits of conversation would seem to imply as much.

"Are you going to the seaside this month, my dear?"

"No, not until August. We start to-morrow for our country place, and—"

"Well, as I was saying, the letter fell into his hands, and that was the cause of the duel. But it was only a scratch—the merest scratch in the world. I dined with him that evening at the club, and he won twenty-five—"

"Yes, I believe the meeting of stockholders takes place to-morrow, and they want to make me a director. I don't know whether I'll accept or not. I'm very busy now, and—"

Scrunch, scrunch! The carriages have quitted the road and are on the graveled walks of the cemetery. The talking ceases. The tomb of the Verteuils is at the extreme left—a magnificent marble structure, where carved angels in paroxysms of stony woe weep over the dead and gone Verteuils. The coffin is placed before it, and the funeral discourse begins.

The count is pictured as a man who, had he not been cut off in his prime, would have regenerated the political condition of his country; a man renowned for his private virtues; a man who had encouraged agriculture and the arts; a man who had made a study of political economy and sociology; a man whose loss was irreparable.

Such is the crowd that it is difficult for those on the outskirts to catch all the words. An elderly gentleman, with his hand to his ear, is listening, with pursed-up lips, to the eulogy. He catches these words:

"—the qualities of his great and generous heart, his bountiful—"

"Yes," he mutters, "I knew him. He was a clever hypocrite."

The sound-waves from this mingle with those of the priest's blessing. The mourners retire, and soon there are none left but the workmen, who are lowering the coffin into the vault. The cords creak, the oaken coffin gives forth a hollow sound as it strikes the stone floor.

My lord the Count de Verteuil is at home.—*Freely adapted for the Argonaut from the French of Emile Zola.*

The little town of Moreno, Cal., is practically on wheels, being moved to Riverside by the owners of the buildings. Thirty-five structures have already been moved during the past year. The cause of the exodus is the failure of the water company to deliver sufficient water to settlers. Eight years ago the town of Moreno was established under auspicious circumstances. A fine hotel and several substantial brick blocks were built and a good newspaper flourished for a time, but the drought came and the company that sold the land was unable to supply the water necessary to keep the trees and vegetation thriving.

Boer refugees continue arriving in increased numbers at Marseilles, France. Two German ships brought in 1,200 at one time, and two French ships 950. These people are of the well-to-do class and go on at once to Holland by special trains. They say that there are thousands of destitute Boers in the Portuguese territory trying to obtain passage for Europe. Many express a desire to come to the United States.

Three soldiers who were being sent home from the Philippines died on the transport *Sherman* just before it reached port recently, of diseases contracted in the service. All three were in a much weakened condition before they were placed on board the ship at Manila, and little hope was expressed as to their recovery.

The armies in South Africa suffered more than six times as many losses by disease as they have from the modern munitions of war. The new artillery weapons have not been so successful in the destruction of life as their inventors expected they would be.

Many streams in France have been stocked with American black bass, and the fish have flourished to such an extent that they are common articles of diet in the hotels and restaurants.

BERNHARDT IN HER NEW PLAY.

All Paris Flocks to See Its Beloved Sarah—Four Hours of Acting at the Highest Pressure—California at the Americo Pavilion.

They have been making merry at the American pavilion at the exposition lately. There are subscription dances there and concerts, and wandering Americans congregate beneath the starry dome hoping to encounter other wandering Americans that they know. Even the restaurant underneath has had a boom. An enthusiastic diner wrote to the *Herald* that he had had the dinner of his life there for five francs, and friends of mine went a few nights afterward and found the place packed with expectant guests from all over the republic.

On the occasion of the Californian fiftieth anniversary there was a promenade concert given, and all the Californians in Paris were hidden. I don't know how many went, but I know I went and saw two Californians I knew personally, and one I knew by sight. The quantities of guests that filled the pavilion may have been from California, for it is a large State and extends over a great area of country. The affair promised to be a success. The music was good, the attendance was large, and there were lots of nice-looking women in pretty clothes. It was also possible to dance comfortably, for there was an excellent floor, and it was not crowded.

Standing in one of the galleries that skirt the building, one looked down on the heads of the dancers. There were all sorts. People who danced gracefully, and people who clutched one another as if they were drowning. There were dancers that hopped, and dancers that solemnly gyrated without reversing and without stopping. Through the main entrance parties of two, three, and more kept coming in, the women shrouded in enormous cloaks, which they threw off, disclosing gowns of bright or pale colors. The dressing was of all sorts, as it is in most public American assemblages. There were women in tailor-made suits and serviceable hats, and women in brilliant new ball-dresses that showed their shoulders and their arms. Everybody had donned what seemed the most suitable thing for the occasion, and no two people seemed to have just the same idea. It is a pity that on these matters American women have not got the unanimity of opinion that their English and French sisters have. They always in the evening wear evening-dress, with the result that all foreign gatherings look brilliant, and are not a hodge-podge of various fashions. I suppose in our country we would immediately run up against that brigade of solemn ladies who think full-dress an evil and unseemly thing, and a low-necked bodice an invention of Satan.

All was merry as a marriage hell till about eleven o'clock, when suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, the lights went out. This is one of the elfish tricks in which electric lights delight, and all thought they would as suddenly burst out again. But this they did not do, and the patriotic Californians had to continue to celebrate their rites by candle-light. There was a fine supper eaten by the chastened glow of numberless tapers, but a gloom was cast on the assemblage by the subdued illumination, and people ate and drank silently, or talked in hushed tones, as if they were conspiring. When the time came for leaving, what with the dim light and all wanting their things at the same moment, the hats and coats were hopelessly mixed. The floor of the cloak-room was covered with silk hats, over which desperate men walked unthinkingly in the gloom, not knowing that they were probably tramping on their own. For a week after the *Herald* was full of the mournings of men who had other men's coats and hats and were endeavoring to find the rightful owners, and in so doing discover their own property.

There has been a good deal of fault-finding done by the Americans in Paris over the pavilion itself, which is said to be unforgivably ugly. From the river it is not bad. The dome shows well there, and the frescoes and shields are not seen. Moreover, the beautiful statue of Washington, which, in a lucid interval, some one had put at the entrance, shows splendidly from the river. Were it not for this statue, our building would really be a thing to deny. But it is superb, one of the finest in any city. And while we can grow sculptors who can do things of this sort, we need not despair even on entering the United States pavilion. The original stands in a square near the Pont de l'Alma entrance, and one is safe in saying it is one of the greatest statues in Paris. The women of the United States gave it to France, and the women of the United States have seldom done a more graceful or more charming thing. The statue of Lafayette, given by the children of the United States, is not nearly so fine, though it, too, is a creditable work.

The pavilion inside is at its worst. It is bare and poor looking. There are signs all over it now stating that it was not built for purposes of exhibition, but as a gathering and resting place for American visitors. I suppose these signs have been called into existence by the complaints that disappointed Americans have made, when they contrasted the bleak emptiness of their own building with the sumptuous splendor of the English, the ornate richness of the Italian, and the well-filled beauty of the Belgian. It is trying to see nearly every other building better to look at from the outside, and better furnished and filled in the inside than our own. Near by stands the English pavilion—an early Tudor house, stocked with objects of beauty and art that are almost priceless. Inside our pavilion is one group of statuary, sofas, chairs, and a few potted plants. The galleries have the shields of the different States hung upon them, and the best decoration that could be thought of was to write the names of the Presidents along the balustrades. Even the dome is not genuine, but is filled in half way up and is decorated with a painting of the Stars and Stripes. I am a good American, but I must say, in a large public building, that must vie in beauty with other public buildings of other countries, I do think the decorations might have included

other things than States coats of arms, the names of the Presidents, and frescoes of the Stars and Stripes.

The theatres here in Paris are all in full blast, and are playing to fine houses because of the exposition crowds. "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon" are making pots of money, and only will stop on the first of November, so that the two stars may join forces and go to the United States for their American tour. Coquelin is to play Guitry's part, that of the old Grenadier who secretly is devoted to the imperial family, as represented by the Duc de Reichstadt. Parisians that I have spoken to think Guitry will hold first place when it comes to a comparison. Coquelin, who is unrivaled in his own line, has not the versatility of Guitry, who is said to be able to play anything. It would be difficult to imagine Flambeau better portrayed, and it certainly seems a part that in its bluff, broad robustness is not suited to Coquelin's exquisite, cool *finesse*.

All Paris is flocking to see its beloved Sarah as the Aiglon. Since the run of the piece began, the theatre is said to have netted two million francs. As it is a very large place and is always full, this seems quite believable. Everybody—Parisian and stranger—is going, not only out of curiosity and to be in the mode, but because there is a rumor afloat that the part is so exhausting that it is half-killing the heretofore unkillable Sarah, and that when it is over she will never again play a regular engagement. This may be only a clever advertisement, but after you have sat through four hours and a quarter of it, and realized that it is nothing but Sarah from beginning to end, and Sarah stretched on the rack of one form of anguish after another, you realize that it may be a rumor founded on fact.

The drama is a great tragic masterpiece, played as the French play these things, artistically, reverently, without cuts, and without consideration of the press or the box-office. It begins at eight sharp, and ends at about a quarter past twelve. The *entr'actes* are short, and there is no music. It is in verse, and is written with those long conversations and interviews that an American manager would consider a bore, and would promptly cut out, because the grocer and the butcher, who each bought tickets, would think them slow. The piece is so protected by copyright that even the plot of it can not be written up into a story and sold, and the book of it is not printed. Rostand suffered pecuniarily by the pirating of "Cyrano de Bergerac" in the United States, and determined he would not allow the same thing to happen with "L'Aiglon," which has been protected in every possible way.

The motive of the piece is the plot to reestablish the Duc de Reichstadt upon the throne of his father. Almost all the action takes place at the *château* of Schönbrunn, outside Vienna. Here Metternich has the young prince under his eye and in his power. The *château* is virtually a prison. The duke is carefully secluded from all imperial influences. He is brought up, as far as possible, in ignorance of the greatness of his father, is taught nothing of Napoleon's wars, is the colonel of an Austrian regiment, and wears the white Austrian uniform. His mother, the feeble and more or less unprincipled Maria Louisa, is a party to this, and is quite happy to forget her period of Napoleonic glory in frivolous pastimes and questionable love-affairs. Despite Metternich's care, there are Bonaparte sympathizers in the *château*, and close to the person of the duke. One of these, the archduchess, supplies him with histories of his father's wars and victories, which he reads secretly at night. Another—Guitry, the old guard—paints over the wooden soldiers, with which he studies the science of war and which are represented as Austrians, in the uniforms of the emperor's regiments. A conspirator enters in the guise of a tailor, and over a packet of samples reveals the beginnings of a plot to the duke, while his companion, a daring and intelligent woman, holds the attention of Maria Louisa by offering her a bewildering choice of costumes.

On this skeleton Rostand has built a deeply dramatic, pathetic, and impassioned tragedy. The duke dominates it from end to end. His figure is one of the most picturesquely sad and futile in the range of the nineteenth-century drama. He is a precocious, weak, dreamy boy, full of aspirations that beat their way up only to fall back discouraged and broken. His soul is fired with the splendor of his father's career, glowing hursts of enthusiasm transport him only to be frozen by the antagonistic atmosphere in which he moves. His life and surroundings have undermined his character and will. He is sensitive, luxurious, and self-indulgent, fearful of failure, feeble when it comes to action, full of that sense of the futility of effort which marks the character of those who are creatures of imagination rather than of action.

One of the most dramatic and powerful scenes in the play is that in which Metternich, realizing that a plot is on foot, and knowing the nature he has to deal with, leads the duke to a mirror and, holding up a candelabra asks him if he thinks that his is the face of a leader and ruler of men. Bit by bit, in sentences full of a vitriolic bitterness, he recounts to the pale and wretched youth his weaknesses, his feebleness of character, his lack of intellectual and physical vigor, and finally, thrusting the candelabra close to the glass, he asks him if he sees any likeness to the emperor. There is none—he is the issue of a loveless union, has nothing in him of his terrible and lion-like father, but is the son of the unstable and vapid Maria Louisa, inheritor only of her frivolity, her weakness, her lack of courage. The duke, maddened by the truth of the words, tears the candelabra out of Metternich's hands, and dashes it against the mirror, which is shattered into hundreds of fragments. Among these he falls, senseless and alone, in the darkness.

This part is so prominent, so much the play, that in writing of it one thinks of no one else. Sarah's make-up is marvelous. She has the appearance of a youth of twenty, and when she appears in the white, close-fitting uniform of an Austrian colonel, her figure is so made-up that it really looks like that of a young boy. She is not fat, though she

is by no means the skeleton that she once was, and it is possible for her to carry off a male costume with absolute success. Despite her years she is to-day one of the few women ever seen on the stage who really might deceive an outsider into taking her for a slim youth of a pretty, girlish type. As far as age goes, she still looks improbably youthful, and has none of those signs of getting on that mark the best preserved women. Her figure has the liteness of a girl's of seventeen, her hands are plump and white, and her throat—which is one of the places that old age most surely and most frequently attacks—is concealed under the high stocks, almost to the ears, that were then in vogue.

But as far as her personation of the part goes it was not entirely satisfying. No woman playing a man's part—no matter how successful her get-up or how brilliant her gifts—is ever anything but a woman playing a man. You don't forget it, and there is no illusion. Few actresses have ever met with any real success doing it. Even Peg Woffington, who was supposed to be the finest Sir Harry Wildair of her day and generation, did not please her great companion artist, Garrick, who said that it was clever enough and all that, but it was not a legitimate dramatic performance. In fact, like Brer Rabbit and the sparrowgrass, she looks like a woman, she acts like a woman, she talks like a woman, and she *am* a woman. To escape this stigma of being too feminine, Sarah has gone so far as to eliminate from her voice all its loveliest, crystalline tones, and it is now like anybody else's voice. This was a shock to me, as I would rather hear Sarah Bernhardt talk than most people sing.

As far as her acting goes it is electric and fervid, but Sarah's strong point was her intense and impassioned femininity, and this is suppressed. Of love there is nothing in the piece, and fancy Sarah Bernhardt the predominant figure of a great play in which there is no love! The emotions she gives expression to are either transports of anger at the injustice of her position and training, hursts of enthusiasm and ambition, or relapses into a condition of a twilight-like apathy and consciousness of failure. In the high-mettled scenes she is very magnificent, and the old thrill is all there. Her acting, when she discovers the change in the uniform of the toy soldiers, was a thing to wring the soul. One of the points one notices—at least, that struck me—was that she appeared to grow exhausted toward the end of the piece. The wonder is that she can do it all, for it is certainly one of the most exacting parts that ever has been written. Four hours acting at the highest possible pressure is an exhausting rôle for a young actress; when you come to a woman of on to sixty, it is simply terrible. Everybody is asking everybody else how she does it. And yet there will only be a sea voyage between her Paris and her American season, which lasts the whole winter. I saw the announcements for this the other day, and they include a short visit to San Francisco in February. So theatre-goers out there will have something to look forward to, even though it is a long way off.

PARIS, October 8, 1900.

GERALDINE BONNER.

Sims Reeves, the veteran English singer, died October 25th at Worthing, Sussex. For more than a half-century the popular tenor held a foremost position in the British musical world. He had a marvelous voice which he used almost entirely, however, in ballads and in lighter oratorio, and as an artist pure and simple did not gain the rank he deserved. In 1851 he began singing in grand opera in Paris, and continued to charm the music-lovers of Europe for ten years. In 1861 he left the operatic stage for the less laborious work of concert singing. In 1889 he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his appearance on the stage, and immediately afterward retired. In 1895 he surprised his friends and the musical world by marrying again at the age of seventy-three, his blushing bride being young and beautiful. He then went on a singing tour through Australia. He was one of the favorite members of the Garrick Club when Thackeray, Justice Talfourd, and Sergeant Murphy haunted the old smoking-room. But with the advance of age he foreswore late hours and retired to the pleasant home he had built for himself at Beulah Hill in Norwood.

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley presided on Monday night last at St. James's Hall, London, on the occasion of the first lecture delivered by Winston Spencer Churchill, lately war-correspondent in South Africa. The hall was crowded, among those present being Mr. Churchill's mother, Mrs. Cornwallis West, Duchess of Devonshire, and many other prominent members of society. A number of military men were also present. The egotism of the lecturer provoked laughter, but otherwise he was interesting. He used lantern slides and described the pictures.

The history department of Stanford University has received a valuable collection of thirty-four hundred volumes. It covers the proceedings of the English Parliament from 1805 to 1879 and is the third largest in the world and the largest in America. Harvard and Pennsylvania both have such libraries, but covering shorter periods. The law department is soon to receive an addition of four thousand volumes, covering the period from 1800 to 1865. This will complete the reporter system of all English cases decided during the present century.

The officials at the Presidio General Hospital are worried by the ship-load of sick that arrived on the transport *Meade* from the Philippines. At present there are nearly 600 patients enrolled, and the influx of about 275 more will tax the capacity of the hospital, which is about 880 bed patients.

There are now on the reservations in New York State nearly five thousand Indians, and a missionary says at least five-eighths of them adhere to the old pagan religion, rites, and superstitions.

MARK TWAIN'S RETURN.

Resting in New York After Sojourning Five Years in Foreign Lands—Futile Offers of the Yellow Press—His Task and Triumph—Future Plans.

Mark Twain, humorist and historian, philosopher and pilgrim, is once more in his native land, taking his ease at a comfortable Manhattan inn. Accompanied by his wife and two daughters, he arrived last Monday evening on the steamer *Minnehaha*, and his welcome was made a bearty one by a number of friends, though the returning wanderer purposely delayed leaving the vessel until nearly all his fellow-passengers had gone and the crowd on the pier had thinned, to avoid any noticeable demonstration. The reporters, however, were still waiting, and a score of them surrounded the man of letters at once. He had a few cheerful words for them, and then the party was taken in carriages to the Earlington, where Mr. Clemens will remain through the winter. His health is much improved, and he is not a day older in appearance than when he went away. His face is ruddy, and if his hair and mustache are more nearly white, they only add to his dignity and striking appearance. As was to be expected, in spite of the honor he has met in every country visited, he is unaffectedly glad to be at home, and when he told an inquirer that he would break both legs rather than sail away again, there was something more than a joke in the declaration.

Enterprising editors and publishers of self-advertising newspapers have not contented themselves with sending interviewers and artists to disturb the well-earned rest of Mr. Clemens. All sorts of schemes to use his name for billboard purposes have been planned, but they have failed without exception. The *World* offered him five hundred dollars to report a political meeting to be held Saturday evening, but he declined promptly, saying he did not care to work that night. Major Pond's offer of fifty thousand dollars for a hundred lectures is also put aside, as the lecturer intends to do nothing for the present except to enjoy his leisure, smoke a great deal, and occasionally write a little on the books he has under way. Callers send in their cards at all hours, and are not easily denied. To one, who was sketching him while he was taking his morning meal and plying him with questions in the intervals, he said, in mild protest, when another card was brought in: "They don't do this sort of thing in London. There one can breakfast between ten and twelve in beautiful safety. I don't know why I breakfast at the same hour here. It's just habit, I guess. The early breakfast habit is one of the American institutions I admire most when I am abroad. But these early morning calls are meant in a kindly spirit. They touch my heart, even when the coffee gets cold."

What Mark Twain has accomplished in the five years since he left America is sufficient to have exhausted a younger man, but he has actually gained in strength and vigor in the trial. When he sailed from Vancouver in October, 1895, he was broken in health, and was bearing the burden of an indebtedness of nearly two hundred thousand dollars, bravely assumed when the publishing house of C. L. Webster & Co., in which he was interested, was forced to suspend. His action was not unprecedented; it was what the man of honor and courage would decide upon at once. Few have been as successful as Mark Twain in making real their hopes, and none has received more cordial and sincere congratulations on such an achievement. He was sixty years old when the reverses came that swept away his modest fortune. Now, at sixty-five, he is not only free of all claims against him and the house whose debts he took upon his shoulders, but the income from his latest books is sufficient to put him far beyond all danger of need in the years to come.

Australia was his objective point when he left the United States on his long journey. He lectured in Sydney first, and then went on through the cities of the English-speaking islands, everywhere being received with thorough appreciation. From Australasia he sailed to Ceylon, and then to Calcutta; returning, he went to South Africa, landing at Delagoa Bay. He was there at the time of the Jameson raid, and visited the captured leaders in prison at Pretoria. His travels and experiences up to the time of his leaving Cape Town for England are embodied in his volume, "Following the Equator." From England he went to Vienna, where one of the Misses Clemens studied music under Leschetitzky, from September, 1898, to May, 1899. Since that time the family have resided in London, except for a short visit to Sweden.

It was in Germany that some of Twain's most notable personal triumphs were won. The emperor was among the most enthusiastic of his admirers, and was unaffectedly pleased to talk with him. The speech he made in German at the banquet given in his honor by the Vienna Press Club was not only a humorous account of the difficulties of the language for a foreigner, but a serious study of some national peculiarities, and it was received with approval and delight by his auditors and telegraphed to all parts of the globe. His more recent address on the copyright law before a committee of the British Parliament will be recalled as a logical and convincing presentation of the author's claims to consideration that easily outweighed the arguments put forward by other advocates. Just before leaving England for America he spoke at the opening of a free reading-room, and in his remarks gave an account of some hypothetical experiences of his own in a way that won roars of recognition from an audience which had been charged with density and unimpressiveness.

Only two days after his arrival he was prevailed upon to visit the Waldorf-Astoria bazaar in aid of the Galveston orphans, where he was made the guest of honor, and his reception was a happy one. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor accompanied him to a balcony where all could see him, and then Colonel W. D'H. Washington introduced the famous author. His speech was short, as he said he had been given no text

to speak from, and felt that he was a fraud, but his audience found no little satisfaction in his few words.

Inquiries concerning the books on which he is engaged have been showered upon him, but Mr. Clemens is averse to talking about them. He declares that until a story is finally completed there is no telling what it may turn out to be. Its scenes may be changed as readily as its motive, he insists; in fact, he gives it as his opinion that the most successful way in which to write a story is to leave numerous blanks to be filled up later with the names of places that suit the incidents. His autobiography, or record of personal impressions of men he has met, which has been announced as intended for publication a hundred years hence, and not earlier, is acknowledged by the author to be a reality. He adds chapters to the work as the whim seizes him.

The excitement of the political campaign is not sufficient to stir him deeply. Efforts have been made to secure an expression concerning his views, but he has not yet indorsed any one of the candidates. He said one day that he would be perfectly willing to run for President, and it is certain that he would have no opposition if political managers regarded him with as much favor as do the reading and laughter-loving masses.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, October 19, 1900.

TITHONUS.

"A blush tinged the upper sky,
And the gods shook, they knew not why."

[In the Greek past of myth and mystery
Was heard Tithonus murmuring at his fate
Of doubled-natured; for Aurora's eyes—
Aurora of the Morning and the East
Of youth and beauty, won him still to live
Immortality for her, but his weak limbs
And fading cheeks, and pulses lessening ever,
Besought the eaves of the all-sheltering west
Their darkness and the reticence of death.]

In this thin husk was wrapped a poet's brief
'Gainst Nature's jointure in the world to come:
Not for she dragged his body as a chain
That ever lengthened, up to gates that fled—
As some interpret—no: but past the gates,
Beyond the ports of the most western West,
The gods themselves lay stalled, the popular gods,
Using like senses—if they deigned to know,
And human utterance, else forever dumb;
And worse: heing many, none might comprehend! . . .

To their hushed courts (what time the poet's art
Held graver audience) sad Tithonus flung
This fig-leaf from the effigy of Death—
Stamped with the cipher of Supremacy,
However tainted from the world below:]

"O, land of beauty, and O, land of shadows—
Land of the red and black, contrition fierce,
Whose tall volcanoes lift their sheaves of fire
And thrash the flickering tith to the weird fields!
There where the crucibles at utmost heat
Of life-solution, settling clear at last,
Reveal the occult fertility of decay,
I dipped to seal with the Inevitable—
The ONE, whereof all life and death convolve
(On death and life at once true spirit wings,
And good and ill are factors of the Best):
But the shrewd Hours were jealous of their score—
The hours whose cadence is mortality—
To heat, heat, heat upon my tired brain
How 'tis life! and this, and this—aye, this!
Still doling parts that are not of a whole—
Forever knotting in an endless skein,
And counting, counting in the numberless—
That still I wake where good and ill are twain,
To walk till day and night shall come together.

"The ONE—the ONE! Where broodeth He, the ONE!"

"Lo, where the gods recline on asphodel,
The purple-horn, the inaccessible!
Sons of the Morning they, whose diadems
And halldrics, by divinst heraldry,
Shall wear the constellations! Not for them
Solitude or awe!—no reverie
Of senile weariness and pain and tears
Shall flush the languor of their long repose!—
Yet not of these the ONE, the ONE of ALL,
Whose old effulgence burns through good and ill,
And dark and light, and death and life the same,
To show the world divine; these are not sure;
These do not make their fate.

"Ye gods potential,
How'er ye care not, take my wasted hand
In grasp fraternal! 'Twas an elder hand
That set the har on your patrician gules,
And left us kindred in this poor relation.
A longer shadow hovers on my way
Than your red hills of Heaven ever cast:
But the dark wing shall lift; death's cycle tires!
The Hours shall gather to eternity
Their tale of woe, and only Life shall live—
Self-poised, immortal, flattering death no more!"

—Benjamin Paul Blood in November Scribner's Magazine.

The London *Field* publishes prominently in a recent issue a letter dealing with Lord Durham's charges against American jockeys, in which the writer regretfully chronicles the complete Americanizing of Newmarket. After saying that he agrees with Lord Durham, the writer says:

"The rank and file of American visitors are unmitigated nuisances. Visit Newmarket any morning, and what do you see? Buckboards and huggies in place of English traps; American women with tow-colored hair and the complexion of a French clown; the American jockey and his *entourage* of hangers-on; and, worse than all, a huge sprinkling of unattached American loafers, who claim they are friends of the trainers and jockeys, but who in reality are gamblers of the worst type, who have merely sought to find on the English race-course a Tom Tiddler's ground where they will not be interfered with by the police, to whom they are not known. In fact, Americans during the present season have almost dominated Newmarket. It is English money they have come after, and many of them are not very scrupulous how they get it."

The latest lot of contracts for prospecting work in search of oil in the widely scattered California fields include one for the sinking of a well in the bed of Lake Tulare, and operations will proceed there under the direction of the Tulare Lake Oil Company. Time was in the memory of the pioneers when Tulare Lake was a navigable body of water of large size. There is a possibility that many of them will live to see the lake-bed decorated plentifully with derricks and becoming a source of wealth.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Everybody who remembers Mr. Whistler's feud with Sir William Eden, apropos of Lady Eden's portrait, will be interested in hearing that to the question, "Is there one living artist whose name will live forever?" Sir William has just replied in an English magazine with the name of—Whistler.

Alderman Green, the new lord mayor of London, is most proud of the fact that he helped largely to give London the Tower Bridge. As chairman of the Bridge House Committee, he had charge of the report which led to the building of the finest bridge which has ever been thrown across the Thames. He took an active part, too, in passing the proposals for the electric lighting of the city.

The question whether William Waldorf Astor, Jr., is an Englishman or an American has been finally settled by the New York courts. Young Astor, whose father is now a British subject, was selected as executor and trustee of the will of John Jacob Astor, and the surrogate has sanctioned the selection. As only American citizens can have this privilege, young Astor's nationality is no longer in doubt.

Mr. Goschen's retirement from the British admiralty is attributed by the German newspapers to his having insisted that Captain Prince Louis of Battenberg should represent the admiralty at the funeral of Captain the Honorable Maurice Bourke. The prince refused on the ground that he was of royal rank, and was backed by the queen. Mr. Goschen insisted and had his way, on account of the approaching election, but the queen demanded that he should be retired.

The most independent literary and political journal in Germany is doubtless the *Zukunft*, edited by Maximilian Harden, who never hesitates to criticize the government. Recently he was again sentenced to six months' imprisonment for an article entitled "The Struggle with the Dragon," and the whole edition containing this article was confiscated. Harden, who is a brilliant *littérateur*, had only recently completed six months' imprisonment for an attack on the Kaiser entitled "The Pudel Prince."

President Loubet has just been left a legacy of thirty thousand dollars by a grateful old friend, Mme. Perret. For more than forty years M. Loubet kept up friendly relations with Mme. Perret's husband, who was his neighbor at the president's native place, Marsanne, and in his capacity as lawyer had managed all M. Perret's legal affairs, drawn his business documents, and generally been his life-long counselor and friend. After the death of Perret's son, in 1893, Mme. Perret devoted herself to charitable work, and M. Loubet was charged with putting the donations into legal form. These amounted to about six hundred thousand dollars, one of them going to found an orphanage at Collonges and another a hospital for convalescents, at Lyons. About the same amount will remain after the legacies named in Mme. Perret's will are paid, and this also is to be applied to charity.

Lady William Beresford, formerly Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough, has brought action against the young Duke of Marlborough to recover the money which she spent in improving Blenheim Palace during the life-time of the last duke. The matter came up originally when the present duke succeeded to the title, but, owing to the friendly relations existing between the duke and his step-mother, it was temporarily arranged. Since the duke's marriage to Consuelo Vanderbilt, it is reported, an estrangement has grown up between Lady Beresford and her step-son. On more than one occasion, it is said, the young American duchess snubbed her countrywoman (for Lady Beresford was formerly Mrs. Louis Hamersley, of New York), until the latter determined she could not submit to such treatment any longer, and she now asks the law to compel her step-son to return the amounts she spent on Blenheim.

Oscar Hammerstein, the indefatigable New York theatrical manager, holds the American record for building playhouses. Only a few weeks ago, his seventh theatre, the Republic, was opened by James A. Herne, in his play, "Sag Harbor," and now he announces that he will crown his career by erecting a home for melodrama which will eclipse any theatre of its kind in the United States. Two years ago, it will be remembered, his costly building, Olympia, including a first-class theatre, a vaudeville theatre, a concert hall, and a roof-garden, was taken away from him by his creditors, and he was left practically penniless. But he had plenty of friends who were willing to give him a helping hand, and since then he has erected the Victoria and the Republic, which have proved big financial successes. Among the other theatres which this intrepid manager has built in New York are the Harlem Grand Opera House, the Columbus, the Harlem Music Hall, and Koster & Bial's.

Frank Gardner, the American living in London who paid five hundred dollars for a seat at the monster benefit for the Galveston sufferers, arranged by Sir Henry Irving, and has engaged Tod Sloan to buy a racing stable for him and ride his horses after he has them, made his great fortune in Australia and South Africa. He was at one time a theatrical manager in control of a spectacular play, which was exhibited in the smaller cities, and afterward traveled with an actress known as Lizzie May Ulmer, who became his wife. She was acting in Australia when her husband made some fortunate mining investments. Later they went to London to live, and there Mr. Gardner became associated with Barney Barnato, then at the height of his prosperity. Through this connection Mr. Gardner much increased his already large fortune, and to-day he is worth many millions. He gave five thousand dollars to the hospital-ship *Maine*, and became associated with most of the Americans who thought that philanthropic vessel was going to carry them into English society. Mr. Gardner is the last to survive of the men closely associated with Barney Barnato in the days of his greatest success.

MISS BONNER'S FIRST NOVEL.

Some Striking Extracts from "Hard-Pan: A Story of Bonanza Fortunes"—Graphic Pen-Pictures of the San Francisco of To-Day.

In her first book, "Hard-Pan: A Story of Bonanza Fortunes," Geraldine Bonner has made no attempt to write a novel of plot, or purpose, or profound psychology. It is a love-story, pure and simple, meant merely to entertain, and that is what it accomplishes. The heroine, Viola Reed, is the beautiful but unspoiled daughter of Colonel Reed, a California pioneer, who crossed the Isthmus in 'forty-nine and made a great fortune in those years of the fat kine from 1870 to 1875:

His riches came suddenly. It was in the days when the Comstock was pouring its streams of wealth into hundreds of purses. The colonel held his open and it was filled. It was dazzling, wonderful, bewildering. His fortune rose by bounds that he could hardly follow. The figures of it seemed to grow over night. In the wild exhilaration of the period he pressed his luck with unvarying success. He became intoxicated, the fever of money-getting seized him, and he believed equally in his star as a man of destiny and his genius as a financier. Such a sudden and unexpected rise to opulence might have dazed another man, but the colonel rose to it like a race-horse to the spur. He was born with a natural instinct for luxury. Formerly he had been merely one of a thousand good fellows. Now he became a prince. Nothing was too whimsically extravagant for the pioneer who had crossed the isthmus in 1849. He could be traced by the trail of squandered money. He bought a country-place near San Mateo, raised a palace on it, and entertained such celebrities as then drifted to California in a way that made them tell astonishing stories of the "Arabian Nights" existence of the bonanza kings. In the heyday of his prosperity he had married a young actress, who had enjoyed the splendors of her sudden elevation for three years, and had then died, leaving her husband but one legacy—a baby daughter.

Very shortly after her death the colonel's fortunes began to decline. He put on a bold front and was more lavish in his expenditures than ever, for his belief in himself was unshakable. Then stories of his reverses got abroad, and people said the whole brief span of his glory had been a piece of pure and unmerited luck; as a financier he had no ability. The misfortune which attended all his later investments seemed to prove this assertion. His money melted like wax before him. He bought largely of land about South Park and Rincon Hill when it was at its highest, refused to sell out, and saw the tide of popularity move to the other side of the city, leaving him overweighed with real estate upon which he could not pay the taxes. He mortgaged it to its full value, speculated with the money, and lost it. Ten years after his wife's death he was ruined. Twenty years after saw him living in the house near South Park, the sole possession left him.

The colonel took his defeat bravely. He held his head as high as ever, and accepted patronage from no man:

When some one suggested that he should apply for aid to the Society of Pioneers, he looked as haughtily amazed as though he had told him to stand and beg on the corner of Kearny and Sutter Streets. Fate had forced him into the little house on the far side of town, but that was no reason why he should remain hidden. Nearly every day he could be seen striding down Montgomery Street and mingling with the world of men where he had once been a leading figure. He seemed to feel no shame on the score of his old clothes turning green about the shoulders, and greeted his comrades, now lords of the street, with a cheery word and a wave of his hand to his hat-brim. He always had a busy air as of the man of affairs. Men who did not know him well wondered what scheme he had on hand that caused him so much hurry and preoccupation. But there was no scheme. It was only the colonel's way of defying destiny and satisfying the thirst and longing for the old excitement that carried him back to the scenes of his triumphs. He hung round Pine Street a good deal, telling those who would listen to him stories of the early days—of the men he had made and of the women who had been the reigning beauties. Sometimes he was accorded an amused attention, for he could be excellent company when he chose, and many of his stories of the ups and downs of 1868 and 1870 had become classics.

One afternoon, John Gault, who heonged to a later era of California's prosperity than the colonel, went to South Park to see some houses left him by his father, and accidentally came upon Colonel Reed and his daughter. Her attraction for him was sudden and compelling, and soon he became a frequent visitor to the modest little home. He had nearly come to the conclusion that Viola was the one woman in the world for him, when the colonel tore the fabric of his dreams to pieces by brazenly borrowing money from him on undorsed I O U's:

If the old man had only made his request once, Gault would have thought no more of it than of the numberless other loans which he had contributed to the human wreckage left by the receding tides of San Francisco's several booms. But the colonel's subsequent appearances, so closely following on Gault's visits, awoke a sudden swarm of suspicions that began buzzing their importunate warnings in his ears. . . . Had the colonel exhibited some of that shamefaced and conscious embarrassment that the most hardened borrowers will show, his benefactor would have felt less miserably ill at ease. But the old man was as suave and affably benignant as if he were conferring a long-solicited favor. . . . Pride was evidently a possession of which he was as poorly supplied as he was with the tangible goods of this world. . . . Gault tried to persuade himself that the colonel was using him for his banker without the girl's knowledge. But how, he reasoned, could a sudden influx of money enter into so small a household without the cognizance of the person who managed it all? It was nonsensical to think of. She knew—and if she knew, was she not a party to the whole sordid, ugly plot? But here he always stopped. It was impossible. It could not be. The image of her face rose before him, as it often did now, making him feel disgusted and ashamed that even in thought he should have done her an injury. There was a mistake somewhere. It would explain itself. But he knew that until it did explain itself he would know no peace; for he could not live without seeing her, and at every visit he felt her charm penetrate deeper into his heart, despite his lurking doubts.

The colonel's visits now followed with business-like regularity, and Gault tried, during several visits, to sound Viola, but on all occasions she seemed to evade his questionings. Finally, he resolved that he would have an interview with her in which, if she did not voluntarily tell him the truth, he would demand it from her. Firm in his determination, he called at their home and fortunately found Viola alone, mending her father's coat. The opportunity had at last come, but he felt a sensation of sickening repulsion at the task he had set himself. Soon the pleasure of sitting and looking at her seemed to be sapping his resolution:

He felt himself drifting away, aimless and irresponsible, on the current of the moment. The duties of past and future were lost sight of in the dreamy satisfaction of watching the light on her hair and the movements of her hands. He rose suddenly and walked to the window with a remark about seeing if the fog was lifting. As he turned, he saw her take a folded paper from one of the coat-pockets, and, standing looking out of the window, heard the crisp rustling of the paper as she unfolded it. There was a moment of perfect silence, and then he heard again the same light rustling, which sounded curiously loud and intrusive to his irritated nerves.

He turned toward her, wondering why she did not speak. She was sitting with the opened paper in her hands, her eyes riveted on it. As

he drew near he saw that the rustling rose from the fact that her hands were trembling violently, causing the paper to vibrate.

She heard his approaching step and looked up. At the sight of her face he stopped.

"What is it?" she cried, rising suddenly to her feet and holding it out to him.

He glanced at it. It was the colonel's duplicate "Memorandum of moneys loaned by John Gault to Ramsay Reed." Without aid or provocation the hour of revelation had come.

His first impulse was to seize it. But she drew it back from him, repeating in a high, strained voice:

"What is it? I don't understand. What is it?"

"It's nothing—nothing but a business paper. Give it to me." He did not know what to say or do—the scene had changed so suddenly and horribly. Her face looked at him, pale, bewildered, quivering with a terrified surmise. Without a moment's memory of what he had come for, he felt as if all he wanted was to get the paper and hide it.

"Give it to me!" he demanded, authoritatively; "it doesn't concern you."

"It does," she cried; "it does! But what is it? What does it mean?"

She looked back at it, and her eyes ran down the list of figures and then were raised to his, full of piercingly anguished inquiry.

"It's nothing but a business matter between your father and me; and you don't understand business."

"I do understand—I understand this!" she answered; and then, with a sudden cry of shame and pain, she threw the crumpled paper on the table and covered her face with her hands. "Oh, how could he!" she whispered; "how could he!"

Gault looked at her, mute and motionless. From the moment he had seen her face, as she read the paper, he knew that every suspicion he had had was groundless:

He was ashamed to speak, almost to move. The sound of his own voice was hateful to him. He stood helplessly looking at her, shaken with pity, passion, and remorse. Finally, he said gently:

"Look at me, Viola."

She obeyed him like a child. Her face was drawn; her eyes, after the moment of meeting his, sank.

"Any man would have done what the colonel did. It's nothing of the least importance. . . . Come, don't let's talk about that any more. You're not yourself. Besides, whatever insignificant matter you're worrying about was not of your doing."

"No," she said, turning on him passionately, "but the responsibility rests on me; for whatever my father may have done that was wrong or foolish was for me. There is an excuse for him. You—other people—outsiders—don't know. He hasn't wanted these things for himself. It was all done for me. I was his idol, and it has almost broken his heart that his money and position were gone before I was old enough to profit by them. He always wanted me to have everything—pretty clothes to wear, and good things to eat, and theatres and amusements, like other girls. . . . When we first met you, things were at their worst. We were in terrible need. We had had some money—quite a good deal—three years before; it was for a mortgage on the house, or something; but it had all gone, mostly in Pine Street. Yours must have gone there, too. Everything he has had of late years goes there, because he is determined to make a second fortune for me before he dies. And he never will—poor old man!—he never will. I did what I could and made a little, but he couldn't rest it, because he hated to think I worked at anything. So that was why he went to you. We were in despair when we knew you first—we were starving."

"Dear child, why go over all this. It's only a pain to us both."

He tried to take her hands, but she drew them back, and made a gesture as though pushing him away.

"I didn't know where it came from. I believed him. Oh, Mr. Gault, if he told me what was not true, you can't blame him. You've never known what it feels like to have some one you love wanting the necessities of life. You could beg for them—steal for them! And when I told you those things about the mining stock, what did you think I meant? What did you believe?"

She spoke less to him than to her own dazed and miserable consciousness, which moment by moment saw new matter for humiliation in the deception of which she had been the victim:

But Gault, with the guilt of his own hateful suspicions weighing upon him, feared that she had realized his previous state of mistrust, and said fervently:

"If I did believe what was wrong to you, forgive me, Viola. I was a blind fool—a brute! I know it. All I can say is to ask you to forgive me."

"I can't forgive—or forget. Never—never!"

He tried again to take her hands, but she drew back from him with what seemed a fierce repugnance, and cried wildly:

"Go—you and my father, what have you done to me? I can't forgive him, either! How can I? You've dragged me down, between you. You've destroyed me and broken my heart."

"Viola," he cried, desperately, "listen to me. You don't know my side. Listen to me while I tell you."

"There's nothing to say. I don't want to hear. I know enough. Go—go away from me! You! My father! My poor father! How could you! How could you!"

She burst into tears—the most terrible tears that he had ever seen. Throwing herself into the colonel's chair, she lay huddled there, her face pressed into the hair, her slender figure shaken by the explosive force of her grief.

To his broken words and appeals she made no answer. He doubted whether she heard him. The storm of feeling, stronger than he had ever supposed her capable of, swayed her as a blast sways a sapling. Finally, he bent over her and rested his cheek on her hair, whispering:

"I want to do everything you ask me. But before I go, say you forgive me."

She raised herself and pushed him away. Her face was almost unrecognizable, blurred, and swollen with tears.

"Go—go!" she cried. "That is all I want of you. You've done enough harm to me. Do what I ask now."

He attempted to bend over her and say some last words of farewell, but she turned her face away from him and pressed it into the upholstered arm of the chair. He kissed her hair, and stood for a moment looking at her, then turned and crossed the room. At the door he stopped and looked back.

"Good-by," he said, hesitatingly.

A smothered good-bye came from her. He waited, hoping for some word of forgiveness or recall. Instead she said once more, this time pleadingly:

"Oh, go! please go—I want to be alone."

Another scene followed when the colonel came in. Viola insisted upon the sale of their little house, the return of the borrowed money, and their removal to Sacramento, where, a few months later, the colonel suddenly died. In the meantime Gault had searched everywhere for her, going even so far as to employ detectives to discover her hiding-place. One day, near the Christmas holidays, he walked along Kearny Street, in the gray of the afternoon, and observed the couple of Letitia Mason, his sister-in-law, to whom his relatives had tried to marry him. At her invitation, he entered the equipage and learned of her forthcoming engagement to Tod McCormick, a coarse representative of San Francisco's newly rich, for whom he possessed little admiration:

Leaning back in the darkened corner, Gault bitterly inveighed against the social system which allows such a mismatching; against the narrowing laws of conventionality which had fettered so strong a spirit as Letitia; above all, against that weakness of the woman which makes life alone so impossible to her unsufficing dependent spirit. What a fate for this creature, so rich and tender in her splendid womanhood! Letitia to make such a marriage—Letitia, whom nature had designed to be some strong man's guide and solace, to be the queen of a gracious home, the mother of tall sons and blooming

daughters! It was a sacrilege. . . . Why should he not marry her? Would he not be a better mate for her than the witless and sickly boy to whom she intended binding her blooming youth, for whom she would pour out the treasures of her heart and reveal the sacred places of a nature that he could never understand or appreciate?

She did not care for Tod. Her very assertions of a liking for him seemed to the man of the world proof of her indifference. He could make her care for him. He was certain of it. He was certain that even now she had more real affection for him—far removed from love though it was—than she had for the brainless lad who next Sunday would be her acknowledged fiancé.

What was the use of wasting a life in regrets for what was past, for what was irrevocably gone? Alone, he would go cheerily on, forever dreaming of his lost paradise. He was so wretched in the isolation of his own accusing loneliness! Life was slipping by him un-lived. The future loomed dark and terrible, bereft of hope and promise. He cowered before its vast, cold emptiness. There was nothing that offered him a refuge from its enveloping despair but an affection in which he could forget the might-have-beens that now were unforgettable. The dreariness of that long road would only be beguiled by a loved presence at his side, a soft hand in his. And he would make Letitia happy—a thousand times happier than she would be with Tod.

His thoughts reached an abrupt decision. He leaned forward:

"Letitia," he said, in a tone the low pitch of which did not conceal a peremptory note.

"Yes," she answered, rather listlessly, without turning from the window.

"I have something to say to you."

"It is that you're going to be married, too?" she asked, smiling.

"No—at least, I don't know. Listen to me. I want—"

She checked him with a sudden cry, and leaned forward, staring out of the window.

"Oh, John—wait! That girl! Did you see her? I'm almost sure it was Viola Reed."

In an instant every thought of Letitia had vanished from his mind.

"Where?" he said. "What girl? Which way did she go?"

"Look out of the back window," said Letitia, greatly excited.

"Do you see her? A woman in black, walking quickly. I just caught a glimpse of her side face as she moved her umbrella, and it looked very like."

Through the small back window Gault saw the woman—a slender figure in black, the head bent forward under the fronting shield of her umbrella. As she passed a lamp he saw the gleam of blonde hair. She was walking so rapidly that already she was some distance away. He pulled the strap, and the carriage came to a jolting halt.

"Letitia," he said, turning toward her and trying to speak quietly, "you'll excuse me, won't you. I'm going to get out. Yes, I'm going to follow her—I must. I don't know whether it's she or not, but it may be. Good night."

He was out and the door shut before Letitia could answer. As the carriage rolled on she turned and through the window followed his pursuing figure with eagerly interested eyes.

How the lovers are finally brought together we must leave the reader to find out for himself. In conclusion we quote a few extracts showing the vivid local color which Miss Bonner has introduced. The Gaults, who represent the prosperous element in the San Francisco life of to-day, lived in the newest and most fashionable part of San Francisco:

Two years before they had leased one of the houses that have sprung up, alone or in groups of three or four, throughout that quarter of the city where Pacific Avenue runs along the edges of the sand-hills. Here the undulating lines of the great dunes, dreaming under the ceaseless hush, hush, of the wind sweeping through the rank sea-grass, have been hidden under the march of progress. Large new houses, shining with paint and bright with window-boxes, have settled on the slopes, and now hold the sand down. A layer of earth and a hose have transformed the haggard face of the dunes into gardens which would be a mass of vegetation, but for the French gardeners' restraining shears. . . . On either side of the broad street the gardens blazed with color, enameled with blooms of an astonishing richness of tint. Over the tops of fences nasturtiums poured blossoms that danced in the air like tongues of fire. Scarlet geraniums, topping long stalks, clothed with a royal robe the summit of hedges. Against sunny stretches of wall heliotrope broke in a purple foam. Climbing roses hung in heavy clusters from vines that were drooping under the weight of such a prodigious overproduction. The wide, sumptuous flowers of the purple clematis clung round the balcony posts, completely concealing the dry, thread-like vine that gave them birth. Between the houses, each one detached in its square of ground, with that suggestion of space which is peculiar to San Francisco, glimpses of the bay came and went—bits of the gaunt hills, lengths of turquoise sea touched here and there with a patch of white sail, and sudden views of Alcatraz queneing it alone on its red-brown rock.

As a strong contrast we have this glimpse of the city lying south of Market Street:

In the hard light of afternoon the dreary quarter looked even meaner and more squalid than it did by night. The wayfarer could see the dirt on the little shop-window, the dinginess of the wares displayed. The small, open stand, where shell-fish and oyster cocktails were sold, was thick with flies. Behind the grimed glass of the pawnbroker's windows lay the relics of vanished days of splendor and extravagance. Old-fashioned pieces of jewelry, broken ornaments, rusted pistols, gold-mounted spectacles, mother-of-pearl opera-glasses, were heaped in neglected disorder. Now and then the entrance of a second-hand clothes store gave a glimpse of a dark interior hung with clothes, between which the sharp Jewish faces of the patron and his wife peered out eagerly. He turned into the wider avenues, where gentility had once dwelt in its bulky palaces. They seemed to stare with wide, unshuttered windows drearily speculating on the desolation of the street and their own decay. Around them gardens stretched unkempt and parked, here and there an aloe or some vigorously growing shrub striking a note of color in the uniform grayness. High iron gates, richly wrought, but eaten into by rust, hung open from broken hinges, or were tied together with raveling rope.

Our trade winds are thus described:

The trades were just beginning, and their clear, chill sweep had already borne away some of the evil odors which hung about the old portion of the city. Gault could feel the touch of fog in their buoyant breath, and knew that long tongues of it, like white wool, were stealing in through the Golden Gate. The city was putting on its summer aspect—a gray glare, softened by the mingling of dust and haze that rode the breezes. Bits of paper, rags, and straws were collected at corners in little whirling heaps. Presently the mightier winds would come, winging their way across miles of heaving seas to rush down the street in a mad carous, carrying before them the dirt, and refuse, and odors, and uncleanness which mark the dwelling of man.

Among the many other happy local hits which we should like to quote are Miss Bonner's description of a typical grand-opera audience, San Francisco during the windy summer months when all the fashionable people are out of town, our glorious Indian summers, Telegraph Hill, the Italian and Spanish quarter of the city, the winter rains, and Market Street on Christmas Eve.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The French court of cassation has now before it a libel suit arising out of the Battle of Waterloo, certainly one of the most curious cases on record. A recently published history having said that Count de Bourmont deserted to the enemy in the famous battle, the nobleman's descendants have taken action against the author for this aspersion upon the count's memory.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Story of a Burglar's Wife and Son.

There are distinctive qualities in "A Breaker of Laws," by W. Pett Ridge, that lift it above most of the stories of the slums that have appeared in recent years. It is a simple, direct account of the influence of Caroline Hooper, a lady's-maid, on Alfred Bateson, a burglar, and the tragic force of its ending comes through the natural, unstrained methods of the author. The interest of the story shows in the opening lines, and it is in sight all the way through. From the burglar's first appearance in the house he intends to rob, to his last look through its windows at the wife and child who believe him to be dead, and who must not be undecieved, there is no break in the recital of his adventures, his temptations, and his better impulses. It is a bright yet moving story, told with skill and judgment.

The qualities that distinguish the book may be indicated best in negatives. With all its familiar knowledge of low life and the reasoning and methods of law-breakers, there is no gilding of vice, no false sentiment concerning its deserts. There are no scenes of horror, no repulsive expositions of crime and its certain punishment. No obtrusive moralizing mars the steady, even course of the narrative. It is an artistic study of several ordinary people, of ordinary attainments, who go their way through ordinary joys and common sorrows, yet never fail to hold the attention of the reader. The comparison of the work with "Oliver Twist" would be unfair to the author, yet there is no less sincerity in the story and some art as pleasing.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Two Men and a Woman.

"Sigurd Eckdal's Bride," by Richard Voss, translated by Mary J. Safford, is one of the important novels of the season. It deserves to rank with the best for its originality, simplicity, and power. Its characters are few in number, but they are made real, and the passions that move them—ambition, love, jealousy, and remorse—are portrayed with a skill beyond that of the tyro in literature.

The story is built on the career of Svend Hansen, the poor but ambitious son of Norwegian peasants; his love for Maren Allmers, the daughter of the simple pastor; his obligations to Sigurd Eckdal, the rich and handsome student, who first befriends him and then wins away his promised wife; the voyage of discovery to the North Pole—an idea of Hansen's but coolly appropriated by Sigurd—and the return of but one of the discoverers, who bears in secret the knowledge of a crime, and suffers from the guilt which he vainly tries to hide.

There is but little sunshine in the story, but there are many pictures that will be remembered. And the ending is the inevitable, when the character of Maren Allmers, who failed but once in what she considered to be her duty, is understood.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

An Explorer in the Frozen South.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, surgeon and anthropologist of the Belgian Antarctic expedition, has written the story of the voyage among newly discovered lands and over an unknown sea about the South Pole, and it fills a large and handsomely illustrated volume to which he has given the attractive title, "Through the First Antarctic Night, 1898-1899." Explorers have been active in searching the Far North for three hundred years, but the Antarctic regions have been neglected, and this work covers a new field. It is full of interest, for the author is an enthusiast, and the experiences of the members of the exploring party were well worth the pains taken to present them. The magnetic, meteorological, geographical, and zoological discoveries made were important, and Dr. Cook's notes of these are complete enough to satisfy all readers. The volume is without doubt the most important contribution to the literature of Antarctic exploration made for many years.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., New York; price, \$5.00.

Personals and Miscellaneous Gossip.

E. W. Townsend has just completed a novel entitled "Incomes," which will probably appear in one of the Eastern magazines before being brought out in book-form. It is a story of New York life, dealing with society and the "other half."

The long looked for "Life and Letters of Thomas H. Huxley" will be issued this week by D. Appleton & Co. It will appear in two volumes, and it is said that the letters practically in themselves will tell the story of Huxley's life, thus making the book almost an autobiography.

Mrs. Gilbert, the venerable actress, who for many years was a member of the Daly Company, is writing her stage reminiscences, which will be brought out in book-form after running as a serial.

Kipling's forthcoming novel, "Kim of the Rishti," is a long one. It is to run as a serial for eleven months, beginning with next January.

One of the earliest authors to contribute to the *Century Magazine* for 1901 will be Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, whose name will appear rather

unfamiliar, as she now signs her stories Frances Hodgson Townesend.

Lord Rosebery has for some time been engaged in writing a book dealing with Napoleon, chiefly with his life at St. Helena, but including a general estimate of the man. It will be published shortly under the title of "Napoleon, the Last Phase."

Ernest Seton-Thompson's next book will be called "Two Little Savages in the Woods," and will give the experiences of two boys who go camping in the woods and live in the open for an entire year in an Indian *teepee*. The work will be in a sense autobiographical, since the author himself was one of the "two little savages."

The retirement of Norman MacColl, M. A., on January 1st, from the editorship of the *Athenaeum* marks the completion of the longest editorship on record in England. For thirty-one years he has controlled the journal, beating Delane's service on the *Times*, and he has probably had more to do with the formation of the higher literary standards than any man in England. He was a close friend of Charles Dickens, Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, and Darwin, and in later years of Swinburne, Henley, Kipling, and Patmore, and, to quote the *Outlook*, "he knows perhaps more than any man living of books and their authors."

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will import Sir Walter Armstrong's sumptuous "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds." The work is in folio form, with seventy-five photogravure illustrations, and in general is the counterpart of the beautiful "Gainsborough" of last year, by the same author.

A first novel from the pen of Edith Watts Mumford will be entitled "Dupes," and will deal with a heroine of the "Blavatsky" type.

The third of the four competitions for the prizes offered by the *Century Magazine* to American college graduates was closed on June 1st of this year, the competitors being Bachelors of Art of 1899. The prize essay, entitled "Tolstoy's Moral Theory of Art," is by John Albert Macy, Cambridge, Mass., of Harvard University. The prize story, entitled "An Old-World Wooing," is by Adeline Miriam Jenney, Huron, S. D., of the University of Wisconsin. In conformity with the terms of the competition, the prize for poetry is not awarded this year, no contribution being thought to reach the standard.

Lloyd Mifflin's latest collection of verse will be brought out immediately by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., under the title "The Fields of Dawn, and Later Sonnets."

Harper's Magazine has engaged William Dean Howells to revive the department of the "Easy Chair," made famous by George William Curtis, and abandoned since his death; also, it has arranged to have the "Editor's Study," the department of literary comment and criticism formerly conducted by Charles Dudley Warner, revived under the auspices of Henry Mills Alden, whose experience as editor of the magazine and literary adviser of the house for thirty years has well fitted him for the work.

The November Century Magazine.

Among the most notable articles in the *Century Magazine* for November are "My Winter Garden," by Maurice Thompson, illustrated with pictures printed in color, after water-color sketches by Harry Fenn; "A New Sculptor: H. C. Anderson," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "Our Schools for the Stage," by Bronson Howard; "A Yankee Correspondent in South Africa," by Julian Ralph; "The New York Zoological Park," by its director, William T. Hornaday; the first paper on "Daniel Webster," by John Bach McMaster; and "The Problem of the Philippines: The East of To-Day and To-Morrow," by the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, LL. D. Other entertaining features are the fourth installment of Bertha Runkle's stirring historical romance, "The Helmet of Navarre," and the opening chapters of Hamlin Garland's "Her Mountain Lover." The short stories include "Tioba," by Arthur Colton; "The Education of Sam," by the late Charles Dudley Warner; "The Peril of Fan-Way-Chin," by George S. Hays; "Pomona and Jonas Tell a Story," by Frank R. Stockton; and verse is contributed by Gertrude Baldwin, Harriet Boyer, Theodosia Garrison, John Vance Cheney, and Katharine Warren.

The St. Nicholas for November.

The opening chapters of two important serials—John Bennett's "The Story of Barnaby Lee" and Alice Balch Abbott's "A Frigate's Namesake"—are a feature of the November *St. Nicholas*, which also contains a wealth of entertaining matter which will appeal to the young folks. The short stories include "The Story of Three Dogs," by Mary Dameron; "How the Shoes Fitted the Baby," by Sophie Swett; "Sergeant McTigue's Twins," by Lieutenant Charles Dudley Rhodes; and "An Angel Unawares," by J. L. Harbour; and verse is contributed by Elsie Hill, Addis Dunbar, Henry Wallace Phillips, Carolyn Wells, and Montrose J. Moses. The attractive department of the "St. Nicholas League," the letter-box, and the riddle-box complete a notable number.

Argonaut Letters

—BY—

JEROME A. HART

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I.—CROSSING THE POND—Islands in Mid-Atlantic—Sunset on the Azores—The kind of people one meets in traveling—The London 'Arry—Seasick men in yachting caps—The Little German Band—A parsimonious steamship company—A petty swindle—Musical scullions.

II.—GIBRALTAR—Her marine pageant compared with New York's—Curious names for streets—The moonlit Alameda gardens—Tommy Atkins in his variety—A queer mistake—Gibraltar as a dump.

III.—AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN—From Gibraltar to Genoa—Majorca, General Weyler's home—The Mediterranean not a "placid summer sea"—The stormy Gulf of Lyons—A Riviera panorama—Monte Carlo seen from the sea—Villafranca and Vintimiglia—Why Queen Victoria did not go to San Remo—Genoa La Superba—The Molo Nuovo—The extraordinary Campo Santo—Tombs curious and grotesque—Venetian lace in marble—Plump and giddy angels—Modern Italian art—From Genoa to Alexandria—Passing Corsica and Elba—Napoleon's one hundred days—The Straits of Messina—Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Atna—The panorama of the Calabrian and Sicilian shores—The city of Messina—The island of Crete—Landing at Alexandria—The delta of the Nile—The pilot in his felucca—The Alexandrian boatmen—The City of Hyptia.

IV.—A GLIMPSE OF EGYPT—The rail from Alexandria to Cairo—The mid-eyed fellaheen—Water-storage schemes—Primitive pumping works—The Nile as a civilizer—Mena House—Riding, driving, shooting, and golf around the Pyramids—The Arab guides—The Sheikh of the Pyramids—The Arab's backsheesh tariff—A great Mohammedan university—The Mosque of El-Azhar—Feeding the fires of fanaticism—Hated Christians—Studying the Koran—Students of all ages—From India, Persia, Turkey, Morocco, Java, and all Islam—The earnestness of Mohammedanism—Occidental and Oriental methods contrasted—The petticoated Oriental—Mohammedan boys playing foot-ball—Cairo café idlers—Sleeping in the streets—The crooked stick plow, the sickle and scythe—New and old Egypt on the Nile bridge—The citadel at Cairo—Emin Bey's wild leap—The massacre of the Mameluks—Beys—"Joseph's Well" in old Cairo—Old Coptic church—Did the Caliph Omar burn the Alexandrian Library?—The season in Egypt short—The life of lies in Egypt long.

V.—ALEXANDRIA TO NAPLES—Queer passenger list—Types of Bunthorne and Joe Sedley—German brides and grooms—Harem ladies—Russian and Italian titles—Napoleon III. and the Cross of the Legion of Honor—"The April of Life"—Europe's Arctic spring—Furs with Easter bonnets—"Sunny" Italy—California's weather compared—Princes exiled by climate—Weather-bound royalty—Race-meeting at Naples—Parade of four-in-hands—Naples newspapers—Political rows—The Prince and Princess of Naples—The royal palace—Tips—A popular confectioner's in the Chiaia—The Huyler's of Naples.

VI.—POMPEII—A new house there—Increase in number of tourists—Luncheon at Villa Dionede—The Cavalleria Rusticana—American music at Pompeii—Vociferous Teutonic travelers.

VII.—A ROMAN GARDEN-PARTY—The wisdom of consulting the newspapers—A Charity Kermess on the Pincian Hill—Queen Margherita's appearance—Drives in state—Scarlet liveries—The queen's pearls—Her taste for music and letters—Royal residences—King Humbert and Pope Leo—United Italy not united—A religious riot on the Corso.

VIII.—ARMS AND THE MAN—Brilliant military drones—Uniforms worn everywhere—Officers live in cafés—What Italy pays for brass buttons—She groans under militarism—Her heavy taxes—Italy compared to California—Fear of conscription—The emigration enormous.

IX.—A ROMAN RACE-COURSE—Patrician and plebeians at the races—Prizes, betting, and admission tariff—No bookmakers—The reserved Tribune—The Roman populace—Champagne and Chianti—The king comes to see the "Royal Derby"—The drive back by the Appian Way.

X.—THE GRAVE OF ROMULUS—Birthday celebration in the Forum—Humbert and Leo as rival stars—Pagan Rome vs. Christian Rome—Margherita's enthusiasm—Archaeological researches costly—Baedeker maidens give the Chataqua salute.

XI.—MODERN PILGRIMS—Guide-book pilgrims and prayer-book pilgrims—Baedekerites, old ladies, and girly-girls—Tourists, young, elderly, and old—Lecturers and German tourists—Pilgrims in droves—Pilgrims in the galleries—Queer things that happen to pilgrims—The republicanism of soap—Pilgrims jammed in trams.

XII.—A VOLCANO'S THUNDER—Tourists flock to Naples—A spectacular eruption—The drive from Naples to Pompeii—Road to the volcano closed—Newspaper fakes arouse indignant officials—A royal review of troops—Naval parade—A natural amphitheatre—Salute from the fleet—Salute from the volcano.

XIII.—NEW THINGS IN OLD ROME—An outdoor festival in Villa Borghese—A beautiful old garden—Wild flowers and grass-grown hills—Mutilated statues and gray ruins—Bread and circuses—Hurdle races and automobiles—Four-in-hand driving contest—California stage-driving—Willie Whiffletree on form-driving.

XIV.—MAKING SAINTS AT ST. PETER'S—The Basilica illuminated—No steeple-jacks for St. Peter's—The ceremony of canonization—Tickets of admission—"Gratis" at twenty francs—The wild mo of pilgrims—Many accidents—The Sampietrini—Tawdry banners in the church—A revolting spectacle—The squadron of workmen—A light lady buried in St. Peter's—The Golden Rose.

XV.—THE WHEELS OF THE VATICAN—

How the Vatican is run—Its police and its troops—Boundary between Italy and the Vatican—Italian and Papal sentries—The Pope driving seen from St. Peter's dome—His military escort—The Vatican army—How it is composed—The Swiss Guard and the Noble Guard—The Vatican court—Its chamberlains and courtiers—The Vatican gardens—The old gardeners—The Pope's poultry-yard and orchard—Summer-house of the Papes.

XVI.—S. P. Q. R.—The senate and people of Rome—

Rome's board of aldermen—Their street-car lines—Municipal jobbery—Roman street-car franchises—Roman street assessments—Roman sidewalks—Enlarging the Roman squares—Changing the grade of Roman streets—Constructing Roman sewers—Roman newspapers and their "small ads."—Auction sales—Dead cardinals' libraries—Deceased noblemen's bric-à-brac—Furniture for sale by noble families—Roman posters and placards—Notes on Roman newspapers—Death of a Roman editor—An imposing funeral pageant—A funeral a thousand miles long—The city directory of Rome—Pages for patricians and plebeians—The oddities of the ancient city—Roman artists all dead—Rome's countless fountains—Farewell to the Fountain of Trevi.

XVII.—FLORENCE—Outdoor sports in the city on the Arno—

Pleasure-loving Florentines—Golf links—Tennis and pallone matches—Automobile parade past Savonarola's funeral pyre—The unfinished Strozzi Palace—Carriage parades in the Cascine—Italian golf caddies—Florence haunted by art faddists—Botticellian cranks and Fra Angelican freaks—Botticelli's telescopic lady—His crooked Venuses—Attacks on famous pictures' pedigrees—Tempests in artistic teapots.

XVIII.—THE GARDEN OF LOMBARDY—

The rich valleys of the Po—Italian thrift—Wonders of irrigation—Fine shops and galleries of Milan—The handsome boulevards of Turin—Prosperity of Northern Italy—Its valleys compared with California's—From Italy into France—The Mont Cenis Pass—Engineering monuments—Great tunnels and great engineers.

XIX.—IN FRENCH SAVOY—Gaze de Chambréry—

Delights of changing one's itinerary—Advantages of roundabout routes—The longest way around is often the pleasantest—A French provincial city—Its sleepy streets—Its torpid cafés—Its local great men—Its fire department parade—Its country fair—Its silk shops—No Chambréry silk in Chambréry shops—The pleasant-mannered Savoyards—Surliness of Northern Europeans—Cupid behind a mule tandem—A pair of Savoyard lovers.

XX.—PARIS AND CHICAGO—The two expositions compared—

Individuality of Chicago—Architecture at the Chicago Fair—The court of honor—Chicago ahead in architecture and management—Paris Exposition architecture tawdry—Paris side-shows poor—Boomers' building schemes—Similarity of world's fairs—How to view an exposition—Do expositions educate?—Physical limitations—Time and fatigue—Weary eyes, necks, legs, and brains—Expositions viewed by camera—Theatres and side-shows—Financing of the exposition—Cheap tickets and cheap crowds—Fruitless advertising schemes—Mendicancy at the exposition—A mighty beggars' fair.

XXI.—THE PASSION PLAY—What not to tell of it—

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XXII.—OF EATING AND DRINKING—

American and European hotels and restaurants—The roistereries of San Francisco—French impress on cookery on the Pacific Coast—Choice wines in San Francisco restaurants—Epicurean anecdote—The restaurants of New Orleans—Delicacies of the Crescent City—Its French restaurants—Its French quarter—Its new hotels—Bad traces of French cookery disappearing—Washington City—Its old and new hotels—John Chamberlain's bad cookery—Mid-day dinners—Florida hotels—Magnificent and bad—Cookery poor and pretentious—Bad service of negroes—Prices compared with European hotels—High prices in Florida—New York's fine hotels—Her excellent restaurants—Fine as any in the world—London's inferior restaurants—Poor service in the modern hotels—Primitive nature of the antediluvian hotels—The lack of ice—Tainted meat and sour milk—Prince's Restaurant—Simpson's in the Strand—Roast beef of Old England—Cafés and restaurants of Paris—Hotels grand and otherwise—Excellence of the cuisine—High prices—Menus with no prices—Restaurants in the Bois—The Duval bouillons—Table d'hôte establishments—A dinner on the European plan—Compared with the American plan—Fixed price and fixed hour—Cafés and restaurants in Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples—Bills of fare and prices in Rome—The hotels of Cairo—Among the best in the world—Shepherd's grill-room—Excellence of the chops and steaks—The elaborate table d'hôte of the Cairo hotels.

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

A new manual for German students is "Praktischer Lehrgang," by Hermann Schulze. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York.

"A Christmas Sermon," by Robert Louis Stevenson, has been issued as a thin volume in boards by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Ednah and Her Brothers," by Eliza Orne White, is a volume of good stories for young folks. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"Flashes of Wit and Humor," by Robert Waters, is a compilation of merit. Published by the Edgar S. Werner Publishing and Supply Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A volume of vagrant experiences in England, with many poetic fancies and some philosophy, is "The Autobiography of a Tramp," by J. H. Crawford. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The latest addition to the store of books on the Orient is "China's Only Hope, an Appeal by Ching Chih-Tung," translated from the Chinese by Samuel I. Woodbridge. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago.

Nine mystic tales of the East are contained in "The Weird Orient," by Henry Iliowizi. There is literary art in the telling of these stories, and they are worth the telling. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

Morgan Shepard is the author of "Observations of Jay (a Dog), and Other Stories." The book is handsomely printed, and the illustrations are original in design and execution. Published by D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

"Government in Switzerland," by John Martin Vincent, is a new volume in Macmillan's Citizen's Library. The study is comprehensive, yet searching in its examination of practical details. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A new and complete edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and containing all his best-known pieces with their various readings, has just been brought out, and will be welcomed by admirers of that strange poetic genius. Published by David McKay, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"Sad tales—partly sad. But you'll get a laugh out of them," and more than one half-hour of interest. They make up "Men of Marlowe's," by Mrs. Henry Dudeney, and they are as notable for freshness and insight as "Folly Corner." Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Golden Gate of Prayer," by J. R. Miller, D. D., presents fifteen devotional studies on the Lord's Prayer (75 cents). "The Religion of a Gentleman," by Charles F. Dole, is offered as a practicable ideal of personal conduct (\$1.00). Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

Among the earliest of the Christmas offerings is "Wanted, a Match-Maker," by Paul Leicester Ford, a love-story, in which a waif of fortune brings about the happy ending as a partial return for kindness shown him. The volume is handsomely printed in colors, and the illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy and decorations by Margaret Armstrong are particularly attractive. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Three novels among recent books are "The Expatriates," by Lillian Bell, a story of Paris and New York life; "The Lost Continent," by Cutcliffe Hyne, narrating strange adventures on a mythical island; and "The Infidel," by M. E. Braddon, a romance of Wesleyan days in England (\$1.50 each). "The Pageantry of Life," by Charles Whibley, is a volume of English biographical essays (\$1.50). "Friends in Exile," is a diplomatic novel by Lloyd Bryce (\$1.25). "The Moon Metal," by Garrett P. Serviss, is an ingenious allegory based on present conditions (\$1.00). Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"Counsel Upon the Reading of Books" is a volume made up of essays by six noted American authors, to which Henry Van Dyke has written an appropriate and pleasing introduction. H. Morse Stephens writes on "History," Agnes Repplier discusses "Biography," President Hadley of Yale treats of "Social Economy," Brander Matthews has his say about "The Study of Fiction," Bliss Perry criticises "Poetry," and Hamilton Wright Mahie defines "Criticism." There is a page of references in each of the several departments. The book is of value to every reader and writer. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

More than fifty years ago the works of George Borrow attracted the attention of the reading world, and their individuality and autobiographical interest have not vanished. Three volumes, "The Bible in Spain," founded on the author's experiences; "Lavengro," a Gypsy story; and its sequel, "The Romany Rye," are just from the press. They are attractive books, printed on thin, opaque paper, and bound in olive (75 cents each). "Tchaikovsky," by

Rosa Newmarch, gives a sketch of the life of the composer, descriptions of his famous works, and extracts from his writings and diary (\$1.50). "The Statue and the Bust," by Robert Browning; "The Blessed Dammel," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti; and "Marpeasa," by Stephen Phillips, are three dainty volumes, illustrated with original designs (50 cents each). Published by John Lane, New York.

LATE VERSE.

Me.

Through many, many summers
I look, as through a glass,
And see a world of showers and flowers,
And laughing children pass;
And in her big blue sun-bonnet,
One other little lass.

A lass who watched the swallows
Skim just beyond her hand,
And where the flickers fled and sped,
And nests of hang-birds fanned;
And felt those birds were fairy-folk
On wing to fairy-land.

In her warm fist she carried—
Trudging o'er hills and dales—
In tiny papers laid, and weighed
As if in fairy scales,
The salt that catches bobolinks
When sprinkled on their tails.

A little lass and wistful,
Who gazed up the far sky,
And reached for fairy things and wings
As if in fairy scales,
In vain and wondered why—
Poor little lass, I wonder still,
Could she be really I?

—Harriet Prescott Spofford in Collier's Weekly.

"In Manus Tuas, Domine!"

The glow has faded from the west,
The splendor from the mountain's crest;
Stern Day's relentless task is done
And Nature rests at set of sun.
But ere she shuts her weary eyes
Soothed as by airs of Paradise,
She softly prays on bended knee,
"In manus tuas, Domine!"

O silent bours, how dear ye are!
There is no light of moon or star;
The twilight shadows slowly creep
From rock to rock, from steep to steep;
The trees stand breathless on the hill,
The restless winds are hushed and still,
Only one prayer from land and sea,—
"In manus tuas, Domine!"

And, O my soul, be sure when night,
In God's good time, puts out the light,
And draws the curtains soft and dim
Round weary head and heart and limb,
You will be glad! But ere you go
To sleep that no rude dreams shall know,
Be this prayer said for you and me—
"In manus tuas, Domine!"

—Julia C. R. Dorr in Atlantic Monthly.

Courage.

He nothing hath who nothing dareth;
Who runs no race no laurels weareth;
He finds no pearl who never seeketh;
No listener who never speaketh.

Who never kneels no blessing winneth;
He ends no task who none beginneth;
No sheaves be brings who never reapeth;
No song he sings who silent keepeth.

The ship that leaves the harbor never
But safe at anchor rocks forever,—
Lulled gently on the bay's soft pillow,—
Outrides no tempest,—breasts no billow.

The ship that proudly sails the ocean
And fearless braves the storm's commotion,
Some far, fair isle one day she gaineth
Where blue skies smile and beauty reigneth.

—Jennie Belts Hartwick in the Independent.

Death of Professor Max-Müller.

Professor Frederick Max-Müller, corps professor of comparative philology at Oxford University and the most eminent Orientalist of his time, died at Oxford on Sunday, October 28th, at the age of seventy-seven, from an affection of the liver. He was something more than a brilliant scholar, for in fifty years at Oxford he not only lifted comparative philology into a foremost place, but he wrote a dozen books, several of which have had a wide circulation. He made the Vedas, the sacred books of the East, known to English readers, and was also the first to popularize the study of language, mythology, and religion in his "Chips from a German Workshop." In his old age he scored a literary hit by his two volumes of personal reminiscences, "Auld Lang Syne," which were reviewed at length in the Argonaut. Though he remained a German to the end, he was a thorough-going Englishman in his tastes and associates, and was honored by Oxford as no other foreigner has ever been.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Romance of Venice in Her Glory.

The charm of oames that still shine brightly in history, of palaces, churches, and stately halls of council, of magnificence and brilliant color, of beauty, chivalry, and romance, of noble joys and uncomplaining sorrows, rests on every page of Mrs. Lawrence Turnhull's novel, "The Golden Book of Venice." It is a story of Venice in the sixteenth century, and its historical values alone make the work notable. More of the glory of the republic, the stress of clashing interests of church and state, the dignity and courage of the senators, the pageantry of ceremonial occasions, the intimate life of the nobility and the people, may be found here than in most novels of the period. And beyond all this, it holds a tender love-story, the wooing and marriage of a daughter of the people by the son of one of Venice's proudest families.

To the "Book of Gold" was inscribed the oames of those of noble birth in Venice and the few who had been granted the favor by the senate. The young noble who had fallen in love with the daughter of the master glass-worker of Murano, could not secure the approval of his choice by his parents while she was of lowly status, and with courage and eloquence he wooed the decree of the Doge that raised her to his side. The young woman honored was so beautiful that Paul Cagliari, the Veronese, had chosen her as his model for a painting of the Madonna, and the picture is still the admiration of all who have seen it. After the happy marriage comes the storm aroused when the republic defied the Pope, maintaining its right to administer the civil law without interference. The young wife is a devotee, and shrinks in terror from the displeasure of the head of the church, and through the inspiration of a Jesuit priest steals away from the city secretly to intercede with the Pope himself. Her pursuit and capture by the officers of the Council of Ten, her return and imprisonment, her loss of reason, and the sudden clearing of the sky at the end, are but a few of the pictures in a long series of artistic portrayals.

Among the prominent figures in the story is that of Fra Paolo Sarpi, a learned priest of the Servi, whose wonderful appearance in the pulpit, when a boy of thirteen, as a disputant in a contest with the opposing order, the Frari, is described in the first chapter. It was his wisdom and eloquence that encouraged the Venetian senators to withstand the demands of the Pope, and one of the tragic scenes in the story is the picture of his death by assassins on the Foodamenta. Paul Cagliari, the last of the great Venetian painters, is also connected with some of its moving interests.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

San Francisco's Libraries.

The directors of the Mercantile Library have decided to move the library headquarters from Van Ness Avenue to the more central location, Kearny and Sutter Streets. This will be a good move. The library at present is too remote from the shopping district to be frequented by many besides the devoted few who have stood stanchly by the old library, determined that it shall not go down.

The fitting up of pleasant and accessible quarters in the down-town district, and a reasonable outlay in the purchase of new books, will no doubt be rewarded by an increased membership.

People thick much of the looks of things, nowadays. A certain restaurant in town, which has won its way to popularity during the past year, has certainly made its name as much by its pretty and dainty accessories as by the excellence of its menu.

Let the Mercantile Library start in its new location with a cozy and inviting interior, tables filled with a tempting array of magazines and periodicals, courteous and efficient employees, and it will attract many a down-town shopper and lounge, who at present never sees the inside of the library building to its remote uptown location.

Everybody will be glad to see one of the old institutions of the city start on a new era of prosperity. The Mechanics' Library, which has had everything its own way for a number of years, will now have a rival to struggle with. It has a prosperous past to look back upon, but for some reason, probably lack of funds, seems to be lagging a little in the race. Healthy competition between the two libraries will be a good thing, and will work to the advantage of the members.

The public library is steadily gaining in popularity. The rooms at the different stations are well-kept and orderly, every facility is given to patrons in the way of information and access to books of reference, an admirable system of distribution of books to the teachers and pupils of the public schools has been inaugurated, and San Francisco may be well satisfied with the efficiency of this branch of the municipality.

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Beginning the Year of Romance.

THE CENTURY



"HER MOUNTAIN LOVER," A NOVELETTE BY HAMLIN GARLAND, Begins in the November Century.

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during the coming year by

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and others.

NOVEMBER NUMBER.

Richly Illustrated in Colors.

A New "Rudder Grange" Story by Frank R. Stockton.

Mr. Stockton's "Rudder Grange" was his first great humorous success.

Our Schools for the Stage, by Bronson Howard.

An entertaining article by the well-known playwright, Mr. Howard, describing the various schools for the instruction of young actors and what is taught in them. With illustrations by A. I. Keller.

Daniel Webster, by John Bach McMaster.

A study of the boyhood and early manhood of Daniel Webster—his thirty years of preparation. Fully illustrated with portraits and drawings. To be followed by other articles by the same historian on phases of Webster's later life.

"Her Mountain Lover," First Chapters of a Novel by Hamlin Garland.

The hero of this story, a young Colorado ranchman, is sent to London to place an interest in a western mine. His breezy character and humorous speech make a delightful contrast to the English setting of the story.

The New York Zoological Park.

A beautifully illustrated article by the director of the park, William T. Hornaday.

A Story by Charles Dudley Warner.

"The Education of Sam." The story of a dog, to be followed by other papers by the same well-known contributor.

"Her First Horse Show," a Story by David Gray.

The author of "Gallop" here contributes a capital story, especially appropriate to the month, with full-page picture by F. Luis Mora.

Illustrations in Colors

accompany an article by Maurice Thompson on "My Midwinter Garden" and the account of the work of a new sculptor by Mrs. Vao Reosselaer. The color pictures include three beautiful full-page reproductions of this sculptor's work, and exquisite pictures of the birds and flowers of a Florida home.

A Yankee Correspondent in South Africa, by Julian Ralph,

with special reference to the treatment of war-correspondents by army officers.

The Problem of the Philippines, by Bishop Potter.

His recent tour in the far East has provided the Episcopal Bishop of New York with material for a timely series of papers of which this is one.

The Other Contents

Include two more stories, a beautiful engraving by Cole, interesting departments, "In Lighter Vein," "Topics of the Time," etc.

To Begin Soon.

An entertaining series of papers by Augustus Birrell, M. P., "Oo the Rhine," superbly illustrated by André Castaigne and forming a panorama of the historic and picturesque German river.

A number of papers on country life and on beautiful gardens. Some of these will be of great practical value to those who wish to cultivate what may be called the revived art of landscape gardening.

The Ins and Outs of the Railway Business, by Major Hioe, a graduate of West Point, who resigned as an officer in the army to become a freight brakeman, from which position he rose through various grades to that of superintendent.

"THE HELMET OF NAVARRE."

This brilliant romance, which began in August and will end in May, has already attracted wider attention and been more highly praised than any work of fiction ever published serially in THE CENTURY. As the New York Tribune says, it "leaped at once into popular favor."

The new volume of the magazine begins with this November number. In order that new subscribers who commence their subscriptions with November may secure "The Helmet of Navarre" complete, the three numbers, August, September, and October, will be sent free of charge to all new yearly subscribers who begin with November.

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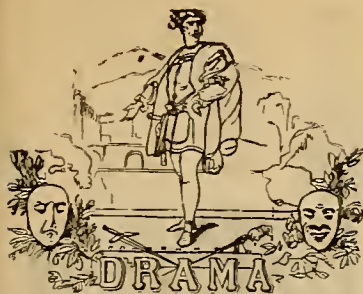
JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT

William R. Daingerfield

(PRESENT INCUMBENT)

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE

William P. Lawlor has sat during two years in the criminal department of the superior court, and by his wise interpretation of the law has proved that the people will do well to keep him where he is. He is thoughtful and studious as well as a practical man of affairs. This is his first experience in public office. Judge Lawlor is a self-made man, and has risen to distinction by his own efforts. His career upon the bench has been such that he should receive the support of all citizens who believe in an honest, upright, and fearless judiciary.



Stuart Robson is a player who should inspire his public with cordial respect. He has gained full knowledge in his acting experience of the facility with which an actor can work a few physical and vocal peculiarities and win the ever-ready laughter and applause of the unthinking and the easily amused. He might have been still pursuing his way along the dead level of farcical work, playing mechanically and with all his better parts dead or slumbering. But he chose to be a worthier actor, and when he made his appearance in a series of old comedies, it was to celebrate his emancipation forever, let us hope, as so often he does himself, from the comparative puerility of his earlier success.

Having to the past produced "She Stoops to Conquer," has, fortunately, been the precursor of his assuming in the present the character of the gentle genius who wrote it. The rôle suits him. Perhaps we may not be far off in assuming that there is some deep, inward link of sympathy and affinity between the dead poet and the living player which helps the latter to a truer and more feeling interpretation of character than we had hitherto received from him. Not only is his preference for dramatic expression of a more literary and elevated tone gratified, but since, like Coquelin, his outer husk does not conform with the inward spirit, he may ever portray the hero who in appearance is heroic, the poet who is poetic, or the lover who is romantic, here in Thomas's play of "Oliver Goldsmith" he finds ready to hand a work full of literary atmosphere, peopled with celebrities, and located in a time which has been peculiarly rich in interesting and minutely recounted chronicles. And all revolve around a hero whose dearest and most admiring friends, even the Jessamy bride herself, were fain to admit that "he was a very plain man," ungainly in figure, and awkward in manners. Robson, by his sympathetically rendered portrait, revives pleasantly in the memory long-slumbering recollections of the kindly, charitable, heedless spendthrift, the gentle genius, the brilliant blunderer, the man of parts without policy, of genius without scholarship, of heart without judgment, who was known as Oliver Goldsmith. To have done so much is to have done worthily and well.

And even more, he has gathered around him a group of players who are in full sympathy with the personages they portray. There is a very Old-World atmosphere about the appearance and the conversation of the characters, and to the list we recognize, with pleasurable interest, the names of the great and honored dead. The company that rendered the play in the East is not here in its entirety. Dixey, for one, who personated, with great success, the polished Garrick. Ooe regains the loss and approves of his successor at the same moment, for Mr. Henshaw cuts a brilliant figure on the stage. Both he and Stephen Grattan, the latter as Edmund Burke, were pictures from a gallery of another day, and were fitting mates for each other in the elegance of their eighteenth-century dandyism and in the careless grace and dash with which they represented the pair of lettered beaux from the little coterie of wits and scholars.

Dr. Johnson and his faithful Boswell, too, appear; the former, however, is for stage purposes represented as a more venerable and scholar-like figure than tradition makes him. He would appear to have followed the quizzical wish of his aristocratic friend Beauclerc, who, when Johnson received a pension from the crown, hoped that, like Falstaff, "he'd in future purge and live cleanly like a gentleman." The disfiguring, little dark wig that the real Johnson so much affected is replaced to Mr. Weaver's make-up by a venerable crown of silver curls. His dress is that of a poet and self-respecting scholar, and his mien is Johnson at his kindest. The famous bellow, like Bottom's, is moderated to suit the lady's ears; for the good autocrat tries to "roar you as gently as any sucking dove."

Even Keorick, the scurrilous scribbler, appears—the man of malice, envy, and all uncharitable loss. Fit scum of a time when attacks of literary malignancy were so freely tolerated that Keorick, after Goldsmith's death, scarcely realizing the popularity of the dead author, dared to publish the infamous epitaph, whose lines,

"Share, earthworms, share, since now he's dead,
His megrim, maggot-bitten head,"

brought a storm of public indignation around him. It certainly was not a meaty-mouthed age, and perhaps it would have been a happier fate for Goldsmith if he had been born in our time. It is not an epoch of literary geniuses, and he might have led a dull life without the society of the witty and learned group that revolved around the great

moralist; but, on the other hand, he would not have been the convenient block upon which so many of his gay friends sharpened the daggers of their wit. Perhaps the lettered men of the day saw too much of each other. Literature had not then become a trade; poets, playwrights, and essayists were fewer and looser was the arena where many met to contend. Where the personal element comes in with men of letters, it must be either admiration and friendship, or distaste, envy, and jealousy. And Goldsmith located in the nineteenth century would probably never have known the bitterness of bearing the authorship of his best poems so constantly doubted, or credited to those of his more showy friends who could cut a better social figure. Other times, other manners. The reaction against the literary cruelties of a couple of centuries back has brought the complaisance of the present, and our mediocre authors now eschew garrets and recline on flowery beds of ease, reading rhapsodies of their second-best works, illustrated by cuts which exhibit the luxurious interiors which are the fruits of their literary earnings.

Mr. Thomas has made Goldsmith's partiality for the young beauty, Mary Horneck, the love interest of his play, and Miss Maude White personated the fair Jessamy bride very prettily. She looks as if she had stepped out of one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits, with her fair hair rolled over a high cushion, and falling in a shower of curls over her square-cut bodice, and she carries her brocade puffs and paniers with the quiet grace of a long-dead time.

And Miss Jeffries-Lewis has come back to us with scarcely a hint in her handsome, compact matron's face and figure of the vivid, intense, graceful, pathosque Zicka, who, in Sardou's "Diplomacy," electrified the town all those long years ago. In her towering white wig and patches, and her rustling brocades, Miss Lewis was a picturesque figure, and played her rôle of Mrs. Featherstone, the warm-hearted actress of Covent Garden Theatre, with the ease and finish acquired by one who has had her day in the centre of the stage. Miss Mortimer, too, as Kate Horneck, was a captivating little creature. Both she and Miss White, however, are handicapped by light, heady, nineteenth-century voices, and Miss White utters her lines, however distinctly, with the nervous quickness which we have come to associate with the hurrying restlessness of the present, rather than the reposeful elegance of two and a half centuries ago.

The play in its entirety is a pleasant, gracefully written comedy, its characters picturesquely and elegantly costumed, its lines bright, although not sparkling, and its humor of the kind that wins smiles, rather than laughter. The author has sought to introduce as many true incidents as he could possibly compass in three acts from Goldsmith's real experiences. Some slight changes are made, to create a happier stage effect. Goldsmith, in the last act, is lodged in a garret, whereas the luckless poet, at the time of the production of "She Stoops to Conquer," had apartments in the Temple, and was squandering, with his customary generosity and thoughtlessness, hundreds of pounds on such luxurious items as the famous "spring velvet coat," expensive entertainments at a too profuse board, costly furniture, and indiscriminate charity.

The closing of the play, with its wide variation from facts, is a good deal of a surprise, and does not quite succeed in leaving the cheerful impression on the mind that the author desired. Ooe remembers too well that Goldsmith, if he loved, ever declared his love to the young beauty of whose constant and affectionate friendship chroniclers of the time hand down kindly record. And ooe recalls how eloquently his biographers have deplored the fact that the simple-hearted, affectionate, social fellow ever had an opportunity to centre his warm affections and stay his wayward impulses in the safe haven of a happy home, but died a bachelor in early middle age and deeply in debt.

Otherwise there is scarcely an incident in the play that is not founded on fact. The remarks of many of the characters are as familiar as history. Garrick lightly retails his famous couplet which so deeply wounded Goldsmith; Johnson snubs the spaniel like Boswell; Colmao repeats the criticism of "She Stoops to Conquer," that the jealous manager and playwright expressed when he delayed for a year the presentation of the play. Goldsmith, in the words which appeared in Boswell's memoirs, bears witness to Johnson's goodness of heart. Naturally, to bring into so many of these points, a certain vitality, freshness, and con-

tinuity of interest is sacrificed; but, on the other hand, the emotions and associations that are revived are of an intellectual and pleasurable nature.

Ooe goes home and takes down a dusty and almost forgotten copy of Goldsmith's works, and looks once more at an ancient steel engraving of the poet's kind, ugly face. Ooe re-reads, after many years, perhaps, "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village," and realizes anew how the words of men of genius live, and pass into the language; and how we can scarcely read a column or converse for half an hour without using some felicitous phrase of Goldsmith's as a graceful and picturesque short-cut of speech.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Second Week of Stuart Robson.

Such has been the success of Augustus Thomas's comedy, "Oliver Goldsmith," at the Columbia Theatre, that it will continue the first three nights of next week. On Thursday night a splendid revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" will be presented with Robson in his original character of Tony Lumpkin. Mr. Robson has not presented this play for a number of seasons and its revival will undoubtedly prove an interesting event to theatre-going folk, for it will be presented as a sort of sequel to the Thomas comedy. In order to strengthen the connection between these two plays, practically the same scenery and costumes will be used as are being shown this week in "Oliver Goldsmith."

Frank Daniels in "The Ameer" will follow.

Farewell Week of the Frawleys.

The last week of the Frawley Company's engagement at the Grand Opera House will be devoted to a new play by Sydney Rosenfeld entitled "A Divorce Colony," which is to be produced in New York this spring under the joint management of the author and Mr. Frawley. For next week's production, Alice Johnson, a well known Eastern actress, has been engaged for the leading rôle, and Harry Cashman will also join the company to create the part of Judge Van Birk, while Mary Van Buren, Harriotto Reynolds, Frawley, Avery, and the other favorite members of the company will be fitted with congenial rôles.

The Tivoli's Triple Bill.

For the coming week, the Tivoli Opera House will revive "Othello" on Monday and Wednesday nights, "Trovatore" on Friday and Saturday nights, and "Carmen" on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights and Saturday matinee.

But a few weeks more remain of the grand-opera season, which has already exceeded its original limit, and must give way to the comic-opera season, for which all arrangements have now been made. The operatic attraction will be "The Jolly Musketier," in which Jefferson de Angelis starred in the East last year.

The California's Parce-Comedy.

At the California Theatre "Whose Baby Are You?" the latest farce by Mark Swao, author of "Brown's in Town," will be produced for one week, beginning Sunday afternoon, November 4th. The company is said to be an excellent one and includes Mabel Meredith, Frankly Gale, Ellena Maris, Alice Williams, Francis N. Hope, Lew Newcomb, Fred G. Hearn, Fred Ruocells, Roy Foster, and others.

The Royal Marine Band of Italy, said to be the strongest organization of the kind which has visited the United States, will follow.

At the Orpheum.

Maggie Moore will make her vaudeville debut at the Orpheum next week, in a skit entitled "Kitty Malooe," written for her by Clay M. Green. The other newcomers are the Duoham Family, aerial artists; Jessie Couthou, who has made a hit as a monologist; and Dolan and Leohrer, in a sketch called "The New-Comer." Those retained from this week's bill are Peller's talking dogs, Howard and Blood, Johnson, Riano, and Bentley, and World and Hastings.

JUDGE DAINGERFIELD WILL IN ALL PROBABILITY be reflected to the bench of the Superior Court. He has made political enemies by doing his plain duty as it appeared to him, but at the same time he has made thousands of friends among the thoughtful, respectable classes who will vote for him irrespective of party prejudice.

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To-Night, "Aida," Sunday Evening, "Carmen." Another Great Week Begins November 4th. Monday and Wednesday Nights, "Othello," Friday and Saturday Evenings, "Trovatore." Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday Nights, and Saturday Matinee, "Carmen." It is Coming Soon. Watch for "The Jolly Musketier." Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone, Bush 9.

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A Veritable Triumph. To-Night, also Sunday Night and First Three Nights of Next Week, including a Special Professional Matinee Wednesday. Stuart Robson in

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Last Four Nights and Saturday Matinee of "She Stoops to Conquer." Stuart Robson as Tony Lumpkin.

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Sale of Subscription Seats Begins at 5 O'clock To-Day, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Prices for Season of Twenty Performances, \$25 to \$100, according to Location. Proscenium and Balcony Boxes, \$500 to \$1,000. Single Night Sale Begins Nov. 7th, at Morosco's Grand Opera House. Prices—\$2 to \$7.

Positively no Seats Reserved for Single Nights until Subscription Sale Terminates.

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Dunham Family; Jessie Couthou; Maggie Moore, Assisted by Miss Osgood Moore; Nora Hayes; Dolan & Lehar; Peller's Talking Dogs; Howard & Blood; Johnson, Riano, and Bentley; and World & Hastings.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, who writes under the pen-name of "Julien Gordon," has a poor opinion of the young Italian lover, who, until he is actually riveted in blue ribbons, seems to have an inclination to escape. In an article on "Society in Rome," in the November *Smart Set*, she mentions several cases where maidens were abandoned almost at the altar. "A Venetian acknowledged to us," she says, "that he took a train three days before his nuptials, abandoning a girl who was highly born, well bred, and even dowered (not an unimportant detail to the Latin). When we told him that in America a young man would hardly boast of such an exploit, he replied: 'Mi seccava.' To be fettered or bored is the acme of a Venetian's terror. Another youth, after his American *fiancée's* trousseau was complete, wrote her that his mother did not admire her manners, and 'planted' her thus, without reason or remorse. 'I can not,' he said to her, 'although deeply attached to you, vex my mother.' Still another broke his troth summarily, giving as his excuse that he disliked to see his bride-elect kiss her little brother. A Florentine was lately dragged to the church only under protest so violent that it caused scandal. Physical cowardice decided him, however, he being in dread of the Mafia, to which the young woman's brothers belonged."

"There is no doubt that there is much virtue among well-born Italian dames, the slightest deviation from rigorous conduct being frowned down by pious, old-fashioned families," continues Mrs. Cruger. "In marriage settlements, where such minutiae as the granting of jewels, an opera-box, a victoria, one or two horses—the number is discussed—and a maid, are put down in black and white; sometimes a clause is inserted which binds the bride not to ask to be taken into the world. She is to be content to live quietly between her husband and children, possibly the greater part of the year at some solitary villa in the mountains. Fancy such an agreement signed by one of our Newport belles! In a country where divorce is so difficult, even impossible, one hears occasionally of the elopement of a married woman. Sometimes it is the incongruous escapade of the mother of a family with some pretty young officer or boyish Lochinvar, sometimes of a childish and ingenious wife with some old and experienced *mangeur de femmes*. It means, in either case, that love in Italy is a thing that can never be played at. An Italian may be as mild as milk, as delectable as sugar-candy; but once in love, he becomes a dangerous animal—tyrannical, jealous, suspicious, and cruel. Family bonds are strong."

In a comparison between American and Italian social amusements, Mrs. Cruger says that in Rome well-brought-up virgins are never seen unless accompanied by their mother or a married sister. Theatre and opera-parties are unknown; the *loge* is filled by the head of the family and members of his flock. Such useful accessories as boxes and carriages are not wasted on strangers. The daughters must be married, and the parents are busy in their behalf. Between the acts the favored young men are permitted the *entree* of the boxes. The dances in Italian cities begin earlier than ours. Of supper there is none—nothing, at least, that we would call a supper—little being served except cakes, bonbons, lemonades, and such light refreshments. Where American and Englishwomen preside, as they now do in so many European palaces, sometimes a more solid repast is provided. The dinners are like ours—banquets, gay with flowers, bright with splendid silver and crystal, delicate, elaborate, often over-long. The interiors of aristocratic homes in Italy are magnificent. Life is courtly and elegant. Manners seem to survive there as nowhere else. There is an exquisite courtesy. And this extends from the king to his meanest peasant. It springs, perhaps, from that element of sweetness which constitutes the chief attraction of the Italian character.

There is one San Francisco lady who has solved the servant-girl problem to her own satisfaction. After long suffering the countless disappointments common to housewives, and finally tiring of the vagaries, whims, uncertainties, and inefficiencies of maid-servants, she at last revolted and made an interesting experiment on her own account. She inserted an "ad" in one of the morning papers for "a clean, reliable young man of good habits to do housework and plain cooking." To her surprise, some seventeen applications were made for the position, although she had been unable to lure a single female in like manner. After a few minor disappointments, she secured a man for four dollars a week who wrote a faultless hand, spoke correctly, and looked more like an alert business man than a candidate for the kitchen, and when put to the test could roast meats, make biscuit, sweep, clean, etc., right through the domestic catalogue. "Why bother teaching troublesome little Japs our language, customs, and manner of cooking—so that they may leave us for higher wages—when we can have honest, intelligent, able-bodied Americans do our housework for us?" she asks. "Why not—so long as the girls insist on working in stores and offices for our husbands and brothers—employ their husbands and brothers to fill the

places they refuse to fill?" Here is what the man who has proved such a model servant says: "I am a music-teacher, at present without pupils. I answered the advertisement because I must earn my living. My pride is not wounded by the character of my work. Men are doing the same sort of work in public places—in hotels, restaurants, and institutions—and, so far as I can see, it really doesn't matter whether one cooks and washes dishes in a hotel or a private house. It is work that a great many men could do well, and there are many men doing much harder work for a smaller return. There are decided benefits in household service. A man is assured of a good home and good food, he has an opportunity to keep himself decently clean without expense, he can do many necessary things for himself in the care of his clothes that he would otherwise have to hire done—and his wage is clear profit. Laboring men and unskilled workers must work hard for a bare living—a poorer living. I have my living and my wages besides. I can arrange my work to have leisure when I need it, and, above all, I have a sense of home."

A pessimistic Parisian prophet has declared that the vogue of the tailor-made gown has degraded the art of dressmaking until there is no longer ambition enough left in its high priests to inspire them to noble efforts. The great men of the past, such as Worth, Félix, and the first Doucet, in the opinion of this discouraged observer, will find no successors. For one of the conditions precedent to a successful tailor-made is that it be the handiwork of a man and usually of one who has had experience in making the clothes of his own sex. Earlier masters of the craft never had to impart the slightest suggestion of masculinity to the gowns they made. The writer attributes this state of affairs as much to the moral influence of the tailor-made as to its present vogue all over the world. It is a cheaper kind of gown than well-dressed women ever wore before and it has made them economical in their expenditures. It can be worn almost anywhere outside of a ball-room, and women have become indifferent as to the little proprieties of dress which they formerly observed so carefully. Nowadays they may take their afternoon drive in a tailor-made, and in the same attire pay formal calls. The elaborate costumes for afternoon wear have therefore disappeared almost entirely before the triumphant march of this new garment, which is crushing out by its utility all the graces and beauty of dress that used to interest women and inspire the dressmakers to designing gowns that really entitle them to be ranked among the artists of their day. Duchesses and shop girls look alike nowadays to a degree they never did before, as the tailor-made can be brought within the reach of almost any purse, whereas the gowns made by the former masters in the profession could not. Its influence, declares this French writer, has reduced to half a dozen the number of women in Paris who spend twenty thousand dollars a year on their dressing, and that is crime enough in the eyes of the great dressmakers to put the tailor-made under a ban forever.

"In America there are, as elsewhere, wealthy families who lead a quiet, unostentatious life. But there is a vast mass of transatlantics who live only to attract attention and to see their names in the newspapers," remarks Henry Labouchère in *London Truth*. "This is to them a pleasure in itself, with the additional joy of making their friends jealous. The dominant note in this sort of Americans is a perfect mania for notoriety. It is their waking thought and probably it pervades their dreams. We have a good many of the class who have made England their residence. In a watering-place like Homburg they revel. Some of them have excellent manners, and are lively and agreeable. Some of them are ladies, probably recently caught in a trap on the prairies and married to some man of wealth. After having been put into the hands of a French dressmaker they are adapting themselves to fashionable society. This, however, must be said of them, they are exceedingly adaptable, and after a few months there is little sign of the prairie left. But all these butterflies create a false impression of the American people. The more an American is an American the more I prefer him or her. I no more admire Europeanized Americans than do their own un-Europeanized countrymen. The Ethiopian, I make no doubt, had merits as an Ethiopian. But he was a poor washed-out creature when he tried to change his skin, and, having become whitey-brown, sought to palm himself off as a white man."

It is a matter of frequent remark (points out the *New York Sun*) that the typical widow, she who distinguished her state of bereavement by various little eloquent frills of white, deeply bordered handkerchiefs, and sweeping crape veils, is going out of style. One rarely sees one of those widows nowadays, except on the stage. Mourning was overdone and elaborated to such an extent in recent years that in many cases it was positively gay. When *modistes* began to put *chic* little crape rosettes and jaunty bows of the same gawdies material on the shoulders of the bereaved one, it became one of the horribly humorous effects that are indissolubly connected with undertakers and their trapping of woe. The hideous crape veil, which was the distinguishing badge of the widow, is rarely seen except at funerals; in fact, crape has lost its fashion as an

emblem of sorrow. Likewise the inch-deep borders that were seen on handkerchiefs and on note-paper, and even visiting-cards, have been ruthlessly swept out of sight. The modern widow does not accentuate her woe by clothes, and there is little doubt that the new century will gradually see the custom of wearing black disappear into the mists where so many other ideas have vanished. But before then the still more unpleasant habit of wearing half-mourning, designated by various stages of color from black to white, then to purple, lightening up to violet, will die a natural death, and there will be no mourning for it among the sensibly minded women of the present. It would be a most interesting thing to know just where this half-mourning idea originated. It seems like a conceit that might emanate from the brain of a man-milliner, and have gained its vogue through the acceptance of women led blindly by their dressmaker in days when the feminine sense of humor was not so well developed as now. The heavily black-bordered note-paper, cards, and other stationery is rarely used, except by the very old-fashioned. Nor are the servants, and coachmen, and footmen condemned to sable livery as formerly. Children are never put in black nowadays by those sufficiently educated to know the evil effects on the mind and health that result from keeping a hercave-mint so constantly in mind.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 31st, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	200	@ 110	110	110 1/2
Bay Counties Power				
5%.....	5,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2	
Contra C. Water 5%.....	3,000	@ 107 1/2	107 1/2	
Edison L. & P. 6%.....	5,000	@ 131	130 3/4	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	11,000	@ 106 1/2	107	108
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	2,000	@ 129	128 3/4	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	16,000	@ 118 1/2-119	118 1/2	119 1/2
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 107	106 1/2	
Northern Cal. Ry.				
5%.....	6,000	@ 112	112	
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	29,000	@ 109 1/2-109 3/4	109 3/4	110
Oakland Gas 5%.....	7,000	@ 109 1/2-110	110	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	7,000	@ 116 1/2	117 1/2	
Omnibus C. R. 6%.....	10,000	@ 127 1/2	127	
Sac. Elec. Gas &				
Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 101	100 3/4	
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	2,000	@ 112 1/2	112 1/2	113
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912	18,000	@ 119	118 1/2	
S. V. Water 6%.....	6,000	@ 113 1/2-114	113 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%.....	5,000	@ 103	103	103 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	1,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2	103
	STOCKS.	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	15	@ 70	69 1/2	70 1/2
Spring Valley Water.....	600	@ 93 1/2-93 3/4	93 1/2	93 3/4
	Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight.....	100	@ 3%.....	3 1/2	3 3/4
Mutual Electric.....	25	@ 10.....	10 1/2	10 3/4
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	75	@ 52 1/2-52 3/4	52	52 1/2
Pacific Lighting Co.....	30	@ 44.....	43 1/2	45
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	610	@ 50 1/2-51 1/2	51	51 1/2
	Banks.			
Bank of Cal.....	5	@ 409.....	410	
London P. & A.....	50	@ 138.....	137 1/2	
	Street R. R.			
Market St.....	90	@ 67 1/2-68	67 1/2	68 1/2
	Powders.			
Giant Con.....	200	@ 83-83 1/2	82 1/2	83
Vigorito.....	200	@ 3%.....	3 1/2	3 3/4
	Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.....	450	@ 7-7 1/2	7	7 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S.....	40	@ 84.....	83	87
Honokaa S. Co.....	425	@ 30 1/2-30 3/4	30 3/4	31
Hutchinson.....	160	@ 24 1/2-25 1/2	25 1/2	26
Kilauea S. Co.....	120	@ 20 1/2.....	20 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co.....	205	@ 41-41 1/2	41 1/2	42
Pauahau S. P. Co.....	570	@ 30 1/2-31	31	
	Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	55	@ 124 1/2-125 1/2	125 1/2	
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	205	@ 100 1/2-105	101 1/2	102
Oceanic S. Co.....	100	@ 92.....	92	93
Pac. C. Borax.....	30	@ 152.....	152	

During the last week the market has shown fractional gains along the line and a slight increase of business. San Francisco Gas and Electric was in good demand and about 600 shares changed hands from 50 1/2 to 51 1/2, closing at 51 seller, 90 bid, with small offerings. Spring Valley Water was sold off to 93 1/2 on sales of 600 shares, and closed at 93 1/2 sales and bid. The sugars were in better demand, selling up on small transactions from one-half to one point, the latter in Hutchinson, which closed at 25 1/2 bid, 26 asked. Transactions in bonds amounted to over 100,000, at small advances in price, all classes closing in good demand.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-California Banks.
GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.
A. W. BLOW & CO.
Tel. Bush 24. 338 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.
Stock and Bond Broker.
Telephone Bush 351.
407 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd
Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.
In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.
References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.
GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer,
409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.



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No other preparation has ever received so many voluntary testimonials from eminent people as the world-famous Mariani Wine. Agreeable and lasting.
Before Meals APPETIZER
After Meals DIGESTIVE
At all Times TONIC
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Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th St., New York, publish a handsome book of endorsements of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other distinguished personages. It is sent gratis and postpaid to all who write for it.

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Used pure to rub the temples or mixed with cold water as a compress, will produce a speedy cure.
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., New York

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.
Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,238,372.45
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1900..... 28,938,395.12
OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSBURN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAI; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MILLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOONFELLOW.
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and I. N. Walter.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.
Deposits, July 1, 1900..... \$26,952,875
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 218,593
Contingent Fund..... 439,608
E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00
PROFIT & LOSS ACCOUNT, 2,453,469.59
July 1, 1900.
WILLIAM ALVORD..... President
CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier
S. F. FRENCH SMITH..... Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOUTON..... 2d Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary

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Baltimore..... The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Boston..... The National Exchange Bank
Chicago..... The National Shawmut Bank
Philadelphia..... The Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis..... The Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev..... Agency of the Bank of California
London..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris..... Messrs. de Rothschild Frères
Berlin..... Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan, and East Indies..... Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
Australia and New Zealand..... The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Cash Capital and Surplus..... \$8,176,896.63
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier;
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christeson, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Bernheim, Dndley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. ROYD, Agent for San Francisco,
411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Thaddeus is one of the few artists who have enticed Pope Leo the Thirteenth into posing for his portrait. While he was at work on his canvas, he says, the aged pontiff, looking at the picture, exclaimed: "But how old you make me!" "Are you not old?" asked the artist in dismay. "Ah, that may be," said the Pope; "but the Papacy—the idea I represent—is always young."

A contemporary writer, who was anxious to make the acquaintance of Charles Lamb, determined to introduce himself. So he called at the noted author's office, and, upon being ushered into his presence, asked with a respectful bow: "Mr. Charles Lamb, I believe?" "Yes," said Lamb, slowly feeling and coaxing at the same time his short, thin, gray whiskers, "yes, they call me Lamb yet, but I am old enough to be a sheep!"

A friend was once speaking to the late Bishop Brooks of a clergyman whose congregation had begun to feel that it would be advisable for them to have a younger man in the pulpit. "It's only natural," said he, in reply to an indignant remonstrance from the bishop, "for you see he's on the shady side of sixty-five." "The shady side!" retorted the bishop, with a smile; "why, you mean the sunny side! Surely, it's the side nearest glory!"

Senator Depew was rudely interrupted during his efforts to make a speech at Cobleskill early in the week; but one of the retorts to his remarks was clever enough to bear repetition. "Is there a man in this crowd who knows what 16 to 1 means?" asked the senator, in an off-course-there-is-not tone. "Yes," was the prompt reply from an old son of Erin; "it means you have sixteen dagoes to wan Irishman on your big New York Central Railroad." The senator gasped at the retort, while the crowd roared.

When Nasr-ed-Din, the father of the present Shah, made his memorable tour of the principal European capitals some years ago, he visited King Leopold of Belgium at the Château de Laeken. When he saw the queen surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting, the old Shah said to the king: "Your harem, sire?" The question took the king so much by surprise that he did not for a moment reply, and the Shah, taking his silence for consent, looked critically along the line and added, mildly but decidedly: "You will have to renew it."

At one of ex-Speaker Tom Reed's meetings in Maine some years ago, a boorish Democrat on a front seat continually interrupted him. Every question that was asked was courteously answered. Finally, this Democrat grew irritated and said: "Oh, go to h—!" Mr. Reed, without a moment's pause, remarked in his characteristic style that he had traveled through many parts of the country, and had always been most courteously received everywhere, but that this was the first time he had "ever been invited to the Democratic headquarters."

A young English actor, who had impressed his manager favorably, was cast for a difficult rôle in a new production, and his success or failure in it was a matter of vital importance to his future reputation. After the second act on the opening night, his friend, William Gilbert, the popular dramatist and librettist, went behind the scenes fully realizing that in a kindly word or a sympathetic criticism he would bring hope or despair to the actor. However, on seeing that his friend was in a profuse perspiration, he could not resist his own cleverness, and contented himself with merely remarking: "How well your skin acts?"

Colonel T. W. Higginson, while a member of the Massachusetts legislature, was one day arguing against a bill for the prohibition of oleomargarine. He insisted that good oleomargarine was better than bad butter, and fortified his argument by a story of a gentleman who had introduced the substitute without explanation at a luncheon, and who, on asking his guests to compare it with the best butter, also on the table, found them all selecting the oleomargarine. Suddenly his adversary arose and, with the profoundest seriousness, asked: "Will the gentleman kindly inform us at what precise stage of the luncheon-party this test was applied?"

When John Quincy Adams was eighty years of age, he met in the streets of Boston an old friend, who shook his trembling hand and said: "Good morning, and how is John Quincy Adams to-day?" "Thank you," was the ex-President's answer. "John Quincy Adams himself is well, sir; quite well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will

have to move out of it soon. But he himself is quite well, sir; quite well." With that the venerable sixth President of the United States moved on, with the aid of his staff.

Nothing galls the natural pride of the true blue Scotchman more than to have his country overlooked. A striking instance of this feeling is said to have occurred at the Battle of Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, happened to be stationed near each other when the celebrated signal was given from Admiral Nelson's ship: "England expects every man to do his duty." "Not a word about poor Scotland," dolefully remarked Donald. His friend cocked his eye, and, turning to his companion, said: "Man, Donald, Scotland kens weel enough that nae snn o' hers needs to be tell't to dae his duty. That's just a hint to the Englishers."

Benjamin Franklin was dining with a small party of distinguished gentlemen in Paris, when one of them said: "Three nationalities are represented here this evening. I am French, my friend is English, and Mr. Franklin is an American. Let each of us propose a toast." It was agreed to, and the Englishman, who was accorded first honors, arose and, in the tone of a Briton bold, said: "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all nations of the earth." The Frenchman was rather taken back at this, but he proposed: "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world." Franklin then arose, with an air of quaint modesty, and said: "Here's to our beloved George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they obeyed."

The Lonely Joe.

[In August, Joseph Chamberlain declared: "I have no interest, direct or indirect, in Kynoch's, or in any other firm manufacturing war materials." Nevertheless, the chief shareholders in Kynoch's are members of the Chamberlain family, and it has just been discovered that in the case of Hoskins & Sons, Limited, "contractors to the admiralty," who supply "bag, shot, and shell racks, and all similar fittings to H. M. Navy," over 6,800 five-pound shares, out of a total of 7,256, are held by Mr. Chamberlain's wife and sons and daughters. The London *Topical Times* thus summarizes the situation:]

A nice little war I made

(Perhaps you remember how?),

And they tell me it's good for trade,

But I've given up business now;

To contractors who love their land,

And tolerate £ s, d.,

It's a blessing, I understand—

But they're nothing to do with me!

Because it is good for a few,

Some hint that I'm all "in the swim,"

And Kynoch did well, it's true,

But I've nothing to do with him;

And Hoskins, he fitted for gain

The ships of the Queen's Navee,

But as Hoskins is Hoskins, it's plain

That he's nothing to do with me!

Who is Hoskins? You'll never guess.

I'm its husband, I won't disguise,

And it's also my daughter's, yes,

And both of my sons likewise;

In fact, it is hidden from none

That Hoskins is, frank and free,

All my family rolled into one—

But it's nothing to do with me!

Though they live in my house, you see,

And, in fact, are compelled to be

By the usage of nations

My nearest relations,

They're nothing to do with me!

—London *Topical Times*.

Horace Greeley's Wit.

One of the favorite resorts of Horace Greeley in the days when he was a power in New York journalism was Iona Island, a picturesque and pleasant rural paradise surrounded by the placid waters of the Hudson, in the vicinity of Peekskill, N. Y.

Iona Island at that time was owned by Messrs. Grant & Hasbrouck, both of whom were personal friends of Greeley. They carried on a large vineyard, besides other agricultural operations, on the island, and it was here, doubtless, that Greeley during his frequent visits picked up many of the ideas which he afterward used in his book, "What I Know of Farming." Mr. Hasbrouck, who survived Greeley for a number of years, was an enthusiastic admirer of the famous editor, and was never tired of telling stories illustrative of his shrewdness and wit. He claimed that Greeley was one of the wittiest, wisest, oddest, and most original of characters, and, at the same time, one of the most companionable to those who had the privilege of being within the inner circle of his acquaintanceship.

The farther he got away from Printing-House Square the higher his spirits rose, and a drive along the winding banks of the Hudson, or a trip across the water to Iona Island, he always enjoyed with the enthusiasm of a boy. Nothing worried him when he was in the country. All his cares and troubles were left behind him, locked up in his desk in the *Tribune* office.

Mrs. Greeley was different from her noted husband in this respect. She brought her cares along with her, and she used to spend considerable time reproving Horace for his thoughtlessness, and in trying to keep him within bounds. One day she kept at him until he said: "All right, mother; whatever you tell me to do the rest of the day I'll do."

A couple of hours later Mr. and Mrs. Greeley and Mr. Hasbrouck were getting into the row-boat for their usual daily trip to Iona Island. Mrs. Greeley stepped in first, sat down, and placed her parasol with the handle resting on the seat and the other end on the bottom of the boat, then, glancing up at Mr. Greeley, who was waiting to get into the boat, she called out:

"Now, Horace, be sure to step on my parasol and break it getting into the boat."

"All right; just as you say," responded Horace, cheerfully, and down came his foot on the parasol, completely wrecking it. Mrs. Greeley looked daggers at him all the way to the island, but a happier man than Greeley was during the rest of the trip would he hard to find; and ever and anon he could be heard chuckling softly to himself as if he had just thought of a good joke.

Mr. Greeley made matters right when they got back to the Peekskill side, by hugging Mrs. Greeley a new parasol and handing it to her with the bantering remark:

"There, mother, is a brand-new sun-shade for you, much finer than the old one; and now don't you ever tell me to step on it unless you expect me to do it. I always obey the orders of my superior officer."

On another occasion, while in Peekskill, Mr. Greeley was sitting on a hotel piazza, quietly scanning the columns of that morning's *Tribune*, when a stranger came along, glanced contemptuously at the paper he was reading, and remarked:

"Fine sheet you've got there, mister! I used to read it myself, but I've subscribed for a decent newspaper now, and as fast as the *Tribune* comes along I feed it to my goat. That's all it's fit for."

Greeley glanced up over his paper with a quizzical smile.

"So you feed your goat on *Tribunes*, do you?" he asked in the mildest of accents.

"Yes, sir, I do," hustered the stranger.

"All right, my friend," said Mr. Greeley, quietly; "keep right on reading some other paper and feeding your goat on *Tribunes*, and I'll guarantee in three months' time the goat will know a darn sight more about what is going on in the world than its owner does!"

At this juncture the stranger suddenly recollected that he had important business elsewhere, and Mr. Greeley and the *Tribune* were left in undisturbed possession of the hotel piazza.—*Will S. Gidley in Lippincott's Magazine*.

He understood his business: *First beggar*—

"Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something." *Second beggar*—"I let her go because I understand my business better than you. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together, you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses. This profession has to be studied, just like any other, if you expect to make a success of it, see!"

—*Harlem Life*.

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Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)...Saturday, November 3
Doric. (Via Honolulu)...Wednesday, November 28
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)...Saturday, December 22
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)...Wed., Jan. 16, 1901

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1900.
Hongkong Maru.....Tuesday, November 13
Nippon Maru.....Thursday, December 6
America Maru.....Saturday, December 29

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
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Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Nov. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Dec. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 12 A. M., Nov. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Dec. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., Nov. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, Dec. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month. For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

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S. S. Zealandia, for Honolulu, Nov. 10, 1900, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Wednesday, Nov. 21, 1900, at 9 P. M.

S. S. Australis, for Papeete, Tahiti, Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1900, at 6 P. M.

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St. Louis.....November 14 | St. Paul.....November 28
New York.....November 21 | St. Louis.....December 5

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New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 11 o'clock.

Southwark.....November 14 | Kensington.....November 28
Westernland.....November 21 | Noordland.....December 5

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STEPHEN D. IVES, General Agent

SOCIETY.

The Cutts-Pitts Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Marie Pitts, daughter of the late James Harris Pitts, M. D., of Canada, to Lieutenant Richard M. Cutts, U. S. M. C., son of late Lieutenant-Commander Richard M. Cutts, U. S. N., took place at the home of Commander Francis J. Drake, U. S. N., at Mare Island, on Wednesday afternoon, October 31st. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her uncle, Commander Drake, U. S. N.; Miss Miller, daughter of Rear-Admiral Miller, U. S. N.; Miss Aubrey Lewis, daughter of Medical-Inspector D. O. Lewis, U. S. N., and Miss Eleanor Morrow were the bridesmaids; Lieutenant Murray Baldwin, U. S. A., a cousin of the groom, was best man; and Assistant Naval-Constructor Joseph E. McDonald, U. S. N., Captain Harry Davis, U. S. M. C., and Lieutenant H. L. Roosevelt, U. S. M. C., acted as ushers.

A reception followed the ceremony, and later in the afternoon Lieutenant and Mrs. Cutts left Mare Island for a fortnight's wedding tour in Southern California.

The Mann Reception and Musicale.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann gave a most enjoyable musicale and dance at their home, 3474 Washington Street, on Thursday evening, October 25th, at which they entertained a couple of hundred friends. The guests were received in the front parlor by Mr. and Mrs. Mann, assisted by Mrs. Frederick H. Stolp, of Oakland, and Miss Ada Russell. The front bay-window was covered with a net, smilax being entwined between the meshes, and the whole was studded with carnations, roses, and vari-colored electric lights. A string of small globes was also arranged among the foliage over the arch connecting the two parlors and about the small stage which was erected at the back of the rear parlor, while over the stage was a lover's knot of pink carnations and La France roses.

After the reception of the guests, the following programme was rendered:

Piano solo, J. Warburton; mandolin and guitar, overture "Zampa," the Misses Sherwood; vocal solo, Mrs. J. E. Bermingham; duet, zither and violin, Clarence M. Mann and Charles J. Mayer; vocal solo, Mrs. Bermingham; violin solo, "Romance," Mr. Mann; zither solo, Mr. Mayer; mandolin and guitar, overture "Norma," the Misses Sherwood; vocal solo, Mrs. Bermingham; duet, zither and violin, Mr. Mann and Mr. Mayer; vocal solo, "To the Absent Mother's Likeness," Mrs. Bermingham, with violin obligato by Mr. Mann; zither solo, Mr. Mayer.

The musicale was followed by a novel innovation, the telling of the fortunes of the guests by a professional palmist. Dancing was then in order until half-past two, when an elaborate supper was served. The dining-room was decorated with ferns, huckleberries, and white roses. An hour was spent at the tables, and then adieu was said.

Among the invited guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pond, Dr. and Mrs. Bowditch Morton, Rev. and Mrs. Robert Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce, the Misses Bruce, Bishop and Mrs. Moreland, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Huddleston, Mr. and Mrs. William Morrow, Dr. and Mrs. George H. Palmer, the Misses Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Phillips, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. John Spruance, Dr. and Mrs. Henry C. Davis, the Misses Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sonntag, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Adams, of Oakland, Mrs. William Willis, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Mann, of Manchester, England, Dr. and Mrs. William Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bonestell, of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Buckingham, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. York, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Breese, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Moulton, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Younger, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon A. Stolp, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Stolp, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. A. Curtis, of San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Russell, Miss Russell, Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Cluness, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Percival Cunup, Mr. and Mrs. James Denman, Mr. and Mrs. Winifred Davis, of Ross Valley, Mr. and Mrs. John Nevins, Mr. and Mrs. James Tyson, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Z. E. Eldredge, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. William Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gray, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Jenks, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Willett, Mr. and Mrs. Heber Tilden, Mr. and Mrs. George Knox, Miss Knox, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Lewis, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Walkington, Mr. and Mrs. Ryland, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. Tacitus, Mr. and Mrs. James Margo, Colonel and Mrs. T. M. Osmint, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Painter, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. Webb N. Pearce, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. John D. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. James Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Stovel, Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Simmons, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hampton, Mr. and Mrs. James Alva Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Baggs, Miss Baggs, Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. William Toel, Mr. and Mrs. W. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Stout, Mrs. John Barton and Miss Barton, Mrs. William Mills, Miss India Scott, Mrs. F. P. Mann, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, Miss Boole, the Misses Gibbs, Miss Bagley, Mrs. Clara Boyd, Miss Lotta Moulder, Miss Ada Dorsey, Miss Handin, the Misses Hughes, Miss McNeil, Miss Mabel Andrews, Miss Martel, Miss Nau, Mrs. F. S. Chadbourne, of Los Angeles, Mr. Sara Gamble, Miss Moore, Mrs. C. T. Mills, of Mills College, Mrs. James Mee and Miss Mee,

the Misses McMillan, the Misses Donald, Miss Adelaide Pollack, Mrs. Stoddard Porteous, of Ross Valley, the Misses Price, Mrs. J. H. Smith, of "Palm Lawn," Claremont, Miss Sadler, Miss Spaulding, the Misses Mason, the Misses Voorman, Mrs. H. H. Watson, of Oakland, Miss Maggie Wall, of Alameda, Mrs. Robert Leeds Goodsell, of New York, Mrs. L. K. Pratt, Mrs. Robert Tater, Miss Bristol, Mrs. Richard Pearce, of Oakland, Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. Edward E. Sheldon, Mr. Lawson S. Adams, Mr. William F. Whittier, Mr. John D. Felps Stokes, of New York, Dr. William Martin, U. S. N., Captain Charles Nelson, Mr. Isaac Upham, Jr., Mr. Horace Hellman, Mr. Russell Lukens, of Oakland, Mr. William Boole, of Ross Valley, Mr. David Bagley, Mr. Thomas H. Darling, Dr. Henry Gibbons, Mr. John N. Featherstone, Mr. Robert Hine, Mr. A. Dalton Harrison, of Alameda, Dr. F. W. Lux, Mr. Clarence Wendell, Mr. John Ryland, Mr. Arthur Nau, Mr. Herbert Mee, Mr. Arthur Price, Mr. Walter Painter, Mr. Edward Pearce, Mr. W. W. Miller, Mr. Richard Rountree, Mr. Frank Ames, Mr. William Terry, of Belvedere, Mr. William Teller and Mr. Edward M. Shaw, of Alameda, Mr. William F. Woods, Mr. Hallack Wright, and Mr. James Murray, of Los Angeles.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Mae Weldon to Dr. Howard Morrow, son of Mr. Robert F. Morrow.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Smith and Mr. Charles B. Henderson. Miss Smith is the only daughter of Mr. W. T. Smith, president of the W. T. Smith Company, of Elko, Nev. She attended Miss Head's school at Berkeley, and graduated from Ingleside, New Milford, Conn., in 1899. Mr. Henderson, son of Mr. J. Henderson, president of the Henderson Banking Company, of Elko, attended Stanford University, and graduated from the law department at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, and is now engaged in the practice of law in Nevada. He was a lieutenant under Colonel Jay L. Torrey in the war with Spain.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Lawrence Requa, Colonel and Mrs. Oscar F. Long, and Miss King have sent out cards for an "at home," on Saturday, November 10th, from three until six o'clock, at their Highland Avenue residence, Piedmont, Oakland. Mrs. Requa will receive on Wednesdays during January.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parmelee Eells gave a tea on Wednesday last at their residence, 2415 Pierce Street, from four until seven o'clock, in honor of their daughter, Miss Marion Eells, one of this season's debutantes. They will receive on Wednesdays in January.

Two native daughters of the West will make their debut in Washington this winter—Miss Hilda McKenna, youngest daughter of Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna, and Miss Frances Newlands, daughter of Senator Frank Newlands, of Nevada.

Mrs. William H. Morrow gave the second of her "at home" teas at her residence, 1511 Scott Street, last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Magee gave an elaborate dinner at their new home on Thirteenth and Madison Streets, Oakland, on Thursday, in honor of Miss Jean Husb and Mr. Frank Richardson Wells, who are to be married at Fruitvale next Wednesday, and Dr. and Mrs. H. Nelson Jackson, the sister and brother-in-law of Mr. Wells. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wells, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Miss Florence Husb, Miss Goodall, Miss Nellie Chabot, Mr. Allen Chickering, Mr. Walter Starr, and Mr. Sidney Pringle.

Captain and Mrs. W. H. McKittrick have been extensively entertained in Los Angeles during the week. A tournament of the Country Club was given in their honor on Monday, followed by a tea given by Mrs. Longstreet and a reception on Thursday by Mrs. Wilcox at her home on Hoover Street.

On Thursday, November 1st, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller received at 1121 Pine Street, where she will receive on the first Thursday of every month until May 1st.

Miss Maye Colburn recently gave a luncheon at her home, 1177 Hyde Street, in honor of Mrs. Henry E. Dutton and Miss Polly Dunn, whose engagement has recently been announced. Others at table were Miss Jessie Fillmore, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Elizabeth Cole, Miss Bruce, Miss Alice Master, Miss Margaret Cole, Miss Maude Mullins, Miss Francis Harris, and Miss Lillie Bours.

On Friday evening, October 26th, there was an informal hop at the Presidio, which was largely attended.

The news of the death of Mrs. Mary H. Smith on Wednesday, October 31st, will be learned with regret by her large circle of friends. Mrs. Smith was a native of Santiago de Chile, and had passed her eightieth year. She was the mother of Mrs. F. W. Zeile, wife of the park commissioner, Mrs. James Freeborn, Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina, Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, and Mr. Henry A. Smith.

—BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

The Grau Opera Season.

The sale of subscription seats for the twenty performances of the Grau Opera Company will close to-day (Saturday) at five o'clock, and on Wednesday, November 7th, the sale for single tickets will begin at the Grand Opera House. The repertoire for the first week, beginning November 12th, has been so arranged that it will enable all the principal members of Mr. Grau's remarkable organization to be heard in their best rôles. "Romeo et Juliette" will be the opening performance, with Mme. Melba, Albert Saleza, Edouard de Reszké, and Pol Plançon in the leading rôles; Tuesday "Tannhäuser" will be given, with a cast including Ernest Van Dyck, Mme. Galski, Susan Strong, Herr Blas, and Herr Bertram; "Aida," on Wednesday evening, will introduce Mme. Nordica, Imbart de la Tour, Mme. Louise Homer, and Signor Scotti; Thursday evening "Faust" will be sung, with Mme. Melba, Saleza, Campanari, Mlle. Olitzka, and Pol Plançon in the cast; in "Lohengrin," on Friday evening, Ernest Van Dyck, Mme. Nordica, Edouard de Reszké, Herr Bertram, and Herr Muhlmann will appear; the Saturday matinee will be devoted to "Lucia di Lammermoor," with a cast including Mme. Melba, Signor Scotti, M. Journet, and Signor Cremonini; and on Saturday the first week of the opera season will be brought to a close with "The Flying Dutchman," in which Mme. Schumann Heink (who makes her debut), Mme. Galski, Andreas Dipple, Herr Blass, and Herr Bertram will have the leading rôles.

The students of the School of Design have been invited to submit drawings for the cover of the book entitled "Argonaut Letters." The theme is to be treated in poster style, simple both in drawing and color; number of colors two or three, including black; size of the design to be 10½ by 16 inches. A first prize of twenty-five dollars and a second prize of ten dollars will be paid for the best and second best design. A committee consisting of the curator, Robert Howe Fletcher, and Professor Mathews will make the awards. The drawings must be in the office of the secretary of the institute Friday, November 9th, at 6 P. M.

The Supper-Room of the Palace Hotel is to be opened for its second season on Monday evening, November 12th, the first night of the Maurice Grau grand opera season. Already a number of dinner-parties have been arranged, and as the cuisine and service are faultless and the hotel so convenient, it will doubtless be crowded nightly during the opera season.

—I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN EXTENDING to my friends and patrons a cordial invitation to visit my autumnal water-color exhibition, commencing Saturday, October 20th, 1900, and until further notice. I have been fortunate enough on this occasion to collect some very interesting examples of both the leading American and foreign artists. Wm. Morris, 248 Sutter Street.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Miss Maenie McNutt, Miss Ruth McNutt, Mrs. Andrew Martin, and Mr. W. Frank Goad will sail for the Orient to-day (Saturday) on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Gaelic*, en route to Japan, where Miss McNutt will be married to Lieutenant Ashton Potter, now stationed in the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore F. Payne are negotiating for the lease of the Willie Tiffany hotel, which has been occupied by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker during their stay in Paris.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels and the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels arrived in New York on Friday, and after a few days' rest will start for San Francisco.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair left on Thursday for New York, where she will meet her daughter, Miss Jennie Blair, who has been spending the past five months abroad. They have taken rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria, for the coming season.

Among the Californians who have had permanent apartments in Paris this summer and have entertained extensively are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharn, Mr. W. W. Foote and his daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson (née Spreckels) are in England, where, it is reported, they have leased a place near London for a stay of some duration.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tohin have leased the Blair residence, on Van Ness Avenue, near Sutter Street, for the next six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald C. Gunter are making a brief visit in this city.

Among Californians registered in New York the past week were the names of Miss E. Lindley and Mrs. Josephine de Greayer.

Mr. Lawrence S. Vassault, for a number of years on the staff of the *Argonaut*, returned to New York a fortnight ago from an extended tour of Europe.

Miss Helen Dean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean, has entered the school at Doherty Ferry.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan have gone East for a short visit.

Mr. Fred A. Greenwood left on Wednesday for New York, en route to Europe, where he expects to spend the next six months in traveling.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin and family, who have made an extended stay abroad, arrived from the East on Wednesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington and her daughters returned from the East during the week.

Mrs. Robert Hooker (née Shreve) will receive on the second and third Thursdays in November.

Miss Jennie Flood was the guest of Mrs. J. B. Purdy at San José for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison (née Crocker), who recently returned from their honeymoon trip abroad, are now visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander at Tuxedo.

Mrs. Colin M. Boyd has returned to the city, and is at the Occidental Hotel. She has been passing the last few months at "Casa Boyd," her summer home in Alameda County.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul Duval, who went abroad a few weeks ago, and who were expected to spend some time on the Continent, returned to New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson have returned from the country and are occupying their Van Ness Avenue home. Mrs. Stetson will receive on the first and second Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin are occupying their Fifth Avenue home in New York, after their long sojourn in Paris.

Mrs. Whittell and her daughter expect to remain abroad during next winter.

Mr. Robert E. Ross, son of Judge E. M. Ross, of Los Angeles, is in London.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum have been sojourning at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Jarvis Barlow, of Los Angeles, who have been spending a year in Europe, are now in New York en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Buckbee visited the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have reached Paris. Mrs. Jones, of Nevada, and her daughter have returned to Paris from London, and will remain at the French capital for a month before returning to America.

Miss Gertrude Josselyn was the guest of Miss Elena Robinson in San José last week.

Mrs. M. A. Wightman and her son, who will return to the city this week, will occupy apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Hon. George C. Perkins was in Los Angeles last week.

Judge H. G. Bond, of Santa Clara, was at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Tohy are spending the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Dr. and Mrs. Albert J. Houston left for the East and Europe on October 23d. They expect to remain abroad for two years, during which time Dr. Houston will complete his medical studies.

Miss Grace Sanborn, of Oakland, will be the guest of Miss Marie McKenna, in Washington, D. C., during the winter.

Bishop and Mrs. W. H. Moreland, of Sacramento, were at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Mrs. and Miss Lawton are among the permanent guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Professor W. H. Hudson, of Stanford University, was at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Mrs. M. G. R. Niles, who has been ill in Santa Barbara with nervous prostration since the death of her sister, Mrs. Ronald Thomas, last May, sails on November 8th for New York, via Panama. Miss

Louise Eddy, daughter of Mr. William F. Eddy, president of the Santa Barbara National Bank, accompanies Mrs. Niles.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. E. Edwards, of Sacramento, Mr. George T. Milliken, of New York, Mr. R. A. Long, of Willows, Mr. S. M. Shortridge, Mrs. A. J. Bryant, Mrs. Helen Du Bois, Mr. Harry R. Davis, Mrs. M. L. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Mastellers, Mrs. Avnlina Hall, and Mr. George Neustader.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hager, of Vallejo, Mr. and Mrs. R. Roca, of Hollister, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Bennett, of Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Moore, of Greenville, Mich., Mr. J. G. Scott, of Agnews, Cal., Mr. J. L. Chaddock, of Fresno, Mr. S. K. Whitton, of San José, Miss W. J. Castle, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. W. S. Scott, of St. Paul, Mr. George I. Smith, of New Zealand, Mr. C. L. Becker, of Bnston, Mr. W. W. Goodale, of Honolulu, Mr. R. L. Peeler, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rosenzweig, of the City of Mexico, Mr. W. A. Fartescue, of Ben Lomand, Mr. W. A. Richards, of St. Louis, Mrs. J. Harrell, of Visalia, Mr. R. F. Winstan and Mr. Charles H. Wagener, of Chicago, and Mrs. L. Lowengart, of Portland, Or.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel John L. Tiernan, U. S. A., who has been ordered to report in New York for special duty, arrived from the Philippines on Tuesday on the transport *Meade*. He was formerly chief of police in Manila.

Captain Edwin V. Bookmiller, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been in the general hospital at the Presidio, is now in New Haven, Conn., on sick leave. He is staying at 30 College Street.

Major George Richards, U. S. M. C., was among the passengers on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Gaelic*, which reached port on Sunday last. He was one of the relief force that rescued the legations at Peking.

Mrs. W. S. McNair, wife of Lieutenant W. S. McNair, Third Artillery, U. S. A., who is in China, and her three children, have removed from the Presidio to Angel Island.

Lieutenant Harrison Hall, who was at the Palace Hotel early in the week, sailed on Thursday on the transport *Sheridan* for Peking, where he has been ordered to report with the light artillery. He was last stationed at Sandy Point, N. J.

Captain W. E. Hoffman, U. S. A. (retired), has moved from San Diego to Elsinore.

Captain Henry Chynoweth, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been on duty in the Philippines, is now at Columbus Barracks, O., on sick leave.

Major Charles Neubold, paymaster, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Sherman* on Thursday for Manila, where he will be assigned to duty.

Captain Levi F. Burnett, U. S. A. (retired), has left Oakland, where he was staying at the Hotel Metropole, and has gone to Pasadena, his present address being 155 North Marengo Street.

Captain John A. Lockwood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., registered at the California Hotel on Wednesday.

Lieutenant George M. Lee, battalion adjutant, Thirty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. V., has been granted a month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Hollis C. Clark, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., left for Seattle last week in charge of a number of recruits, who sailed for Skaguay, Alaska, on Tuesday.

Surgeon W. H. Rush, U. S. N., who was ordered before a retiring board, has been found disqualified for further service and has been retired. Commander Fernando P. Gilmore, U. S. N., who was examined by the same board, was found to be not disqualified, and will remain in the service.

Chaplain Walter G. Isaacs, U. S. N., Commander Franklin Hanford, U. S. N., and Commander Ebenezer S. Prince, U. S. N., were at the California Hotel during the week.

Hon. George H. Bahr.

In the six years that he has been upon the superior bench, serving also as presiding judge, Hon. George H. Bahr has given every evidence of his qualifications as a jurist. Again a candidate, he has the support of the bar and of the public, who are cognizant of his integrity and ability. During his incumbency Judge Bahr presided in the trial of the Durrant murder case, in which he rendered judgment of execution three times, and though every resource known to the law was utilized by Durrant's attorneys to save him from the gallows, it was Judge Bahr's decree that sent him to his execution. Judge Bahr has been fearless in the discharge of his duty, and as evidence of that fact he decided the Fresno rate case in favor of the public. In his six years of service but few of his cases—only eight—have been reversed by the supreme court when taken to that tribunal on appeal, and yet he has determined many important issues, involving some of the most intricate points of law ever brought before the local bench for adjudication. Judge Bahr deserves reflection.

The ladies of the Women's Exchange are to give a dolls' reception at the Women's Exchange, on November 8th, 9th, and 10th, to which all children are invited. Special surprises are in store for the little ones who visit the Exchange on Saturday, November 10th.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; BEST RESULTS with least cost.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

Archibald Clavering Gunter, the well-known author, qualified as administrator of the estate of his deceased mother, Elizabeth A. Provines, before Judge Truitt early in the week. Mrs. Provines left an estate valued at \$750,000, of which she bequeathed \$75,000 to her son. The will has been admitted in probate, and the novelist will immediately assume control of her estate.

Heirs have filed petitions for distribution of the big estate of Mary Margaret Isabella Murphy, who died at Onga, Essex County, England, on March 27, 1897. The heirs are Mary Helene M. de Dominguez, of Madrid, Frances J. Murphy Le Gondeo, of Paris, Daniel T. Murphy, Anna T. Wolseley, Eugene Besson Murphy, and Charles Murphy.

The petition of Mrs. Andrew Martin for the final distribution of the estate of her husband, of which she is the executrix, was during the week set for hearing in Judge Trout's court. The only heirs are the widow and Mrs. Eleanor Martin, the mother of the deceased. The estate, including the decedent's interest in the estate of Mrs. Annie Donahue, was appraised at \$319,340. The claims presented and allowed have amounted to \$47,919.44, including that of Mrs. Eleanor Martin for \$25,913.78 for money advanced to her son and on his account from June 1, 1897, until his death last year. The First National Bank's claim for \$12,000 was also allowed, the decedent having borrowed amounts aggregating that sum from the bank between October 17, 1898, and October 9, 1899.

Mrs. Jane K. Sather, of Oakland, has added to her gift of one hundred thousand dollars to the University of California by presenting the institution with ten thousand dollars in cash for the benefit of the library. The income from the gift is available at once, and will be used in the purchase of books for the library at Berkeley. A like amount of Mrs. Sather's former gift was set aside for the establishment of a law library in connection with the Hastings College of Law.

You may have ascended other mountains and enjoyed beautiful scenery, but you will agree, after you have made the trip, that the ride on the Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway eclipses them all. The panoramic views from the summit of the mountain and veranda of the Tavern are incomparable, especially these brilliant November days, when the atmosphere is so clear.

Major Darling's popular songs "Recompense" and "Autumn Leaves" are soon to be published in both Paris and London.

—MESSRS. COOPER & CO., THE ART STATIONERS, make a specialty of the Waterman "Ideal" fountain pens, and carry in stock a complete assortment. Owing to a long-felt want, they have now in stock a fountain pen that sells for \$1.00, called the "Fleur-de-Lis," and is almost equal to some of the more expensive pens.

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—DR. TILLIE DITTENHOEFER, FORMERLY 1137 Geary Street, has returned from Europe, and permanently located at 1017 Sutter St. Tel. East 59.

—YOU NEVER HAVE A HEAD IN THE MORNING from drinking Jesse Moore "AA" whisky. Try it.

—DO YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS CAMERA? You can obtain one free. Read our offer on page 16.

After-Theatre Refreshments

The Supper-Room at the Palace will be opened for its second season on Monday evening, November 12th.

Last year, when this feature was introduced, it was recognized as an ideal place to obtain after-theatre refreshments, and this season's arrangements for the entertainment of patrons leave nothing to be desired—they are perfect in every detail. The orchestra engaged comprises a number of well-known artists, and their concerts, from 9:30 to 12 o'clock, will give full measure to an evening's entertainment.

The unsurpassed cuisine and service, the undoubted luxury, and the moderate charges that are responsible for the success of the Grill Rooms are in evidence here.

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GOING -TO- MEXICO ?

The Southern Pacific Company will run a Special Train of Pullman Sleeping Cars from San Francisco to the City of Mexico, leaving on Wednesday, November 14th, and passing Los Angeles on the following day.

The round-trip rate from San Francisco will be \$80; from Los Angeles, \$70, and proportionate rates from other points.

It is calculated that the excursion will require about 30 days, but tickets will be good for 60 days, so that those who wish may prolong their visit. Very complete arrangements are provided for side trips. Mexico is famous for its strange, quaint, and curious attractions, but unfortunately not all of them are found on the main avenues of travel. They can be visited at small cost, and should not be omitted.

The Excursion will be in charge of Wm. H. Menton, Excursion Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific, who is familiar with Mexico, speaks its language, and will cheerfully give all desired information to inquirers. Go and see or address him at 613 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., or any agent of the Southern Pacific Company.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	From Oct. 1, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmhurst, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P.
*7.00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P.
*7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P.
*8.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Orville.....	*7.45 P.
*8.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*12.45 P.
*8.00 A.	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*9.45 A.
*8.30 A.	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P.
*8.30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carthers.....	*4.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P.
*9.30 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P.
*10.00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*6.45 P.
*11.00 A.	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P.
*11.00 A.	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*4.15 P.
*12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2.45 P.
*12.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*10.00 A.
*3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P.
*4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A.
*4.00 P.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Orville.....	*10.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P.
*5.00 P.	The Owl Limited—Tracy, Napa, Bakersfield, Sangers for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A.
*5.00 P.	Stockton.....	*9.45 A.
*5.00 P.	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and East El Paso, New Orleans, and East El Paso, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P.
*6.00 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.45 P.
*6.00 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P.
*7.00 P.	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*12.15 P.
*7.00 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.45 A.
18.05 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	12.00 P.

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P.
*12.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A.
*4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A.
*11.45 P.	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	*17.00 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip B)—	
*7.15 A.	9.00 11.00 A. M., 12.00 2.00 13.00
*4.00 P.	15.00 16.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00
10.00 A. M., 12.00 1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.	

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P.
*7.00 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P.
*9.00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P.
*10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.30 P.
*12.30 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P.
*12.45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palm Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A.
*13.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.
*14.15 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A.
*15.00 P.	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.00 A.
*5.00 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A.
*6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A.
*11.45 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
§ Saturday only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. It will also issue Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

But she got there: "So he has at last led her to the altar?" "I don't know whether he led her or she pushed him."—*Indianapolis Press.*

Mrs. Dugan—"Shure, 'tis a gra-a-te day fer us; me man Dinnis is wur-r-kin' agin." Mrs. Hogan—"Who?"—*Colorado Springs Gazette.*

Teacher—"Who was William the Conqueror, Tommy?" Tommy—"I'll tell you after the sixth of November, teacher."—*Chicago News.*

Zenas—"The wallpaper in my room has a design with streaks of lightning. How do you like it?" Ephraim—"It looks like thunder."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A red-letter day: *The stranger*—"How long have you been civilized?" *The native*—"Ever since my home was burned to the ground, and my wife and children shot."—*Life.*

Sixteen to one: *O'Flannigan*—"Phwat do sixtane 't' wan mane?" *O'Lafferty*—"It manes that if Bryan's elicted we'll git sixteen days' rist 't' wan day's work—mind thot, now!"—*Columbus State Journal.*

Time for consideration: *Miss Lulu Finnigan*—"I will give yez me answer in a month, Pat." *Pat*—"That's right, me darlint; tek plinty av time to think it over. But tell me wan thing now—will it be yes or no?"—*Judge.*

"My son, before you study history, you must understand the philosophy of it." "How is that attained?" "By practice. You must learn to discriminate between lies of doubtful origin, and those which everybody has agreed to accept."—*Life.*

"Great joke on Jarley." "What was that?" "Went fishing and didn't catch anything. Ordered a half-dozen bass to be sent to his house, so that his wife would think he caught 'em. When the basket was opened they turned out to be bottled Bass."—*Tit-Bits.*

First theatrical manager—"I thought you were going to put on 'The Winter's Tale,' and now you are billing 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'" Second manager—"Yes; I didn't like the name of the other piece. It sounded too much like a frost."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A witty and cynical Frenchman advertises as follows in a Parisian paper: "A young man of agreeable presence and desirous of getting married would like to make the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step."—*Ex.*

"D'y'e notice onny change since ye was here before, sor?" asked the native guide at the lakes of Killarney. "How do you know I was ever here before?" asked the American tourist. "Faith, sor, no man ever comes here that hasn't been here before."—*Philadelphia Record.*

He knew: *Sabbath-school teacher* (striving to inculcate a love of truth)—"Now, Willy, suppose you were to promise your mother that you would come right straight home from Sunday-school, and then did not do so, what would you be doing?" *Willy Waters*—"Goin' a-swimmin', ma'am."—*Puck.*

"Well," exclaimed the persistent poet, upon opening his mail, "I call that encouraging." "Have they accepted something?" asked his wife. "No; but instead of the printed rejection slip, the editor returns my quatrain with a criticism in his own hand." "What does he say?" "He says: 'Herewith we return your quatrain; it is too long.'"—*Ex.*

Mr. G. Ormandiser (struggling to carve the first turkey his wife has ever cooked)—"Say, Mary, the bones in this bird are thicker than a shad's—just hear the knife grit." Mrs. G. Ormandiser (almost crying with anxiety)—"You must be against the shells, John." Mr. G. Ormandiser—"Shells?" Mrs. G. Ormandiser—"Yes, John; don't you remember that you asked me to stuff the turkey with oysters?"—*Brooklyn Life.*

They were assured of a successful season of grand opera, at least from a financial standpoint. Accordingly, the manager deferred to the two society women who had made this thing possible. "I prefer Italian opera," said one, "the music is so soft and low." "Ah, but Wagner is my choice." "Yes, but the Italian interferes but little with the conversation in the boxes." "True, but Wagner will give us an excuse for talking all the louder."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Something that concerns the Baby. When teething begins, every mother should have on hand a packet of Steedman's Soothing Powders.

"I tell you what, there's a dark outlook for that young man." "Why?" "He has a night job in a signal tower."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

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—THE—

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions in Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.00
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.10
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazar.....	6.70
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice - a - Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Orling.....	5.75
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine.....	5.00
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Forum of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.50
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Pall Mall Magazine.....	6.00
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and McClure's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35

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The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 12, 1900.

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All uncertainty about the choice of the people in the campaign just closed was cleared away early in the evening of election day. As soon as reports were received showing the drift of conviction in the doubtful States, the result was unmistakable. The verdict of New York was the first satisfying news, and when, a little later, that of Indiana was made known, there was no longer room for doubt.

The returns at this writing are by no means thorough, but the complete triumph of the Republican party is known. The States that are in the Republican column by decisive majorities are California, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Penn-

sylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming, with a total electoral vote of 292 out of 447. Six of these States—Kansas, Nebraska, Utah, Washington, South Dakota, and Wyoming—gave majorities against the Republican ticket four years ago. New York's majority for McKinley and Roosevelt is about 145,000, and Indiana gave them a majority of 28,000.

Indications shown by press dispatches and official returns up to this time are strong enough to sustain the assertion of the Republican Congressional Committee that the next House of Representatives will have 203 Republican members to 154 of the opposition. The Senate will be as safely in the hands of the majority party, as the complexion of the State legislatures indicates the return of Republican senators to swell the number to 49.

Before the close of the session of the Supreme Court of the United States which began on the eighth of October, it is expected that a number of important cases arising out of the acquisition of Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, and involving the questions whether the inhabitants of those islands obtained the rights of American citizens in relation to free trade with and migration to the mainland, will be settled by the highest legal authority.

Two of the most important cases were advanced on the court calendar and set down for a hearing on November 12th. One is the case of a New York tobacco importer named Goetze. He brought in a quantity of tobacco from Puerto Rico which was charged the customs duty provided by the Puerto Rican tariff act of last winter. His protest being denied by the board of general appraisers, he carried the case to the district court for the southern district of New York. That court affirmed the decision of the appraisers, and his final appeal is now before the supreme court, the plaintiff claiming a constitutional right of free trade with Puerto Rico.

A Philippine case, involving trade, is that of one Pepke, a soldier returned from the islands, who brought with him from Manila fourteen diamond rings. He was arrested at Chicago for smuggling, and the diamonds confiscated. His appeal to the supreme court is on the ground that the islands were part of the United States, and no duty could therefore be levied.

On the question of migration, various decisions have been rendered in the lower courts, and another has been added by a recent decision of Judge Estee, in Hawaii. A Chinese cook had shipped in an American vessel from New York, under an agreement to be returned to some American port. The owners sold the vessel in Honolulu, and discharged the crew, and the Chinaman was refused a landing. The matter being brought into the United States court, Judge Estee decided that Honolulu is an American port; that the Chinaman had a right to land there, and to go thence to any other American port—a decision which, if sustained, would open the door to all Chinese rightfully in Hawaii or the Philippines.

In a still later case Judge Estee has decided that a man named Marshall, convicted of criminal libel between the time of annexation and the fourteenth of June last, when the territorial act went into effect, was properly tried under Hawaiian laws; that he was not entitled to the benefits of the American constitution, and incidentally that the constitution had not followed the flag into the islands previous to action by Congress. The two latter cases are not yet before the supreme court, but the same questions are there and should be speedily determined.

The result of Tuesday's election is a splendid indorsement by the people of the principles and policies for which the Republican party are sponsors. It is cause for congratulation that the returns are so overwhelmingly decisive in favor of the national ticket. It is fortunate also for the country that a harmonious and largely increased Republican majority is as-

sured in Congress for the next two years to enable the President and his party to work shoulder to shoulder in solving the problems before the country. They are now in a position to prove by practical legislation the falsity of every arraignment of Republicanism that the ingenuity of Bryan was able to inject into the campaign. They must take up these questions and deal with them wisely or be prepared to answer to the people four years hence.

The causes which underlie this remarkable landslide toward the Republican party are not far to seek nor hard to find. The people have recognized the unparalleled prosperity which has followed the inauguration of Republican principles, and they demand that the benign conditions under which it was possible shall continue. They demand that there shall be no subversive tinkering with tariff laws, and no experimenting with the established standard of values which has made our financial position the strongest in the world and our money the best that can be had. They have recognized, as the Argonaut insisted a year ago, that free silver was dead, and that the only duty which the country owed to that pestiferous issue was to see it deeply and permanently interred. They have returned from the obsequies prepared to take up other problems with added courage and faith in the patriotism and judgment of the citizens. They have emphatically denounced every fad of the Chicago platform, and for the time being purged politics of tendencies which threatened the pure democracy of the electorate, the sanctity of the judiciary, as well as the stability of national finances. It is proved that the public mind harbors no fears of empire or militarism, or the alleged purposes of any party to depart from the principles on which the republic was founded. They see the great republic moving forward to occupy the most exalted position among the nations of the earth, and they have preferred to place its tremendous interests in the hands of a party that stands for progress, prosperity, and patriotism. Now let that party prove that the trust was not misplaced.

The success of Cornelius L. Alvord, Jr., teller of the First National Bank of New York, in continuing his series of stealings from the bank for a series of five years renews interest in the question whether it is possible to adopt effective checks and safeguards to prevent such embezzlements. Alvord had been the trusted employee of the bank for a number of years, and for a period of five years he has been in sole control of his department and has conducted a systematic series of defalcations, covering his stealings by falsifying the entries on his books. His plan of operations was as simple as it was effective. Each morning he received in the mail of which he had charge a number of cash items. From these he selected a sufficient amount to cover his defalcation, and, leaving them out of the cash statement, added them to the exchanges for the clearing-house received during the previous day. The bank examiner made regular examinations of the books, but nothing short of a most thorough and detailed investigation would have revealed the shortage. As is usual in such cases, Alvord began by taking small amounts. Two years ago his shortage did not exceed one hundred thousand dollars. Since that time, as familiarity with the system gave him more courage, he increased his stealings until it reached the sum of \$690,000. Then the inevitable day came. A change of one of his slips aroused suspicion, and he was found out and ruined.

Alvord's case adds only one more to those who have been trusted with the custody of other people's money and been found wanting. Many years ago in this city Laurence Hall, a young man of most respectable connections, was an employee in the London and San Francisco Bank, and succeeded in converting to his own use a considerable sum of money. One of the interesting features of this case was the fact that a detective, detailed on the case, joined issues with Hall, and succeeded in drawing down a considerable dividend for himself. Melville, who was outside collector for the Bank of California,

held a position where one would think that embezzlement was impossible. Yet he managed to carry on a series of petty thefts for several years, and when the end came the total footed up what a professional criminal would describe as a very tidy amount. The case of Widber, the treasurer of this city, whose interest in horse-racing and the feverish interests of the tenderloin led to his downfall, is too recent to require rehearsing here. These are local cases, and they by no means exhaust the list. Almost daily there is a report from some section of the country to the effect that another bank cashier or trusted financial agent has gone astray.

The frequency of these occurrences points conclusively to the fact that there is some radical defect in the system intended to prevent the misappropriation of trust funds. In nearly all cases investigation established the fact that the supervision of those placed in positions of temptation is inefficient. Bank directors, who are supposed to stand between the depositors and dishonest employees, perform their duties in the most perfunctory manner. The counting of money in large amounts is too often a farce that leaves open every opportunity for dishonesty. More efficient supervision should be established.

The California delegation in the House of Representatives of the next Congress will be solidly Republican. In the first district, Frank L. Coombs, of Sonoma, has a majority of nearly 5,000; S. D. Woods, of Stockton, carried the second district by about 2,000 votes, though four years ago it gave De Vries, the Democratic candidate, a majority of nearly 5,000; Victor H. Metcalf, of Oakland, is reelected in the third district with a majority of 7,000, an increase of several hundred over his vote in 1898; Julius Kahn, of San Francisco, is reelected in the fourth district, with a majority of more than 4,000; E. F. Loud, of San Francisco, is again returned from the fifth district, his majority this time reaching 4,500; James McLachlan, of Los Angeles, is elected in the sixth district, with a majority of 5,000; and J. C. Needham, of Fresno, is reelected in the seventh district, swelling his plurality of 113, in 1898, to more than 3,000.

In the legislative contests the Republicans have not been so uniformly successful, but the party has made big gains, and both branches of the legislature will be Republican by phenomenal majorities. The senate will stand thirty-four Republicans to six Democrats, but one Democratic senator—Plunkett, in the seventeenth district—being successful at this election. The assembly will be made up of sixty-two Republicans and eighteen Democrats. On joint ballot the Republican majority will be not less than 48.

A fact which is noted with satisfaction by San Francisco Republicans is the supremacy of the county established by the returns. San Francisco has a larger Republican majority than any other county in the State. Alameda County wrested this distinction from Los Angeles County four years ago, and now loses it to her sister across the bay. McKinley's plurality in San Francisco is nearly 10,000.

Recently an unfortunate woman, stricken unto death with tuberculosis, arrived in this city, with three helpless children. She was destitute and wholly unable to secure medical attendance for herself or to provide the necessities of life for her family. She came here from Los Angeles, the necessary funds for her transportation and for the support of herself and children having been furnished by people in the City of the Angels, who, in the name of charity, were doing an act to disgrace humanity. Prior to that she had been sent to Southern California by certain people who thought that she might obtain relief from her terrible affliction in that section of the country, and who probably felt that they were doing a humane and Christian act in affording her an opportunity to go to this sanitarium for the consumptives of the world. Ignorance is not a crime, yet it is doubtful whether more harm is done in this world by the wilfully criminal than by those who seek to be charitable yet lack the knowledge necessary to direct their activities. In this particular case no good could have been accomplished for the unfortunate woman in the way that her friends attempted to accomplish it. The money expended for her transportation, if judiciously paid out, would have purchased relief for her, but it was expended in ignorance and in selfishness. Tuberculosis is one of the most terrible ills that humanity is afflicted with, but that is no reason why the stern facts should not be squarely faced. These friends merely succeeded in removing from their neighborhood an unpleasant presence. They afforded no relief to the patient, but foisted upon another community a burden that it was in no way called upon to sustain. That community passed the burden on to the next. This case is simply illustrative of what has been done for years, and is being done every day. It is difficult to meet the situation by legislative action. To

adopt a rule that such unfortunates shall not be treated in the hospitals is futile; it has been tried here and has failed. When they are once sent into any community they become a burden which that community can not escape. Every section must come to realize that there are certain unfortunates whom it is its duty to look after.

The fate of the eight constitutional amendments brought before the electors of the State for ratification or rejection at the election can be made known with little possibility of error, although the exact figures can not be given. On but two of the questions is the vote close enough to make the issue doubtful until the count is complete.

The amendment confirming the charter of Stanford University, allowing the trustees to accept gifts to the institution, and giving the State legislature discretion in the matter of exempting the university property from taxation, is adopted by a large majority.

Lick School of Mechanical Arts becomes practically a State institution, and its property is exempted from taxation, by the adoption of the amendment covering these points. In some country districts there was serious opposition, but not enough to threaten its ratification.

The amendment giving the legislature power to enact a primary law found favor in all parts of the State and is adopted by a heavy majority.

"Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 15," enabling San Francisco to pay just claims of school-teachers for arrears in salaries, and merchants for supplies furnished, was carried by a majority of more than two to one.

The amendment exempting church property from taxation is adopted by a narrow margin, as there was serious opposition in some districts.

The amendment providing for changes in the laws concerning the compensation of supreme and superior court judges, the appointment of stenographers for courts, and the payment of their salaries by the State, has been defeated.

The amendment providing for the appointment of the clerk of the supreme court, and the creation of "appellate courts," has probably been defeated.

The amendment exempting municipal and other public bonds from taxation has probably been defeated, a strong opposition having developed in some country districts.

The problem of irrigating arid lands in order to render them productive is an old one in California. A large area is unproductive merely because the rainfall is insufficient properly to irrigate the land.

For many years Southern California was a barren waste, and it was only the use of irrigation ditches that transformed the desert into a productive and prosperous section of the State. A thorough utilization of the water that now runs to waste in the rivers of the State would largely increase the wealth of the people, but the question has always been how that water can be utilized. Early in the history of irrigation the question of riparian rights was raised in the famous case where Miller and Lux sought to restrain Haggin and Carr from diverting certain river waters for purposes of irrigation. The old common-law doctrine of riparian rights was that no person could divert the water of a stream unless such water was returned to its original channel undiminished in quantity and unchanged in quality. The case was decided in accordance with this doctrine, and for the time irrigation for agricultural purposes was at an end.

The common-law doctrine, however, was formulated to meet conditions entirely different from those that exist in this State, and a remedy became necessary. The enactment of the Wright irrigation law was the result. Under this law a number of irrigation districts were organized. In all there were forty-two of these organizations, but three of them were abandoned, leaving thirty-nine that went into practical operation. The assessed valuation of these districts was \$38,620,832, and a bonded indebtedness of \$16,469,200 was authorized. As there were 2,046,865 acres in the districts, this amounted to an indebtedness of \$9.02 for each acre, on an average. The prospects of those who had invested in irrigation systems, to render their lands fertile, were good, but just then came the decision of Judge Ross, of the district court of Southern California, declaring the law unconstitutional. This destroyed the market value of the bonds, and put an end to all irrigation work for the time. An appeal was taken to the United States supreme court, and that tribunal sustained the constitutionality of the law.

As a result of this decision it is now competent for any owners of contiguous land to organize an irrigation district, and proceed under the provisions of the Wright law. It is questionable, however, whether it would be advisable to do so. The law has been in force for twelve years, and, while the principle upon which it proceeds is undoubtedly correct,

it must be confessed that it has not fulfilled expectations. The irrigation problem is too large for individual initiative. It is a subject that should be handled by the government. Action in this line is now being undertaken, but until a complete system of irrigation is adopted under government initiative, the full efficiency of the water supply of the State will not be secured.

The spectacle afforded by the people of the United States during the intense though suppressed excitement of election day, and after the result is announced, is one that challenges the admiration of all civilized nations of the earth. In dignity and quietness the votes are cast that register the decision of the sovereign people, and when the victory of one partisan camp over its opponents is made known, there is instant and harmonious acquiescence in the verdict of the majority. Involved and disadvantageous as is the system on which the expression of the popular will depends, it serves its purpose without friction and without shadow of question in its final adjustment. The abiding worth of the plan is in the judicious temper of the citizens of the great republic, the calm recognition of the principle upon which its government is based. The force of such an example in the world is greater than that of all other political influences combined. The perpetuity and increasing grandeur of the one great, free nation is assured in this silent, majestic, yet ever benign power.

Among remarkable public expressions since the result of the election was known, the editorial utterances of the San Francisco *Examiner* are surely most remarkable. Its confession of duplicity, weakness, and hunger is peculiar in completeness and abject humility. This from its double-column, double-leaded announcement on Wednesday morning:

"Through the haze of this defeat the Democracy can see the victory that might have been. Beyond a doubt Mr. Bryan would have been triumphantly elected but for two things. The first was the intrusion of the silver issue. Free silver was dead, and so unpopular that even its corpse was enough to drag any man down to defeat."

From the personal organ of the defeated candidate this admission comes with little grace. Never whole-hearted in its defense of Bryanism until this campaign, it took up the gage proudly and from the first asserted unblushingly its pretended confidence in the victory of an issue that it likens now to the most revolting of exhibitions. It is not content to dismiss the question with contempt, but demonstrates the falsehood in its ante-campaign declarations with this admission:

"The people have evidently made up their minds to dispose of free silver once for all. The effort was superfluous, for free silver had ceased to exist as a possible policy four years ago, but the voters were determined not to have the remains lying around any longer. The Democratic party has paid by two defeats for the adoption of an unpopular and discredited issue. Free silver was defensible in 1896, although even then its advocates had an up-hill fight. But everything that has happened in the past four years has helped to bury it deeper in the graveyard of obsolete issues. Russia, Japan, and half a dozen minor nations have become gold-standard countries. Even in South America silver is steadily losing ground, and Mexico is almost the only important friend it has left. A flood of new gold has filled the monetary channels of the world. Every argument the silver advocates advanced in 1896—scarcity of money, appreciating currency, business stringency—has ceased to have any application to present conditions. Prices have been rising instead of falling. The trusts have been practically reducing the wages of the entire laboring population by making the dollar buy less. This is the most effective argument advanced by the Democracy for winning labor votes, and it is under such conditions that the Democratic party has been put in the ridiculous and odious position of trying to make the dollar buy less still."

The editorial pays a perfunctory compliment to the candidate whom the *Examiner* conspired to defeat while it made a show of earnest advocacy of his claims. In its columns more than three years ago appeared one of the most scathing denunciations of Bryan's personality and methods that has ever been printed. No dignified journal in the Republican ranks ever published a more damaging summary of his demerits. In this campaign the *Examiner* aspired to the position of chief mouthpiece of the man it had once condemned, and commended his public utterances without stint. But its loyalty was not sincere. It had no faith in the principles talked for by its standard-bearer. It might have rested in silence after the judgment of the electors had been rendered, but it could not resist the temptation to ridicule the cause to which it had attached itself, and the man who dominated the cause:

"American public opinion believes in the retention of the Philippines, and in the extension to that country of a truly American form of government, under which the Filipinos would have no provocation to revolt. It believes that free silver was dead in 1896 and is ten times dead in 1900. That is one issue, at least, that will not be heard of again in the immediate future."

Thus the *Examiner* bids its final good-by to the apostle of the silver craze. Thus it dismisses, with a kick, the candidate and his declaration of faith, in whose interest it assumed the leadership and direction of the national organization of Bryan clubs. Between the lines it is not hard to read a double satisfaction in the outcome.

There is rejoicing in other circles. This is the sentiment of William C. Whitney, of New York, whose Democracy is

not to be assailed as confidently as that of the *Examiner*. It was printed in the *Examiner* of Thursday morning, without regard for the trappings of woe that were still in evidence about the halls of the defeated:

"It is my opinion that the Democratic party has had an old man of the sea on its hands. The judgment of the American people has twice asserted itself on this question more emphatically than ever before in our history. When the Democracy of the nation surrenders to a man who twice loses New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana—our old battle-grounds—by majorities unprecedented in the history of our country, it is evident that rignism measures in the way of repudiating false gods and false principles are required."

The Democracy had more than one "old man of the sea" on its shoulders. In New York, Illinois, and California, the verdict of the people on the representations made by the New York *Journal*, the Chicago *American*, and the San Francisco *Examiner* was explicit. There is no room for doubt that the efforts of the three papers were material in swelling the majorities against their candidate.

Now the *Examiner* and its fellow emanations have taken up the work of reconstructing and re-organizing the Democratic party. They owe it some reparation, but this attempt will hardly be accepted at its face value. The opinions and advice of individuals once prominent in the party have been solicited. Here is a paragraph from the reply made by Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan:

"It was only through Bryan's defeat that the desired re-organization could be brought about. Hence it was that this year the gold men gave their strength to McKinley instead of setting up a candidate of their own. Now that they have unloaded Bryan they will bid adieu to their temporary allies—the Republican party—and don sword and buckler of the old-fashioned Democratic type."

Sanguine expectations are never wanting in Democratic councils, but the individual member of that misguided and blundering party who can find consolation for his present condition in the promises held out by such loyal and able re-organizers as appear at the front at this juncture is surpassingly hopeful.

Public sentiment was sufficiently powerful to check the gamblers in their effort to legalize pool-selling by an ordinance offered at the election last Tuesday. The measure was defeated, but the majority against it was not as large as it should have been. Of the 64,863 voters who signified their choice of candidates for national, State, and county officers, only 47,766 gave the pool-room ordinance attention, and of these 22,419 voted for the measure and 25,347 against it. The campaign of the gamblers was conducted adroitly from the beginning and narrowly missed success.

Returns from the final elections in Great Britain establish the fact that the Conservatives have not won the victory that was expected. The Parliament that this one succeeds was elected in 1895, and included 340 Conservatives and 71 Liberal-Union allies—a total of 411 for the government. The opposition numbered 259, leaving the government a majority of 152. During the five years that have elapsed since that time there have been a number of changes, and when the Parliament was dissolved the ministerial majority had been reduced to 129. The final returns from the elections give the ministerialists a majority of 130, a gain of only one seat. Considering the fact that the Liberals are practically without a leader, and without a positive policy, and that the Conservatives had all the prestige of having just concluded a successful war, the victory loses nearly all of its moral force.

Notwithstanding these facts, the ministerialists are practically guaranteed an effective working majority for many years to come. A question of surpassing interest might arise that would force an appeal to the people, and result in a reversal of the verdict that has just been rendered; but in the absence of such a contingency the Liberals can not hope to overcome the majority at by-elections. The majority of the Conservatives is large, but it is by no means unprecedented. In 1880 Gladstone swept the country and gained a majority of 186. The Parliament that has just been dissolved lasted five years, one month, and thirteen days. During the present reign no Parliament has lived out its constitutional limit of seven years. The longest was that of Lord Palmerston, which convened in 1859, and lasted six years, one month, and six days, or almost exactly one year longer than that which has just been dissolved.

Good work has been done by the Illinois University during the last few years in making free examination of samples of drinking water sent in from all parts of the State. Thousands of tests have been made, and that there was need for analysis is shown by the fact that more than one-half of the samples gave evidence of contamination by drainage from refuse animal matters. The prevalence of typhoid fever in a number of places in that State is attributed to taint in the water supply. The value of examination and chemical analysis can not be over-estimated. Would it not be a good plan for the California universities to take up this subject, and add to public knowledge and safety?

THE "ARGONAUT" ON RUSKIN.

Its Views of Him as an Art Critic Corroborated by Stillman.

A number of weeks ago there appeared in these columns a letter from Florence in which the writer indulged in some animadversions on John Ruskin as an art critic, and remarked that many people took him too seriously. These reflections did not meet with the approval of the *Pacific* newspaper, which thus comments on them:

"In an article written in Florence by one of the editors of the *Argonaut*, criticising John Ruskin, the writer finds fault, and not without reason, with the 'faddists' who worship Botticelli and Fra Angelico, Fra Lippo Lippi, and others. After flaying these adorners (who probably know as much about these particular artists as our temporary Florentine of the *Argonaut*), he proceeds to criticise John Ruskin, to whom he refers in these words:

"From my attempts to read Ruskin I always believed that his mind was affected. My belief was verified when, some years ago, he went crazy and remained so till his death."

"This is brutal, if not brilliant, but here is another candid reflection:

"That Ruskin for half a century poured forth a stream of art gabble; that he was believed by the faddists to be an art prophet; that he was regarded as one inspired; and that finally it was discovered that the man was moon-blind and mad, and probably had been mad for many decades of moons—is not this a biting commentary on the value of art criticism?"

"We would add the query, Is not this a biting commentary on the ignorance of an American journalist who is 'staying' in Florence a few days? John Ruskin is the greatest art critic England has produced, and his criticisms have lighted up every cathedral in Europe, and illumined with fine discrimination every picture in the galleries of the Old World. Of all men Ruskin is not a faddist nor a fool, but an interpreter, a critic, a keen and scholarly observer. We do not believe such castigations of a great man . . . are worthy the standards hitherto set by our respected *Argonaut*."

Since the *Pacific* does not like the *Argonaut's* criticism of Ruskin, and since it believes that it is "inspired by ignorance," let us append a few truths about Ruskin by a man who was ignorant neither of Ruskin nor of art, who knew him intimately, who was his friend and admirer. We mean W. J. Stillman, himself a painter and art critic, a man who had traveled with Ruskin, lived with Ruskin, and painted with Ruskin. Their easels had often stood side by side in the valleys of Switzerland. Stillman says of Ruskin:

"Ruskin was a master in all that belongs to verbal expression, but singularly deficient in the gifts of the artist, feeble in drawing, with a most inaccurate perception of color and no power of invention. . . . His art criticism is radically and irretrievably wrong. No art can be gauged by its fidelity to nature unless we admit in that term the wider sense which makes nature of the human soul and all that is—the sense of music, the perception of beauty, the grasp of imagination, 'the light that never was on sea or land,' as well as that which serves the lens of the photographer; and Ruskin's own work, his teaching in his classes, and his application of his own standards to all great work, show that he understands the term 'fidelity to nature' to mean the adherence to physical facts, the scientific aspects of nature. Greek art he never has really sympathized with, nor at heart accepted as supreme, though years after he took the position he never has avowedly abandoned; he found that in Greek minature there were artistic qualities of the highest refinement; but Watts has told me that he expressed his surprise that the artist could keep before him so ugly a thing as the Oxford Venus, a cast of which was in his studio, and that he pronounced the horse an animal devoid of all beauty."

"In my opinion Ruskin cares nothing for the plastic qualities of art, or for the human figure, otherwise than as it embodies humanity and moral dignity. The diverse criticisms he makes on Titian, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, put side by side with his notes on Holman Hunt, on George Leslie and Miss Thompson in the Royal Academy, and Miss Alexander's drawings, show his appreciation of figure art to be absolutely without any criterion of style or motive in figure painting, if this were not already apparent from his contradictions at different periods of his life. These are puzzling to the casual reader. When he says in the early part of 'Modern Painters' that the work of Michael Angelo in general, the Madonna di San Sisto, and some other works are at the height of human excellence, and later denounces poor Bunnamti like a bad plaster cast, and sets Raphael down as a mere posturer and dexterous Academician, one is at a loss to reconcile his opinions with any standard. The fact I believe to be that his early art education, which was in great part due to J. D. Harding, a painter of high executive powers and keen appreciation of technical abilities in the Italian painters, was in the vein of orthodox standards; that while under the influence of his reverence for his teachers he accepted the judgment which they in common with most artists have passed on the old masters; but that when left to himself . . . he gradually lost all this vicarious appreciation and retained of his admiration of old art only what was in accordance with his own feelings, i. e., the intensity of moral and religious fervor, and, above all, anything that savored of mysticism. . . .

"As an art critic he has been like one writing on the sea sands—his system and his doctrines of art are repudiated by every thoughtful artist I know. Art in certain forms touches him profoundly, but only emotionally. Although he drew earnestly for years, he never seemed to understand style in drawing, master as he is of style (*sui generis*) in language. . . . And in painting from nature he is always best pleased with what is most like Turner. I painted or sketched with him during a summer in Switzerland, and therefore I do not speak from a moral consciousness. What he most admired in my work and sought in his own was excessive elaboration and photographic fidelity, and he did not easily apprehend the larger relations of the landscape. . . .

"He speaks of his opinions not as matters of opinion but as positive knowledge; . . . in personal intercourse I found nothing of the dogmatism which is so notable a feature in his writing. . . . even were he the sound art critic so many people take him to be."

We would advise the writer in the *Pacific* to read the letters and memoirs of Ruskin's artist contemporaries—men like those to whom Stillman refers—men like Sir John Millais, Holman Hunt, Sir E. Burne-Jones, and W. P. Frith. He will find the layman's opinion of Ruskin as an art critic is not the opinion of artists, of those who knew something about the man Ruskin, and something about the art which Ruskin could not fathom. If, as the *Pacific* says, "John Ruskin is the greatest art critic England has produced," why does not Stillman, himself an artist and art critic, agree?

What other artists believe that John Ruskin is a great art critic? Not John Everett Millais—not Holman Hunt—not Hubert Herkomer. It would be difficult to find any great artist who so believes. In the November *International Monthly* Mr. John La Farge gives the opinion of numerous artists on Ruskin, and says that "his long and laborious work has no authority with artists." As a matter of fact, the people who believe Ruskin to be a great art critic are neither artists nor art critics, and, as a rule, know nothing of art. Furthermore, many who talk the most about Ruskin know the least about his writings. It is our belief that very few people who talk about him have ever read him. It is our further belief that very few people can read him. Ask the most ardent Ruskinophile how far he has got in "Modern Painters." If he has got beyond the first volume he is a wonder. If he has got beyond the second volume he is a marvel. If he says he has got beyond the third volume he is a liar.

Nobody ever reads "Modern Painters" through. Nobody can. As for "Fors Clavigera"—another hook that everybody talks about and nobody reads—a recent order for it in England brought from the publisher some numbers of the original edition! Although printed many years ago, the first edition was still unexhausted. JEROME A. HART.

Physically many of the sovereigns of Europe would come under the general classification of "squat." The new King of Italy is 5 feet 3 inches tall, but still he is not the shortest sovereign. The Czar of all the Russias is only 5 feet 2 inches. The Prince of Wales is 5 feet 4 inches. Pictures of him give the impression that he is a much taller man, but that is because his royal highness knows how to pose before a camera. In a group he selects a position in the rear line, where he can stand on a box, or else he steps to one end of the front line and a little in advance of the others. Perspective does the rest. He weighs 257 pounds, in spite of all precautions and "cures" he can take. He wears an 18½ collar, has a chest measurement of 45 inches, a 34-inch length of arm, a waist of 43 or 44 inches, and a trousers-leg of 30 inches. The fat king's prize belongs to the King of Portugal, who is only 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs 308 pounds.

Because adultery was charged against Thomas J. Haynes, Judge Daingerfield ordered that the papers in the divorce case against him in this city be sealed. The sealing of papers in divorce cases, which has been ordered by several superior judges lately, is regarded as objectionable by searchers of records. In many divorce suits property interests are involved, and when the complaint and other papers in a case are kept under seal it becomes impossible for the searchers to tell whether the action has clouded the title to any real estate. Judge Hunt lately refused to seal up a complaint, and declared against the practice.

A recent examination of the records of nearly 400 cadets for the past ten years shows that outside the sons of army officers, of which there were 65, 149 were sons of farmers, 115 sons of merchants, 100 sons of lawyers, 37 sons of manufacturers, 32 sons of merchants, 20 sons of insurance agents, 19 sons of real estate agents, 14 sons of clergymen, 13 sons of editors, bankers, and book-keepers, 10 of druggists, 9 of drummers, 8 of school-teachers, and 6 of dentists. Among the others almost every calling is represented by the fathers of one or more.

The space allotted for the remains of the soldiers who die at the Presidio and for those shipped home from Manila has proved entirely too small, and to make room it has been found necessary to utilize that portion of the cemetery that is now covered with a growth of timber. A force of men has been at work during the last few days removing the trees. It is expected that the acre of ground covered by the trees will be cleared within the next few weeks, and that the interrupted funeral processions will be resumed.

Communications from the Philippine Islands complain of the manner in which goods sent from the Pacific Coast have arrived at their destination. The American Chamber of Commerce at Manila has notified the chamber of commerce in a letter which says in part: "In consequence of the wretched packing by the San Francisco merchants of goods destined here, many of our merchants are placing orders in the East with directions to have goods shipped via New York direct for Manila without transshipment."

Fruit is rotting on the trees of Kent, England. For instance, the Liverpool *Courier* notices a case in which a London fruiterer bought the fruit of a small orchard for thirty-five dollars a ton. A few weeks ago he paid two hundred and fifty dollars for the bargain to be annulled, as it would not pay to pick the fruit off the trees. This summer produced one of the most prolific damson crops ever known, but owing to unfair railway rates it did not pay to send it to London.

All that remains of the battle-ship *Maine* is to be taken from Havana harbor. This has been decided upon by the Navy Department on the representations of Governor-General Wood, who says the wreck is a serious obstruction to navigation. The tangle of plates and beams is sinking deeper and deeper into the mud of the harbor, and delay will only make the work of its removal more difficult.

Cromwell's medals for naval and military services were the first given to officers and men.

THE FAITH OF A YAQUI.

How Aid Was Carried to the Besieged in La Cajetin Cañon.

After a sudden raid into Chihuahua, Baltasar's hand of Yaqui Indians was followed back into its mountain retreats by a volunteer troop. For three weeks the Indians turned and twisted, making dashing raids and picking off their pursuers from unsuspected shelters; but the Chihuahuan captain knew the Sierra Madres, too. He cut Baltasar off on this side, and headed him on that, and at last forced him into La Cajetin Cañon, its only entrance a narrow gorge.

"We have the coyotes in a trap—they can not escape," the *commandante* cheerfully assured his men.

But what is the use of a trap if you can not put your finger upon your prey? The Yaquis would never surrender—there was water and a band of sheep in the valley. Twice the Mexicans tried to force an entry, and then the *peones* flatly declined to again enter the "passage of death." Gonzalez could only post his guards and wait.

Within the cañon, old Baltasar set his watch, too, and if a Mexican sentinel raised his head above the sky-line there was one less of the pursuing force. But the old chief knew, as he came down through the valley on the fifth day of the siege, that his men had less than two rounds of ammunition apiece. He stood under the stunted oak and let his keen eyes glance carelessly from man to man as they lounged about him. He motioned to one, a young fellow who lay apart from the rest, his wide *sombrero* drawn low over his alertly watchful eyes.

"We are twenty and eight men, my son," Baltasar said quietly, "and we have thirty-seven cartridges."

Isadore did not speak, and the old man continued: "We may drive the dogs back once more, but again—" he shook his head; "and I sent Pablo to Muni. Muni will come to us—if the devils have not shut him in, and then, *los Mejicanos* can not turn this way, or that"—he smiled grimly—"they will be forced in here with us, and if we have not cartridges—" throwing his hands apart, he swept them outward. "Some man must go there to Don Juan, across the border, and bring back the ammunition."

"What does one?" asked Isadore.

"There!" The old man turned toward the wall of rock which rose two hundred feet sheer at the upper end of the valley. "No guard is there; at the top it is but a shelf and then another cañon, and there is the trail to the north."

The chief fixed a piercing look upon his companion. Isadore had left the Yaqui country in his boyhood; he was an American citizen now; he had married a wife who was as much Mexican as Yaqui. Baltasar was remembering these things, but he knew his man.

"Wilt thou go and return quickly, Isadore?"

The young man straightened his shoulders, a new light came into his face. "I must search out the way up the wall," he said, and stepped lightly out of the hollow.

With a spring the old man caught his sleeve and dragged him back. "Fool!" he groaned, as a bullet ticked a stone, "to fling thy life away at this moment! *Aquí!*" And he led the way under the shelter of the dry creek-bed until they reached a huge boulder. Under its shadow they crouched and carefully inspected the bank, Baltasar pointing out that it was rotten stone, and showing unsuspected cracks and ledges, and then describing the cañon beyond and the trail minutely, for Isadore was a stranger to the paths of his fathers.

He listened attentively, but his eyes were sparkling, his grave face lighted with a hidden fire. Luisa, the bride of a month, was there at Don Juan. Long miles and unknown dangers lay between them, yet he should see her soon. He had been a *vaquero* on the Short Stop cattle-range for ten years past, and he had loved Luisa ever since; a little wild thing, she had played about him while he worked, and told to him alone her thoughts and fancies. She had come back from the convent school a quiet, self-possessed young woman, still with little to say to those about her, and her old friend had felt that she was a fit wife for the "hoss" himself. He had never dreamed of aspiring to her hand until she herself had assured him that she chose rather to be the wife of an Indian than the mistress of a white man. Then they had gone to the priest.

One month of home and happiness was given them before the call for all Yaquis to come to the aid of their tribe in resisting Mexican oppression had come to Isadore. Luisa had protested bitterly. "Those people, they drove you out; from them you have only hunger and blows. Why should you leave me to fight their fight? They are naught to us." And his employer explained in vain that Isadore owed no further allegiance to his tribe, and swore hotly at him as a "hopeless fool," to translate mildly. But Isadore answered to everything: "It is my country, they are my people—I must go."

For five months now he had followed Baltasar, taking unflinchingly his part in the guerilla warfare, but his heart was not in it. His thoughts were all of the work he had left, his home, and Luisa. He had heard no word since he had left her, but now he should see her, know that all was well with her. The thought pulsed through him as he scanned the wall, fixing every detail, every possibility, in his mind.

The ascent must be made in the brief hour between sunset and moon-rise. At dusk Isadore began to climb, cautiously feeling his way with hand and foot, testing every step, swinging from ledge to crevice and niche with cat-like nimbleness. Once a foothold crumbled and he saved himself from dashing below only by a clutch that left his fingers torn and bleeding. Sometimes he must cut his steps in the rock, and at last he reached a granite face on which even the knife could get no hold. He wasted precious moments in groping over it, and then was obliged to retrace his way to a ledge along which he crept, upward and outward. A stone rattled downward and he heard footsteps above; he flattened himself against the rock and waited, but the steps retreated.

The moon swung clear of the Old Woman peak as he dragged himself upon the top and lay panting and nerveless; but he must not stop in that pitiless light, and, lying flat, he worked himself across and began to explore the opposite edge for the point where he could most easily descend. Again he heard the pace of the sentry and held his breath while he awaited what should come. But the man had no mind to make himself a target for Yaqui bullets on that bare ledge, and turned back before he reached it.

After a little search at the foot of the new cañon Isadore found the trail described by Baltasar, and guided more by instinct than by sight, he followed steadily its obscure but certain leading. Absorbed as he was in keeping to the path that led over rocks and through gulches, lost itself in brush, and leaped up and down mountain sides, he was conscious all the time that Baltasar had chosen him, had trusted him above all the rest, and he must not fail Baltasar. And he always heard Luisa's cry of joy to come; that alone would he worth all the toil and danger.

When the moon waned he slept; but at daybreak he was on foot again. The day was well on before he left the mountains. A wide plain, loosely covered with greasewood, cactus, and yuccas, and broken by many a dry water-course, stretched away to the north. There was no water, no shade, and the August sun scorched the very air, but the Indian trotted warily on, keeping to the scant shelter and the low ground, and once lying behind the spare screen of a mesquite-bush while a band of the Mexican patrol swept by in the distance.

The moon's magic was turning the barren, dusty plains into cool fields of restful beauty as he at last approached the settlement. Instinctively he turned first to the house where he had left Luisa in the care of a country-woman, but time pressed; reluctantly he passed by and went on to a long, low adobe which stood apart. He gave a signal-knock, and in a moment was standing inside, while an old man, a hoy, and three or four women gathered about, questioning, exclaiming, gesturing. They hushed as he spoke.

"Baltasar's band went down into Gonzalez's country; he followed us back; he had many men, we few; he drove us back and back into La Cajetin. I have come for cartridges. They have tried twice to enter, and twice borne back their dead; but if they strike again, or if Muni's band comes to aid us, and we have not the ammunition, it is the end." Then turning to the boy, he called, "Go quickly, Juan, and fetch Luisa—tell her one wishes to see her, but do not speak my name."

A pot of steaming coffee had been placed upon the table. He swallowed two cups of the liquid before he noted the silence in the room and that Juan still remained. "Why stand you there?" he demanded, angrily; "I have haste to make, and I must see my wife."

The old man had dragged a heavy box from underneath a bed, and was taking from it little green boxes of cartridges. He straightened himself now, and coming around the table laid his hand upon Isadore's arm. "You can not see your wife, son," he said, using the harsh gutturals of his native dialect.

"Is she dead?" cried Isadore, rising.

"No, but she has the pest—small-pox. She will die to-morrow—Téofila says."

"Why did you not speak, then?" cried the husband, passionately. "Think you I fear the pest? Where is she?" He turned toward the door, but the old man stepped in front of him.

"That you must not do," he cried. "You know the foolishness of the *Americanos*! They watch day and night—no one may enter or leave there. And you, if they see you, a Yaqui rebel, they will give you over to the Mexicans."

"*Que caramba!* The devil himself shall not keep me from my wife. Let me pass!"

But the old man, placing his back against the door, answered: "Think, *hombre!* What of thy seven-and-twenty brothers up there? Wilt leave them to die?"

Isadore hesitated; then he caught the whisper of one woman to another: "She calls always for him, Téofila says."

"What are the men to me?" he broke out, roughly, "they are nothing to me; but she—she is my wife. Send some other man to La Cajetin. Stand aside!"

Without moving, old Chepé raised his hand and spoke solemnly: "There is no man else to go. Tebiate is dead with the pest, Felipe is shut in yonder. Juan, here, is but a boy, and I"—his voice broke into a wail—"God help us, I am very old—very old!"

Unheeding, Isadore shoved the old man out of the way and sprang through the door. Outside, the freshness of the sparkling air cooled his brain, the sight of the distant mountains brought back the memory of Baltasar and the men whose lives depended upon his own life. He paused within the shadow and watched the guard turn at the corner of the house where Luisa lay, and walk with leisurely step down the row of black adobe huts. The gleam of his gun-barrel maddened the Indian. What right had that man to stand between him and his dying wife, to prevent his looking into her eyes, hearing her voice? He drew out his revolver. It would be easy enough to send a bullet there just under the left shoulder, and then, he might take Luisa in his arms, kiss her farewell, and escape. His people would help him. His hands shook as he turned the weapon, but with his American citizenship he had adopted the cowboy code—he would not shoot a man in the back. And beside, the man was but carrying out orders as he himself was doing.

A little gleam of light from the room where he knew his wife must lie attracted him, fascinated him. If he could look into that window, catch one glimpse of her face, hear her voice calling his name, then he might be able to go back to Baltasar. He measured the distance with his eye; he could easily reach the window while the watchman's back was turned, and surely the man would not shoot him for looking in at a window. He could outrun any pursuer, but an alarm would mean delay, perhaps the failure of his mission. With an oath he admitted that the risk was too great. He must go back to the mountains without seeing Luisa—he should

never see her again. He hid his face in his hands with a groan of actual physical suffering, then with a long look at the little light, he turned away.

The women—the wives and sisters of Chepé's two sons, who were with Baltasar—were huddled about the door to watch the figure in the shadow. They greeted his return with tears and whisperings of joy, but he pushed past them to old Chepé, who squatted on the floor in front of the black fire-place, his head sunk between his knees. Shaking his shoulder, Isadore said: "Make ready quickly, and send Juan for your best horse. Fifty miles must lie behind me before the sun rises."

Soon, with eyes turning again and again toward that feeble little light of the widow, he was stealing away through the shadows. Outside the village Juan met him with the horse. There was little danger of interruption now on the lonely road that stretched away, a white thread, through the dark mesa, and he put the pony to a steady gallop. He might think now. Just as he had started one of the women had spoken: "The white doctor does great things, and the white doctor gives the medicine to Luisa. She may not die perhaps. Old Téofila—*quien sabe?*—old Téofila may not speak true."

"Téofila knows well the signs of death," Isadore had answered bitterly. But he snatched at the thought; it was true, he had known the doctor to work miracles, and Téofila might mistake; at least, she might mistake the time. Luisa might live two days, three days; she might not die at all. "I will see her again yet," he swore to himself; "I must carry these accursed cartridges to Baltasar, but I will return. Before the moon goes down again I will be with Luisa, and, then, she may not die. We will go back to the *ranchito*, to the little house, and be happy again. Yes," he repeated again, "they may fight if it pleases them, but I will take Luisa and go back to my cattle. That is best."

He burned with impatience when he thought of the distance ahead of him. He grew reckless, and urged his horse on with no thought of danger until the steady beat of hoofs, muffled by the soft dust, startled him. There was no hiding-place here on the open plain. He cursed his carelessness, and used his Spanish bit and spurs wickedly; if he could reach the wash, with its broken banks, he might escape unnoticed. But his half-starved pony was no match for the long strides of the horses behind. They gained, and at last he heard an order to halt, and a moment later a bullet zipped past his ear. He rode at full speed down a steep bank and wheeled his horse at right-angles into a gulch so narrow that his knees scraped the sides. It was a desperate chance, but the patrolmen, wrapped in a cloud of their own dust, dashed by, and by the time they had agreed as to their blunder, Isadore was galloping across the country out of range.

He was able to push his sturdy, sure-footed little beast over some miles of the trail; then, after taking a little food, he started on, without waiting for sleep or for daylight. The cartridge-belts about his waist twisted and chafed with every movement, the sack of ammunition grew more leaden at every step of the endless, upward climb; his eyes were weighted with sleep and his feet clumsy with weariness, but he paused only to pant for breath after some heavy pull. He was driven relentlessly on by the thought of the men in peril ahead, and behind Luisa dying without him. "No," he gasped, "she will not die before I come, the good God will not permit that."

It was high noon when he at last reached the end of the trail. The thin, clear air pulsed with heat and with silence. He listened, but no sound of living thing came to him, and he shouldered the sack for the last climb with a dull sense of being too late after all. He was on the ridge once more and looking eagerly into La Cajetin. Ah, there under the trees were the men, just as he had left them, apparently. All was well, then. "*Gracias a Dios!*" he whispered. A hundred yards to the right the Mexican guard was sleeping in the thin shadow of a rock, and down there below—yes, it was Baltasar himself there in the shade of the boulder. The old man saw him and threw up his hands in joy, then motioned, warningly. But Isadore, dropping the sack over the edge, began to lower it by the *reata* he had attached. Suddenly a sentinel far down the valley shouted, the sleeping watchman stood up, only to pitch forward at a puff from Baltasar's rifle. The precious sack dropped to the sand below, and Isadore rising to his feet, sent a ringing "adios" to the men below, and turning, plunged, slipping, rolling, falling, into the cañon.

As he ran through the *chaparral*, the Mexican soldiers who had given chase snipped the leaves and scattered little whiffs of dust and splinters of rock from the bank beside him. Above the popping of their rifles there came from far down the valley the shouts of men, and then the long, high cry of a Yaqui squaw, mingled with the echoes of fast-repeated shots. The Mexicans turned back, and Isadore went on, knowing that his work had been well done—Muni had come.

Nothing but the dogged endurance of generations inured to physical hardship could have kept him in the now familiar trail as he staggered on, feeling nothing, seeing nothing but the vision of his wife calling for him, dying without him. When he reached the spring where he had left his horse he drank long and deep, plunging his throbbing head again and again into the little pool. With his hands dabbling in the water, his heavy lids dropped, and in an instant the bliss of sleep was upon him; but as he floated into forgetfulness, he seemed to hear a low, sweet voice calling his name. He started up, then struggled to his feet and blindly saddled the pony. Then the faithful beast stumbled on down the mountain.

The soothing light of the moon again rested on the ugly little town when he rode into Don Juan and directly to the little adobe. He dropped from his horse to his knees in front of the hut. The door and window stood wide open, and the long bars of silver illuminated the darkest corner with their mocking light. The room was bare and empty.

ROSE L. ELLERBE.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1900.

PARIS NOW A FRENCH CITY.

Parisians Return with the Close of Summer—Provincials Come in
Crowds to Visit the Exposition—Foreign Tourists in the
Minority—New Fall Fashions.

In this brilliant autumn weather, sun-charged and suave, Paris seems to be growing fuller every minute. It appears that there are thousands of people who had the good sense to put off their exposition visit till the summer heats were over. They had an idea that the summer crowds would be over, too. But in this they reckoned without contemplating the fact that there were others in the world who had had precisely the same idea that they had.

Paris is packed. Hotels are full, pensions are full, the streets are full, the exposition is full. They tell me that the city is more crowded than it has been all summer. The only difference is that the crowds now are more French and less foreign. The Americans are beginning to go home. The English are also moving, or when they do come, only run over for a few days. It is the provincial French who are pouring in. During the summer, Paris was largely an American city. Now it is shaking down into its old groove. The Parisians themselves are coming back and the rural French are crowding in from every province.

One sees them everywhere in every sort of costume. I was in that wonderful old street this morning, Le Rue des Franc-Bourgeois, studying landmarks, when a characteristic group passed me. They were two women and two men, but the former were so interesting that I neglected to look at the latter, so have no idea what their costumes were. The two women, an old and a young one, were in black stuff skirts nearly up to their knees, their aprons were worn at the back, and their bodices were of black, low-cut, and filled in with white, like an Italian peasant woman's. They both wore elaborate caps of sheer muslin and lace, and their sturdy legs were incased in black cotton stockings. Their *sabots*, which were of some glazed-looking, black material, did not in the back rise above the soles, and were finished with small, neat, yellow heels, absurdly little and fragile-looking for the enormous size of the shoe in the front. I have only once before in Paris seen a woman in this dress, and it is evidently somewhat of a novelty to the Parisians themselves, for the shop-keepers of the Rue des Franc-Bourgeois stood in their doorways staring after the retreating quartet.

Not alone the solemn old thoroughfares like the Rue des Franc-Bourgeois are visited by these sight-seers from distant provinces. One sees them everywhere. The women wear caps that, to the initiated, indicate their province. Some are small, box-like things, that set on the top of their heads, are covered smoothly with handsome, yellowish lace, and have two lace streamers that are caught up in loops. Others again wear a large nun-like thing, that goes back straight and stiff from the forehead, and throws out two flying hutchesses on either side. This is all lace, and with the sun shining through its beautiful, web-like finenesses looks exquisitely rich and delicate. Some wear a round, close cap of transparent muslin and lace, that is held in the front with gold pins that end in heavy knobs and little, loose-hanging golden balls that dangle down toward the temples. The peasant girls from some of the old Roman cities wear a black cap which is one of the most becoming of all. It is set on the crown of their heads, and is small and stiff, allowing their smooth, rich hair to be seen all round it. It is made, I think, of velvet, and broad bands of velvet are used as a trimming on their dress.

All these country sight-seers toil conscientiously through the fair. They spend the day there, and one constantly sees a group of them seated on the ten-centime chairs eating out of a paper bag their *déjeuner* of dry bread and red wine. Many of them are people of good position and large means. But with their peasant thrift they will not pay the exposition prices, and bring that amazing breakfast with them that appears to sustain a French stomach from twelve till six or seven. The French certainly can exist on less food than any people I have ever seen, and yet they present the appearance of a healthy, muscular, ruddy race. They are not tall and stalwart, like the English, but they have the color and short, chunky build of a strong-thewed, wiry people. The women especially are pictures of health. They are all plump and prettily made, having universally the most charming figures. They work harder than the men, and they have the clear eyes, the fresh skins, and the brisk, alert gait of creatures who feel that it is a good thing to be alive.

Yet all these people—of the working and mechanic class—thrive on what would seem to us starvation rations. The only thing that appears to be a necessity of their existence is wine. All that great world of poor folk who live on the top stories, under the chimney pots, and in the narrow, quaint, grimy streets upon which fashion has long ago turned its back, have their glass of red wine. It moistens their crusty roll in the middle of the day, and is the backbone of their supper at night. At midday you see the workmen in their houses squeezed round some small table that has found an angle to rest in somewhere on the sidewalk, eating their chunks of iron-crusted bread, and washing it down with the *vin ordinaire* that glows like a ruby in the thick glasses. You see the *couchers* taking a standing lunch or dinner at the corner restaurants, a fragment of some sort of food in one hand and a glass of wine in the other. You look into windows that open on narrow passage-ways, and in the cramped, stuffy rooms catch a glimpse of the set table, with its hare, dark-green bottle in the centre.

One of the oddest things about these working people of Paris is that they seem to lodge cheek by jowl with their wealthy neighbors, the only difference being that they are a few flights higher up. In those palatial white-stone buildings skirted round with wrought-iron balconies, and showing, through an arched opening, an enameled space of grass and flowers, there are places on the top stories in the Mansard where all sorts of the humble ones of the earth can

be housed at very reasonable rates. From their windows, very high up, to be sure, they can look out over those wonderful chimneys and roofs of Paris that stand out so sharply against the suffused skies of sunset, and so softly against the deep, melting ones of clear nights. If there is a balcony in front of the window, as there sometimes is, they can lean over comfortably on their folded arms, and look down into the chasm of the street below, which is full of the buffeted echoes of traffic. Here in the afternoon they can watch the good society that lives on the floors beneath come out in rich raiment, see it mount its carriages and go driving away.

I have been living in one of these immense apartment-houses, and there is another one facing it. They are both of white stone, contain numerous apartments, and have balconies that run along their façades. I had a balcony, and as it was very high up, at the hour of sunset I took great joy in emerging upon it, and looking out into a sunset that blazed up a sky that was generally sprinkled with little detached wisps of burning cloud. Then I would look down into the street, at the waiting *fiacre*-drivers who were gossiping in groups, or at the lovely ladies in lovely clothes who emerged from what, too, was my front door, ascended the *fiacres*, and drove away in a foam of pale millinery. When this palled I looked at the house opposite, and it was closed. All the ascending floors had their iron shutters fast, and it had the expression of a face that is set to an impenetrable and uninteresting reserve. One evening, however, I looked up to the top floor, one story above me, and here there was life. Some Parisians, at least, were in town. Since then I feel I have become quite intimate friends with my top-floor neighbors opposite. Most of them are away during the day, but in the evening they come out on their little balconies and stare down into the streets like sparrows under the ledge of a roof, and sometimes pass the time of day with one another.

The apartments below them, which increase in dignity and style as they descend, are now beginning to be opened. Every few days somebody returns, and the iron shutters are flung back, the windows cleaned, the lace curtains hung up, and the floors waxed till even from across the street one can see them shining like glass, with here and there a thin, napless rug breaking their gleaming surfaces. Very fine ladies issue forth in the afternoon in clinging, serpentine dresses, and hats made of feathers, get into *fiacres* and rattle away. Neat servants, in black dresses and white aprons, appear, and sometimes the magnificent *nourous*, in their checked, light-colored capes and their caps surrounded by ruched ribbon, with two ends as wide as a sash hanging down to the ground.

The true Parisiennes are slowly returning to the city. Paris in summer is said to be as devoid of them as New York is of its representative well-bred, well-dressed women during the warm months. One sees them now here and there, dainty, fine creatures, with glossy hair always waved, neat, simple dresses that fit most wonderfully, trim little feet in shoes that are made of russet leather as a concession to the angomania that still rages in Paris, but russet leather so apothecized that it bears no resemblance to the stout, serviceable summer article as we know it. They always carry themselves well, these finely finished, highly civilized beings, always hold their skirts up in an incomparably graceful and yet sensible manner, and always wear pretty petticoats, which either match or contrast harmoniously with their dresses. Their faces are attractive, piquant, and sometimes very pretty, and their complexions and manner of making up—for most of them make up a little—are marvelous. We never see such a make-up in our country, so delicate, so natural; simply giving to a face that is fading the glowing tints and radiant freshness of youth. How it is done I can not imagine, for the moment you look at them you know they are too healthily pink and white, too clear as to eye and glossy as to hair for anything but a girl of sixteen, and yet you can not see that there is powder there, or rouge here, or dye anywhere. It is one of the most artistic branches of painting that I have seen since I came to Paris.

One is beginning to see the Frenchwomen at the five-o'clock tea-rooms in the afternoon. A month ago at Colombin's one saw more Americans than anything else. Now the Americans are in the minority, and the Parisians are coming into their own again. Colombin's is the great tea place for the moment, and from half-past four till six is so packed that a line of carriages goes down the street on both sides. Here one may see the first tentative suggestions for the winter fashions, for all these pretty ladies are very *chic* as to clothes. Some dreadful person started the rumor recently that bustles, if not crinolines, were coming in. Just the contrary is the case here. The tall, slim woman is still on the top of the heap. All the fashions are made for her, and the taller and slimmer she is the better it will be. The fashionable dress just now is the "princess"—all in one piece, close-fitting as a glove, made of a soft, heavy material that clings like *crêpe*, and that falls in the statuesque folds that habitually dispose themselves around a "Ouida" heroine. The great dressmakers refuse to put every woman in a "princess" dress. You must have the figure for it or else they will clothe you in a short jacket and skirt. But when you have the figure, and the right material, and the right *couturier*, then, indeed, you are a dream.

The only other fashion that I can lay claim to having noticed is that of feather hats. These are turbans made entirely of feathers, with twists of velvet and aigrettes of lace mixed in. Everybody just now is wearing them, though the weather is almost hot and most women are still carrying parasols. It looks rather absurd, but the summer hats are worn out, and very few women have the strength of mind to let their new hats lie secluded in a box for weeks. I do not know what the bird-defending societies will do to prevent the massacres that must be necessary for this year's fashions. The breasts and throats of certain birds must be in demand by the thousands, and the toques and evening bonnets are decorated with the long, feathery tails of the egret, against the wearing of which there has been so much feeling shown.

PARIS, October 13, 1900.

GERALDINE BONNER.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

A cousin of Dr. Livingstone, Mrs. MacQueeney, who was Kate Livingstone, is alive at the age of one hundred and four, at Salon, in the Isle of Mull.

Lieutenant-Colonel Du Paty de Clam, who was so prominent in the Dreyfus case, will soon retire on a pension, as he has served for the regulation period.

Hermann Grimm's successor as professor of the history of art at Berlin is Professor Heinrich Thode, of Heidelberg, whose wife is Richard Wagner's daughter. The cause of Hermann Grimm's retirement is bad health.

A Spanish paper says that two descendants of Columbus, Manuel and Maria Columbo, brother and sister, are at present inmates of the Asylum for the Homeless in the city of Cadiz. Documents in their possession prove their descent.

A journalist who has often been called upon to make a stenographic report of a speech by Emperor William declares that the Kaiser speaks slowly at first, but gradually gets faster and faster, until it is impossible to follow him *verbatim*. The reporters, he says, generally write down what they can, and, by comparing notes afterward, concoct a tolerably accurate report of what he said.

General Fitzhugh Lee has been relieved from the command of the Department of Western Cuba and ordered to Omaha, where he will relieve General Merriam of the command of the Department of the Missouri. The War Department has discontinued the military divisions known as Western Cuba and Eastern Cuba and established in their stead the Department of Cuba, with General Leonard Wood in command, with head-quarters at Havana.

Lieutenant Prince Prosper von Arenberg, cousin of the German statesman, Prince von Arenberg, Bismarck's old opponent, who was sentenced last June, after a second trial, to imprisonment in a fortress for three years and six months, for murdering in a peculiarly atrocious manner a prominent half-breed named Cain, in German South-West Africa, has suffered a revision of sentence, by which the penalty is increased to fifteen years. It was proved that the killing was solely for political reasons, Cain being suspected of being a British spy.

The first honorary doctor of philosophy of her sex in Austria is Frau Marie Ebner-Eschenbach. The diploma was handed to her, in her brother's residence, on the occasion of her seventieth birthday, by a deputation from the University of Vienna, including the rector and several professors. In course of his address to her, Professor Jacob Minor called her attention to the fact that the diploma referred to her justly as not only the first among living German writers of her sex, but as one of the first of contemporary German writers of either sex.

It has been a great surprise to many people to learn that Dr. Conan Doyle is an Edinburgh man, horn and bred. His parents were of Irish descent, and his father was the youngest of four sons, all of whom distinguished themselves. The eldest was James Doyle, the historian, who wrote the "Chronicles of England." The second was Henry Doyle, C. B., the head of the National Gallery in Dublin. The third was the famous Richard Doyle of *Punch*, and the fourth, the novelist's father, was one of her majesty's officials in the office of public works in Edinburgh.

By a special ukase of the Czar Mlle. Marguerite de Cassini, grandniece and adopted daughter of the Russian ambassador to Washington, D. C., Count Arthur de Cassini, has received the title of Countess de Cassini, and is thus officially the heiress, not only of Count Cassini's vast fortune, but of his title. The husband of this favored young lady will bear the historic name of the Cassinis, and their children will be the hereditary bearers of this honored name. The dignity was conferred, not only to acknowledge the signal success of the ambassador in a diplomatic way, but to reward Mlle. Cassini for the grace and dignity with which she has presided over the Russian embassy.

Rudyard Kipling has evidently abandoned America as an abiding place, in favor of the village of Rottingdean, England, for he has offered for sale "Naulahka," his pretty country place near Brattleboro, Vt., which he has not occupied since the death of his daughter in New York. The breach which exists between the author and his brother-in-law, Beatty Balestier, is said to be mainly responsible for Kipling's decision to dispose of his Vermont home. Balestier never attempted to conceal the fact that he did not admire Kipling personally, however much he might appreciate his literary skill, and when the ill-feeling between the two men developed into an assault case, which was settled in the courts, it is said Kipling deeply resented the publicity which was given to his family quarrel.

The engagement of Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, of New York, to Alfred Beit, the South African diamond king, is rumored in London. Mrs. Ladenburg is the daughter of the late Alexander Stevens, who was cashier of the Gallatin National Bank, of New York. Her deceased husband was a member of the banking firm of Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co., and was reported to have been washed overboard and drowned while returning from Florida to New York in 1896. After his death, his will was probated on the proof furnished, and Mrs. Ladenburg inherited four hundred thousand dollars. She has one daughter, born shortly after her husband's tragic death, and the appearance of the posthumous child caused some controversy over the will, owing to the law regarding such cases in New York. Mr. Beit, who is considered one of the richest men in the world, made his fortune in the gold and diamond mines of South Africa, and, with Cecil Rhodes, controls the diamond market of the world and the affairs of the great De Beers Diamond Company. He owns the magnificent Park Lane residence in London which was built by the former diamond king, Barney Barnato.

INCIDENTS OF THE MARCH TO PEKIN.

The Japanese Proved Their Superiority—Defects of American Troops—A Carnival of Looting in the Chinese Capital—Brutality of the French and Russians.

The march of the allied forces to Pekin, the like of which we shall not see again, unless the soldiers of five nations struggle along a road with the common object of saving ministers plenipotentiary from massacre, offered a rare opportunity to the Japanese to do something which would cause the world to put a proper value upon the force of their arms. They led the troops the entire way, and General Fukushima, the hardy, square-jawed, astute, and tireless little Japanese general became the hero of the expedition. Says Frederick Palmer, in a letter to *Collier's Weekly*:

"While the other forces were merely moving from day's camp to day's camp, the Japanese were scouting and keeping contact with what remained of the enemy, who was ever promising us a real fight, but never gave us one. From first to last, General Fukushima had remorselessly put into practice, by means of his cavalry, the remark that he made at Ho-She-Wo, when the whole army was praying in its innermost heart that we should take another day's rest. 'We are tired, but the enemy is very tired,' he said in his quaint, terse English; 'he is also scared, and we are not. If we keep on going, he will not only be aware that we are not scared, but think that we are not tired. We shall be much stronger as he sees us than we really are. His forces will scatter, and he will not be able to make a determined stand at Pekin.' As a result, the Japanese were constantly obliged to halt and allow the other forces to catch up. On the worst day of the march ten per cent. of our men and of the British and fifteen per cent. of the Russians fell out, while some of the Indian troops suffered even more. The faces of the big, hulking Russians were scarlet with the rush of blood. Their reputation as great marchers was this time put to no theoretical test. After a company of them had rested, the officers would start a song, and, all singing, they would swing out, their big boots plowing the dust as if they were going straight through to Pekin without a stop. Gradually one after another would stop singing and fall back, until the measure died out of the ranks, and then the officers would halt them, close up the ranks, call in the skulkers from the *kwailiang*, and start the song again. A Russian priest who rode with the general in a drosky, under a big white umbrella, sometimes importuned them in the name of the Little Father."

Sydney Adamson, the special correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, who saw much of the Japanese during the march, is also enthusiastic in their praise. A few days after the troops started from Tang-Tsun, Mr. Adamson rode some distance with one of the Japanese officers, a good-looking, clean-shaven young fellow, who spoke a little English. He writes:

"I could not help contrasting his appearance with that of the American officers, who are often indistinguishable from the men. His clothes, to begin with, were made to fit him, not picked out from the quartermaster's department as good enough to wear in the field or because his other clothes had run out. His accoutrements were spotlessly clean, his saddle-cloth brushed, and the dust on his boots was the dust of one day. His face was shaven and his hands were clean, and kept clean by wearing gloves. His horse was groomed, and there was no rust on the stirrups or buckles. Yet this was in the forefront of everything; this clean officer and his equally smart colleagues, and those tidy soldiers, had done the hardest marching; their column, often engaged, had cleared the way for the rest to follow; and, with one exception—the British—they were the tidiest on the field. I watched this officer all day. He took things quietly all along, cared for his horse by giving it bits of food on the way, and kept a very easy pace for the foot soldiers. He never seemed fatigued. When he rested the detachment, he called a soldier, or one came voluntarily, and cut an armful of clean cornstalks, upon which he sat easily. This kept him clean. Many of the troops, for their own comfort, did the same. If the Russians are moderately quiet, the Japanese on the march are silent. On the other hand, during a halt the Japs are lively and merry. I saw no sullen, discontented faces. They are real soldiers, not men playing at the business and wishing they were somewhere else and otherwise occupied."

When the troops pitched their tents for the night, Mr. Adamson went over to the Americans to see how they had fared, and found the officers tired and angry:

"Their discontent with their men had reached the boiling point, and they were fuming at their inability to use extreme measures to discipline the worst element. On little or no pretext the men had been dropping out. Officers had marched in the rear of their commands to watch these cases. But the men fell out in knots, in dozens; then they were missed by scores, and on reaching camp the absentees were in some cases twenty or thirty per cent. Some cases were genuine. Many simply alleged 'tired' as an excuse. These were the fellows who maddened the officers with their impudent slouch and grim determination to be tired. I have heard some of the men boast that they have never been knocked out yet, and don't mean to be. I usually find that they were in the old regular service, and know something of the plains. It was a decidedly cross and unhappy camp."

After the Japanese, says Mr. Adamson, the next best in point of equipment was the British division, and it was not England's best, for that was drawn for South Africa. But the thorough British discipline was there and the common-sense system:

"No tents are allowed the men on this expedition. They have a water-proof sheet and a blanket, which weight they do not carry. Their ammunition is in boxes attached to a belt supported by cross-belts on the shoulders. The American carries one hundred rounds of ammunition sagging round his waist, supported by straining the muscles of his abdomen and bruising the bones of his pelvis. Then a Bengal lancer, or a British artilleryman, is a great deal cleaner than an American cavalryman or cannoner. It is not entirely choice; it is required of them. Not only are their own clothes and persons cleaner, but their animals' trappings are much better kept. The British artillery horse has polished steel chains and hames, and they are kept polished. The Lancers have chain-mail shoulder-straps, and bright brass letters on them; they are kept clean. I noticed a bright, clean Lancer one day and asked the officer if this man was wearing the same tunic that he had worn all the way. He replied, 'Yes, but he washed it three times on the way up. I did not see one outer garment washed in the American camp during the march, only a few shirts. The general appearance did not suggest any attempt to wash. I will go further and say that it did not seem to occur to the officers that there was anything to criticize in the men's condition. Unless certain things are required of men and junior officers, too, they will not be performed. These things should become ingrained into the habits of a service. This new American army lacks regular habits of any kind, and its best friends, the older regular officers, would hesitate long before they stated that it had any real discipline. I heard a group of marine officers the other day discussing these things. One said: 'Before I came out here I thought the American troops were the finest in the world. I had not been out here for more than a week or two when I got rid of that idea once and for all.' The rest of the group heartily agreed."

The occupation of Pekin has been a carnival of loot. "The Americans have been the most temperate of all," says Martin J. Egan, the San Francisco *Chronicle's* correspondent, "but General Chaffee found it necessary to permit his men to forage, and the American hand has gone nearly as far as any into the loot pile." He continues:

"Silver and silk are the most valuable articles numbered in the loot list, but in the general category nothing has escaped. Jewelry, wearing apparel, furniture, carvings, jade, pictures, guns, armor, pipes, *bric-a-brac*, statuary, embroideries, tapestries, rugs, swords, canes, and every conceivable article have been carted away, much of it to be the sport of an hour; none of it to bring substantial reward in distant markets. Soldiers have disported in the priceless gowns of mandarins, and then kicked them into the gutter when they became too heavy to carry. Furs that would make my lady proud at the opera have been dragged from chests and bartered away for a song to designing dealers or curio hunters with money. The soldier is generally impetuous, and here you find him giving up his treasures for a few paltry 'dobe' dollars, that will in turn be offered as a sacrifice to thirst. There are men following upon the heels of this army acting the part of what the American police would call the 'fence,' who will make fifty dollars for every dollar they invest in this remarkable traffic. It is silver that has brought the greatest reward to the looters. The Chinese have long been users and hoarders of the white metal, and the bulk of it has been kept in bullion. It has been the custom to make rough casting of it generally, in either fifty or ten-tael chunks, and these are the things that have particularly excited the cupidity of the soldiery. Tien-tsin was rich in silver treasure, and there was a house-to-house search for it. It would be folly to attempt to give figures for the amount carried away, but the sum was enormous. The same is true of Pekin, and as this is being penned a half a dozen silver markets are running on Legation Street."

The trade has developed some curious features. For instance, the Sikhs and Indian soldiers have become middle-men:

"They buy from the thick-witted Russians and turn the article over at a good profit to other buyers. Another feature of the traffic, and one that is viewed with glee by those who disapprove of the whole dirty game of pillage, is the existence of counterfeiters. Down at Tientsin some American soldiers fashioned a die from a genuine silver slug and turned out a lot of lead ones. It was some days before the fraud was discovered, and the factory had been working with day and night shifts. The same game is being successfully worked here, and now the buyers are forced to test their purchases. The northern cities of China have never been great silk marts, but still they have always had a fair hand in the trade, and there were hundreds of shops in the capital city with an aggregate stock of untold wealth. These have been gutted, and there's many a dress for Polly when Johnny comes marching home. Pekin has always done an immense trade in furs, seal and bear. There were scores of fur stores and warehouses, and few were the individual wardrobes that did not boast a kindly warm garment for winter use. The mandarins lined their silks with it, and even the poorer classes possessed it. These, like the silver, have been grabbed wherever found."

Frederick Palmer gives a graphic account of the looting of a big warehouse filled with bleached and print goods mostly from American mills, and the finest Chinese silks of all varieties. He says:

"For three days it was unmolested, its heavily bolted, barred, and propped door resisting the pounding of the few scouts from the great crowd of looters, who wandered away from the centre of the carnival to sample more fertile and less grazed valleys. Then the Russians and the Sikhs began coming in fours and sixes, bursting open every door on the street. In an hour after the warehouse was 'discovered' there was a howling mob of Russians, Sikhs, Indians, and Chinese scuffling for precedence. The fellow who reached the court with a bundle perhaps went down like the man with the ball in a football game. There was a river of silk on Cossack and Indian backs going up the street. If over the British sentry on the beat appeared, for it was in the British quarter, he made no attempt to use his authority. The fear of fire, which would drive us out of camp, led us to take matters into our own hands. By the exercise of Anglo-Saxon ferocity we drove away a Russian officer, who had come with a guard of Cossacks and half a dozen carts, and eventually cleared the place and barred the door again. The mob was back in ten minutes. This time it was mostly Chinese, who had merely fled to the shelter of neighboring buildings. We asked half a dozen Sikhs, who live in a country where the white *qatib* rules and have some sense of authority, to clear the warehouse, and they quickly responded. At first the Chinese moved, but when they saw that the bayonets were not actually being stuck into them, and they were getting no more than a few welts over the back, we admitted our defeat. We were unequal to the brutality necessary to victory. The coolies got the American bleached goods—they did not care for the silks—for which they were willing to risk their lives, and the warehouse was a scene of conflict until it had been absolutely stripped."

Corporal Owen L. McKee, Company K, Ninth Infantry, who recently arrived in this city on the transport *Meade*, confirms the stories of Russian and French atrocities and describes the wholesale looting that was practiced by nearly every one. Says he:

"The French and Russians were especially brutal and in many cases fendish. I remember one incident that happened at a small town on the road near Pekin. The male population had fled, leaving behind the women and children, who hid in the bottoms of the river boats. The French soldiers hunted them out, killing many with bayonets and the butts of their guns. In several cases small babies were tossed from bayonet to bayonet. General Chaffee witnessed this outrage and sent a message to the French commander through our signal officer, saying, 'You must order your men to desist this butchery or I will clear them out myself.' The men were soon recalled. Both French and Russians looted and pillaged ruthlessly wherever there was the slightest opportunity, and what they could not carry away they burned and destroyed."

General Chaffee has strongly opposed any interference with private property, save in cases where its owners have borne arms or were guilty of acts of violence:

"The amount of 'official' loot has been slight. Japan has a considerable quantity of silver bullion, and so have Russia and the United States. The English forces turned in large quantities of different articles of commerce and art, and they are being sold by auction at the British legation. These auctions are held every evening at five o'clock, and furnish one of the amusing features of life in this charred and scarred city. Some of the junk has been interesting from the curio standpoint, and the bidding is, as a rule, spirited. In many cases prices have been bid up high above normal values. There is to be a sale later of the property officially in the hands of the Americans. Coins and bank-notes of all nations float around and are generally accepted by everybody. The Mexican dollar, which is the coin of commerce in China, generally goes in ordinary times at the rate of two for one American; now, however, for an American five-dollar gold-piece you get twelve; while, on the other hand, for an English sovereign, which is not worth as much as a five-dollar gold-piece, you can get fourteen. The reason of this is that the sovereign is the best known and liked coin in the Orient, and the Japanese and Indian soldiers are anxious to convert their silver into gold."

Mr. Egan declares that the unexampled conduct of the Americans has given General Chaffee an influence at the meetings of generals, which are held every other day, ahead of that of any other general. In conclusion, he adds: "It is not disparaging either General Chaffee's hard common sense, which, according to other generals, has helped them solve many a knotty problem, nor his personal popularity both among the diplomats and the generals, but it is unquestionable that his influence has been greatly increased through being the leader of a body of men who have distinguished themselves not only in the face of the enemy, but equally so as against the temptations that exist in a city like Pekin under existing conditions."

AMERICAN JOCKEYS IN DISFAVOR.

English Patrons of the Turf Combine Against Methods Brought Across the Sea—The Prince of Wales Releases Tod Sloan—Lord Durham's Attack.

It is doubtful if interest in the general elections caused discussion equal to that now going on about the invasion of American jockeys and their followers at the race meetings. At first there was some irritation under the ridicule aimed at the riding of Tod Sloan, whose style was something new and utterly opposed to all turf traditions, but when his success continued, the chafing became apparent in several quarters. Sloan was not the first American jockey given a mount at English meetings. Donahue made no mark here, and Sims, who rode for Dwyer and Croker, was not a brilliant winner. Sloan was fortunate in the beginning, and then good mounts came to him. The Reiff brothers, Rigby, and Martin, and later Danny Maher, followed him. All have achieved success, and the smallest and youngest of the lot, tiny Lester Reiff, is now at the head of the list of winners for the season. Mornington Cannon, Sam Loates, and Jones have seen their laurels fade, and though Loates has taken nearly as many firsts as any of the Americans, he has been in so many more races that his average is lower than that of the three leaders among the visitors.

Naturally, this has disturbed the usual course of events. Followers of the races have taken to backing the American riders without regard to the quality of their mounts, and have won heavily. This might be regarded with toleration if attending circumstances had not given scent to suspicion of sharp practice. The American method of riding with short stirrups, the jockey crouched low over the shoulders of his mount, with his hands low, prevents a perfect control, and there are many instances where a foul is claimed that might be unintentional or impossible to avoid through his helpless posture. Sloan has been disciplined by the stewards of the Jockey Club for foul riding, and his excuse is not a good one. Worse than this, however, is the charge, made openly by several of the turf-writers, that drugs are used on the horses, and wonderful bursts of speed induced on occasion that could not be repeated, or, at least, were not repeated.

Another fact that has stirred up feeling is the engagement by the Prince of Wales of Tod Sloan. It is said that \$25,000 was paid the jockey as a retainer, the largest ever known in turf history, and criticism of this royal liberality was general. Now it is rumored that the jockey has been released, on account of the attacks made upon American methods and the reputation of the followers of the visitors, who include some sportsmen of questionable standing. Lord William Beresford, the first of owners to encourage the visiting riders, is still firm in favoring them, as is Sir Waldie Griffith. The attack by Lord Durham at a special meeting of the Jockey Club, a report of which appeared in the *Racing Calendar*, has so changed the atmosphere that some of their patrons are sure to follow the example of the Prince of Wales. Lord Durham said that the present condition of the turf is worse than it has been for twenty-five years, and he attributes it entirely to the American influence. He declared that Newmarket was a dumping-ground for American jockeys and their followers.

The national sport has a truly royal patron in the Prince of Wales. His breeding establishment at Sandringham is probably the finest in the world, and his racing stock, since he secured the wonderful mare, *Perdita II.*, has won high honors. For years the royal colors never showed at the front in important events, but at last the racing luck turned. In 1896, Persimmon won the Derby and St. Leger, and other victories brought the total of winnings up to \$135,000. This year his royal highness has been even more successful, winning not so many races, but a greater amount, \$145,000 so far, in seven events. All of these, except two small races, have been taken by Diamond Jubilee, who won the triple crown—the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and the St. Leger. He was expected also to win the Jockey Club stake of \$50,000, but was beaten by an American horse, *Disguise II.*, owned by James R. Keene, and ridden by Cannon, the English jockey. Sloan's disagreement with the Keenes, before he came over, probably prevented his appearance on the winner at that event.

John A. Drake, the American sportsman, who has been very successful on the English turf, winning in a little more than five months the immense amount of \$945,000, is selling all his horses, and will no longer have any interest in a racing-stable here. Mr. Drake, with his trainer, Enoch Wishard, has been called before the stewards twice, and questioned about the running of his horses, and though both owner and trainer were exonerated by the investigation, the ordeal was resented. Mr. Drake called the criticism intolerable. In his remarks, published by one of the sporting papers, he said that American jockeys and trainers needed no defense at his hands. His horses won fourteen successive races at the Doncaster meeting, and the record speaks for itself. His trainer, Wishard, will probably be taken by Lord William Beresford.

There is something to be said for the American jockeys. They have certainly introduced methods which seem to be worth copying. A number of our jockeys have adopted their "monkey-on-a-stick" style, and have won races riding in that fashion. Their plan of getting away with speed and riding to win from the post has advantages that can not be gainsaid. But there is also opportunity for well-founded criticism. That Sloan was not more severely disciplined at the Doncaster meeting is undoubtedly to be attributed to the fact that he was riding for the Prince of Wales. Who his next employer will be is unknown at present. His pay for the year must be large, without reckoning the big amount he won by the two races he rode in New York on his recent visit. The Reiff boys have been paid not less than \$100,000 so far this season.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, October 26, 1900.

OPERA FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

The Patti Seasons of 1884 and 1885.

The coming opera season recalls the intense excitement over the famous season of 1884. At that time grand opera was new in San Francisco. Many years had elapsed since the prehistoric successes in the "Old Academy of Music on Pine Street," and the public were hungering and thirsting for music. So when it was advertised that Adelina Patti, the world-famous *diva*, had been secured for a season here, San Francisco was filled with enthusiasm. An opera season with Etelka Gerster as the star had been arranged, and subsequently it was announced that Patti would also appear. These two *prima donnas* were boomed by one of the most adroit *impresarios* that ever pulled the public's leg. This was John Henry Mapleson. Mapleson was a colonel in Her Majesty's Tower Hamlets Guards, an imposing but peaceful militia organization. When Colonel Mapleson descended upon San Francisco with his stars, San Francisco at once went insane. People now can with difficulty believe the stories told of the opera craze of sixteen years ago. The crowds waiting in the streets; the riots around the theatre doors; the booming Mapleson getting himself arrested for overcrowding the theatre; getting himself interviewed about being arrested; getting himself abused at so much per line by hired cheap weeklies; and generally working the dear public—will all this be a twice-told tale? But there are newcomers and a new generation here that perhaps do not recall it and know not John Henry, and some scraps of reminiscence may interest them.

During the first fortnight of that famous season the vestibule of the Grand Opera House every night was lined with a double row of season-ticket scalpers, not to speak of the speculators who were selling seats outside the theatre. The public were forced to pay the speculators' prices, and there was no limit to the figures they asked.

The third week Mapleson was forced to head off the speculators, so he put up the season seats at auction. Easton & Eldridge conducted the sale in the theatre itself. On the stage were colossal diagrams of the house, and as the seats were sold, they were wiped off the diagrams. The sale was conducted fairly, and no seats were marked off the plan or reserved before the sale began. Easton & Eldridge had absolute control of the auction, and their column advertisements of the sale were in all the papers in addition to Mapleson's small ads. But Mapleson did not need to pay for advertisement in the advertising columns. The papers gave it to him in the local columns without money and without price. Between seven and eight hundred people were on hand to bid for seats when the auction began, and the entire house was sold. The premium on the orchestra-chairs was from \$10 to \$8 for the good seats, only a few near the stage being sold so low as \$1 premium. This was in addition to the regular price, which was from \$5 to \$7. It was said that Mapleson cleared \$12,000 from the auction. This in addition to about \$100,000 taken in for the season and between ten and twelve thousand dollars from a concert given at the Mechanics' Pavilion after the opera season closed.

The *prima donnas* were hospitably and lavishly entertained during their stay. Patti, before her departure, received her friends at one of the halls under the management of the Italian consul. The Italian contingent in the galleries, by the way, were uproariously enthusiastic over Patti at every one of her appearances. Their floral offerings to the *diva* were the most elaborate ever seen at the theatre.

There were many entertainments in honor of Gerster. She won the San Francisco heart, and there are many who to this day regard her as having been an equal of Patti. At the end of her stay in San Francisco she gave an evening reception, with the assistance of Henry Heyman. Among the young ladies who attended were Miss Flora Low, Miss Adelaide Mills, Miss Kohl, Miss Smith, Miss Felton, Miss Ethel Sperry, Miss Sibyl Sanderson. Each lady was presented with a photograph of the *diva* as a memento of the evening.

Among those who entertained Mme. Gerster were Mrs. Frank Pixley, Judge and Mrs. Boalt, and Captain and Mrs. David Hall.

These extracts from the list of names in the box-parties of the famous season of '84 are quoted from the society columns of that date:

"On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson had in their party Miss Nellie Stetson, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Mr. Oliver P. Eldridge, and Mr. E. D. Sheldon.

"Mr. Chapman, the Belgian consul, had for his guests Misses Friedlander, Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Barollet, Baron Bonnemains, Dr. Bowie, Mr. Pillsbury, Mr. Godefroy. Supper was served at the Maison Dorée after the opera."

"Miss Flora Low, Carter Tevis, Henry Redington, and Terney Mickel occupied with the Floods their box on Thursday evening.

"On Sunday evening Mme. Gerster and Doctor Gardini were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Mathias Gray.

"Miss Flora Low, Miss Addie Mills, Miss Hull, Count Zacharoff, Colonel Mapleson, Henry Heyman, and Signor Arditi were, with Dr. and Mrs. Gardini, the guests of Count Olarovsky, the Russian consul-general, on Sunday at his Menlo Park residence. Afterward they enjoyed luncheon at the residence of Hoo, Charles N. Felton."

Patti made her first appearance in the rôle of Violetta in "La Traviata." There was a furor of excitement over this first appearance of the world-renowned *diva*. Hundreds of tickets were sold beyond the seating capacity of the house, and then the box-office continued to sell standing-room. When charged by Chief Crowley with allowing the sale of tickets to continue when the aisles were already packed, Mapleson replied that they were "only answering inquiries"—and the sale of standing-room went on.

"But I saw them selling tickets," answered the angry chief, shortly.

"Well, they ought not to sell any more tickets," purred the smooth Colonel Mapleson, "and the ushers ought to clear the aisles." But, all the same, the sale continued, and the aisles became more and more jammed.

In those days the Nestor of San Francisco journalists was George E. Barnes. He had for a quarter of a century been dramatic critic of the *Call*. He was a handsome old man, of great personal dignity and much looked up to by his associates. On the opening evening of the opera Barbour Lathrop had been sent with a number of reporters to write up the "front of the house." So universal was the interest taken in the opera that the editors of all the papers gave instructions to the city editors to make a spread. On the first night, when critic Barnes appeared in the lobby and with much dignity was making his way toward his seat, he was approached by Lathrop, who said, lightly:

"Good-evening, Mr. Barnes. I am going to help you write up the opera this evening for the *Call*."

"Indeed," said Barnes, icily; "I was not aware that I was to have the collaboration of Mr. Lathrop. Good evening."

And he turned and left the theatre.

It was soon noticed that Barnes was out in his seat—a vacant seat on those crowded nights attracted not a little attention—and somebody telephoned to the city editor. The city editor was greatly perturbed, and sent at once to Barnes's rooms in the Commercial Hotel to see if he was there. The breathless messenger found Mr. Barnes comfortably seated in an arm-chair, in his smoking-jacket, reading a book. Nothing he could say would induce Barnes to move. So the city editor came himself to see what was the trouble. It turned out that Barnes had not heard of the special instructions for writing up the house, and thought that Lathrop had been detailed to do dramatic work. But he was easily persuaded to go back to the theatre when he understood that Lathrop and the other reporters were only to write up the box-parties, the gowns, the suppers, and "the front of the house."

Poor Barnes! He is dead now. Barbour Lathrop has inherited a fortune, has forsown reporting, and spends his time in incessant globe-trotting.

In 1885 there was a second grand-opera season under Colonel Mapleson's management, in which Patti was again the star. The *prima donnas* with her were Mme. Scalchi, Mme. Dotti, Mme. Fursch-Madi, and Emma Nevada. Signors Arditi, Cardinali, Cherubini, and Nicolini were with the troupe. The company were society's pets, and they were doted, and wine, and fêted, and they entertained in return.

Cardinali was very handsome. He was of the beautiful tenor type that girls rave over, and Sibyl Sanderson fell in love with him. It was said they became engaged. One evening, Miss Sanderson gave a musicale at the residence of her father, Judge S. W. Sanderson, on Octavia Street, and invited a number of her friends to meet Signor Cardinali. Among the guests were the names of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Crocker, Mr. George Crocker, Mrs. Lucy Arnold, Captain and Mrs. Floyd, Mrs. Lillie Coit, Miss Ruth Holladay, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austro, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newton, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, General W. H. L. Barnes, Captain Fletcher, and Mr. J. D. Grant.

San Francisco society looks back upon that four weeks' "season" as one of the most brilliant ante-paschal periods it has ever enjoyed. "Semiramide" had been advertised for months in advance for the first night. But when Patti arrived, all that was changed. She declared that she would not sing in "Semiramide" on the first night—she would not divide the honors with anybody. So the "Barber of Seville" was substituted. But at the last moment the hill was changed again to humor the *diva's* whim, and she appeared in Donizetti's "Linda da Chamouni," a charming opera without doubt, but it wasn't what the public wanted. So San Francisco *boudoir*, as the French say. San Francisco sulked. It was highly comic. The greatest *prima donna* in the world was singing to the galleries—the orchestra was cold and unresponsive. The fame of Patti's Semiramide was world-wide. "Bel Raggio" was her greatest aria. So those who had paid twenty-five dollars for their seats to hear her in her most famous rôle felt defrauded when only Linda was presented on the first night.

Scalchi was a great favorite here. There were many who thought her as great a singer as Patti, though years have proved her a lesser star. But, however that may be, her popularity here contributed not a little to the enthusiasm of the season. There can be no real rivalry between a contralto and a soprano, and as one star differed from

another star so differed Patti and Scalchi. So Patti was not jealous of the applause given to Scalchi. She had been of Gerster's applause the year before—iosanely jealous.

No event of the whole four weeks caused so much spontaneous and tumultuous applause as the first appearance of Emma Nevada, the daughter of the West, who had achieved the distinction of singing with the greatest *prima donnas* of the world. The floral offerings that greeted California's fair songstress had never been equaled in a San Francisco theatre.

The foregoing notes will be interesting in view of the coming opera season in which Melba instead of Patti is the *prima donna*. In fifteen years San Francisco has largely increased in population, in wealth, and in luxurious living. It is probable that the coming season will be much more brilliant than that of fifteen years ago. It will surpass it as the Patti season of 1885 surpassed the Mme. Aona Bishop season at the old Academy of Music "when the water came up to Montgomery Street."

Notable Books on the Transvaal War.

It would seem as if the literature on the South African war was inexhaustible. Ever since the fall of Pretoria, England and America have been deluged with ephemeral volumes dealing with the Transvaal war, hastily compiled by "special correspondents" who were comparatively unknown. Writers with established reputations and a literary following, such as Richard Harding Davis, Howard C. Hillegas, and Winston Spencer Churchill, seem to have taken pains to avoid the frantic rush, and, as a result, the most important books on the recent war are now coming out.

Richard Hardiog Davis's "With Both Armies" (published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50), is based principally on the articles which he contributed to *Scribner's Magazine* during the summer and fall. Mr. Davis says he went to South Africa prejudiced against the Boers, believing them to be all the English press and his English friends had painted them: semi-barbarous, uncouth, money-loving, and treacherous in warfare. But it did not take him long to change his mind, for, on the contrary, he found them simple to the limit of their own disadvantage, magnanimous to their enemies, independent and kindly. As for the corruption of their officers, he saw daily their chief minister of state, at a time when every foreign resident was driving through Pretoria in a carriage, passing to and from the government buildings in a tram-car, their president living in a white-washed cottage, their generals serving for months at the front without pay and without hope of medals or titles.

Mr. Davis left Pretoria shortly before the entry of the British troops. He says:

"One feels all sorrow and all respect for the Tommies who have fallen by the Boer rifle; for those boy-officers who each week in the illustrated papers smile at us from the past—those young men who, though they served in an unjust war waged without tolerance and without intelligence, gave their lives for the empire, and with cheerful unselfishness and reckless courage died nobly, though in an ignoble cause. But when Lord Roberts and his army flung out the black flag and go forth under it on a Jameson raid, when they murder old men and young boys because they fight for their homes, the best that they can ask of everyone is silence as to their misdeeds, and that their triumph may be crowned with oblivion. When they enter the capital of some great power which they have conquered, when they march into Berlin, Paris, or St. Petersburg, I certainly hope I may be there to chronicle such a real victory, but I object to being called out on a false alarm."

He admits the Boers' ignorance of the usages and customs of the great world outside of their own mountains, but he says it harmed no one so greatly as it harmed themselves:

"Had they known the outside world; had they been able to overcome their distrust of the foreigner; had they understood in what way to make use of him; how to manipulate the press of the world, to tell the truth in their behalf as cleverly as the English had used it to misrepresent them; had they known how to make capital of the sympathy of the French, the Americans, and the Germans, and to turn it to their own account; had they known which men to send abroad to tell the facts, to plead, and to explain; had they known which foreign adventurer was the one to follow implicitly on the battle-field and which to follow to the border; had they been men of the world instead of farmers, in total ignorance of it, they might have brought about intervention, or an honorable peace. The very unworlidiess of the Boer, at which the Englishman sneers, did much, I believe, to save Great Britain from greater humiliations, from more frequent 'reverses,' and more costly defeats."

Mr. Davis closes his volume with this tribute to the Boers:

"It has been a holy war, this war of the hurcher crusader, and his motives are as fine as any that ever called a 'minute man' from his farm or sent a knight of the cross to die for it in Palestine. Still, in spite of his cause, the Boer is losing, and in time his end may come, and he may fall. But when he falls he will not fall alone; with him will end a great principle, the principle for which our forefathers fought—the right of self-government, the principle of independence."

Howard C. Hillegas has attempted in his latest volume on "The Boers in War" (published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50), to show

the Boer army, country, and people as they existed prior to the British occupation of Pretoria. Personal feeling has been eliminated and the apparent faults of the Boers have been portrayed as truthfully as their good features. "There were brave Boers," he says in his preface, "as well as brave Englishmen, but neither army could claim a total lack of cowardice," and consequently some of his pages may wound the sensibilities of those who allow their sentiment to overrule their good judgment. With Douglas Story of the London *Daily Mail*, Thomas F. Millard of the New York *Herald*, and John O. Koight of the San Francisco *Call*, he visited all the principal Boer laagers and commandos on the various frontiers, and made earnest efforts to secure an accurate account of the number of men engaged. They had the assistance of the war department and all the generals, but even with their help the results never exceeded 30,000 burghers in the field.

Of the eleven chapters into which Mr. Hillegas has divided his volume, there is not one that does not contain a wealth of interesting new facts. "The Composition of the Boer Army," "The Army Organization," "The Boer Military System," "The Boers in Battle," "The Generals of the War" and the work they accomplished, "The War Presidents: Krüger and Steyn," "Foreigners in the War," "Boer Women," and some of the most tragic and amusing "Incidents of the War" are all handled in a concise, original, and entertaining manner, and will be especially enjoyed by those who read Mr. Hillegas's former book, "Oom Paul's People."

Winston Spencer Churchill has followed his "London to Ladysmith via Pretoria" with a book founded on another series of letters to the London *Morning Post* (which is published by Loogmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50), under the title of "I saw Hamilton's March." It is a complete and graphic narrative of the march of Lieutenant-General Ian Hamilton's column on the flank of Lord Roberts's main army from the day he left Bloemfontein to attack the water-works position until he returned to Pretoria after the successful engagement of Diamond Hill. This force, which encountered and overcame the brute of the Boer resistance; which, far from the railway, marched more than four hundred miles through the most fertile parts of the enemy's country; which fought ten general actions and fourteen smaller affairs, and captured five towns, was, owing to the difficulties of telegraphing, scarcely attended by a single newspaper correspondent, and accompanied continuously by none. Little has therefore been heard of its fortunes. Mr. Churchill, since his return to England, has had an opportunity to carefully revise his whole correspondence, making such changes as seemed necessary by the light of after-knowledge and reflection, and has added four letters which he was unable to finish while with General Hamilton's troops.

The volume is supplemented with an appendix giving the composition of Hamilton's force, and a chapter, "Held by the Enemy," which is composed of extracts from the journal of Lieutenant H. Fraokland, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who was captured by the Boers when the armored train was destroyed at Chieveley, in Natal, on the fifteenth of November, 1899. He was carried as a prisoner to Pretoria, where he arrived on November 19th, and where he remained until June 5, 1900, when Pretoria fell, and the greater part of the prisoners were set free by their victorious comrades.

The sacredness of the cow has been enormously costly in India this famine year. When the rains failed and the pastures dried up, instead of killing and curing the cattle for food, as our American Indians would have done, and so helping to tide over the famine tide, the cattle starved with their masters.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

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TRADE-MARK

LITERARY NOTES.

A Vivid Romance of India.

Mrs. Flura Annie Steel has pictured the native life of India in more vivid colors and with greater art than any other novelist. The ways of the people in that strange land of many religions and myriad superstitions are plain in her sight, and their hopes, their fears, and their despairing madness show clear in the light of her appreciation. These are the chief values in her stories, but they are sufficient to give the books a prominent position among the romances of the nineteenth century. Her latest novel, "The Hosts of the Lord," is, in some particulars, a finer work than those that have preceded it, yet it will not impress its readers more favorably, for many of its scenes are familiar. The Englishmen and Englishwomen whose interests are the thread on which the incidents are strung, are conventional characters, for the most part, and their dangers and rescues, sorrows and joys, are those given to other names in earlier stories. Little imagination is required to furnish the ending when the tale is fairly under way, and this even when two or three of the figures move slowly toward a catastrophe.

The climax of the story comes with a sudden revolt of the natives, which was crushed almost as quickly as it was begun, but its causes and its ending furnish admirable motives for the novelist. A temple-walled town, with its garrison of native troops, is the field of action. Two rivers flow down from the hills to meet just below the town, and to bathe in their waters, white with a gypsum silt that the natives hold in reverent regard, come thousands of pilgrims to a yearly assemblage. These are the "hosts of the Lord," and their anger and fear when the current of the stream is diverted into a canal dug under government direction by native convicts inspire mutinous plotters with the hope of a successful uprising. An old priest of the Rmish Church, with his ward, the daughter of a native mother, are two of the striking figures in the story, but the love of a young officer and a bronze-haired girl who is there as a missionary furnishes the more romantic interest, and this couple has the centre of the stage. The last representative of a royal family, who has degraded himself by putting on the queen's uniform, introduces the tragic element, and his revenge on the cousin who laughs at his advances, his insane effort to free the convicts and overcome the officers, and his last meeting with the old priest who has been his teacher, are intensely dramatic episodes.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Stories of the South Sea Islands.

The title of Llynd Osbourne's volume of short stories, "The Queen versus Billy," is its least attractive feature. All the stories are notable; three or four of them are of a high order of merit. They are romances of South Sea island life, written by one who knows that life well. Some of them are tragedies, and in all of them there is a strong human interest, influenced by the peculiar conditions of a realm that might be a paradise were the passions of man shut out.

A strange court-martial on ship-board gives the name to the first of the stories and to the book. It describes the arrest of a boy laborer, returned from the Queensland plantations, and his trial for the murder of a trader. The native was gentle as a lamb, looked up to his white jailers with the trust and devotion of a faithful dog, but would not take back his original statement that he had committed the crime because the old trader was "no good." He was condemned to death, but he had won the sympathy of officers and crew, and, with the hope that he would escape, his execution was delayed day after day and week after week. He was even deserted on shore by a party sent with him for no other purpose, but he swam back to the vessel. Finally the end came, and the scene is well described.

There are eight more stories. One, "The Dust of Defeat," tells of the sad yet romantic career of a young French nobleman who had been transported to New Caledonia for avenging the betrayal of his sister, and whose pardon came when he had put himself beyond the power to make use of it. Another is of a lonely old priest, "Father Zinsmus," who had toiled among the natives for nearly half a century with no white neighbors, and is eager to know and befriend a missionary and his wife who chance to settle near him, laying down his life for them at the end. There are two that have more sunshine in them, "The Happiest Day of His Life" and "Amatua's Sailor," but even the most sombre of the sketches has its purpose.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

According to the Roman correspondent of Clement Scott's new weekly, *Free Lance*, it is useless for English publishers to continue offering large sums to the Duke of the Abruzzi for his still unwritten book or magazine articles on the North Pole expedition, for nothing will be published anywhere, in any shape, until the whole work appears officially. Then, with the exception of Captain Cagni's share, all the profits will go to charity.

James Lane Allen has taken occasion in a preface to the new edition of "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath," that the Macmillan Company is going

to bring out, to speak in an interesting way of his methods of work and of the Kentucky country, whence all his stories have sprung.

Many of Gelett Burgess's contributions to the *Lark* will appear in a new volume of his verse, which is to be entitled "A Sage of Youth, Lyrics from the *Lark*."

John Fox's first long and elaborate novel, "Critenden: A Kentucky Story of Love and War," has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The central figures are a young Kentuckian and his brother who were in the fighting at Santiago.

Stephen Townsend, who collaborated in several plays with his wife, formerly known as Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, has just written a story called "A Thoroughbred Mongrel," which is dedicated to lovers of dogs.

The letters written by Bismarck to his wife from their betrothal in 1847 down to 1892 will be published about Christmas. The collection of more than five hundred letters has been prepared by Prince Herbert Bismarck. No political matter will be found in these epistles.

Admirers of General Lew Wallace's best-known book will be impressed by the fact that the forthcoming holiday edition of "Ben Hur," in two volumes, will be the ninety-third that has been made of it. Nearly a million copies of it have been sold.

George Gissing has taken up his permanent residence in France, at St. Honoré-Bains. His new novel, "The Coming Man," is nearly ready for publication, and his delightful book of travel, "By the Indian Sea," is also on its way.

Leo Dietrichstein has completed a dramatic version of Judge Grant's novel, "Unleavened Bread," and preparations are now making to cast the play and arrange for its production, which will not take place till after the Christmas holidays.

Maurice Hewlett's long-looked-for new story, "The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay," will be published by the Macmillan Company this week. The dedication runs thus: "To Edmund Gosse (Always Benevolent to His Inventors) This Chronicle of Anjou and a Noble Lady is Dedicated by M. H."

Joaquin Miller has written a volume of "True Bear Stories," related from the hunter's point of view, which will be brought out soon. The book will be fully illustrated, and will have an introduction by Dr. David Starr Jordan.

The November *Critic* will contain the first chapters of "The Forest Schoolmaster," by Peter Rusegger, translated from the German by Frances E. Skinner.

Robert Barr is said to be at work on a novel which is to deal with the subject of American politics.

Amelia E. Barr has just completed a novel, upon which she has been at work all the summer, called "Souls of Passage," a story based upon the doctrines of re-incarnation.

A book about the twenty-nine men first chosen for a place in the "Hall of Fame" will be written by George Cary Eggleston. His work will consist of a series of twenty-nine monographs, and will be published first as an elaborate subscription volume, and later in a more popular form.

D. Appleton & Co. have just published "The Story of the Soldier," by General G. A. Forsyth, which, while it dwells especially upon the army's work in the West, is practically a succinct history of the regular army. It has illustrations by Zogbaum.

Death of Dickens's Private Secretary.

George Dnlby, formerly private secretary to Charles Dickens, died recently in a London institution. His death is the occasion of much reminiscence of the famous readings that swelled Dickens's fortune and hastened his end. For it was Dnlby that was *impresario*, advance agent, treasurer—nay, trainer, who groomed his principal up to the reading point. It was a work to task the stoutest heart and nerves. And once even Dnlby stumbled. After a succession of dreadful but gainful readings in America, he announced through the papers:

"The reading will be comprised within *two minutes*, and the audience are earnestly entreated to be seated *ten hours* before its commencement."

A joke which those who had stood *twelve hours* in line for tickets might well appreciate. It had been so even in England. Says the *London Daily News*:

"He was always in difficulties. So fierce was the demand to hear the reader that Dnlby, not being *Prætor*, could never accommodate the hall to the public. But enthusiastic crowds used to fill them to the roofs, and hundreds used to be turned away nightly. Their only resource was to 'pitch into Dnlby.' 'In Dublin,' says Dickens, 'people are besieging Dnlby to put chairs anywhere—in doorways, on my platform, in any sort of hole and corner. This was in Dublin. In Liverpool the police intimidated officially that three thousand people were turned away—they carried in the outer doors and pitched into Dnlby.' It was Dnlby who used to administer to the distinguished reader the oysters and champagne, and other fillips, between the 'acts' in the dressing-room. It was Dnlby who used to amuse him in the harassing railway journeys be-

tween the towns and cities. It was Dnlby who, bubbling over with joy, used to bring him the evidence of his amazing popularity, as judged by the heavy bags of money jingling in his hand. And sometimes Dnlby used to come with hair disheveled, and garments torn and tattered, after a fight with an enraged and disappointed crowd. It was Dnlby who used even to help him on with his clothes when there was a train to catch after the reading was over. . . . It was Dnlby who kept off too pressing callers. There was a point, for instance, when he christened his child after Dickens, and haunted him. At one place they lived under the same roof with Chang, who so frightened the gasman that Dnlby had to be called in to appease him. Then there was the Tartar Dwarf, who was always twining himself upstairs sideways. He had to be rebuffed. 'No more at Glasgow.' Great placards were posted about the town by the anxious Dnlby, announcing that no money would be taken at the doors. This kept the crowd off. Two files of policemen and a double staff everywhere did the rest."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Chivalrous Men Who Were Quick Shots.

Francis Lynde has followed his lively story of Western mining life, "The Helpers," with another much in the same vein, entitled "A Private Chivalry." Its scenes are laid in Denver, and in mining camps of the region, and nearly all of its characters are products of the rough-and-ready life characteristic of such neighborhoods. The hero is an Eastern man who has made some serious errors, and when the proper incentive to a more self-respecting course appears, in the form of a bright-eyed young woman, he finds, almost too late, that it is not easy to live down the evil reputation that follows him to a new field. There are a number of serious complications, the climax being a charge of murder from which the hero will not clear himself through fear of shifting the danger to the young and reckless brother of the adored young woman. How the heroine assists in proving his innocence, and how the hero establishes himself in the good graces of the mother who knows his past, is vigorously told.

The descriptions of events among the unconventional population of a new and turbulent country are well done, and there is matter of stirring interest in every one of the thirty-eight chapters. The reader who demands action and novelty of situation will find plenty to his liking in the story, and the final interview with the leading characters reveals a cloudless sky.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"Faiths of Famous Men in Their Own Words," by John Henry Kilbourn, D. D., has been published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

Elmore Elliott Peake has written in "The Darlings," a good story of the love of a preacher and a bright, affectionate American girl. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer, and Mason's Corner Folks," by Charles Felton Pidgin, is a story of New England life. It is said to have been suggested by Lowell's poem, "The Courtin'." Published by the C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"The Man from Mars," by William Simpson, is an essay on morals, politics, and religion in the form of a story, though there are few incidents and much one-sided talk in the tale. The author is liberal rather than orthodox in his views. Published by William Simpson, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

An essay by Charles C. P. Clark, proposing a radical change in the present method of popular elections, and discussing politics and ethics in general, is presented in a volume hurdened with this title, "The 'Machine' Abolished and the People Restored to Power." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

Maurice Thompson, who is truly "a nature-lover," has written many sketches of experiences out-of-doors under Southern skies, and now rescues thirteen of his papers from the pages of various periodicals and presents them in a single volume entitled "My Winter Garden." Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Storied West Indies," by Frederick A. Ober, is a volume of history, biography, description, tradition, and pirate stories that presents more entertaining and valuable accounts of the islands and their people than any preceding work of its character. It is a worthy addition to the Home Reading Series. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

Juveniles everywhere will rejoice in the coming of a new "Pepper book," entitled "The Adventures of Joel Pepper," by Margaret Sidney (\$1.50). Boys, particularly, will enjoy the story of adventure told in the new volume by Elbridge S. Brooks, "In Defense of the Flag." It gives a number of scenes from the Spanish-American War (\$1.25). Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.

Three volumes that will please most readers of fiction are "God, the King, My Brother," a novel of the fourteenth century in England, by Mary F. Nixon (\$1.25); "Edward Barry, South Sea Pearler," by Louis Becke, a novel of the island life so well known by the author, and made familiar in his earlier sketches (\$1.50); "Slaves of Chance," by Ferrier Langworthy, a novel of London society (\$1.50). Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Under the title "Twelve Great Artists," William Howe Downes, of the Boston Transcript, has collected some of his papers on art topics in a small, neatly bound volume (\$1.00). They are critical and philosophical studies. "Chess Strategics," by Franklin K. Young, is a weighty and elaborate volume which should appeal with power to all lovers of the great game (\$2.50). Former works on chess by this author have won wide recognition. "Gold-Seeking on the Dalton Trail," by Arthur R. Thompson, describes the adventures of two New England

boys in Alaska and the North-West Territory, and has a dozen notable illustrations (\$1.50). Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Aspiring amateurs will find instruction of value in Charles Raymond Barrett's manual, "Short-Story Writing" (\$1.00), and many of its statements of general principles might be studied with advantage by writers whose names are not unknown. It is not a complete or faultless exposition of the difficulties and dangers in the path of novelists, but it will interest and aid those who are attracted by its title. "The Salt-Bix House," by Jane Deforest Shelton (\$1.50), is a sympathetic but not sentimental study of New England scenes and characters of the eighteenth century. It follows a course of its own, and avoids incidents and views that have been made familiar. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

Edward Bellamy wrote a novel before the idea for "Looking Backward" came to him, but it was not brought out in book-form during his life. It is now given to the public, and its title, "The Duke of Stockbridge: A Romance of Shays' Rebellion," is attractive. There is a good story in the book, and much of history in connection with a serious problem of the times. Another volume from the same publishers has one of the most striking and artistic cover designs of the season. The book is "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," by Charles G. D. Roberts, and it tells of a girl who grew up in a Northern forest and made friends with all the wild things around her home till the love of a hunter came between. It is simply yet powerfully told. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 each.

KIPLING'S "THE YOUNG QUEEN."

[Rudyard Kipling's poem to the new-born commonwealth of Australia, "The Young Queen," which was published in part in the Argonaut of October 29th, has evoked the following protest from a versifier in London Truth.]

To Our Imperial Bard.

FROM A DEVOTED ADMIRER.

O Bard! I have read with rapture, thrice through, in last Thursday's Times, Your "red-splashed," "levin-hearted," "bold," "browned," "war-dinted" rhymes; Thrice through, O Bard! have I read them—they're about a youthful Queen, But I give you my word of honor I know not what they mean.

There's that "Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers among their peers," Prithee, where is this odd apartment—this "Hall of Our Thousand Years?"

It suggests an Alhambra ballet—but, O Bard! contrariwise, It may be in that unknown district, where the "notched Kaikouras rise."

And what of that odd young lady who changes relationship As on, in your jerky metre, from line to line we trip?

Who is first the Old Queen's Daughter, and, anon, her Sister, too, And becomes her dearest Grandchild ere the verse we've stumbled through?

Tell me, O Bard! is there reason why the changes at these should cease? Why should the Young Queen kneeling not become the Old Queen's niece?

Why, since her deep devotion so strenuously she'd proved, Why not hail her nut of the Southland as a cousin—niece-removed?

And what is the simple meaning—O Bard, I'd be answered "swift"—

Of "It shall be crowning Our crowning to hold Our crown for a gift?"

And does the Imperial ardor that within your bosom glows

Find a partial vent in printing all your "Ours" with capital O's?

And if such a trivial query a great Bard like you allows,

Is "house," I should like to ask you, a passable rhyme for "vows"?

And is it a good example for the Bards throughout the earth

To know that in your opinion "forth" serves as a rhyme for "worth"?

And—pardon the bold suggestion!—was there treason in your mouth

When you sang in your latest stanzas of the "Queen of the Sovereign South?"

"Of the Sovereign South?" is that, then, the epithet you use

When a Calany you speak of that we have no wish to lose?

And now for a final question—O Bard of the Jinga band,

Pray why will you write these verses on fellow can understand?

And couldn't you kindly give us, in the strenuous years to be,

Instead of such cryptic gushing, some more of "The Soldiers Three?"—London Truth.

Israel Zangwill's advice to would-be authors shows that he has not made a name without suffering. He says: "If you are blessed with talent, great industry, and conceit, it is possible, by dint of slaving day and night for years during the flower of your youth, to attain to fame infinitely less wide-spread than a prize-fighter's."

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Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York

LITERARY NOTES.

New Words and Their Meanings.

It is ten years since "Webster's International Dictionary" appeared, the legitimate and progressive successor of the work first published by Noah Webster in 1828, and the closing decade of the century has seen many additions to the language and many changes in the forms that had been considered established. A new edition, therefore, of what Dr. J. A. H. Murray, the most eminent of lexicographers has pronounced "the best of one-volume dictionaries," was demanded. The publishers have responded promptly, but the work is not one prepared with speed for a sudden call. The labor of revision, discovery, definition, and classification has gone on steadily from the day the edition of 1890 appeared. Nearly thirty editors have given it their attention, each in a well-defined department, and the result, under the supervision of Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, forms a new landmark in the progress of general intelligence.

The 1900 edition of "Webster's International Dictionary" is enlarged by the addition of a supplementary vocabulary containing twenty-five thousand new words, and all through the volume, which is printed from new plates, there have been changes of interest and importance. Its old, familiar features are still retained, however, and it is still the reliable adviser with fresh knowledge in an attractive dress.

Published by the G. & C. Merriam Company, Springfield, Mass.; price, \$10.75.

New Publications.

German, Russian, French, and English authorities have been drawn upon by Edmund Noble for his timely volume, "Russia and the Russians." The author has a personal knowledge of the people and their language, and his work will win respect for its knowledge and thoroughness. It is well indexed. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

New volumes of special interest to teachers and students are "Elements of Physics," by Henry A. Rowland (\$1.00); "Elements of Latin," by William R. Harper and Isaac B. Burgess (\$1.00); "Elements of Spoken French," by Maurice N. Kuhn (50 cents); and "Selections from the Idylls of the King," edited by Mary F. Willard (20 cents). Published by the American Book Company, New York.

Marion Harland has collaborated with her son, Albert P. Terhune, in the production of "Dr. Dale," a novel of the oil lands of Western Pennsylvania. It is a moving story of real life. "The Real Chinese Question," by Chester Holcombe, is the fruit of experience gained by the author as interpreter with the United States legation at Peking for fourteen years. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 each.

A work of particular interest to students and public men is Professor J. P. Gurdy's "History of Political Parties in the United States," a new and revised edition of which is now under way. The first of the four volumes brings the chronicle to the end of Jefferson's second term. "John Thisselton," by Marian Bwver, is a novel of character and developing experience, with some notable qualities. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 each.

A new and revised edition of "Frederic, Lord Leighton: an Illustrated Record of His Life and Work," by Ernest Rhys, is among the volumes of the season that appeal to art-lovers. The biography follows the artist's course, year by year, and closes with a chronological list of his works. The illustrations are no less than ninety in number, reproductions of photographs of paintings, statues, and studies, and include a fine portrait of the artist. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

"Along French Byways," by Clifton Johnson, illustrated by reproductions of photographs taken by the author, is a volume equal in interest and charm to his "Among English Hedgerows." It describes his strolls through rural villages and country lanes, and they took him through many places worthy of more than passing notice. Among the particularly pleasing portions of the book are his chapters on the village of Jean François Millet, the home of Joan of Arc, Lourdes, and the battlefield of Poitiers. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.25.

Maurice Thompson has written a stirring historical romance in "Alice of Old Vincennes." It presents among other characters in the story George Rogers Clark and Simon Kenton, and there are many desperate adventures among its incidents. The heroine is a beautiful and spirited French girl. "With Hoops of Steel," by Florence Finch Kelly, is a story of the South-West, with three Texan cowboys as the principal characters. It is a faithful portrayal of life in the cattle country, and the romantic interest is well sustained. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.; price, \$1.50 each.

A contributor to the *Academy* is having some fun with the literary manner of the Amir of Afghanistan, as it reveals itself in the first installment of his

autobiography in the current number of the new English magazine, the *Monthly Review*. The following skit on Andrew Lang, will be found an amusing imitation:

"My entertainments are very simple; throughout the whole of the time I am working, at intervals of a few minutes after I have finished answering a letter or a piece of work, I stop for a moment and talk with members of the Folklore Society and members of the Society for Psychical Research. The professional cricketers and professional golf players play their games before me; I watch them sometimes, and sometimes I will play myself, though this is not often. I do not go to sleep directly I lie down in bed; but the person who is specially appointed as my reader sits down beside my bed and reads to me from some new book, as, for instance, histories, books on geography, biographies, and novels. While he is reading I review them for all the papers. I listen to this reading until I go to sleep, when a new official takes his place and reads the latest minor poetry from presentation volumes. This is very soothing, as the constant murmur of the reader's voice lulls my tired nerves and brain. It is, I think, the only use of minor poetry. There is another advantage in sleeping through the droning noise of minor poetry read aloud, namely, that one gets accustomed to noise, and I can now sleep soundly in a South-Eastern Railway carriage."

COMMUNICATIONS.

Popular Errors about Big Trees and Grapevines. INDIANAPOLIS, IND., October 20, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In a recent issue of your interesting paper I read an article on the "Big Trees of California," in which the statement is made that they have lost the power of reproduction.

That statement was made several years ago by many botanists and dendrologists, in this country and Europe, and came to be accepted as a fact. In the year 1889 I was a member of the Yosemite commission in charge of the Mariposa grove of big trees. One of my colleagues was the late Frank Pixley, then the editor of the *Argonaut*. The commission, admonished by the threatened destruction of the Mariposa grove by a forest fire that originated beyond its borders and burned into the reservation, proceeded the next season to clear that grove of fallen limbs and columns of decayed trees and corpses where in contact with the sequoias, and burned all this clean. We then raked up the duff under the big trees, consisting mainly of the fallen leaves, which had not been cleared away for thirty years or more. This duff averaged more than two feet in depth, and in the dry season was dry as tinder; and at all seasons imposed upon the ground a non-fertile covering. It was burned, and the surface of the ground was left exposed. Within two years thereafter, under nearly every sequoia, there was a nursery of young big trees. Therefore the seed had fallen in the duff, where it could not germinate. When the duff was removed and the seed fell into its natural matrix—the earth—it proved fertile and disproved the belief that the loins of the giants were impotent by age. We sent those young trees to many parks in the United States and abroad, and to-day there are growing, in the protecting presence of their parents, enough of them to plant a forest ten times the size of the reservation.

To-day I have read a letter from Jean Trevoc, of Nîmes, France, on the year's vintage in his country, which is the largest in thirty years, being estimated at 60,000,000 hectolitres (a hectolitre being twenty-six gallons, plus). France will have one billion, five hundred and sixty millions of gallons for her crop of 1900. As a result, the prices are the lowest in thirty years. At the annual sale in Nîmes, on the twenty-first of August, the prices ran \$1, \$1.50, \$2, and \$3 per barrel of one hundred and ten quarts, for young wine, of course. The grape yield is unprecedented.

But Mr. Trevoc makes a statement which I think may deserve a place among popular errors. He says:

"The rich vines of France which were all destroyed, root and branch, by the all-conquering American phylloxera, which was imported on vines from California, have all been replanted—reconstituted, as the French say—by receiving the grafts of American vines. Your vines take the sting of the phylloxera, but the cicatrice immediately fills with sap and closes. So these vines which are producing all this wine are really American, but under this southern sun, in a new soil and with French treatment, they produce genuine French wine. The article is what is called 'vin ordinaire,' of a deep red hue, sold pure, but generally diluted by one-half with some mineral water before being drunk. The vines are more productive after than before grafting. Many vineyards produce nearly four thousand gallons per acre."

While it would be gratifying if by California came the death of the vine and by California came life of the vine, also, it is news to me that the phylloxera entered France from California. We have suffered in mind, body, and estate from the San José scale. Let us not assent to ascription of the phylloxera also. We have *vignerons* and entomologists with more knowledge of the subject than I, and I look to them to clear us of the aspersion.

Is it not true, also, that Mr. Trevoc has his French vines upside down? Is it not true that French vineyards, which are this year renewing the old glories of the Gallic vintage, are French vines grafted on the resistant roots of the *Vitis California*?

JOHN P. IRISH.

Walter Houston, an old soldier, who died recently in Utica, Wis., bequeathed twelve thousand dollars to the Veterans' Home at Waupaca, Wis. Mr. Houston visited the Home some time ago disguised as a tramp soldier, and he was so kindly treated that he determined to remember the institution substantially when he died.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

In their report to Judge Coffey last week, James L. Flond and James H. Follis, trustees of the estate of Richard H. Follis, reported that the net income of the estate amounts to \$4,000 per month, and that the assets in their hands aggregate \$906,106.59. They asked for an order to pay \$500 per month to each of the four Follis children—James H., Richard H., Lilian Mary, and Clarence George Follis.

The sixth and seventh semi-annual accounts of the executors of James G. Fair's will, covering from May 17, 1899, to the same date in 1900, have been approved and settled in Judge Trout's court. The total receipts of the estate for that year were \$663,361.79 and the disbursements \$597,481.82. The executors had \$84,769.57 cash on hand in May, 1899, and a balance of \$120,649.60 in cash a year later. William Irvine has obtained judgment in the United States Circuit Court against the estate for about \$24,000. The payment of his claim is being resisted by the executors and the attorneys for the Fair children in Judge Trout's court.

The will of Colonel John P. Jackson, who was collector of the port, has been filed for probate by his wife, Mrs. Anna Hooper Jackson, who was appointed executrix, and to whom he bequeathed all of his estate. He trusted to her discretion to provide for their children. His estate consisted of \$5,897 in bank; the Wybailie place of 25 acres in Napa County, valued at \$1,200; two lots in Vallejo, valued at \$45 each; a lot in Odd Fellows' Cemetery, valued at \$500; and a piece of land at Napa Soda Springs. The value of the whole estate does not exceed \$10,000.

In the will of Nathaniel H. Harris, who died in England last August, his niece, Mrs. Natalie Harris Hammond, wife of John Hays Hammond, and her children, are named as the legatees of his estate, consisting of \$11,116 in bank and some real estate and personal property.

The will of Hannab Sachs has been filed for probate by her son, Sanford Sachs, whom she appointed executor without bonds. She bequeathed to her sister, Bertha Strauss, \$10,000; to the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum, \$1,000; Children's Hospital, \$250; to her grandson, Walter T. Sachs, \$1,000; to her granddaughter, Mrs. Hilda Newbauer, \$50,000; and the residue of the large estate to her only living child, Sanford Sachs.

American Actors in Australia.

Otis Skinner, who is touring the country in his successful dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Prince Otto," has just signed a contract to go to Australia next spring for a six months' tour. Australia as a happy hunting-ground for young American stars seems to be looking up. Nance O'Neill and McKee Rankin have been meeting with unusual success out there, and Tyrone Power and his wife, Edith Crane, who have been starring in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "The Only Way," have been drawing crowded houses. Says Mr. Power in a letter to a New York friend:

"When I left New York last winter, just after scoring my first big success in character work—Lord Steyn in 'Becky Sharp'—most of my friends assured me that I was making a fatal mistake. Their prediction has not come true, however. After wasting

many years in the labyrinth of Daly's company, with the promise that I should play Shylock always held out to me, when 'The Merchant' was finally produced I was cast for the Doge. That experience embittered me, and I made up my mind that at the first opportunity I would renounce character work and attempt leading business. In 'Tess,' out here, both my wife and I were extremely successful, and our production of 'The Only Way' is now drawing crowded houses. After its run, I am to play John Storm, in a version of 'The Christian,' which, in my humble opinion, is a far better acting play than the version which was produced in America. In these two plays we expect to run through the winter, and early in the spring my wife and I intend reviving Barrymore's 'Nadjeska,' which has never been produced here."

Ada Rehan is to be seen in New York this winter as Nell Gwyn, a rôle which should suit her admirably. Her new managers, Messrs Klaw & Erlanger, have closed a contract with Paul Kester for "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," the Nell Gwyn drama now being played at the Haymarket Theatre, London, by Julia Neilson. The play will most likely be produced in Philadelphia in December and receive its New York hearing early in the new year.

Experiments recently made in England have shown that the soil contains normally specific organisms which are destructive to the typhoid bacillus. If these organisms could be identified, they might be used to combat typhoid fever.

—MIRABEAU, THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONIST, was a noted *gourmand*, and it is said that amid all the squalor of the Terror he ever maintained spotless raiment and always satisfied a desire for the dainty things of life. He once said to his *confère* Marat, who was noted as a glutton and as a man who had no particular love for cleanliness: "My dear Marat, you berate my love of all that pleases my eye and tempts the taste, while you glut yourself on some single, vulgar dish. I can see, in some future century, the acme of hotel keeping—the ultimate triumph of serving—and the crowning work of the *chef de cuisine*. Imagine, if you can, an immense supper-room where all is served on spotless linen and where the sweet strains of music soothe the ear—the scent of flowers woe the senses—and where all the cookery the finest to cheer the palate, where all the details are perfect, and where, after enjoying the mimicry of the player, one may adjourn in full confidence. This is a dream, but I say the future will see it realized."

Last year when the supper-room feature was introduced at the Palace it was recognized as an ideal place to obtain after-theatre refreshments, and the arrangements made for the comfort and entertainment of patrons when it re-opens on November 12th, leaves nothing to be desired.

The summer quarantine in Florida, which generally terminates at midnight of October 31st, has been extended on account of the prevalence of yellow fever at Havana.

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leit motifs, upon which we are all industriously cramming, bear an alarming resemblance to the American leads in whist—criminal to overlook, difficult to catch, and mentally exhausting to follow? But however that may be, all true lovers of a new sensation are not to be swerved from their purpose, and experience an anticipatory leaping of the pulses while they await in calm determination the coming of the Wagner week.

Farces, minus one occasional stray out of a hundred which unexpectedly reveals some conception of genuine humor on the part of the author, may be roughly divided into three classes, according to their varying degrees of imbecility, as thus: positive, comparative, superlative. To place Sydney Rosenfeld's "A Divorce Colony" among those whose imbecility is only comparative may seem, in a way, to bestow upon it glowing praise. Let me hasten to add, however, lest I should wrongfully be understood as admiring or recommending this work, that the only difference I could discover between "A Divorce Colony" and the infinite multitude of farces whose imbecility is emphatically positive or surpassingly superlative, is that the author began this with an idea. Having published the fact by cunningly embodying it in the title, Mr. Rosenfeld seemed to think he had fulfilled all obligations toward his idea, and has shown neither originality nor brilliancy in handling it. He has failed to give his characters bright or witty lines to carry them through the emptiness of meaningless and rather silly situations. In consequence, the players are obliged to exercise a disproportionate amount of facial and vocal energy in order to cover echoing caverns of emptiness.

Frawley and Harry Cashman did this with some *vraisemblance*. They were amusing, and seemed human beings instead of life-size puppets working on wires. I really felt a sense of gratitude to Providence at being able to relax "the dejected havior of the visage" into a grateful smile when the judge in portentous tones revealed to the members of the stag-party that the alarming symptoms suddenly developed by the simple Mr. Gagel were indication that he had a speech instead of a fit of indigestion to work off his troubled consciousness. Mr. Ammy, by the way, who looked like a wax-work Quaker, was also amusing, and made the most of a small and unpromising part.

I remember when "Madame Sans-Gêne" was first produced in San Francisco by the Frawley Company, admiring Mary Van Buren's appearance as Napoleon's lovely sister, the Queen of Naples. She looked exceedingly handsome, she carried her royal robes with grace, she was easy and elegantly insolent in hitting off the polished malice of the beautiful queen. She was in the right place, and adorned it. At the time, she possessed very little knowledge of the technique of acting, and quite unconsciously to herself, gained some repose from her inexperience. But whenever Miss Van Buren assumes a role in which a manner of gaiety and vivacity is requisite, she becomes too extreme. Her former repulse gives place to purposeless animation. Her mouth and eyes seem to be continually forming round "nhs." She has her facial expression all made up before the cue for it has come. Her arms wave and swing, and her hands take exaggerated and meaningless gestures. These defects seemed less out of place when she herself assumed the title-role, for we looked for signs of a lack of ease in the *parvenu* duchess. But as Ida Van Birk, the sprightly American girl, this overplay of feature and gesture gave me a sense of fatigue, which Miss Van Buren herself probably shares.

Alice Johnson, who seems to be a new addition to the company, appeared as a fascinating grass-widow with a taste for indiscriminate matrimony. I do not know why the author had this lively lady bestow her plump white charms, her engorged tresses, and her white-satin splendors within the arms of Mr. Gagel, who was apparently a superior kind of human tom-cat in the Van Birk ménage—ladies of her ilk would infallibly have thrown themselves straight at the head of Tom Adams—but neither does Mr. Rosenfeld himself, nor the actors, nor the audience. Nobody knows why a cake of soap which wandered around, something like Sardou's "scrap of paper," created such emotional havoc wherever it went. No one has the faintest conception of the reason why Mary Van Buren went through all that elaborate by-play with the photograph album. Nobody knows why the somnolent audience suddenly roused up at the end of the second act (a geographical point of prominence peculiar to all farces) which culminated in a grand yelling match by the company, and commenced to applaud and balloon. But, then, nobody asks, expects, nor seeks to gain a knowledge of the inception, progress, dénouement, or reason for being of that crowning creation of fluff, the end-of-the-century farce.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Connick, mother of George A. Knight, died in Eureka, Humboldt County, Saturday, November 4th, at the age of eighty-two. Mrs. Connick arrived in Eureka in 1853 as one of the pioneers in that part of California, and was the widow of Harris Connick, a Humboldt County lumberman of the early days. Mr. Knight is the only surviving relative of the deceased except a step-sister who has lived with her for years.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Return of Frank Daniels.

Frank Daniels, the droll little comedian, will make his annual bow in this city on Monday evening at the Columbia Theatre in Victor Herbert's latest comic-opera success, "The Ameers." The libretto is by Frederick Ranken and Kirk La Sells, and tells the story of the constant efforts of the Ameers of Afghanistan to overcome the intrigues of his conspiring court and remain alive. Herbert's music has been pronounced equal, if not superior, to his work in his other famous operas, "The Idol's Eye" and "The Wizard of the Nile," which enjoyed such a vogue here. Included in Mr. Daniels's support are Helen Raymond, Kate Uart, and Norma Kapp, the trio of beauties who were with him on his last visit; Rhys Thomas, the tenor, who was formerly with the Tivoli Opera Company; William Corless, Owen Westford, and Will Danford. The scenery and costumes of "The Ameers" are said to be especially elaborate and give a picturesque representation of the Oriental splendors of the Ameers' court in Afghanistan.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Anna Boyd, who recently appeared here in that absurd farce, "A Hindoo Hoo-doo," will head the bill at the Orpheum next week. That she will prove popular is a foregone conclusion, for she has a strong personality, is a clever comedienne, and sings her catching coon songs with as much sparkle and abandon as May Irwin or Marie Dressler. Another new-comer who makes his "professional" vaudeville debut as a monologist, and is sure to become a great favorite, is W. J. Hynes, familiarly known as "Billy" among his host of friends and admirers in this city and across the bay. His talents have always been at the disposal of local charities, and it is said that his great success at the recent California Club benefit is responsible for his engagement. Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hiatt will present a musical comedy titled "An Operatic Rehearsal," in which Mr. Hiatt will introduce his latest successful hallad.

Those retained from this week's bill are Dolan and Lenhart, who will repeat their first week's sketch, "A High-Toned Burglar," the Dunham Family, Jessie Cauthen, Nora Bayes, and Prella's talking dogs.

The Royal Marine Band of Italy.

Mark E. Swan's laughable farce-comedy, "Whose Baby Are You," will give way at the California Theatre on Sunday evening to the Royal Marine Band of Italy, which includes fifty-five musicians in all, twenty of which are noted soloists. The critics in other cities have been especially enthusiastic on the clarinet playing of Signor Decima, who is considered a really great artist in the handling of his instrument. Signor Girolamo (trumpet), Signor Creator (trombone), and Signor De Titta (horn), among the other players who have scored individual hits. Their programmes will be made up of classical and popular music and complete acts from operas.

The Marine Band is to be followed by Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels.

At the Tivoli.

The last week of the grand opera season at the Tivoli Opera House is to be devoted to a varied repertoire, including "Mignon" with Collamarini in the title-role, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights and Saturday matinee; "Ernani" on Monday and Wednesday nights; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" on Friday night; and "Othello" on Saturday night. Crowded houses will doubtless be the rule, as this will be the last chance to hear Collamarini, Barbaccheschi, Palletini, Repetti, Salassa, Lucenti, Russi, Ferrari, Niclini, and the other admirable artists who have contributed so much to the success of the many grand operas produced during the past few months.

The opening attraction of the comic-opera season will be "The Jolly Musketiers," by Stange and Edwards, in which Jefferson de Angelis made one of the greatest hits of his career in New York last year.

The Races.

The principal event at the Oakland Track at Emeryville to-day (Saturday) will be the third race, the Produce Exchange Stake for two-year-olds, purse \$1,000. The distance will be six furlongs, and as there are some thirty-two entries there will doubtless be a large field. Much interest is also centered in the fifth race, the Cadmus Handicap for three-year-olds and upward, which will also be a feature of the day. The distance is one mile and a sixteenth and the value of the purse \$500.

The California Jockey Club announces an excellent programme for next week's racing. The special events include the San Francisco Handicap for two-year-olds on Monday, November 12th, and the Golden Gate Selling Stakes for three-year-olds and upward, and the Alameda Free Handicap for three-year-olds on Saturday, November 17th.

The most densely populated spot in the United States is the block of tenement-houses in New York bounded by Sixty-First and Sixty-Second Streets and Tenth and Eleventh Avenues. In this block, the census showed, live 3,987 persons, most of them negroes.

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To-Night, "Trovatore," Sunday Night, "Carmen." Next Monday Begins the 16th and Last Week of the Grand Opera Season. Monday and Wednesday Nights, "Ernani." Friday Night, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci." Saturday Evening, "Othello." Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday Nights, and Saturday Matinee, "Mignon." Nov. 19th, Opening of the Comic Opera Season, with a Gorgeous Production of the Superb Comic Opera, "The Jolly Musketiers."

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VANITY FAIR.

Lady Mary Jeune writes entertainingly in the October *Fortnightly Review* on "The Decay of the Chaperon." This season, she says, for the first time in the social history of London, girls have been permitted to go out without a chaperon, and adds: "At the few small dances given in London, all the girls came alone. There were some obvious reasons why, as an exception, such a proceeding was possible. In the midst of a great war, when sons, husbands, brothers, and fathers were at the front, and while the dark shadow of war was hanging over the land, the community could not rejoice and be glad, the deep anxiety and great tension being too overpowering for any other interest to dethrone it; but when the strain was partly removed, and victory had crowned our arms, and the daily and hourly list of casualties had ceased, it seemed possible to let the young people at home enjoy themselves in a simple way, without any of the formalities which are the necessary adjuncts of a London season. Mothers who had carefully guarded their girls, gave a half-hearted consent, not willing to deprive them of a pleasure of which the year had been so barren. The 'Rosebud Ball' of America, which was inaugurated here, has long been the fashion on the other side of the Atlantic, where we have watched the system of complete independence among young people in full swing. The result there is perfectly satisfactory, but this has been the first test of it in this country, where hitherto all tradition and experience have been in opposition to it. One can only say from personal experience and observation, necessarily limited—belonging as one does to the ostracized class of chaperons—that there was nothing different to the old days, except that the rooms looked bare, and lacked the background of color and brilliancy which undoubtedly a crowd of well-dressed women give, for the modern custom of sitting out between dances empties a room almost entirely. This, however, may be a purely personal prejudice, for in the minds of the young people there was evidently no regret at the absence of the maternal eye, and the whole evening passed as if a regiment of chaperons were in attendance. Perhaps the evening's amusement lasted late, for the absence of fatigued and weary mothers left the young people free to dance till they were exhausted. It was undoubtedly a curious and interesting experiment, but not the most obstinate pessimist, while deploring the principle involved, could find anything at which to protest."

Divided skirts as equestrian habits received the official disapproval of the executive committee of the Chicago Horse Show last week. Two ladies—Mrs. H. P. Colegrove and Mrs. E. E. Edgerton—who had entered to ride "à l'arabesque" their horses on the opening night, were notified at the last moment that they would have to ride side-saddles, and they immediately sent in their withdrawals. Mrs. Colegrove was particularly indignant, saying that the management of the show had made itself absurd and was certainly "lacking in sense of equestrian propriety." She declared "that horse people in New York and London have accepted the divided-skirt habit as being modest and proper, and the costume has been worn at every high horse show in the United States and Europe. By taboing the divided skirt the management has barred from the show every woman who is expert in the management of a horse, for no real horsewoman would ride on a side-saddle."

Three famous actresses who have been successful in an unusual degree in their artistic careers have recently found much less happiness in private life. A few weeks ago Katharina Schratz set the tongues of the Viennese gossips wagging when she announced her retirement from the Hofburg Theatre, which corresponds more closely to the Comédie-Française than any other play-house in Europe. While it is now clear that this action on her part was due entirely to her relations with the Emperor Franz Joseph, there seems to be little ground for the oft-repeated rumor that she is his morganatic wife. The indignant actress recently declared, in a letter written to the German newspapers, that she would in all probability never return to Vienna from her summer vacation in Switzerland, but would remain in Geneva for the rest of her life. She has since explained that her retirement from the Hofburg had been contemplated for the past two years, as the conditions there had become unendurable to her, and, as she was not, like some of her poorer colleagues, compelled to submit to them, she had retired from the company. As the emperor supports the theatre out of his private income and is master of all that takes place within the institution, it is difficult to realize that he should still be devoted to Frau Schratz and allow her to suffer any inconvenience there. It is generally thought (says the New York *Sun*) that she has been compelled to leave Vienna on account of the opposition of the imperial family. None of the archduchesses inherited the empress's affection for, or, at least, her tolerance of, the actress, and everything has been done by the women of the imperial family, who are determined that the alliance between the emperor and the actress, whatever it may be, shall receive no countenance from them. They are said to have interfered with her happiness in Vienna

and at Ischl in more positive ways. Men of their circle, who were acquaintances of Frau Schratz, have been forbidden to speak to her under the penalty of incurring the displeasure of the women of the royal family, and the emperor's favorite is said to have met with every kind of snub and embarrassment during her sojourn in Ischl this summer. The climax came when she was driven by these annoyances into a quarrel with the emperor, left Ischl in a huff, and sent her resignation to the intendant of the Hofburg. This was exactly what the women of Franz Joseph's family were trying to accomplish, and it is said that they were delighted at her downfall. However, it would not surprise Frau Schratz's host of admirers if she should suddenly return to the Austrian capital, and put to confusion the enemies who have triumphed over her recent mortifications, for she has more than once proved equal to emergencies which promised to undermine her popularity.

Mlle. Marsy has just left the Comédie-Française for a different reason from that which moved Frau Schratz to retire from the Hofburg. The famous beauty is now so rich that she need never act, and her colleagues are said to have been highly in favor of the action of the directors which enabled her to depart. She has ceased to wear mourning for the much-persecuted Max Lehauty, from whom much of her wealth came, although not so much, it seems, as an American admirer has recently given her. Her sister, who is almost as beautiful, is still acting in one of the boulevard theatres, as she has not yet gained admission to the house of Molière. Anne Marie Louise Josephine Brochard is the real name of Mlle. Marsy. She was born thirty-four years ago, if the improbable testimony of an amiable biographer is to be relied upon. She won a first prize at the Conservatoire in 1883, when she was a pupil of Delaunay, and made her *début* at the Comédie during the same year, as Cecile in "La Misanthrope." Three years later she retired from the stage and did not return until 1888, when she acted in Ohnet's "La Grande Marinière" at the Porte St. Martin, in the same rôle played by Mrs. Langtry when the piece was given in New York in English as "Enemies" at Niblo's Garden. In 1890 she went back to the Comédie and has appeared there in most of the important productions since that time.

Little Mlle. Reichenberg, who retired from the Comédie two years ago, because she was weary of playing young girls' parts at the age of fifty, has not found anything like the happiness she expected in her retirement. She has been received always in certain circles of Paris society, in spite of her well-known relations with a man of title. The aged *ingénue* was determined, however, that after the close of her career she would become his wife and live in the enjoyment of his title. She succeeded in accomplishing this, despite the opposition of his family, but its friends stood loyally by the mother who had struggled to prevent the marriage with an actress. The consequence is that the former Mlle. Reichenberg finds herself as the wife of a man of old family received with less cordiality than she used to be when their relations were not nearly so honorable. But she had not then made the ill-advised attempt to force herself into the class to which her husband belongs.

According to the New York *Times*, a shrewd member of one of the most popular down-town clubs of the metropolis adopted a novel scheme recently to eke out an existence. Features of this particular club are its luncheons and dinners, served at a low price and in excellent style. The impecunious member referred to, out of a situation and at the end of his resources, decided to use the table to advance his finances. Casual acquaintances of the bar-room sort who expressed a wish for luncheon or dinner were his game. To them he told of the good fare and cheap prices at his club, and so managed at intervals to get together parties of three or four to dine with him. There would be a dinner of a good sort, often with wines and other drinkables, the understanding always being that the meal was on the "Dutch treat" principle, where each paid his share of the bill. After the meal the check would, of course, be given to the club member, who collected the *pro rata* share from each of his supposed guests and placed the cash in his pocket. His credit was good up to the club limit, and each meal was charged against him. So all he had to do was to sign the check and pass it over to the hook-keeper. In this way he managed to keep his stomach full and have about him enough cash to serve his actual necessities in his impoverished condition. Naturally he paid no club bills, and the thing went on until the account was called to the attention of one of the governors. At about the same time, too, the club-steward accidentally discovered the methods of the young man, and these were brought to the attention of a member of the house committee. Naturally, the shrewd member was at once suspended, and there is now one young man of fair address who is walking about town trying some other method of getting a living without work. As a result, too, members of the club have discovered that the system of credits has been considerably changed, for an investigation showed that the member who was

caught was not the only one who had been "working" the club in the same fashion.

The German emperor thought fit, only a few weeks ago, to personally beg the ladies in his immediate circle to abstain from bicycling. That such a request should have been made by the German emperor will be a matter of surprise to no one who is in the least acquainted with the appearance of lady cyclists in the German capital (says the London *Sketch*). The average German lady cyclist appears to consider that the main point to hear in mind while cycling is to wear her worst and least-becoming dress, and lean forward on the handle-bars like a professional bicycle-pacer. No better place for cycling could he desired than the Thiergarten; but what grotesque, inelegant figures are to be seen there every day in the shape of lady enthusiasts of the wheel! Short skirts, thick waists, unornamental head and foot-gear, immoderate haste, and persistent and unnecessary ringing of unsonorous bells, all contribute toward the natural aversion for cycling ladies.

Paris has been running to see a new pianoforte prodigy, a Spanish baby of three and a half years, named Pepito Rodriguez Ariola, who, though his hand can stretch over only five notes, repeats pieces that he hears and improvises besides. As he can not strike a chord, he plays the notes instead quickly one after the other. He began to play a year ago, and has been inspected recently by the Psychological Congress at the exposition, which finds that, apart from his music, he is a perfectly normal infant. Of course he can not read a note.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 7th, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONAS.	Bid.	Closed.
Contra C. Water 5%.	2,000	@ 107 1/2	107 1/2	
Los An. Ry. 5%.	1,000	@ 107 1/2	107	
Market St. Ry. 5%.	18,000	@ 119	119	119 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 5%.	2,000	@ 117 1/2	117	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.	3,000	@ 107 1/2	107 1/2	
Northern Cal. Ry.	2,000	@ 112		
Oakland Transit 6%.	1,000	@ 116 1/2	116 1/2	117 1/2
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.	5,000	@ 109 1/2	110	111
Omnibus C. R. 6%.	2,000	@ 127 1/2	127 1/2	128
" " " " 1%.	1,000	@ 127 1/2	127 1/2	128
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.	6,000	@ 113	113 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%.	4,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2	102 3/4
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	10,000	@ 102 3/4	102 3/4	102 3/4
	Shares.	STOCKS.	Bid.	Closed.
Contra Costa Water.	225	@ 69 1/2-70	70	
Spring Valley Water.	218	@ 93 1/2-93 3/4	93 3/4	93 3/4
	Shares.	BANKS.	Bid.	Closed.
Bank of Cal.	5	@ 409 3/4	410	
Street R. R.	20	@ 68	67 1/2	68
	Shares.	GAS AND ELECTRIC.	Bid.	Closed.
Equitable Gaslight.	50	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Oakland Gas.	15	@ 49 1/2-49 3/4	49 1/2	50
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	375	@ 52 1/2	52	52 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric.	495	@ 51 1/2	51 1/2	52 1/2
S. F. Gas.	200	@ 5		
	Shares.	POWERS.	Bid.	Closed.
Giant Con.	65	@ 84	83 1/2	
Vigorit	200	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2	
	Shares.	SUGARS.	Bid.	Closed.
Hana P. Co.	150	@ 7	6 1/2	
Hawaiian C. & S.	205	@ 84 1/2-85	84 1/2	85 1/2
Honokaa S. Co.	875	@ 30 3/4-31 1/4	31	
Hutchinson.	435	@ 25 1/2-25 3/4	25 3/4	26
Kilauea S. Co.	280	@ 20 1/2	20 1/2	22
Makaweli S. Co.	345	@ 4 1/4-4 1/2	4 1/2	
Onomea S. Co.	25	@ 29		
Pauahau S. P. Co.	825	@ 31 1/2-31 3/4	31 3/4	32
	Shares.	MISCELLANEOUS.	Bid.	Closed.
Alaska Packers.	25	@ 124 1/4-124 1/2		
Oceanic S. Co.	50	@ 93	93	94

The business has been very light, but prices have hardened in all classes, and closed up at advanced figures for all of our securities. The reflection of President McKinley has allayed the fears of the investing public, and we look for an increased business and advance in prices of all our good investment securities in the near future. The sugar stocks closed strong and in good demand. There has been good buying of the gas stocks during the past week, and the market closed strong, with very little stock offering.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 288 Montgomery Street, S. F.

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Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd. Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange. In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad. References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. GEORGE H. CARTER, Treasurer, 409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.



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In cases of Indigestion, Cramps or intestinal disorders, such as Cholera, Diarrhoea, etc.,

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Alcool de Menthe

gives quick and thorough relief; should be kept always on hand; is conducive to sleep in nervous attacks.

RICQLÈS ALCOOL DE MENTHE has a record of over sixty years in Europe.

Sold by All Druggists.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., New York

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526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,238,372.45

Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00

Deposits June 30, 1900..... 28,938,595.12

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HONSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHWARTZ; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. COONFELLOW.

Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and I. N. Walker.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1900..... \$26,952,875

Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000

Reserve Fund..... 218,593

Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERV, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00

SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00

PROFIT & LOSS ACCOUNT..... 2,453,469.59

July 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President

CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President

THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier

HENRY SMITH.....Asst. Cashier

IRVING F. MOULTON.....Asst. Cashier

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St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank

Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California

London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons

Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères

Berlin.....Direction der Discconto Gesellschaft

China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China

Australasia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$8,176,896.63

Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;

H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIFMAN, Asst-Cashier;

H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christeson, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Grey, John J. McCook, John Beringham, Dudley Evans.

Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869-

451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

GOLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,

411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Joho M. Palmer was one of the wits of public life. Wheo he retired from the Seote he showed oo signs of discouragement, but said to some friends: "Patience is all I need. I come into fashion about every two years in Illinois."

As Irishman was wheeling a heavy barrel on a street the other day, wheo some ooe asked him: "Mike, what have you got in that barrel?" "Poo me word, I hardly know meself, for it has 'whisky' oo ooe side and 'Pat Duffy' oo the other."

Mark Twain lays great stress oo the pause just before the point, io the use of which he regards Artemus Ward and James Whitcomb Riley as the greatest adepts. For instance, Artemus Ward would say eagerly, excitedly; "I ooe knew a mao io New Zealand who hadot a tooth io his head"—here his animatioo would die out; a silent, reflective pause would follow, then he would say, dreamily, and as if to himself—"and yet that man could beat a drum better than any man I ever knew."

Wheo Rodyard Kipling was a lad he went on a sea voyage with his father, Lockwood Kipling. Sooo after the vessel got uoder way, Mr. Kipling went below, leaving the boy oo deck. Presently there was a great commotioo overhead, and ooe of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out oo the yard-arm, and if he lets go he'll drown!" "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that oothng serious was the matter; "but he wootn't let go."

Sherman, while he was commanding general of the army, visited West Point ooe Jooe for the graduation exercises. He accompanied the commandant on his Sunday morning tour of inspection of barracks, and, oo entering a certain room, he walked over to the mantelpiece. Stopping down, he pried up a brick from the middle of the hearth with his sword scabbard, and revealed a hollow space about a foot square, in which was nicely packed a considerable quantity of tobacco and other contraband articles. Meanwhile, the cadets occupying the room stood mutely watching and wonderiog what sort of man the general was to have been able to discover the only "cellar" of its kind in barracks. Turning to the commandant, the general remarked: "I have been wonderiog if that hole was still there. I made it wheo I was a cadet and lived io this room."

Oo the occasioo of a reception to Henry Clay by his Baltimore admirers, a trip down Chesapeake Bay was given, and oo the return trip a game of euchre was arranged. As Clay was a ooted player at all games of cards, two of the most skillful players were selected to compete against him, and the local card champion, Billy Brysoo, who simply worshipped Clay, had the honor of being his partner. But poor Billy was so overcome that he became entirely bewildered, and made the most absurd and unaccountable errors. Clay's temper rose rapidly and he railed at Brysoo io good set terms. Fioally the unfortunate man, brought to bay, replied: "By gad, sir, if you were old Billy Brysoo, and had the great Harry Clay for a partner, sir, I think you should be excused for failiog to oote the difference between a kiof of trumps and the right bower." The involuntory compliment so pleased Clay that he shouted with laughter, and was ever afterward a warm friend of Brysoo's.

Oo ooe occasioo, Cluny Macphersoo, whose death occurred recently io Scotland, had dealings io his castle with ooe of the very poorest of his clansmen. He received him io ooe of the rooms, which had just been decorated at great expense, and after their business was transacted, the chieftain asked: "What do you think of this room? The varnishiog alone cost me ooe hundred and fifty pounds." "That's naethio' ava," was the astonishing response; "if you come along tae ma hit hoose A'll show ye a room that cost faur mair than that tae be coated." Macphersoo wondered that he had ever heard of it before, and arranged to call around and see it. When he visited the place, a poor-looking, thatched little "biggio," he was showo into a room so dark that he could scarcely see, with its walls literally blackeod by the smoke from a peat fire. "Here's ma room," exclaimed the triumphant tenant; "a mak oot that it took five hunner loads o' peat tae coat it, and at ten shillings the load that maks two hunner and fifty pun!"

During last Thanksgiving week, a poultryman of the North-West sent several barrels of fat, dressed turkeys to a certain commissioo merchant, who is an extremely "close huyer," and never fails wheo he receives a consignment to claim an allowance for something alleged to have spoiled oo the way. Heretofore he had dealt exclusively in live fowls, and probably the correspondence-clerk got things mixed. At any rate, the shipper was astonished to receive a letter by return mail, runiog about as follows: "DEAR SIR: We regret to advise you that four of the turkeys in your consignment of Novem-

ber reached here dead. Please make deductioo for same, and return correct amout. Yours truly." The poultryman communed with himself and replied thus: "DEAR SIR: I am sorry to say I find it impossible to make cooessioo requested. I have established a rule requiring all customers who desire live dressed turkeys to outfit us io advance, so we cao seed them in heated cars. Turkeys without feathers and insides are liable to catch cold if shipped in the ordioary manoo. The mortality among dressed turkeys was very large this year. Yours mournfully."

Liocoln used to be fond of telling a story which he got from Mr. Coocoo, of a lawyer io a Western town who desired the oomioatioo for county judge. Oo the morning preceding the evening oo which the county conventioo was to meet, he applied to the livery-stable keeper in his village for a horse and buggy in which to drive to the county town, sixteen miles distant, where the cooventioo was to be held. "Give me the best and the fastest horse you have, Sam," said he, "so that I will have time to go around and see the boys before the conventioo comes io." The liverymao, however, was supporting a rival candidate, and gave the lawyer a horse that outwardly appeared perfect, but which broke down eotirely before half the jourey was completed; so that when the candidate arrived the cooventioo had adjourned and his rival had been oomiated. Oo his return to the stable, late the followiog afternoon, knowing that it was useless to resent the trick played upoo him, he said to the owner: "Look here, Smith, you must be traioing this horse for the New York market. Yoo expect to sell him to ao oodertaker for a hearse horse, don't you? Well, it's time wasted. I know from his gait that you have spot days traioiog him to pull a hearse, but he'll prove a dead failure. Why, he's so slow he couldn't get a corpse to the cemetery in time for the resurrection."

THE GRAPE:

Its Juices, Uses, and Abuses.

A paper by Horace G. Platt, read at Bohemian Club High Jinks, October 13, 1900.

MR. SIRE: "The Grape: Its Juices, Uses, and Abuses," is oot ooly a very alliterative theme, but is also very fruitful, and suggests liberal treating. It affords many opportunities for oratory, poetry, and wit; but these opportunities kooek oot at my door. They are frighteod away by the wateriog-cart they see staodng there.

Did my purse and my gout permit the daily gratificatioo of my appetite for dusty, cobwebby bottles of Lafite, I could write a thesis to prove that the use of the juice becomes ao abuse except in the hands of a master. As it is, I must walk by the light of other nights, and draw upoo my memory for my headaches.

If ooe would thoroughly appreciate the grape, he must himself tread the wioe-press, and with reverent feet press out the juice whose use or abuse will give wioes to fancy, or feet of lead to fact. Fate wills that each ooe must himself tread the wioe-press, and from the grapes of his own vioeyard press the juice whose use will give inspiratioo to aspiratioo, whose abuse may briog fascinatoo, but will surely briog degradatioo.

Oo gently sloping hills, io oestling vales, kissed by the sun, begemmed with the dew, and caressed by the rustling leaves, grows the eopurpling grape.

In every cluster is remembrance and forgetfulness, hope and regret, anticipatioo and disappointmeot, love and hate, ambitioo and despair, courage and fear, the fleetness of the deer and the sloth of the snail, the eagle's iustinct to rise, man's radioess to fall.

Ioto its juice the magiciao dips his wand, and lo! there appear "elves of the hills, brooks, standiog lakes, and groves, and those that oo the saod with priotless foot chase the ebbing Neptune."

Ioto its juice the artist dips his brush, and the moth becomes as iridescent as the butterfly, leaden skits as prismatic as the Aurora Borealis, a cloudy morning so beautiful as to wake the singing of the lark.

Ioto its juice the poet dips his pen, and the rhythm of our hearts and the music of our souls make life melodious.

Its juice the orator quaffs, and thoughts that live and words that burn in eloquence wing plaudits from the stars.

Oh, the juice of the grape!

It is diplomacy, and statesmeo avoid the shedding of good blood by the driokiof of good wioe.

It is busioess, and moeey-kiofs coo ducats out of the hubbles of sparkling wioe.

It is fellowship, and friendship is born of a bottle of wioe.

It is passioo, and the flower of love blooms in blushing beauty wheo sprinkled with wioe.

It is surcease from paio, relief from sorrow, rest from labor, triumph's reward.

It is the chariot of fancy, and its path is the raio-bow.

It is the Pegasus of genius, and its wioes are aglow with the lightning.

It is the fairy godmother of hope, and it neglects oo Ciderella.

It is suolight and moonlight distilled io purple.

It is the water of the Pierian Spring, sparkling with the breath of aogels.

It is the eternal to-day of beauty, pleasure, and fruitoo, the certaio to-morrow of delicious anticipatioo.

It is childhood's laughter, manhood's cheers; it is lovers' midnigh kioing.

It is the elixir of inexhaustible desire, the ooe taste of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Its flowers oeve fade, its perfumes oeve die, its music liofers forever as io the peary galleries of a shell.

Abuse it, and on your hearthstone will coil the dragoo of despair, and want and woe will your companions be, and— But why dream of paio, when you may be awake to pleasure? To-night we will think of the grape and its juices and uses ooly. Its abuses we may think of to-morrow; but oot if we bear io mind these lioes from Horace:

"O Varus mize,
Plant thou the vine
Within this kindly soil of Tiber;
Nor temporal woes,
Nor spiritual, knows
The man who's a discreet imbibor."

Ballade of the Golfing Bore.

Full many beastly bores there be
Abroad upon this spinning sphere,
Who, wheo afar ooe faio would flee,
Make dire assault upoo the ear;
Bot this beyond all doot is clear,
Albeit they mount to triple score,
He is the deadliest and most drear,
The urelentiof golfiog bore!

He'll start you off upoo the "tee,"
And round the links the course will steer;
Meanwhile the strange trajectory
Of balls "polled," "sliced," and "topped"
Will blear

The circumambient atmosphere
Until yoo cao endure ao more,
And wish him in some other sphere,
The urelentiof golfiog bore!

Of much will he discourse with glee,
That unto you is oonsense sheer;
At every other game will he
Make mockery with float and fleer;
His aim io life, it would appear,
Is just to beat the "Bogey" score,
And should he—all the town would hear
The urelentiof golfiog bore!

ENVOY.

Priooe, though yoo reckoo year on year
From the evaished days of yore,
Yet will you fail to find his peer,
The urelentiof golfiog bore!

—Clinton Scollard in Life.

An unexpected retort: "Where," asked the female-suffrage orator, "would man be to-day were it oot for womao?" She paused a moment, and looked around the hall. "I repeat," she said, "where would man be to-day were it oot for woman?" "He'd be io the Gardeo of Eden eating strawberries," answered a voice from the gallery.—*Boston Traveller.*

That Little Book

"Bahies," issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., New York, should be io the hands of all young mothers. The hiois it cootains are invaluable to the ioexperienced. Sent free upoo applicatioo.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

VVO
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

EGYPT

The chosoo Winter play-ground and Winter residence of the fashionable world.

COOK'S NILE STEAMERS maintain a tri-weekly service between CAIRO and the First Cataract, cooectiof with service for the Second Cataract, Khartoum, etc.

Also high-class special steamers and Dahabeahs for families and private parties.

Sailiof lists, plans, and full informatioo from

THOS. COOK & SON,

621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Among the many great Financial Corporations on the Pacific Coast, none rank higher than the

FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO.

Its Agents are found throughout America, and its Record for Prompt and Equitable Settlement of All Honest Losses is Firmly Established

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STEPHEN D. IVES, General Agent

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for Chapped Hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Sample Free.

Mennen's (the original) GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

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PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF
ARTIFICIAL STONE Schilling's Patent.
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Side Walk and Garden Walk a Specialty.
Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900
Doric. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, November 28
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Thursday, December 22
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu) Wed., Jan. 16, 1901
Doric. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, Feb. 9
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's o No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha
(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)
IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.
Hongkong Maru. Tuesday, November 13
Nippon Maru. Thursday, December 6
America Maru. Saturday, December 29
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Nov. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Dec. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., Nov. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Dec. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., Nov. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, Dec. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

OCEANIC S. S. CO. Sierra, 6000 Tons
Sonoma, 6000 Tons
Ventura, 6000 Tons
S. S. Zealandia, for Honolulu, Nov. 10, 1900, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Wednesday, Nov. 21, 1900, at 9 P. M.
S. S. Australia, for Papeete, Tahiti, Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1900, at 6 P. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
New York. November 21 | St. Louis. December 5
St. Paul. November 28 | New York. December 12

RED STAR LINE.
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Westernland. November 21 | Noordland. December 5
Kensington. November 28 | Friedland. December 12

EMPIRE LINE.
To Alaska and Cold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

SOCIETY.

The Wells-Hush Wedding.

Miss Jean Mary Hush and Mr. Frank Richardson Wells were married on Wednesday evening, November 7th, at "Enemere," the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Hush, at Fruitvale. Rev. John K. McLean officiated, and was assisted by Rev. Charles R. Brown, of the First Congregational Church. Miss Florence Hush was the maid of honor and Mr. Edwin Richardson, cousin of the groom, best man. The ribbon bearers were Mr. William Hush, Mr. Allen Chickering, Mr. Frederick Sherman, Mr. Sidney Pringle, Mr. Wallace Alexander, Mr. Walter Starr, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, and Mr. Dan Belden. William and Harry Magee, the two little sons of Mr. and Mrs. William Magee, carried flowers.

The ceremony was followed by a wedding dinner. Those at the bride's table were:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Wells, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Elsie Marwedel, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Carmen Moore, Miss Gertrude Allen, Miss May Denman, Miss Ruth Dunham, Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Irene Baker, Miss Ethel Kittredge, Mr. Edwin Richardson, Mr. William Hush, Mr. Allen Chickering, Mr. Sidney Pringle, Mr. Walter Starr, Mr. Wallace Alexander, Mr. Dan Belden, and Mr. Fred Sherman.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Mr. E. Willard Burr, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Burr, and Miss Ada Belle Jewett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Jewett, took place Saturday evening, November 3d, at the residence of the bride's parents, 248 Union Street. Rev. B. Leavitt, of the Unitarian Church, performed the ceremony. Miss Mary L. Farnham, cousin of the bride, was maid of honor and Miss Helen K. Jewett and Miss Ethel A. Greene bridesmaids. Mr. William Paul was best man and Mr. Robert H. Collins, Mr. A. C. Lawson, Mr. Latrop W. Jewell, and Mr. Carlton W. Greene served as ushers.

Miss Edith Simpson will make her debut to-day (Saturday) at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Simpson, 2000 Pacific Avenue. The cards give the hours from four to seven.

Miss Mabel Ellsworth Greene, daughter of Judge W. E. Green, and Mr. Juan B. H. Cooper were married at the bride's home, Durant Avenue, Berkeley, Thursday evening, November 8th.

Miss Bessie Ray, of Faribault, Minn., was married to Lieutenant Henry C. Merriam, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., nephew of General H. C. Merriam, in Manila, August 30th.

Mrs. Cora Means Fairchild, sister of Mr. and Mrs. William Holmes Dougberty, was married to Willard Henry Crawford, surgeon, U. S. N., in Gainesville, Tex., last week.

The marriage of Miss Caroline Williamson Tilley, daughter of Commander B. F. Tilley, U. S. N., to Mr. Alfred Randolph Hyatt, of Baltimore, will take place on Wednesday, November 14th, at noon, at the family residence in Washington.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin recently gave a dinner party at her residence, corner Broadway and Buchanan Streets, at which she entertained Miss McNutt, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Lillie Folis, Mr. Thomas McCaleb, Mr. Nat N. Wilson, and several others.

Miss Bessie Gage, of Oakland, was tendered a card-party by Mrs. Louise Allander, Tuesday, November 6th, as a farewell. Miss Gage leaves soon for Texas.

The Misses Nicholson, of Oakland, entertained Miss Bessie Gage at cards on Thursday afternoon, November 8th.

Mrs. Arthur B. Palmer will be at home the first and second Tuesdays of each month at her home, 2618 California Street.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Cooper have returned from the East, and will receive on the second Tuesdays and first Fridays of each month at their new residence, 1314 Leavenworth Street.

Mrs. A. Chesebrough and Miss Chesebrough will receive at 3508 Clay Street, the first and second Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier have taken up their winter residence at 397 Laurel Street.

Golf Notes.

The proposed team match between the class A and class B men which was scheduled to take place at the Presidio golf links for a dinner did not come off last Saturday, but a match between picked teams captained by W. H. La Boyteaux and C. R. Winslow was played instead, the original plan of staking a dinner on the result being adhered to. W. H. La Boyteaux's team scored 36 up against 2 up of C. R. Winslow's team, thus winning 34 up. The scores were as follows:

W. H. La Boyteaux beat C. R. Winslow, 3 up; T. H. Mee beat Captain Rumbaugh, 6 up; J. W. Byrne beat C. E. Bingham, 13 up; J. E. Cheney beat W. Gregory, 3 up; W. Ames and J. B. Severance, tie; H. A. Blackman beat Major C. Christenson, 4 up; L. B. Edwards beat Dr. Spencer, 6 up; L. F. Montague lost to W. J. Dutton, 2 up; H. B. Goodwin beat H. D. Pillsbury, by default.

On election day, Tuesday, November 6th, two interesting events took place on the Presidio links. In the morning a putting contest was held, in which each competitor holed out four balls from four points on the circumference of each of the seven

greens numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, and 9. The contest was remarkably close, only five strokes separating the first and the last contestant. J. H. Mee won with 72 strokes, or considerably less than three strokes per ball. The totals of the other contestants were H. Blackman, 73; H. B. Goodman, 75; L. Cheney, 75; W. Ames, 75; and A. Carrigan, 77.

In the afternoon the qualifying round, over 18 holes, medal play, for the third competition of the Council's Cup tournament was played, in which ten players took part. John Lawson made the best score of 87 over the 18 holes. The drawing among the eight qualified players resulted as follows:

C. R. Winslow versus H. C. Golcher, L. Cheney versus H. B. Goodwin, Worthington Ames versus S. L. Abbot, Jr., H. D. Pillsbury versus John Lawson.

Play in the preliminary rounds will begin to-day (Saturday). The semi-final rounds will take place on the following Saturday, and the finals will be played at the convenience of the contestants.

On Tuesday, November 6th, the final day's play in the "best hole handicap," which began on Saturday last, resulted as follows:

R. J. Davis, score 42, handicap 0, total 42; Dr. H. O. Howitt, score 46, handicap 4, total 42; S. G. Buckbee, score 48, handicap 4, total 44; Major Charles Christensen, score 51, handicap 7, total 44; A. A. Curtis, score 51, handicap 7, total 44; C. P. Pomeroy, score 61, handicap 2, total 59. In the ladies' tournament Mrs. S. G. Buckbee, with a handicap of 12, made a total of 46; Mrs. F. Green, from scratch, did the rounds in 53.

To-day (Saturday), November 10th, the Sausalito Golf Club will hold its opening tournament on its links on the military reservation at Sausalito. There will be three events—men's and women's championships and mixed foursomes. The qualifying round for the championship events will be over 18 holes, medal play, and the contests themselves will be at match play. The eight lowest scorers in the qualifying rounds for each event will play on November 10th and 11th over 18 holes, match play. The four winners will play in the semi-final round on November 24th, and the final round will take place next day.

The committee appointed by the newly born Sacramento Golf Club have made their report to the members. A tract of land adjoining Oak Park, large enough for a 9-hole course, is the only piece available, and is recommended for annexation by the location committee. The membership committee reports a full list of charter members, comprising one hundred names of prominent citizens, and the coming meeting of the club will elect officers and decide on various details incident to the organization of a golf club.

Mrs. Jane K. Sather, widow of the late Pedar Sather, has added to her already munificent gifts of property and money to the University of California the property one hundred feet square at the southwest corner of Washington and Fourteenth Streets, Oakland, valued at \$150,000. By this gift Mrs. Sather practically completes the disposal of her entire fortune to the University of California. Her first transfer of property was to the regents, and comprised a miscellany of real estate, bonds, and corporation stocks, and money aggregating \$100,000. This was followed by a check for \$10,000. And now follows the third gift, making a grand total of \$260,000. Mrs. Sather has control of all of the real estate she has deeded until her death. Then, with the money and collaterals, it goes absolutely to the university.

William T. Welcker, emeritus professor of mathematics in the University of California and once State superintendent of public instruction, died on Saturday, November 4th, at his home at 2244 Bancroft Way, Berkeley. He was seventy years of age.

Elegant Table Service.

For many years San Franciscans have had a unique and beautiful reminder of the approach of the holiday season, in the annual display of Thanksgiving tables at Nathan-Dohrmann Co.'s. There is something very satisfactory to the eye about a well-dressed table, and the rich furnishings of these are suggestive of rare good things for the inner man. It has been the custom of this house to send invitations to its patrons each November when the exhibit is ready, but as the display is now considered an established feature, special announcements are no longer made. All who are interested in handsome tableware and up-to-date arrangement are welcome to call, and courteous attendants will furnish information in regard to the wares shown and explain the uses of the newest additions to the furniture of the table. There are in all eight tables, representing respectively six dinner courses, tea, and a mid-night supper, and the exhibition will continue until December 1st.

On page 13 a paper will be found entitled "The Grape: Its Juices, Uses, and Abuses," by Horace G. Platt. It was read at the Bohemian Club High Jinks, October 13th, and is printed by request of many of the members desiring to preserve it.

— BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

The Grand-Opera Season.

The repertoire of the first week of the opera season at the Grand Opera House is an interesting one and well calculated to bring out the full strength of Maurice Grau's remarkable company. The opening performance on Monday night will be Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" in French, with Mme. Melba as Juliette, Mlle. Bridewell as Stephano, Mlle. Bauermeister as Gertrude, Edouard de Reszke as Frère Laurent, Plançon as Capulet, Bars as Tybalt, Sizes as Mercutio, Gillebert as Le Duc de Verone, Dufriche as Gregorio, Maseiro as Benavoglio, and Saleza as Romeo; conductor, Mancinelli.

Wagner's "Tannhäuser" will be sung in German on Tuesday night, with Van Dyck in the title-role, Mme. Gadski as Elizabeth, Mlle. Olitzka as Ein Hirt, Susan Strong as Venus, Blass as Herman the First, Bars as Walthar, Hubbenet as Heinrich, Muhlmann as Biterolf, Viviani as Reinmar, and Bertram as Wolfram; conductor, Walter Damrosch.

On Wednesday night Verdi's "Aida" will be given in Italian—for the re-appearance here of Mme. Nordica, who will sing the title-role. The rest of the cast includes Mlle. Bauermeister as Una Sacerdotessa, Mme. Louise Homer as Amneris, Scotti as Amonasro, Plançon as Ramfis, Journet as Il Re, Maseiro as Un Messaggiero, and Imbert de la Tour as Radames; incidental music by the corps de ballet; conductor, Mancinelli.

Gounod's "Faust," on Thursday night, will be sung in French by Mme. Melba as Marguerite, Mlle. Bauermeister as Marta, Mlle. Olitzka as Siebel, Saleza as Faust, Campanari as Valentin, Dufriche as Wagner, and Plançon as Mephistopheles; conductor, Mancinelli.

Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer," in German, will be the bill on Friday night, with Mme. Gadski as Senta, Mlle. Olitzka as Mary, Dippel as Erik, Blass as Daland, Bars as Steuermann, and Bertram in the title-role; conductor, Walter Damrosch.

The first matinee of the season, on Saturday, will be devoted to Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" in Italian, with Mme. Melba as Lucia, Mlle. Bauermeister as Alice, Scotti as Enrico Ashton, Bars as Arturo, Journet as Raimondo, Maseiro as Normanno, and Cremonini as Edgardo; conductor, Mancinelli.

The last performance of the week will be Wagner's "Lohengrin," in German, on Saturday evening. It will mark the first appearance here of Mme. Schuman-Heink, the great German contralto, who will sing the rôle of Ortrud. Nordica will appear as Elsa von Brabant, Van Dyck as Lohengrin, Bertram as Friedrich von Telramund, Muhlmann as Der Hiereufer des Königs, and Edouard de Reszke as Heinrich der Vogler, Deutscher König; conductor, Walter Damrosch.

There was strange coincidence (says the *Wasp*) connected with the death of Marcellus A. Dorn, the prominent attorney, whose death occurred on October 18th. He was a twin brother, the other dying in infancy. Strange to relate, M. A. Dorn expired on the same day in the same month, hour, and minute on which his twin brother died forty-three years ago.

— I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN EXTENDING to my friends and patrons a cordial invitation to visit my autumnal water-color exhibition, commencing Saturday, October 20th, 1900, and until further notice. I have been fortunate enough on this occasion to collect some very interesting examples of the leading American and foreign artists. Wm. Morris, 248 Sutter Street.



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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city, coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Mary Scott have closed their country residence at Burlingame and have returned in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have returned from Burlingame to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and the Misses Josselyn will close their summer residence very soon and move in the city, having leased the Loughborough residence, corner Franklin and O'Farrell Streets, for the winter months.

Mrs. Alexander Loughborough, the Misses Faoy and Josie Loughborough, and Mr. George Loughborough leave very shortly for Coronado Beach, where they expect to spend the winter months.

Mrs. Albert J. Le Breton arrived from Washington this week, and will spend the winter in San Francisco. She and her husband are stopping temporarily at the residence of Mr. Edward Le Breton, 1414 Sutter Street. Mrs. Le Breton will be remembered as one of San Francisco's belles, although she has been long absent. She is a daughter of the late Admiral McDougall.

Mr. Peter Martin was in Chicago last week.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has returned from a few weeks' visit in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore have left their San Mateo residence and taken the house at Jackson and Branderick Streets for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCreary have taken Mr. George Newhall's residence at Burlingame for six months.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drwn were in San José for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot have returned from abroad, and have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and daughters have closed their Burlingame house for the winter and have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu.

Miss Ardella Mills is visiting friends in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carnlan are in Chicago.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch has been in New York, on his way to Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., Miss Jacqueline Moore, and Dr. J. P. N. Dunn, of Oakland, left Athens for Paris on October 29th. After a short sojourn in the French capital, they will sail for America on Saturday, November 17th.

Mrs. Frank Muffatt and son, of Oakland, will remain in Paris until December, and then go to the south of France for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Landers are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Doyle, of San Mateo, are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Cricker and family have returned from Europe, and are in New York.

Rev. Herbert H. Powell, of San Mateo, was at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and her daughter, Mrs. Clinton Worden, are in New York, where they will remain until after the holidays.

Mrs. Fannie M. Kantz, widow of General A. V. Kantz, who is at Prescott, Ariz., is expected home in a few weeks.

Mrs. General John H. Dickinson will leave shortly for Europe for a six months' stay.

Mrs. R. H. Sprague and family are at the Virginia Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui, Miss Busqui, and Mrs. Charles D. Haven, of Oakland, will leave for a three months' trip to the City of Mexico next Wednesday.

Mrs. Thomas Mein and her sons, Robert and William, were in New York last week. Mr. William Mein departed for South Africa last Tuesday.

Mrs. G. H. Collins and daughters, of Oakland, are in Berlin, where they will remain for the winter.

Miss Marie Barna, the opera-singer, arrived in this city Wednesday, November 8th, on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard.

Mr. A. Sbarboro has returned from a seven months' trip in Europe and the East. He was accompanied by his family.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. O'Connor, of San José, who have been in Europe for the past two years, have returned, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Peter E. Studebaker, of South Bend, Ind., is at the Palace Hotel for several days.

Mr. John R. Baird and Mr. David Baird are making a tour of England and Scotland.

Mr. Peter McG. McBean is in New York for a brief period.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Maxwell, of Belmont, are registered at the Palace Hotel.

Among the passengers on the Japanese steamer *Hong Kong Maru* from China was Mr. Henry P. Bowie.

Mr. and Mrs. Milliken will spend some time as guests at the Richelieu.

Mr. W. Frisby, of Fresno, is at the Occidental Hotel for a few days.

Mr. H. E. Huntington is expected home from New York next Monday.

Mrs. Major Foote is staying at the Hotel Richelieu.

Dr. E. L. Culhurn, of Salt Lake City, is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Dr. and Mrs. Black are recent arrivals at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Boomer have given up their Page Street home, and will spend the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Irwin are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Colonel and Mrs. M. Maus are guests at the Richelieu.

Mrs. B. W. Paulsen has returned from a seven months' European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parnitt and the Misses

Parrott are at the Hotel Richelieu, where they expect to remain for some time.

Dr. Byroo W. Shaoies, who has just returned from a European trip, is registered at the Pleasanton.

Mr. S. J. Priogle, of Oakland, is in San José for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Breed, of Los Angeles, are at the Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Allen and Miss Gertrude Allen have left for the East.

Among the latest arrivals at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Jergens, of Cicociato, O.; Mr. D. S. Edwards, of London; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Forde, of Niles; Mr. F. Crumpher, of Chicago; Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, of Palo Alto; Mr. and Mrs. C. Dowdall, of Shanghai; Mr. W. D. Haslam, of Santa Cruz; Miss Gale and Miss Alice Williams, of New York; Mr. I. A. Ivers and Mr. J. S. Crawford, of Los Angeles; Mr. G. W. Parsons, of Nome, Alaska; Mrs. C. Classeo, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. W. H. Porterfield, of San Diego; Mr. T. B. Scott, of Arizona; Mrs. W. S. Dole, of Honolulu; Captain J. Crawford, of Palo Alto; Mrs. S. Lewek, of Marysville; Mr. and Mrs. J. Crocker, of San Luis Obispo; Mr. E. C. Puwer, of Grand Rapids; Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lowe and Mr. A. R. Deolke, of San José; Mr. A. G. Burnett and Mr. E. C. Merritt, of Santa Rosa.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral John C. Watson, U. S. N., president of the oaval examining board, on duty in Washington, has leased the attractive home of Captain Charles G. Ayres, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ayres on New Hampshire Avenue, in Washington. He will bring his family to Washington for the winter about the first of December.

Captain Henry Leonard, U. S. M. C., who remained in this city for some time upon his return from China is in Washington.

Major Charles L. Hedges, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., who recently returned from Cape Nome on the transport *Lawton*, will shortly leave for the Philippines.

Captain J. M. Califf and Surgeon E. J. Creely have gone to Salt Lake City on government business.

Lieutenant Harry F. Rethers, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., who served in China, has taken a leave of absence for nine months.

Captain Charles R. Noyes, Ninth Infantry, who has been spending a sick leave at No. 5115 Cornell Avenue, in Chicago, sailed for Manila via Seattle on the thirtieth inst. He was accompanied by Mrs. Noyes, who will go to Japan during his duty with his regiment.

Captain Harry A. Smith, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Philippine Islands.

Colonel John Van R. Huff, medical department, U. S. A., who recently returned from China, has been ordered to Washington.

Captain Lewis D. Greene, U. S. A., retired, came down from Seattle early in the week, and was at the Grand Hotel.

The Santisteban Musical.

An entertaining musical evening was given at Byrnn Maury Hall last Thursday night by G. C. Santisteban and pupils, assisted by Miss Elena Arrillaga, A. L. Meals, A. W. Neilson, and Emilio Cruells. The following programme was rendered: "Faust," Ch. Gounnd, Mandolin Orchestra; song, "The Bandolero," L. Stuart, Mr. A. N. Meals; two guitars (unison), "Simple Aveu," F. Thnme, Miss Emilia Tracey and Mr. G. C. Santisteban; (a) "Kamenni Ostrnw," Ruhinstein, (b) "Souvenir d'Andalusie," Gnttschalk, Miss Elena Arrillaga; chntrus, "Habenera," Mareno; 'celln soln, "Reverie," E. Dunkler, op. 20, Mr. Albert W. Neilson; "The Island of Dreams," S. Adams, Mr. A. N. Meals; "Turkish March," Mnzart, Mandolin Orchestra.

Hadji Ali, the oldest packer in the service of Uncle Sam, received his discharge in San Francisco, September 15th. In 1856 the army officials determined to experiment with the camel as a means of transporting army supplies. Agents were sent to Turkey to purchase the animals, and employed Hadji Ali to care for them. He brought them in this country and for a number of years cared for them, until the experiment proved a failure, the patient little mule proving a far better animal for pack-trains. The camels were sold in 1866 at the Benicia Barracks. Ali in the meantime had learned the ways of the burm and "took on" as packer, serving in that capacity up to his discharge. He was known the length and breadth of the continent as "Hi Jolly," and was carried on the pay-rolls under that name. He received the nickname from the soldiers who served with him, and the old Turk liked it better than his own.

Mrs. Margaret J. Newhall, widow of the late H. M. Newhall, died very suddenly of heart disease at her residence, 1299 Van Ness Avenue, last Saturday night. Mrs. Newhall was seventy years of age and had resided in San Francisco for many years. She was the widow of H. M. Newhall, the well-known commission merchant, and the mother of George A. Newhall, Walter S. Newhall, Edwin W. Newhall, W. Mayn Newhall, and Henry G. Newhall.

Burne-Jones's painting, "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," has been bought from Lord Wharncliffe by admirers of the late artist and presented to the National Gallery.

ART NOTES.

Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

The fall exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association opens to the public at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Friday, November 16th. Thursday is Varnishing Day, and on Thursday evening there will be a first view and a musical reception, in which members of the association only are invited. The character of the pictures submitted for this exhibition is fully up to the high standard of the last exhibition, and indicates a most attractive display.

Through the courtesy of the committee in charge of the erection of a monument to the California Volunteers who died in the Spanish-American War, and the committee in charge of the monument commemorating the oaval victory at Manila Bay, the plaster models submitted to these competitions will be placed on view.

Another interesting feature of this exhibition will be the distribution by lot of some twenty-five paintings to the members of the Art Association. These paintings are contributed by the artists, and represent a very high order of work.

A school of drawing, painting, and modeling will open at 8 Montgomery Avenue (Art Students' League) on Monday, November 12th. Arthur Putnam and Boardman Michael Robinson will be the instructors; Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson, Mrs. Sigmund Ackerman, Mr. William Keith, Mr. Bruce Porter, Mr. Willis Polk, and Mr. Ernest Coxhead the advisory committee; and Mrs. Arthur Putnam, secretary. The classes will include modeling, for men and women, drawing and painting for women, and drawing for men. Portrait and sketch classes, still life, and concurs in composition and memory drawing will be added as an adjunct to the other classes.

The exhibition and sale of John W. Lawler's water-colors, previous to his departure for Europe, which has been held at The Crmcker, south-west corner of Leavenworth and Pine Streets, closes this (Saturday) evening.

If you want to see some charming scenery and enjoy a pleasant day's outing, take a trip up Mt. Tamalpais on the Scenic Railway. Mill Valley is especially inviting in its autumn garb of evergreen trees, holly berries, and rank undergrowth, while the hills are covered with verdure after the refreshing rains. The accommodations at the Tavern are excellent.

— THE WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED BY Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, can always be relied upon as being correct form in every detail, and of the highest standard.

— MRS. M. RALPH, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED from Europe with the latest styles in hair-dressing, will introduce them for the grand opera season, which opens on Monday. Parlors, 246 Sutter Street, room 9. Telephone, Grant 149.

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— DR. TILLIE DITTENHOEFER, FORMERLY 1137 Geary Street, has returned from Europe, and permanently located at 1117 Sutter St. Tel. East 59.

— THERE IS NOT AN OUNCE OF HEADACHE IN a barrel of it—Jesse Moore "AA" whisky.

— DO YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS CAMERA? You can obtain one free. Read our offer on page 16.

After-Theatre Refreshments

The Supper-Room at the Palace will be opened for its second season on Monday evening, November 12th.

Last year, when this feature was introduced, it was recognized as an ideal place to obtain after-theatre refreshments, and this season's arrangements for the entertainment of patrons leave nothing to be desired—they are perfect in every detail.

The orchestra engaged comprises a number of well-known artists, and their concerts, from 9.30 to 12 o'clock, will give full measure to an evening's entertainment.

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GOING -TO- MEXICO

?

The Southern Pacific Company will run a Special Train of Pullman Sleeping Cars from San Francisco to the City of Mexico, leaving on Wednesday, November 14th, and passing Los Angeles on the following day.

The round-trip rate from San Francisco will be \$80; from Los Angeles, \$70, and proportionate rates from other points.

It is calculated that the excursion will require about 30 days, but tickets will be good for 60 days, so that those who wish may prolong their visit. Very complete arrangements are provided for side trips. Mexico is famous for its strange, quaint, and curious attractions, but unfortunately not all of them are found on the main avenues of travel. They can be visited at small cost, and should not be omitted.

The Excursion will be in charge of Wm. H. Menton, Excursion Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific, who is familiar with Mexico, speaks its language, and will cheerfully give all desired information to inquirers. Go and see or address him at 613 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., or any agent of the Southern Pacific Company.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

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LEAVE	From Oct. 1, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runcney, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*12.45 P
*8.00 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*9.45 A
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carthers... Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*11.45 A
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*7.15 P
*10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.45 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*4.15 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2.45 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*15.00 A
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanger, for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A
*5.00 P	Stockton.....	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denver, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.45 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*12.15 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*8.45 A
18.05 P	Way Stations.....	*12.00 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A
*11.45 P	Hunter's Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.....	*17.20 P

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From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Stop 8)—	
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 1.00 2.00 13.00
*4.00	15.00 6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00
10.00 A. M., 12.00 1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.	

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.30 A
*13.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A
*5.30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.

* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Lover (ardently)—"I love the very ground you tread on." *Heiress*—"Ah! I thought it was my estates you were after."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Sir Tommie Lipton is after the America's Cup again." "Well, he has nerve." "It takes nerve to be a great advertiser."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Mrs. Bicker—"There you go again! You always were a fault-finder." *Mr. Bicker*—"Sure; and I'll never forget the day I found you."—*Chicago News*.

"It is claimed that the Dowager Empress of China started in life as a servant-girl." "No wonder they stand in awe of her."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Mr. Hardecase," said the minister, "I saw your son in a saloon yesterday." "Did you?" replied Mr. Hardecase; "I hope he had the politeness to ask you to have something."—*Philadelphia Record*.

On the contrary: *Vane Glory*—"I hope Swainston said nothing about me the other night, old chap?" *Cecil Swarve*—"Not a word, old man; in fact, we had quite an interesting little chat."—*Judy*.

Hoax—"Why is the merchant who doesn't advertise like a man in a row-boat?" *Joax*—"Because he goes backward, I suppose." *Hoax*—"No; because he has to get along without sales."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Warwick—"England keeps getting friendlier than ever to us since she got into trouble with the Transvaal." *Wickwire*—"Yes; she now claims that she sympathized with us in our war with the Hessians last century."—*Judge*.

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Making sure: *First lady* (off for a journey)—"I hope we've got the right train." *Second lady*—"I asked seventeen trainmen and ninety-three passengers if this train went to Blankville, and they all said 'yes,' so I guess we're all right."—*New York Weekly*.

From the seat of war: *Assistant*—"Here are more dispatches about that battle in the East." *Editor*—"What do they say?" *Assistant*—"It appears that both sides were greatly outnumbered, but each defeated the enemy with severe loss."—*Harlem Life*.

A long-sought friend: *Christian Scientist*—"First, you must eliminate fear." *Witherby*—"Have you no fear?" *Christian Scientist*—"None whatever." *Witherby*—"Then you're just the one I'm looking for. Come and help me discharge my cook."—*Life*.

"There is safety in numbers," said the trite conversationalist. "There is," answered the man who talks on politics; "if you can't convince a man by your argument you can always silence him by quoting a lot of statistics that he knows absolutely nothing about."—*Washington Star*.

"You told me," said the infuriated purchaser, "that that brook on the farm you sold me never ran dry." "Guess I did," said the real-estate man. "It has been dry all summer." "When it was dry, it didn't run, did it? Therefore, it could not run dry; we never deceive."—*Indianapolis Press*.

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Although election returns are not complete, enough is known to warrant the confident assumption that the Republican majority in the national House of Representatives, which is at present 14, will be increased to between 40 and 50 in the Fifty-Seventh Congress. The latest tabulated statements, which are still liable to changes by final returns from close districts, indicate that the House will consist of 202 Republicans, 150 Democrats, 2 Fusionists, and 3 Populists—a Republican majority of 47. An increase of 6 Republican seats each in New York and Pennsylvania are the most conspicuous of party gains.

The same general conditions will obtain in the Senate, where, by an estimate based on the legislative results in the States, a present Republican majority of 15 will be increased to about 20. The number of members of the

present House who have voluntarily retired, been promoted, or defeated, or failed of renomination being upward of 70, shows that there will be a substantial change in the personnel of the lower House. Among the prominent names that will be missed is that of General Joseph Wheeler. Dolliver of Iowa, Bailey of Texas, and Carmack of Tennessee will become senators. Freer of West Virginia has been elected governor of his State. Grant of Vermont gave up his seat to contest for a senatorship and was defeated. Hawley, the sole Republican from Texas, retired voluntarily. White, the only colored member of the House, and Linney, his Republican colleague from North Carolina, have both retired as a protest against negro disfranchisement in that State. Other missing names will be Barham, De Vries, and Waters of California, Catchings of Mississippi, and Jefferson M. Levy and William Astor Chanler of New York. In the Senate, Blackburn of Kentucky will take Lindsay's seat, Rose of Vermont will be replaced by Dillingham, Sullivan of Mississippi by McLaurin, and Democratic legislatures in their several States will defeat the reflections of Carter of Montana, Pettigrew of South Dakota, and Wolcott of Colorado.

The new census will bring forward the periodic question of re-apportionment of membership in the House. The present House has a membership of 357, based upon a population of 173,901 in each district. The practice followed after almost every new census period has been to increase the ratio of representation and also to make some increase in the membership of the House. Largely to increase the ratio would have the effect of seriously decreasing the membership from certain States. To avoid this the basis of 30,000 population for one member fixed by the constitution in 1789 has been steadily increased to its present figure. On the other hand, to increase the membership of the House to correspond with the census would make that body so large that it would need a larger chamber and make that legislative branch so numerous as to be unwieldy and hamper the dispatch of business. These considerations lead to the conclusion that the usual compromise will take place, resulting in an increase of the ratio to 200,000 or a little more, giving an increase of about fourteen in the membership of the House.

Nearly four years ago, during the spring of 1897, the board of health in this city displayed great activity in suppressing the adulteration of food products. The most conspicuous activity was in connection with the adulteration of milk. Under the direction of the milk-inspector a corps of deputies patrolled continuously every road leading into the city and every landing where milk could be brought into the city from outside counties. Every load of milk was inspected, and all that fell below the required standard was condemned. Veterinary surgeons visited the dairies of the county and ordered all diseased cattle to be killed. Nor was the activity confined to adulterated milk alone. Samples of preserved fruits, jellies, olive oils, coffees, teas, and other food products, were gathered by the inspectors and analyzed by the chemist of the board. These facts were repeatedly commented upon in these columns at the time, and readers of the Argonaut will recall the fact that a startling amount of dishonesty was discovered. The raids produced a certain degree of improvement for the time being, but the refusal by the supervisors of an increased appropriation was made an excuse for discontinuing the crusade.

Since that time the work of the board in this direction has been marked by inactivity. Now, however, a revival seems to have set in. The board has been quietly obtaining samples of coffees and teas containing adulterations used because of their cheapness to improve the color, flavor, body, and appearance of the articles. These adulterated products can be placed on the market at lower prices than the pure goods can be sold for, but at the same time they are injurious to the health of the consumer, who, if he is not an expert, can not distinguish them. The board is wisely confining its attention to the larger dealers, because they, on

account of their position, have gained the confidence of the public and can more readily impose upon purchasers. As with coffees and teas, so is it with milk. The relaxation of vigilance on the part of the board seems to have encouraged certain dealers to resort to adulteration. It is charged that "preservative" and "freezine," adulterants intended to keep milk from spoiling, are sold to certain dairies in large quantities. The Argonaut has always urged that local inspection of adulterated foods can reach only a part of the evil, and that it should be supplemented by a State system. Yet here is an evil that local inspection can effectively suppress, and the matter should receive the immediate and active attention of the board.

Nothing in the late campaign and its conclusion has a more cheerful aspect than the prompt post-election indication of the revival of business and consequent continuance of prosperity, which showed the usual checks that an uncertain political condition is apt to bring to business. For many weeks business has been waiting upon election. Dealers were not stocking up, stocks were weak and nerveless, commercial travelers came in off the road, many orders for goods were made conditional upon the election, and enterprise generally needed the stimulus of hopeful conditions to push its plans for the future. With the election over and the menace of Bryanism removed, trade, speculation, and business adventure spring forward simultaneously to take advantage of opportunities which are recognized as a continuance of the good times of the last three years.

The quick rise of stocks and the volume of business done in Wall Street in the last week are among the signs that the election is satisfactory to business interests. The iron market is another barometer, and late reports show that, following the balloting, the centres of the trade, like Chicago, Birmingham, Pittsburg, and Cincinnati, have experienced better prices and larger sales than at any time since last spring. New ships are planned, structural iron and steel are in increased demand, and railroads are purchasing freely. It was recently reported from Chicago that the rush of business caused by the shipping of rural orders which depended on election was so great as to cause a blockade in the wholesale streets. The best of it is that these hopeful conditions are not confined to a few points, but are general over the country, the whole South, as well as the North, East, and West, sharing in the same cheerful prospect. The past is secure and the prospects of future prosperity are unclouded. They are prospects which every citizen can contemplate serenely, without regard to party ties.

It is true enough that no administration can insure permanent prosperity. Various causes may cause stoppages in business, and periods of retrogression are bound to be met, but the general tendency is now toward even greater things than in the past. It is no time for pessimism, but one to excite hope and strengthen courage. When we see nothing but improvement behind us there is no reason to look for nothing but deterioration before us. Of government nothing is demanded but a continuance of good business policies, offering fair play to capital, defense for individual and property rights, protection for the rewards of labor and industry, and wise economy in all departments. Let the administration attend to these and the people will do the rest.

The efforts of certain public-spirited citizens to preserve the redwood forests of California have frequently been referred to in these columns. There is no direct opposition to this movement, but there is an unfortunate lack of enthusiasm on the part of the general public. The lands upon which the *sempervirens* and the *gigantica* groves are situated are in large part owned by private individuals who have paid money for the lands, because the timber is valuable. It is unreasonable to ask them either to hold the money invested idle, or to assume themselves the burden of establishing national parks. This is a matter in which the people as a whole are interested, and of which they must bear the cost. If they

are not prepared to do so, they must face the fact that the State will sustain an injury that can not be overcome with any expenditure of time or money. The work of destruction once inaugurated will be irreparable.

The Sempervirens Club has for its object the preservation of the Big Basin region in San Mateo and Santa Cruz Counties. It has secured from the owners of that property an option which calls for a payment of \$25,000 on or before December 1st of this year, and a further payment of \$207,000 by June 1st of next year. The first payment must be met by popular subscription, as there will be no legislative session before the time of payment. If the people do not respond, the reserve will be lost. The Calaveras grove also is still in danger. Congressional action is needed, but members of Congress have replied to appeals made to them that they think California should have enough local pride to take the initiative. Senator Hoar voices the general sentiment when he says: "I think the State of California ought to have intelligence and public spirit enough to save her wonderful trees." The suggestion is not unreasonable. The federal government has adopted the policy of reserving from sale public lands for the creation of national parks. But it has not invested in lands that have passed out of the public domain for this purpose. That has been left to the States themselves, and several have taken this action. Will California fall behind in public spirit?

The railway world has been alive with rumors of railway projects in this State since the death of Collis P. Huntington, which, should they all materialize, would result in gridironing California with transcontinental lines about as completely as this city is gridironed with street railways. In considering these rumors it may be assumed that a railway deal of any magnitude is successful in proportion to the secrecy that is maintained during the period of its negotiation, and that the men who are credited with having made these deals are the leading railway manipulators of the world and are not likely to allow their plans to leak out to the reporters before they are willing to announce them personally. Nevertheless, there can be no question that the removal of a man of such commanding influence as Huntington must result in changes of importance in the transcontinental systems, and therefore it becomes of interest to study these rumors as, at least, an indication of what is likely to be done. The ascendancy of Huntington undoubtedly kept a number of railway magnates out of California while he was alive; now that he has passed away they are as unquestionably looking into this field.

The rumors that have been most persistent have to do with the control of the traffic between Southern California and Chicago. By an agreement between the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé all conflict has been heretofore avoided. But a new element interjected itself in the person of Senator Clark, of Montana. Clark's plan was to build a short cut-off between Ogden and Los Angeles by extending his Carson and Colorado Railway by the way of Wadsworth, Mound House, Keeler, and Mohave. By connection with the Union Pacific or the Rio Grande system this would give Clark and the Santa Fé a shorter route than the Southern Pacific controlled. Senator Clark has been an unknown figure in large railway operations heretofore, but his political career has proved that he is ready to spend money, and he is a force to be feared. Huntington had two plans to cover this, but both of them will probably be abandoned, and an alliance formed with the Rock Island company that will be far more effective. This latter company has a line running from Chicago to Liberal, in the south-western corner of Kansas. The Southern Pacific has a line running north-east from El Paso to White Oaks in New Mexico. Between these two points is a gap of three hundred and seventy-five miles, over which it is reported the Rock Island proposes to build immediately. This would place at the disposal of the Southern Pacific a shorter route than that controlled by the proposed Clark and Santa Fé route, and would leave the Kentucky corporation in possession of the bulk of the business.

A persistent report has credited the Vanderbilt interests, in conjunction with James J. Hill, with having secured control not only of the Southern Pacific system but of the Pacific Mail as well. This would be in furtherance of an ambition that has been known to possess Vanderbilt for years, to gain control of a complete transcontinental system. Hill, who was the projector of the Great Northern, has had his eye upon the Oriental trade for a long time, but heretofore his operations have been carried on with Puget Sound as a basis. A combination such as this would insure a new and greatly improved system of railway management on this coast. It would enable goods to be shipped from New York to this city without stops, and thence, on the same shipment, across the Pacific. The report, however, is denied by H. E. Huntington, vice-president of the Southern Pacific Company, who stated this week that the Vanderbilts

had acquired no interest in the railroad, and that the rumor was started in the New York Stock Exchange for speculative purposes.

One of the most important of the semi-political functions in Great Britain is the lord mayor's banquet, at which are gathered the leading lights in England's political life and all the prominent representatives of foreign countries. It has for many years been the occasion when the premier announces to the world the government's policy upon immediate questions, both domestic and foreign. For this reason the speech of the Marquis of Salisbury at the recent lord mayor's banquet has attracted world-wide attention. He spoke, of course, of the various international difficulties in which England has been involved during the last year, particularly of the wars in South Africa and in China. He referred to the Anglo-German alliance as an accomplished fact, and emphasized its importance in settling the commercial and territorial problems that are pressing in China. These points are necessarily interesting, as indicating the policy that is likely to direct the action of Great Britain in the near future in international affairs. Incidentally he referred, in a pessimistic vein, which is perhaps justified by recent events, to the conference at The Hague, convened at the instance of the Czar, and the probability of the principles there enunciated being enforced in the near future.

Of more direct and vital interest to the people of this country, however, were his remarks on the result of the election just held here. "We believe," he said, "that the cause which has won is the cause of civilization and commercial honor. We believe those principles to be at the root of all prosperity and all progress in the world." This candid expression of opinion has been subjected to some adverse criticism in this country, yet, why should it be? Lord Salisbury simply expressed acquiescence in the principles that the American people had declared, and declared overwhelmingly, in favor of at the polls. It expresses a sympathy in the aims of the two countries, but it can not be twisted—as certain papers are striving for partisan purposes to twist it—into an evidence of the existence of an alliance between the two countries. The reply of Ambassador Choate, when he was called upon to respond to the toast of the diplomatic corps, was to the same effect. The "honorable and friendly relations now existing between the United States and Great Britain," to which he referred, do not involve the subordination of the interests of either to the other, or any agreement by which either shall be bound in violence to its views of its own interests, but an agreement upon the principles that must govern to insure the prosperity and advancement of humanity.

Dr. Edward Alsworth Ross, head of the department of sociology and political science at Leland Stanford Junior University, has tendered his resignation, and it has been accepted by President Jordan. The event is causing much public discussion on account of the circumstances connected with it. Professor Ross has been at Stanford seven years, and was popular with the faculty and with the students. He is considered one of the most brilliant sociologists of the day, being a member of scientific societies in Europe and America, and having contributed largely to economic journals of high standing. He was graduated from college at nineteen, and then spent five years at Berlin and in Johns Hopkins University.

When the report of the resignation reached San Francisco the daily newspapers took the matter up and began an inquiry to bring out the facts. The *Chronicle* published a statement from Professor Ross on Wednesday morning, from which the following is taken:

"At the beginning of last May a representative of organized labor asked Dr. Jordan to be one of the speakers at a mass meeting called to protest against coolie immigration, and to present 'the scholar's view.' He was unable to attend, but recommended me as a substitute. Accordingly, I accepted, and on the evening of May 7th read a twenty-five minute paper from the platform of Metropolitan Hall in San Francisco. . . . I tried to show that owing to its high, Malthusian birth rate the Orient is the land of 'cheap men,' and that the coolie, though he can not outdo the American, can underlie him. I took the ground that the high standard of living that restrains multiplication in America will be imperiled if Orientals are allowed to pour into this country in great numbers before they have raised their standard of living and lowered their birth rate. I argued that the Pacific is the natural frontier of East and West, and that California might easily experience the same terrible famines as India and China if it teemed with the same kind of men. In thus scientifically co-ordinating the birth rate with the intensity of the struggle for existence, I struck a new note in the discussion of Oriental immigration which, to quote one of the newspapers, 'made a profound impression.' . . . On May 18th, Dr. Jordan told me that quite unexpectedly to him Mrs. Stanford had shown herself greatly displeased with me, and had refused to re-appoint me. He had heard from her just after my address on coolie immigration. He had no criticism for me and was profoundly distressed at the idea of dismissing a scientist for utterances within the scientist's own field. He made earnest representations to Mrs. Stanford, and on June 2d I received my belated re-appointment for 1900-1. The outlook was such, however, that on June 5th I offered my resignation.

"When I handed it in Dr. Jordan read me a letter which he had just received from Mrs. Stanford and which had, of course, been written

without knowledge of my resignation. In this letter she insisted that my connection with the university end, and directed that I be given my time from January 1st to the end of the academic year. My resignation was not acted upon at once, and efforts were made by President Jordan and the president of the board of trustees to induce Mrs. Stanford to alter her decision. These proved unavailing, and on Monday, November 12th, Dr. Jordan accepted my resignation in the following terms:

"I have waited till now in the hope that circumstances might arise which would lead you to a reconsideration. As this has not been the case, I, therefore, with great reluctance, accept your resignation, to take effect at your own convenience. In doing so I wish to express once more the high esteem in which your work, as a student and a teacher, as well as your character as a man, is held by all your colleagues."

"Last year I spoke three times in public—once before a university extension centre on 'The British Empire,' once before a church on 'The Twentieth Century City,' and once before a mass-meeting on coolie immigration. To my utterances on two of these occasions objection has been made. It is plain, therefore, that this is no place for me. I can not with self-respect decline to speak on topics to which I have given years of investigation. It is my duty as an economist to impart, on occasion, to sober people, and in a scientific spirit, my conclusions on subjects with which I am expert, and if I speak I can not but take positions which are justified by statistics and by the experience of the Old World. . . . I am sorry to go, for I have put too much of my life into this university not to love it. My chief regret in leaving is that I must break the ties that bind me to my colleagues of seven years, and must part from my great chief, Dr. Jordan."

President Jordan, after expressing strongly his regret that it had become necessary to make a statement from the university standpoint concerning the resignation of Dr. E. A. Ross (according to the *Chronicle*) said:

"The resignation of Dr. Ross was not brought about through any remarks of a political significance made from the lecture platform, nor was it within my knowledge inspired by men who had taken violent exception to his utterances and appealed to Mrs. Stanford for redress. The cause of the resignation was not immediate, but rather dates back over a considerable period of time. The primary reason for Mrs. Stanford's desire for Dr. Ross to sever his connection with the university was in her gradual loss of confidence in his discretion and ability in his position from the standpoint of the best interests of the university. Her attention has been called to certain of Dr. Ross's utterances in the past, but not by men who were representatives of the moneyed interests touched upon by the lecturer. This occurred some two years ago. How far this may have been instrumental in causing Mrs. Stanford's loss of confidence in Dr. Ross I do not know. . . . Dr. Ross, in dealing with the coolie immigration problem, touched upon a very delicate question with Mrs. Stanford. The experiences of Senator Stanford in connection with Chinese labor are too well known to require explanation. It is a matter of State history that his person and property were several times subjected to violence on account of this matter. The faithfulness of his employees at that time is very naturally cherished in the memory of Mrs. Stanford, and it is no more than to be expected that she should resent in some degree references in this direction coming from Dr. Ross. These are some of the factors contributing to Mrs. Stanford's distrust in Dr. Ross's discretion and ability, and it was these causes that led her to question the advisability of giving him his continuing appointment this year."

The *Chronicle* devotes a large part of its editorial space to a discussion of Professor Ross's dismissal. From its article the following expressions are quoted:

"In virtually dismissing Professor E. A. Ross from its faculty, Stanford University has forfeited the respect of the State and the educational world. Although it has been known to the authorities for a long time, they took care to conceal it until after election, almost certainly from the conviction that the announcement would have defeated the Stanford constitutional amendment. It will be questioned by some whether this concealment of its real character at a critical time does not come perilously near to the line of sharp practice. There is no reason why this State should take any particular interest in an institution which dismisses its professors for the reasons which led to the dismissal of Dr. Ross. . . . Dr. Ross is the reverse of an agitator. He is a severely scientific man. As such, and as professor of sociology, he is necessarily a student of social conditions and of the causes which make the struggle of life so very hard for some men. It is not to his discredit that his sympathies are with the masses rather than with the successful few, and it is greatly to his credit that he does not permit his sympathy to run away with his judgment. . . . The president of the university was evidently opposed to the dismissal, but if he himself remains in his position no power on earth can remove the responsibility from his shoulders. The trustee who consents longer to serve the institution must share in the guilt of the suppression of thought and the abasement of manhood. Let no one of these console himself with the thought that duty to a great public interest requires him to continue to appear to direct what he does not in reality approve. We need universities, but not such universities as this. What we need most of all is men. And Dr. Ross is a man."

These lines are taken from the displayed editorial at the head of the columns of the *Call*:

"An unpleasant impression is made by the resignation of Professor Ross from the faculty of Stanford University. Under any circumstances the resignation of such a man from a great university is a loss. But the special circumstances that appear in this resignation make it more than a loss. . . . Professor Ross is among the foremost of the world's investigators in sociology, and possesses in a high degree the scientific spirit which is as ready to discard the useless as to search for the useful among the great and unchangeable facts which it is the obligation of the scientific man to discover and declare. To outlaw such a man from a university as punishment for his occasional statement of conclusions reached within his field of investigation is to inflict the greatest possible harm upon the institution itself. . . . In all the wide fellowship of learning every citizen of the Republic of Letters will grieve to know that a university which has promised as much as Stanford, and has so far redeemed its promise so grandly, has suddenly been averted from its purpose, and appears ready to close its eyes to the daylight of science and say, 'It is night.'"

The closing paragraph of the editorial expression of the *Evening Post* on the subject is quoted as:

"If the Stanford University proposes to teach a social and political economy ultimately designed to substitute Chinese labor for the independent white labor of this country, it will very soon find itself in an attitude of active hostility toward the vast body of common people of America, and will divorce itself from sympathies which it has heretofore so largely enjoyed."

Comment on the situation is not confined to educational circles and the newspapers. Representatives of the labor unions deprecate the feeling against Professor Ross, and regret that the address made at their instance should appear as a disturbing factor.

THE THRIFTY SWISS.

They Run Their Country Like Clockwork—Artificial Avalanches—
Profits of Ice per Acre—Vandalism and Enterprise—
Three Guests in a Hotel.

One of the most amusing of Alphonse Daudet's amusing books is "Tartarin on the Alps." Tartarin is the typical southern Gaul. He comes from Tarascon, a little place which Daudet's sarcastic pen has made famous, although its inhabitants by no means relish their peculiar fame. When the trains of the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean line stop at this station and the trainmen hawl "Tarascon!" heads pop out of windows, like Punch-and-Judy shows, and doors slam open all along the train. Every countenance wears a broad grin. For every traveler on the train knows that this was the home of Daudet's Tartarin, of Tartarin of Tarascon.

Tartarin is depicted by Daudet as being a lion-killer. He returns from Algeria, bringing with him some moth-eaten lion-skins which he has purchased, and thereafter poses before his Tarasconnais fellow-townsmen as a lion-slayer, a Nimrod, a mighty hunter before the Lord. Such is his local fame that he is elected president of the Alpine Club of Tarascon, which daring band weekly climbs a little hillock in the suburbs, and periodically plants thereon the banner of the club. But a base jealousy seethes in the heart of Costacalde, Tarascon's gunsmith. He even ventures to decry Tartarin to Tartarin's hosom friend, Bezuquet, Tarascon's apothecary. He drops the poison of doubt in his townsmen's minds. He hews suspicions of Tartarin's lion-killing. He distills venomous sneers concerning his exploits.

Tartarin is wounded to the core at these doubts concerning his apocryphal exploits. He determines to go to Switzerland in secret, and to plant the banner of the Tarascon Alpine Club upon the Matterhorn, or the Jungfrau, or any Swiss mountain, so that it he Swiss and so that it he a mountain. He goes to Switzerland by express train, and alights at the door of a magnificent modern hotel, with electric-lights, lifts, and waiters in swallow-tail coats. Here his accoutrements of Alpenstocks, snow-spectacles, spiked-shoes, and life-lines excite some amusement not unmingled with wonder. The wonder is reciprocal. Tartarin is amazed at finding modern improvements and electric lights where he had expected to find naught but avalanches and glaciers. But to him there suddenly appears Bompard. "Té! Tartarin!" "Té! Bompard!" They fall into one another's arms. Bompard is also a son of the sunny south. Like Tartarin he is given to lying about his own exploits. Like him, too, he is credulous. Each believes the other. Tartarin believes that Bompard has climbed mountains. Bompard believes that Tartarin has slain lions.

They dine together. They drink together. They tell stories together. Tartarin is amazed at Bompard's exploits in the high Alps, until Bompard, swearing him to secrecy, confides to him that Switzerland is artificial; that the whole country is exploited by an enormous syndicate; that it runs the hotels; that it runs the railways; that it constructs the funicular and electric trams up the mountain peaks; that it works the avalanches; that the demolitions of villages are pre-arranged; that the inhabitants are warned to vacate their homes in time; that the gayly dressed peasant-girls by the road-side are actresses; that the mountaineers who sound the "Ranz des Vaches" are hired for the purpose; that the dreadful accidents which terrify the world are part of the syndicate's advertising scheme; that, in short, all Switzerland is a gigantic fake.

"But," interrupts the breathless Tartarin, "when mountain-climbers fall into bottomless abysses, what happens to them?"

"Mattresses," replies Bompard, oracularly; "there are mattresses at the bottom on which they fall. Then the syndicate pays them a handsome salary to leave Switzerland for a term of years. Let us drink."

They drink.

It would be useless to give here the end of Daudet's narrative—to tell how Tartarin chartered guides to climb the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc; of how he dragged with him the reluctant Bompard; of how Tartarin terrified the guides by his daring, and his indifference to danger; of how he amazed them by winking and joking when they had passed some deadly peril; of how a cry of terror, a sudden tightening of the life-lines, and a fall, told Tartarin that there was indeed danger in the higher Alps; of how, when all was well again, the guides found Tartarin and Bompard had been on opposite sides of a backbone of ice, and also found that the life-line uniting them was cleanly cut—on both sides of the ridge.

Bompard had been willing to let his friend Tartarin be dashed to death rather than die himself.

Tartarin had resolved to save his own life, even if, in so doing, he would forever lose his friend Bompard.

Daudet's witty and whimsical sketch points a moral as well as adorns a tale. It is that the Swiss have thoroughly and elaborately utilized Switzerland. While they have not turned it into a gigantic pantomime-show, with trap-doors and property precipices, as the clever Frenchman implies, they have done something akin yet different. They have turned everything in their little land to material account. If the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, He has at least given man the usufruct of it. The usufructuary should therefore make it as useful as he can. This the Swiss have done.

In Switzerland as elsewhere the land is tilled when it is tillable; but where it is not tillable, it is made otherwise useful. In other countries great mountain ranges capped with perennial snows are abandoned by man to the elements. But in Switzerland the natives have made their magnificent mountains so accessible, so easy to climb, and so comfortable to visit or even to live upon, that the little land is ever filled with strangers. During the season of 1900 some twenty-five millions of visitors registered in the Swiss hotels. This I read in the "Report of the Proceedings of the Swiss Innkeepers' Association." Of course this does not mean that any such number of tourists visited Switzerland in that year, for the same tourists registered over and over at different hotels. There is no way of ascertaining the number of actual tourists. But twenty-five millions of hotel registrations will give some idea of the number.

I have said that Switzerland makes wild lands profitable which in other countries pay nothing. So she does. She makes rivers of ancient ice and seas of modern ice bring her in a profit. People pay her millions yearly for seeing the sun rise and set—or, rather, for not seeing it rise and set, for when they have ascended the mountains for that purpose, it nearly always rains. It has been said that the sea yields more food to man, acre for acre, than the land. It would be interesting to compare the gains of Switzerland from her rugged mountains, her glaciers, and her pocket valleys with the gains from level arable land, acre for acre—like the San Joaquin Valley, for example. The comparison would be a difficult one to make, but I believe that the arable land would suffer.

But Switzerland has not left her wild mountains as God made them. Having the usufruct of them, she has tried to tame them for the use of man. She has constructed magnificent roads over lofty mountain passes—roads of so easy a gradient that a pair of horses can draw a fair load up the hill at an easy trot. She has builded these mountain roads so substantially that the road-beds seem as if they are and always have been part of the mountain itself. She has constructed stone parapets for hundreds of miles along the outer edges of these mountain roads. She has spanned yawning chasms with magnificent stone and iron bridges, which, seen from afar, sometimes look like cowwebs and sometimes look like lace. She has harnessed the torrents which pour down the flanks of her mountains, and has generated vast volumes of electric energy for light, and heat, and power. She has built funicular railways up the sides of her mountains, and has hauled loads of human beings to the tops of lofty peaks by the power generated from the mountains' own streams. She has built hundreds of miles of combination railways—funicular, cog-wheel, and frictional—and has wound ribbons of rails around and over mountain ranges, where only an American buckboard might be expected to go. She has erected mammoth hotels, with every modern comfort, upon her lake shores and on her mountain peaks. She has accomplished engineering feats in railway construction which make even American engineers marvel. And she has honeycombed her mammoth mountains and pierced the Alps with mighty tunnels, which are the wonder of mankind.

* * *

People who have not visited Switzerland of late years would be surprised at the restless enterprise of the New Railways Swiss. They are forever building mountain railways. Let me speak of a few of the most recent, merely to mention them. It is but a few years since I was last in Switzerland, yet several mountain railways have been constructed since then. One of the latest is the Gunnegrat railway, which was completed in 1898. It is the highest mountain railway in Europe. It is a rack-and-pinion electric line, and runs nearly to the top of the Gunnegrat, which is 10,290 feet high. The road is over six miles long, and has a maximum gradient of twenty per cent. There are two modern hotels on the mountain above Zermatt.

Another mountain railway of comparatively recent construction is the Territet-Glion funicular road. It starts from the town of Glion on Lake Lemman (the Lake of Geneva), and climbs to the top of the mountain known as the Rochers de Naye. Half-way up the mountain, at an altitude of thirty-three hundred feet, is a hotel and collection of houses known as Caux. At the top of the mountain is another

comfortable hotel. This mountain is not so well known as the Rigi, near Lucerne, but the panorama from its peak is one of the finest in Switzerland. It commands the Bernese Alps, with the Matterhorn, Eiger, Jungfrau, Mönch, and Finsteraarhorn; the Aiguille Verte and the Aiguille d'Argentière in Savoy; the Alps of the Canton of Vaud, the highest peak of which is the Tour d'Ai; a part of the Valais, with the Grand Combin and the Dent du Midi; and the whole lake of Geneva.

At the base of this mountain lies one of the most interesting "settlements" in Switzerland. I use this term for the country collectively known as "Montreux," as the towns and villages are so numerous that it is impossible to tell where one leaves off and the other begins. Vevey is perhaps the principal town, the scene of Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse." Then, along the curving lake shore, come Clarens, Vernex, Territet, Bonport, Planchamp, Charnex, Glion, Colonges, and Veytaux—the district of Montreux extending as far as the famous Castle of Chillon.

It is needless to speak here of the Rigi and Pilatus railways, for they are the oldest among the mountain roads of Switzerland. The Vitznau line of the Rigi was finished in 1872.

The Kalthad-Scheidig is another and later railway which climbs the Rigi. The Arth-Rigi railway is one which starts from Arth on the lake of Zug. Most travelers climb the mountain by the railways running up from the lake of Lucerne.

The Pilatus railway starts from Alpnachstad and climbs the Pilatus by a gradient of 38.

From Kehrsiten, on Lake Lucerne, a railway runs up the Burgenstock.

A railway runs up the Stanserhorn 6,230 feet, 330 feet higher than the Rigi.

A railway runs up the Gutsch mountain near Lucerne.

In 1899, a railway was run up the Gurten peak near Berne.

This is an incomplete list of Swiss mountain railways—in fact, it would be difficult to make a complete list. New lines are continually being projected. Old travelers are surprised to find so many new mountain railways when they revisit Switzerland. These roads are not confined to Switzerland proper, for you find them also in Savoy, near the Swiss frontier. There is a fine funicular railway which climbs Mount Revard near Aix-les-Bains; it was built only two years ago. Even now the Swiss are pushing railways up the mountain peaks and boring tunnels through the mountain ranges in every direction. During the summer of 1900 they were working on a railway up the Valley of Chamounix; work there will be resumed at the close of the long and bitter Alpine winter. In another year it will be possible to go from Geneva by rail almost to the Mer de Glace and the foot of Mont Blanc—if that mammoth mountain can be said to have a foot. This road is another of the combination cog-wheel roads now so common in Switzerland.

Some readers may think that these many mountain railways are trumpery affairs. If they think so let them mount them. They will find that much engineering skill and large sums of money have been required.

But not content with mountain railways, Switzerland is still boring her mountain walls. There are now three tunnels through the Alps: The Arlberg, 6½ miles long; the Mont Cenis, 7½ miles long; and the St. Gothard, 9¼ miles long. All of these are to be eclipsed by the great Simplon tunnel, which was begun in 1898. On this tunnel about 5,000 workmen are at present engaged. It is to be 12½ miles long, and will be completed in 1903. Its cost is estimated at 70,000,000 francs. It is about 2,200 feet above the sea and some 7,000 feet below the peak of the mountain under which it runs—the Wassenhorn. There is a parallel tunnel being bored, on which the railway tracks will not be laid for the present. I read in a Swiss paper that there were in this parallel tunnel, at regular intervals on the Swiss side of the frontier, chambers containing dynamite, with electric connections for exploding the charges. These chambers, the Swiss journal stated, were for the purpose of collapsing the tunnel in the event of an Italian invasion of Switzerland.

* * *

One of the objections which some superæsthetic people have to Switzerland is its modern hotels as well as its mountain railways. These objections seem to me to be unsound. True, the Swiss have run railways up many of their mountains, and they have put fine hotels at the terminus of each of these mountain railways. But there is no cantonal or federal law obliging æsthetic tourists to stop at these hotels or to travel on these railways. If they do not like the railways they can travel on the diligence or stage-coach, or hire carriages. If they do not like the carriage hire—and very likely they will not—they can walk. If any æsthetic tourist objects to the

NEW
RAILWAYS
EVERYWHERE.

ÆSTHETIC
TOURISTS AND
MODERN HOTELS.

railway up the Rigi-Kulm, he can climb the mountain on foot. If he objects to the sight of the Hotel Rigi on the Rigi-Kulm, he can walk up the other side. The walking is said to be quite good on that side, and the view is said to be even finer.

I have suggested these expedients frequently to æsthetic tourists, and they generally make no reply, and look at me with a sour expression. Sometimes it makes them quite cross.

As for the gross and unæsthetic modern hotels, there are plenty of the other kind in Switzerland. The æsthetic tourist who objects to electric lights and lifts can go to cheaper hotels where he will have the dim, funereal light of smoky kerosene lamps and be obliged to walk upstairs. These are much cheaper than the modern hotels, and possibly more interesting.

There is a still lower grade of inn, very much cheaper, and possibly more romantic. These places are frequented by shepherds, tramps, and insects. Æsthetic tourists can find them with little difficulty. Matthew Arnold, the Apostle of Sweetness and Light, was one of the æsthetic tourists who objected to modern conveniences in Switzerland. Unlike Ruskin—who objected to railways on grounds of æstheticism, but who still traveled by them on grounds of convenience—Arnold was consistent. He occasionally took walking-tours through Switzerland, and stopped at these peasant beer-houses. I could not help but smile once, in reading Arnold's letters, when I found in an epistle to his wife a graphic description of the Apostle of Sweetness and Light waking up in the night, lighting a candle, and instituting a diligent search in the grimy bedclothes for the *cinex lectularius*.

As for the æsthetic tourists who not only object to Swiss hotels and railways but even to their fellow-tourists, to bands of "Cookies," and to the sight of red-bound guide-books, they can easily avoid them by shunning the highways of travel and going to less frequented parts of Switzerland. Small as the little republic is, there are many places there unknown to tourists. Victor Tissot, the entertaining French traveler, has written a vivacious volume called "Unknown Switzerland." From it the lover of solitude may learn that there are hundreds of other places in Switzerland beside Lucerne and Geneva, the Bernese Oberland, and the Engadine.

But the superæsthetic tourists who object to Swiss railways and hotels are few in number. Switzerland is a playground for the world, and travelers come to the little federation from every corner of the globe. Ninety-nine per cent. of them are pleased with the excellent transportation and comfortable hotels. The superæsthetic tourists who object to improving the face of nature are not more than one per cent.

But these curious critics have some cousins in California. For many years there has been talk of utilizing the water-power in the Yosemite for constructing funicular railways up the mountain sides and building an electric rack-and-pinion railway over the mountains and into the valley. Yet whenever this project is discussed there arises a cry of "Vandalism." Why vandalism? Is it vandalism to render it possible for thousands of people to visit the valley who otherwise never could reach there? Is it vandalism to render the ascent of the mountain trails easy where it now is difficult? Is it vandalism to render the scaling of the mountains possible to the weak, the elderly, and the timid, where now it is impossible? In twenty years, from the 'sixties to the 'eighties, the number of tourists entering the valley increased only from twelve hundred to twenty-five hundred. Were it possible for people to visit the valley with a certain degree of cheapness and ease, the visitors would be numbered by scores of thousands where now they are numbered by scores of hundreds. If it is not vandalism to run railways up the Swiss mountains, why would it be vandalism to run them up the mountains of California? If tourists from the entire civilized world find an improved Switzerland to their liking, why should Californians be so critical? Do Californians know more than all the rest of the world put together? Are they more æsthetic than the superæsthetic tourists who visit Switzerland? Are they more critical than the most critical, or are they only hypocritical?

To dwell upon California's scenery would be useless. All the world knows of her Yosemite Valley, her groves of big trees, her petrified forests, and her magnificent lakes. But not every one knows that there is in California an Alpine region of which Switzerland would have no need to be ashamed. Not to mention her other mountain ranges, there is in the Sierra Nevada, between 35 and 38 degrees latitude, an area of several hundred square miles with an elevation exceeding 8,000 feet. In this California-Switzerland there are over 100 peaks exceeding 10,000 feet in height. The best known of these are: Mt. Lassen, over 10,000 feet; Mt. Silliman, nearly 12,000 feet; Mt. Brewer, nearly 14,000 feet; Mt. Lyall, over 13,000 feet; Mt. Dana, over 13,000 feet; Mt. Tyndall, over 14,000 feet; Mt. Whitney, nearly 15,000 feet.

There are many other peaks in this region which would be mighty mountains in other parts of the world but which here are lost in the profusion of peaks, so that they are not even named. There are several about as high as Mt. Shasta, but that mountain, with its nearly 14,500 feet, looks infinitely more imposing than mountains like Mt. Tyndall, owing to its solitary position. One of these peaks, Mt. Whitney, is practically as high as Mont Blanc, the highest peak in the Alps. Mt. Whitney is surrounded by many other lofty peaks, and therefore is not, like Mt. Shasta, distinguishable from many distant points. Mt. Shasta is 7,000 feet higher than any elevation within many miles of it. Mont Blanc is visible from Switzerland, Italy, and France. But Mt. Whitney, in the California Alps, is jostled by so many ival peaks that a stranger can hardly pick it out from among the others.

The city of Geneva has been often described, yet many writers fail to mention its great water-works and plant for generating electric power—the "Forces Motrices du Rhone." There are

few large cities in the world so fortunate as to possess a great water power at their very doors. Geneva is so situated. The Rhone, issuing from the Lake of Geneva, passes directly through the city. Not many years ago the municipality constructed a great water-works which supplies not only water but electric power. The buildings which contain the enormous turbines and dynamos are among the sights of Geneva. This and the other works further down stream generate some 20,000 horse-power at a nominal charge per horse-power per year. Think of the power of 20,000 horses used in any California city! There is no coal in California. Steam power must be generated at so high a cost for coal that many kinds of manufacturing are impossible. While California has no city situated as is Geneva upon a great river like the Rhone, she has great rivers and hundreds of thousands of horse-power in her mountain streams. Some day this power, now unharnessed, will be utilized, when California shall have become as fully awake to her great resources as is the little republic of Switzerland. The most important steps in the direction of utilizing California's vast capabilities for electric power have been made by one who is not a Californian.

Oddly enough the perfecting of Geneva's system of electric tramways is under the charge of a Californian. The Swiss city has an extensive system of narrow-gauge steam tramways (*chemins de fer à voie étroite*), which are rapidly being converted into an electric system by a California engineer. These roads run in every direction. From Geneva to Ferney, where is the beautiful villa of Voltaire; to Pregny, where one finds the magnificent Rothschild *château*; across the French frontier to St. Julien; to the Salève, a picturesque mountain, with a magnificent view of Mont Blanc, the Lake, the Jura, the cantons of Geneva and Vaud, and a part of France; to Vesinay, with the Villa Diodati, where Byron wrote "Manfred"—in a word, to at least a score of places within and without Geneva's confines.

A tramway runs to a place much frequented by the Genevese—the Bois de la Batie. We one day hired a cabman to drive us through this wood, which the ingenious Genevese call the "Bois de Boulogne of Geneva." It is not a magnificent forest, although much admired by the natives. From an elevated spot in this little park one may see the junction of the Rhone and the Arve. Where it emerges from the lake the Rhone is as clear as crystal, having the steel-blue color of the lake water. The Arve, on the other hand, is a muddy, brownish gray. Where it runs into the Rhone the line of demarkation between the two rivers is very plain, and the two streams run side by side for miles without mingling.

I directed our cabman to take us to the spot in the park whence one could see the junction "*des deux fleuves*," or streams. He politely corrected me. "Pardon, monsieur," said he, "but the Arve is not a *fleuve*, it is a *rivière*; the Rhone is a *fleuve*." It was impossible to be offended at what was evidently well meant. Still, I do not see how my learned cabman, or any other graduate of any one of the six thousand schools of Switzerland, could speak of the meeting of a "*fleuve*" and a "*rivière*" in any other way. The greater includes the less.

It is said that there are six thousand schools in Switzerland. This one can easily believe. The population of Geneva seems to be very well educated. In fact, the Genevese pride themselves on speaking better French than is spoken at Paris. I can readily believe it after this experience with my pedagogic cabman. It would be almost as surprising to have a Boston Jehu tell you not to split your infinitives, or for a London cabby to warn a Scotchman not to confuse "will" and "shall."

As the convention for the amelioration of the horrors of war was held at Geneva, the Red Cross flag was adopted in honor of Switzerland. It is a reversal of the flag of Switzerland—a white cross on a red field. To a heedless observer, however, the two flags look very much alike. Wherever you see fleets of pleasure-boats on the Swiss lakes you see the flags of every nation under the sun—even the Swiss flag. For the Swiss, while more than willing to please strangers by flying foreign flags on Swiss hotels and steamers, also please themselves by flying their own. I heard a young woman remark one day: "How curious that you see the Red Cross flag everywhere in Switzerland." It was indeed curious. That is, curious that she should make the remark, for it was not a Red Cross flag that she saw, but a white cross flag. Her remark was not unlike that of the man who, when he saw the play of "Hamlet" for the first time, said that it lacked originality, because "it seemed to be full of quotations."

Switzerland runs like clock-work. Her hotel-keepers close down their establishments on a certain day, when the season wanes. They take account of stock, pack away immovables, pack up some movables, and ship their servants to the south. There, on a certain day, they open their winter hotels—on the French or Italian Riviera, in Florence, Venice, Naples, or Rome. When the winter season is over they ship their servants back to Switzerland, and on a certain day the wheels begin running again. As a result, the Swiss hotels are very well run, but sometimes their dates fall a little too early or too late for tourists. In the summer of 1900 the Paris Exposition, the Passion Play, and the weather affected the dates of the roaming bands which in modern times have succeeded to the pilgrims of old. Human beings in their wandering instinct are not unlike the birds of passage, whose flights from north to south are ruled by the weather. But clock-work runs in hot and cold seasons, in fair and foul weather. If certain Swiss hotels are scheduled to open on July 1st, they open the doors on that day. There may be no guests to whom to open the doors. They open just the same.

The hotel on July 1st may be empty, and on July 25th turning people away.

One of the most frequented places in Switzerland is Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva. It is particularly affected by the English, and has been an English resort for a couple of centuries. In fact, one finds there a tablet to Edmund Ludlow, one of the Stuart regicides, who was forced to fly from England after the Restoration. Even in those days Switzerland was a haven of refuge. It was probably the only place in Europe which Ludlow could find that was not too hot to hold him. He lived and died in Vevey. The place is beautifully situated on the lake, with an amphitheatre of mountains encircling it on the north; thus the cold north winds are rarely felt there. Across the lake are the Alps of French Savoy, to the right the Jura range, and to the left the Valley of the Rhone, framed by the Vaudois Alps. Vevey is on the highway of travel to Chamounix, the great St. Bernard, Zermatt, the Simplon, toward France by Geneva, toward Paris and London by Lausanne, and toward Germany by Bâle and Zurich. It has many hotels, and probably the leading one is the Grand Hotel. This is a large and handsome building, situated on the shores of the lake, and surrounded by such extensive gardens that they justly merit the title of "Vevey Park." The hotel has its own pier, at which the lake steamers land, and a jetty and a small artificial harbor for pleasure-boats. It has all kinds of boats, from a steam yacht to a skiff. It has all sorts of amusements, including tennis-courts, and it has extensive stables for horse-vehicles and automobiles. In short, it offers every attraction that well-kept modern hotels can in a country as highly specialized as is Switzerland. And if Switzerland runs like clock-work, each of these big Swiss hotels runs like a watch.

We reached the Grand Hotel of Vevey on the second of July, the day after it opened. The handsome omnibus was running, with its driver and conductor in gorgeous liveries. We were driven up an avenue of tall trees through the large park to the carriage portal. As our vehicle approached, a hell rang and the retinue came out to receive us. It was headed by the manager in a frock-coat, the *maitre d'hôtel* in a swallow-tail coat, the head-porter in a field-marshal's uniform, the lesser porters in jackets and brass-bound caps, the waiters in conventional waiter garb, and numbers of boys in buttons. A wave of bows ran down this long line as we were ushered into the fine hotel. We found no difficulty in obtaining rooms to our liking, although the manager, through professional habit, would hesitate over each room number. We were shown through the "grand salon," taken up in the lift, and our foot-falls echoed along the empty corridors as we were shown to our rooms by obsequious lackeys. From around corners and out of doorways peered the white-capped heads of waiting-maids. There was an air of expectancy about them all. What could it mean?

After we had removed the dust of travel we descended, and passed again through the "grand salon." It was empty. We went out upon the spacious terrace. Empty. We wandered through the long avenues in the garden. Empty. We went down to the lake shore. The fine steam-yacht lay at its anchor. It was empty. Gayly painted skiffs and shallops—with names like "Bessie" and "Emma" painted on them, I observed, instead of Swiss diminutives—rocked on the blue waves of the lake and pulled at their painters. They were empty. We went to the lawn-tennis courts, to the swimming-bath, to the billiard-rooms, to the gymnasium. All empty. We went back to the hotel and entered the grand dining-room. With the exception of the lines of idle waiters, that was empty, too. The great hotel was like one of the palaces in Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra," where everything had been brought to a standstill by some powerful magician.

The *maitre d'hôtel* approached us to take the order for our dinner. I said to him:

"How many people are stopping in the hotel?"

The functionary paused, made a slight swallowing motion, and replied:

"Seventeen, monsieur."

Something clicked in his throat. It was the falsehood which he was swallowing. Poor man! Hotel loyalty made him lie.

Before the fish was served we heard sounds of music. It was an orchestra in the "grand salon." Throughout dinner we were favored with the latest *morceaux* by this orchestra, and after dinner we repaired to the *salon* where coffee was served. There we saw the remainder of the seventeen guests. He was seated at a small table smoking a cigar with great gravity, while in front of him, with equal gravity, were twelve musicians furnishing him with sweet music as per advertisement. The orchestra had been ordered for the first of July, and according to Swiss clock-work methods it would have played on the first of July if there had been an avalanche.

I have rarely seen anything quite so curious as the spectacle of this solitary American tourist seated in the "grand salon" of the Grand Hotel at Vevey, smoking a cigar to the music of a full string band, while around him slowly revolved the human wheels of a great hotel.

JEROME A. HART.

Italians are displacing negroes not only on the sugar plantations in Louisiana, but also in the river steamboat service. This change in roustabouts on the boats at New Orleans followed an attempt of the negroes to raise the wages from sixty dollars to ninety dollars a month. There is a scarcity in negro labor, many of the colored men having taken the first opportunity to leave New Orleans after the assaults on members of their race by white mobs a few months ago.

German railway authorities think that by abolishing return-trip tickets, special excursions, etc., they could reduce the regular one-way rates by one-third.

THE JOY OF THE BANQUET.

What the Mole de Guajolote Brought to Mistress and Maid.

When the mule-car line was inaugurated in the state capital, four hands playing different tunes gathered in front of the treasurer's house on Nezahualcoyotl Street. Three of these were Indian aggregations. The puffers looked like animated mummies. Indian patriarchs in tattered and dirty white cotton wheezily inflated the melody with industrious lungs. They had wandered in from mountain districts, where the people live in thatched huts and have pottery corn-hins, round like sugar-bowls. A lawyer with a dirty collar got up in a window opposite the treasurer's house and addressed the populace, rasping out adulations of the great Señor Ortiz, treasurer of the state, whose untiring industry had dragged progress and civilization on to the point of tramways.

Just then six second-hand cars (repainted and made handsome) came hurtling out of the harns a block beyond, and charged down the street, all covered with green, white, and red hunting, the mules trying to run straight away from the track. The crowd gave forth "vivas" indolently. Cenobio, Señor Ortiz's pet servant, a lad of seventeen, stood up in the door and wrung his body and shrieked "Viva!" till his throat failed him. The hands all stopped playing and looked at him in mild Aztec surprise.

Behold the cars all stopped; Señor Ortiz's window flung open; the great man himself, Warwick of the government, dictator, funny little jolly gentleman appearing. He was dressed in a flannel shirt and had a black mustache. He bowed and laughed, and said a few jocund things. Some people cried "Viva!" A desultory procession was formed, and round the corner, following the giddy six cars and three lawyers with a flag, went the four hands, packed in one mass, with four tunes hurried somewhere in the density of discord that rose up united.

Señor Ortiz had retired within. Cenobio sat down in the *saguan*, dejected. "Concha!" called he.

She did not hear. She was second kitchen-girl to Señor Ortiz, or sometimes waited at table.

Cenobio arose, adjusting his pink sash, and passed through the stone passage from the street. The walls were decorated with paintings of Popocatepetl and the death of Maximilian. He continued through the large central court of flowers and issued at the kitchen. "Concha!" murmured Cenobio, "come to the stable and talk."

She caught up a striped *reboso*, wrapped it round her, and followed. A dark, yet pinkish, oval face, framed thus so modestly by the *reboso*, shone out upon Cenobio. Large, soft, brown eyes, with a timid expression involving that mysterious Aztec sadness, beamed on after him.

Having come to a tile-covered shed in a bare lot, Cenobio said, speaking with profound sincerity: "Concha, I want to drive a mule-car."

Concha marked in the dirt with her toe.

"Concha," said he, solemn and sad and determined, "if I can not become the driver of one of these mule-cars, I shall die."

"It would be the will of God," said Concha.

"I love you," continued Cenobio. "I was going to marry you one time; and you have often reproached me because I never did it."

"Yes," said Concha, raising fond eyes to him.

"Well, Concha, Conchita, you are Don Mariano Ortiz's favorite servant. I will marry you if you will get him to let me drive one of his mule-cars. Ah, to crack the whip and blow the horn!"

"And leave me!" cried she, with a sudden spasm of grief, clasping her hands.

"No; to return nights," said he.

"And if I succeeded, you would—you would then really—marry me!"

"Immediately."

"Then I shall try. To-night they have the hall in honor of these mule-cars. To-morrow Don Mariano gives his banquet to the government here. Don Mariano and Doña Maria have quarreled bitterly over the *mole de guajolote*. The *niña* says the banquet shall be new, *à la Americana*, without this Indian dish of turkey. But the *señor* wants *mole*. Well, I shall make it anyhow. I myself shall carry it in and set it before him. Then he will give you a mule-car."

"Concha!" He caught her hand in blind enthusiasm.

She tore from him and went walking modestly away. Visions of the future floated before her: of a little adobe hut; a husband who rattled by, cracking the whip and blaring the horn; and a baby who lay in a soap-box on the floor.

Don Mariano had withdrawn into the presence of his wife. She stood in a large bedroom whose brick floor a red and blue carpet concealed. The canvas ceiling, decorated to match the painted walls, heaved gently up and down in answer to a breeze which filtered through unseen tiles above. A huge painting of Porfirio Diaz hung between windows. A brass imported bedstead, draped, was even less beautiful than the counterpane of pink silk. Chairs of black Austrian bent wood impeded the somewhat boorish progress of the treasurer. He halted in the room's middle, his arms half buried in trousers pockets, his round head lowered pugnaciously. "What, in the name of the saints, is that?" growled he, burning the lady with his eye.

Doña Maria was almost a pure Indian, yet the slight strain of foreign blood had been enough to modify her color. Her broad face was a grayish white, chalky, without a trace of pink. Only at the roots of her hair did the Indian brown begin. She had a very heavy jaw, an immovable eye, fat cheeks, and a delicate mustache. She was imperial in carriage. "The dress I shall wear to the hall," said she, with humiliating deliberation. She was holding the light-blue thing up.

"That!" rasped he. "Oh, woman! Your black skin will never go with this. Light blue! Look at yourself in the glass. Hold this infernal thing up with you. See! A Guanajuato mummy is tasty beside you!"

They say that Doña Maria used to be a charcoal woman before she became exalted. But she ruled the ruler. "Your ideas of beauty," she said, with crushing calm, "are not for me."

"You shall not! Will this woman hang ever round my neck, nor progress with me? The state hows before me. Porfirio Diaz believes in me. And can my wife exhibit no dignity? I tell you, you are hideous in that light-blue."

"Retire, Mariano," replied she, her ample bust swelling; "nor cut these capers."

He made a wry face and stormed out, crying: "And my *mole*, too! Eh? I am to have my banquet without *mole*! My dignity is stamped on. Oh, the devil!"

By eight of the evening his mood was black. An all-day beating against that rock, his wife, had rent his last nerve. He was morose, mean. At ten minutes to nine she swept into his presence, surely majestic enough, and making a tremendous display of light-blue. Don Mariano gritted his teeth as he handed her in at the carriage. They drove away, leaving in the corridor a trembling maiden, who turned and fluttered to Cenobio and cried: "To-morrow! And the good Mary will help me!"

The dance was at the American Hotel. The hall-room was gorgeous in green, white, and red hunting. A long row of pretty *señoritas* sat on one side of the room, the young men not approaching them freely. An orchestra struck up a tune and the hall began. The light-blue dress floated everywhere. Like an empress she carried it. It was very ugly. She danced with the governor (governor by the grace of Señor Ortiz), who looked hored, and carried one hand in his trousers pocket. She danced with a dashing young federal senator (senator by the grace of Ortiz), who wore a brown sack-coat. She danced with the weakened, tiny, old secretary of state, who moved in a hlear-eyed dream. Occasionally she danced with Don Mariano, and looked fixedly over his head. And during those dances Don Mariano could hear muttering more and more weakly. For the light-blue seemed to fill the room. Her chalky head above it reminded him again of the Guanajuato mummies.

Between dances the young men brought beer, cognac, and other stimulants to the young ladies, who drank of all without prejudice, being trained to it. But the treasurer acquired a habit of retiring into corners morbidly. Midnight coming on, he watched the dances grimly, and his eye could not tear itself away from the wounding tower of blue. People whispered that the Sultan was ill. They longed for his merry laugh. During one interval they saw him drain off three bottles of beer in painful solitude. It was recalled that many glasses of cognac, as other liquors, had gone the same way. He refused the next dance. The old, wheezy secretary came mumbling. "Oh, now, what's the trouble with him?" said he, with a grandmother's insinuating fondness.

"What's—what's matter with the lights?" asked Don Mariano.

"Nothing!" cried the secretary, scanning the chandeliers. "Thought," muttered Don Mariano, thickly—"thought the lights—lights, also, were turning—hic—blue."

At two o'clock they removed Don Mariano to his carriage, and heard him murmuring: "Where'sh—where'sh ma dignity? Sh'gone!"

The next morning Concha, the Madonna-like, kept from under the eye of Doña Maria. In the kitchen's farthest corner, behind a horse-shoe curve of *adobe braseros* burning blue with charcoal, she labored. On a stone *metate* she ground separately the following articles: Twelve ounces of black dried peppers, or chiles; four ounces of red, dried chiles; one small cup of sesame seed; twenty-four chocolate beans; a half-ounce of almonds; one cent's worth of black pepper; one-half cent's worth of cloves; a stick of cinnamon; fair measure of several kinds of nuts; a few tomatoes; such quantity of anise-seed as may be taken up with five fingers; such quantity of coriander seed as may be taken up with three fingers; two or three small, hard loaves of bread; goodly portions of garlic; goodly portions of onions; two dried tortillas; an unstinted amount of pumpkin seeds; and seeds of the black chile. Every one of these things had been separately fried before grinding. The process completed, the mixing took place. Large quantities of melted lard, with water, served to lend to the whole a liquid luxuriance, an unctuous consistency. The turkey himself, could he have seen that fatty and rich mass, must have died in peace. Cooked to a turn and garnished—nay swamped in that thick substance—he was lost to the eye of man, only to be fished up amid oozing marshes of brown that glistened.

Doña Maria's deepest white dish (with dead Maximilian's monogram upon it, for his crockery goes sifting down among the scattered years of the republic) was the *mole's* vehicle. Let the reader picture it filled with a trembling, reddish-brown liquid, thick with unthinkable and opaque wonders; the pure melted lard glittering, suspended in ecstasy upon the surface; ravishing hints of a breast of *guajolote*, a thigh, a head, sunk in that magnificent oblivion.

Cenobio, hungry-eyed, dressed in spotless loose white, with a sash of green, came and leaned for support against the wall and saw his fate, hanging at first upon the deftness of Concha's fingers, immersed at last, an ultimate ingredient.

"You will—you will marry me if I succeed?" cried she.

"Concha," sighed he, "I swear I would marry even this old Indian chief-cook."

The Indian chief-cook was a strenuous, huge, and hony party, who wore a white cloth wrapped round her legs instead of a skirt.

When the guests arrived, Señora Ortiz floated forth to greet them. Her lord was stricken dumb. Behold, she wore the blue! A dread crunching of teeth was distinctly heard by the federal senator.

The dinner was served. Porfirio Diaz's portrait had been transferred to the dining-room. The walls were draped with Mexican flags. The mumbling secretary's wife was good and quiet, like a pussy. The federal senator dashed in with his equally dashing lady. The governor stalked to his chair, scanning the viands narrowly. His wife, a little pallid woman in white satin, seemed tired of all the earth. At the table's head, with his wife at his right, sat Señor Ortiz, black, savage. He surveyed the board. He watched the waitresses come and go. No *mole*. And his Mexican stomach craved *mole*. He could not get that awful blue out of his eyes. They talked to him; he mumbled boorish answers. They toasted Señor Ortiz, the governor, Porfirio Diaz (familiarily called Don Porfirio—by the grace of whom they lived and had their being). But Don Mariano replied snappishly. And all the while the stately Indian, his civilized wife, wore more dignity than three government's wives would have needed. The eternal placidity of the Aztec nation, with its slumbering under-fire, looked out upon the company.

No *mole de guajolote*. A new-fangled American way of cooking the peas. The tower of blue forever battering his eyes. Ortiz lost his appetite.

Then the moment came. Cenobio darkly gazing round a corner from the ante-room; the sweet Madonna coming in, all trembling, with the Maximilian dish. She all but tottered. The brown seemed to have gone away from her face, leaving only the dancing pink that came and fled. In the *mole's* depths she saw a vision of a little home, a flying street-car, and a baby. She cast a wild look on Cenobio. He answered it with moody eye that burned with hope. She reached Don Mariano's side, her bosom palpitating. She, too, saw the blue upon her right. She perceived her master's savage eyes upon her left. She nearly dropped the dish.

He looked and understood the nature of its contents. But all its background was that disgusting dress. A devilish inspiration seized him. Concha was lowering her masterpiece, her liquid, frightened eyes on him. He threw up his hand as though to taste the dish. He struck it a mighty blow with clenched, spasmodic fist.

A piercing shriek from Concha. A whirlwind of thick and unctuous liquid. A brown sheet of *mole* wrapping the blue in fatty embrace. A broken Maximilian dish in Doña Maria's lap. A guttural groan.

The banquet terminated early.

Later, the tragedy of the spirit was rehearsed in the rear court. Cenobio strode there like a villain in a play. Concha, colorless, came stumbling out. Her eyes of terror fell upon him. His gaze met hers, and ruin was its language. Then she moaned: "No mule-car, no Cenobio, no baby!" And she fell down and sobbed.

"Cenobio! *Ven acá!*" It was the Sultan's rasping voice.

Cenobio hounded forward and disappeared. His master led him into that bedroom, and the youth observed a gleam in the orbs of Don Mariano. "Take it out!" cried the Sultan, pointing to the thing upon the floor.

Doña Maria sat bolt upright in a chair, dressed in a petticoat and stiff white chemise, flame in her eye, *mole* in her hair, *mole* on her ample cheeks, *mole* running down her neck. Would that he who reads could know the stain of that concoction, its dread properties, its diabolic alacrity, its capacity for ruin.

Cenobio got a pole and lifted up the thing. A little later Concha, still in agony, beheld him approaching, a funeral figure, hard despair looking out from his countenance; the tower of blue, collapsed, a dripping abomination, hanging in front of him. Before the sheds he cast it down. He turned to see the Sultan trotting fast behind, carrying a shovel.

Don Mariano, perspiring, dug a hole. The *mozo* hurried the blue. Sunk on the ground by the tile-roofed shed sat Concha, scarce daring to look at that interment. The treasurer turned to her, and she shrank.

"H'm—Concha—Conchita," said he, gently, wheedlingly, rubbing his hands together; "name it, Conchita."

"Oh, what?" sobbed she, staring up.

Don Mariano was laughing with a mild, continuous, endearing laugh. "Your reward," wheedled he. "Anything; anything."

A flicker of understanding lit up her brain. She leaped to her feet with outstretched arms and cried, hysterically: "A mule-car for Cenobio to drive!"

"Done, Conchita," snickered the Sultan and went away.

When I last saw Concha she was seated at the door of a little adobe hut in the suburbs, gazing out sweetly, rapt. Before her eyes dashed on the clattering car, whose mules leaped with the inspiration of Cenobio—Cenobio cracking a mighty whip and blowing a brass horn at all the corners with magnificent fury. And through it all slept on in peace a pink and brown baby in a soap-box on the adobe floor.

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1900.

One of the most wonderful machines ever built, and the only one of its kind ever constructed on the Pacific Coast, was shipped recently by the Union Iron Works to the Standard Electric Company at Blue Lakes, where it will be put in position to turn the force of an immense water head into electrical power. The machine consists of immense water-wheels, which will be operated directly by an enormous pressure of water gathered in a flume, and these wheels will be geared to dynamos for the generation of electric force, which will be sent over hundreds of miles of wire to operate machinery and give light and power in San Francisco and intermediate cities and towns. These machines were the result of long study over the application of known principles, and were ordered by Prince Poniatowski after he was thoroughly satisfied that they would utilize the stored force of the great body of water lying in the mountains. It is believed by the officials of the company that the water-head wheels will reduce the price of electrical force to less than one-half what it now costs to generate it.

NEW YORK ELECTION AFTERMATH.

Scenes of the Day and Night on the Streets and at Campaign
Head-Quarters—Unparalleled Good Feeling—Theatres
Filled to Overflowing—Ridiculous Wagers.

Black clouds were rising on the political horizon of Manhattan when the sun went down Monday night, but the expected storm did not come. The temperature had been high around the offices of Chief of Police Devery and Superintendent of Elections McCullagh, but calm reflection brought good sense uppermost, and a wave of cooler air relieved the situation. The governor and the mayor had a hand in the matter. Chief Devery's instructions to his officers, that seemed to promise collisions with Superintendent McCullagh's deputies, were rescinded, and all was well. In consequence, election day in 1900 was more quiet and orderly than almost any of those that had preceded it. And this, considering the interest shown before the contest reached its climax, is surprising. The city has seldom witnessed a bitter campaign. Mr. Croker was opposed by malcontents in his party as well as by his constitutional antagonists. There were several assembly districts where the personality of the candidates counted for more than it does usually, and no efforts were spared to win over doubtful elements. In spite of all this there was no rioting, and although there were numerous arrests, and magistrates were kept busy, no scenes of tumult took place at the polls.

But when the day was over and reports began to come in, then the pent-up excitement broke loose. The streets were filled with surging masses of humanity. No able-bodied citizen remained in seclusion. Not alone about the newspaper offices and political head-quarters, where the returns were bulletined, did the crowds gather, but in every thoroughfare and open place of the down-town district. At six o'clock the jam was notable, and it increased every minute. By half-past seven it seemed as if the streets could hold no more. To move in any direction on the sidewalks became almost an impossibility. Broad-shouldered, muscular men were twenty minutes working their way around a corner. Yet there were few displays of bad temper. The multitude was too much concerned with the results for which they waited to be easily disturbed. Dealers in horns, rattles, badges, and decorations were not obliged to drive their trade. The demand was greater than the supply. Horns and megaphones sold by the wagon-load, big and little badges, cards, pictures, and pink carnations were taken as fast as they could be handed out. And the purchasers of instruments contrived with devilish ingenuity to create ear-torturing, nerve-destroying noises were not content with merely owning them. They put into their use all the capacity of their lungs and all the energy of their muscles. Not men and boys altogether, but women old and young as well. New York never saw so many of what is called by courtesy the gentler sex take part in an election celebration before. The new fashion may be a good one. If it has restraining influences, well and good. But there are doubts of its tendency that time will dispel or confirm.

However, it was a Republican night. Some few of the first bulletins gave anxious Democrats crumbs of comfort, but they were not large enough even to suggest a banquet of success. From the great centres of the West the indications were unmistakable at an early hour, and the Tammanyites were forced to find what little consolation they could in their local achievements. At the Republican State head-quarters, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, not only the parlors and the committeemen's rooms were crowded, but the corridors as well, and up-stairs and down-stairs the spirit of rejoicing was vocal and all-pervading. In the big parlor up-stairs a telegraph operator copied the dispatches as they were received, and Luther Little read them before they were put on the bulletin-boards. Chairman Barnes was in his room at his desk receiving good news from his lieutenants in all parts of the State, and with him were ex-Governor Cornell, Colonel Baxter (clerk of the assembly), Cornelius Van Cott, Dwight Lawrence, John E. Hedges, Frank H. Platt, and others. Senator Platt came in about eight o'clock, his usually sedate face showing a smile of satisfaction. The national campaign head-quarters, on Madison Avenue, received its visitors by card, but hundreds of these invitations had been given out and more tried to get in than could be accommodated. Hon. J. H. Manley of Maine, Cornelius N. Bliss and Frederick S. Gibbs of New York, Senator Scott of West Virginia, and Franklin Murphy of New Jersey were the prominent figures in the crowd. At the Union League and Manhattan Clubs there were enthusiastic assemblages.

It is still a matter for wonder that the theatres, without exception, were crowded, in spite of the seemingly universal desire to join the throngs in the streets, hear the news, and participate in the outcry. Undoubtedly many were impelled to make a refuge of the playhouse, to escape the jostling crowds outside. Speculators took advantage of the rush, and at some of the leading vaudeville houses readily secured a premium of two and three dollars on tickets for good seats. Doorkeepers and lobby attendants were keenly alert to prevent the smuggling in of whistles, horns, and rattles by the younger element among the theatre-goers, and were successful in most cases, though the Columbia College and Princeton students evaded their vigilance in some instances at the Casino, and made it interesting for the people on the stage and in the audience. Election returns were read at all places of amusement, and for one night at least Republicans appeared to be in an overwhelming majority, as all favorable reports were received with thunders of applause and cheers.

Seldom has the social element been stirred so deeply by election interests. Not only clubmen, but their wives and sisters have taken sides in some of the contests, and made them a leading topic. Perhaps in time we shall see the fashion of feminine canvassing as firmly established here as in England. Of course the real interest in the campaign was the question of personal success, not the triumph

of political principles, among the friends of such candidates as Oliver H. P. Belmont, Herbert Parsons, and George B. McClellan. The women in the twelfth and thirteenth districts certainly came bravely to the front, and business men in their offices were entreated daily to give their votes one way or the other. The "respectable" vote was thoroughly aroused, if personal solicitation can bring it out. Mr. Belmont succeeded in carrying his district in spite of the strong fight made against him. It was a nice question whether his residence was here or in Newport, but his contention for New York was accepted. Mr. McClellan was also successful, much to the disappointment of Mr. and Mrs. Parsons and their friends. Another contest that held much local interest was that of F. P. Garretson for mayor of Newport. His success, in a close campaign, brought especial delight to John Hare Powell, Lorillard Spencer, George P. Wetmore, and Frederick Sheldon, who labored earnestly in his behalf.

After the smoke of the battle had cleared and the echoes of the night had died away, came the fun of the ridiculous election wagers which had been made here and there all over the city. Wheelbarrow rides in which winner and loser seemed equally humiliated before the procession was over, were frequent. Staid brokers stood in prominent positions on the streets and delivered silly juvenile verses, or even more personal confessions of defeat, over and over again to fulfill the conditions of their bets. One man was obliged to request a million-dollar loan of Russell Sage, another had agreed to solicit a ten-dollar contribution from Richard Croker to assist in buying a floral wreath for Mark Hanna. Otherwise well-dressed young men came down town Wednesday morning in brimless silk hats brushed the wrong way, and others bore placards plainly inscribed with the evidence of their inability to guess the result of the election before it took place. There are enough of these freak exhibitions to bring smiles to the faces of the most inconsolable among the defeated.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 9, 1900.

WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS.

Wars and rumors of wars, smoke, and riot and flame,
But our God is high in the heavens, and the Prince of Peace is His Name.

Wars and rumors of wars; the nations like wolves at bay,
Growling, and prowling, and snarling, till their battles are set in array.

The heathen swarm to the conflict; they storm with fire and sword,
And hurl their grim defiance, bitter and brave, at the Lord.

Alas, for the heathen peoples who know not what they do,
Who must eat the bread of abasement, and drink of the cup they brew.

Woe for the homes uncounted where sorrow and squalor meet,
Where the women wait and listen for unreturning feet.

Gog and Magog are loose; rapine is in their track;
But the Lord who holds them in leash, can call their cohorts back.

His saints are safe in the terror, whatever the stress shall be,
Our Lord for His own is mighty; they are safe on land and sea.

The great world navies hasten, the great world armies rise,
But One is serene above them, the Lord of the earth and skies.

Out of the fury and tempest, out of the whirl and the rush,
A still small voice shall issue; there shall follow a brooding hush.

And God shall bring His purpose to blossom and fruit in time;
His purpose that marches onward to His hour of grace sublime.

Wars and rumors of wars, till the Master hid them cease,
For our God is King in the Heavens, and His Name is the Prince of Peace.—Margaret E. Sangster in the Independent.

Marie Corelli has, for once, made a protest that has met with general approval in England. Sir Theodore Martin offered a bust of his deceased wife, Helen Faucit, to be placed in the chancel of the Shakespeare Memorial Church at Stratford-on-Avon, and, as an inducement to its acceptance, he promised a subscription of two thousand dollars toward the church restoration fund. The vicar of Stratford-on-Avon opposed the project, but was overruled by his bishop. He opposed it on the ground that such a position of honor for a memorial of Lady Martin was out of all proportion to her merits, considerable as they were. When Marie Corelli, who lives at Stratford-on-Avon, learned of the contemplated monument, she immediately started a crusade against allowing it to be erected, declaring that "the size of the space required by Sir Theodore Martin for the effigy of his wife, namely, seven feet high and three feet wide, is an absolutely monstrous measurement, and, if put up, the monument will destroy the whole view of the chancel and extinguish the Shakespeare monument, besides necessitating the mutilating of two old brasses." Most of the correspondence which has appeared seems to side with Miss Corelli, but so much temper has been imported into the discussion that neither side will draw out, and the question is to be fought out in the law courts.

The stories of bardship in the Philippines have had a depressing effect on quite a few of the "rookies" who have been stationed at the Presidio for some time past awaiting transportation to the islands. Recently, when assembled for roll-call preparatory to the march to the dock, where they were to embark on the transport *Gran*, twenty-seven of the would-be soldiers failed to answer when their names were called. The cause of the desertion is supposed to be the sight of the funerals of those soldiers who died in Manila which daily pass the recruit camp at the reservation and the appearance of the patients at the general hospital, most of whom had seen service in the islands.

The little republic San Marino has an industry of its own. It creates dukes, counts, and other noble personages for good hard cash, with which it meets expenses. In August last it successfully perfected contracts for several duke and count titles which netted the handsome sum of \$150,000. The letters of appointment will be forthcoming in due time. Then the names of the happy ones will be made known.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is estimated that Governor Theodore Roosevelt traveled twenty thousand miles and made six hundred and fifty speeches during his campaign tour this fall.

The engagement has been announced in London of Forbes Robertson, the eminent English actor, to the leading lady of his company, Gertrude Elliott, a sister of Maxine Elliott (Mrs. Nat Goodwin).

Colonel John M. Brooke, who designed the ram *Merrimac* and thus revolutionized marine warfare, is still living at Lexington, professor emeritus of physics in the Virginia Military Institute. He is now seventy-nine years old, but is still vigorous, and walks from his residence on the outskirts of the city to the post-office at the same hour every morning.

Bresci, the anarchist now serving a life sentence for killing King Humbert of Italy, has written to his wife in Paterson, N. J., to the effect that he finds confinement intolerable: "The days are so long and dreary that it seems night will never come." He asks for money for underclothes, and for information regarding his child which has been born since his imprisonment.

Those who have long agitated against the docking of horses' tails have won a great victory. Queen Victoria in sending out an order that none of her horses be treated in that way, also announced that she had persuaded the Prince of Wales to follow her example. With royalty taking up such a vigorous stand, it is likely that the docked horses will in a few years be as rare in London as full-tailed horses are at present.

The Crown Prince of Sweden, Gustavus Oscar Adolphus, Duke of Vermeland, who has just been appointed Regent of Sweden and Norway during the serious illness of his father, Oscar the Second, is one of the most able and most studious of future kings. He was forty-two last June, and married, at the age of twenty-three, Princess Victoria of Baden, the granddaughter of William the First, and the only child of the late Emperor Frederick's sister. The new regent has always taken a strong line with regard to the smoldering jealousies existing between Sweden and Norway, and some years ago he refused to draw the allowance which the Norwegians were reluctantly prepared to grant him as heir-apparent.

After being flattered and petted in Paris, the Shah had a rude awakening in Constantinople. The Sultan received him as though he were a dependent prince, the Turkish press referred to him in terms of scant respect, and—worst of all—it was given out quite falsely that he had kissed the Sultan's hand. All this with a view to impressing upon his Persian majesty the superiority of the Sunnites and the glory of the Khalifate. "Muzafer-ed-Din was furious, and, to give public proof of his wrath, on the day of his departure from Constantinople he left Yildiz Kiosk an hour earlier than the time arranged. He counted, however, without his train, for it was not ready to start, and he had to cool his royal heels for a considerable time at the station.

Don Luis Terrazas, the so-called "Prince of Chihuahua," son of the multi-millionaire, ex-Governor Terrazas of Chihuahua, Mexico, arrived in El Paso, Tex., one day last week, and by midnight had lost twenty-five thousand Mexican dollars on the roulette wheel. Young Terrazas played the colors only and wagered a hundred dollars on each turn of the wheel. He watched the size of his pile diminish without a change of countenance, and finally at midnight left the table, saying he had no more cash about him. Don Luis Terrazas's father is one of the wealthiest men in Mexico and owns nearly the entire state of Chihuahua. His mines produce untold wealth and he has never been able to calculate the exact number of cattle in his vast herds. He lives in a palace and has ten thousand men in his employ. The son has unlimited wealth at his disposal.

The Marchioness of Bute, with her only daughter, Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart, and her third son, Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart, left London recently for Palestine. They have with them the heart of the late Marquis of Bute, for burial on Mt. Olivet, in accordance with the desire of the deceased nobleman. The heart of King Robert the Bruce, who was an ancestor of the Marquis of Bute, was conveyed by a Douglas for burial in the Holy Land. Special permission was given by the Pope of the day to allow it to be extracted from the body, according to the king's request. A legend says the party were attacked by the Saracens in Spain, and in a battle Douglas flung the casket containing his charge into the midst of the enemy, crying, "Onward as thou wert wont, thou noble heart; Douglas will follow thee." The gallant chieftain was killed, but Bruce's heart was subsequently recovered and brought to Melrose Abbey, where it was interred.

The Rosslyn-Churchill quarrel has at last been settled. When Lord Rosslyn's book, "Twice Captured," came out in London a few weeks ago, Lieutenant Winston Churchill protested at a banquet given by the Pall Mall Club to the animadversion upon himself and what he called "slanders upon British officers." He went so far as to give the lie direct to some of Lord Rosslyn's statements, and demanded an apology. As a result, Blackwood, the publisher, stopped the sale of the book, and so much ill-feeling was created in the smart set of London that the matter was brought before the Prince of Wales, who cabled the facts to Lord Roberts. When the charges of cowardice were denied by the commander, Lord Rosslyn immediately tendered the following apology to the Prince of Wales: "I owe to the regiments whose honor my publication of a groundless report has called in question the deepest apology and the fullest reparation. I offer it to you, sir, as colonel in chief. I offer it to the colonels of the various regiments. I offer it to every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man, and I sincerely trust that this unqualified apology will be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Franklyn Fyles's Volume on "The Theatre and Its People"—Various Characteristics of Actors at Work.

Not only the general public, but intending playwrights and actors will find much of value in Franklyn Fyles's book on "The Theatre and Its People." Dramatic art and the personality of our leading thespians have been widely and thoroughly discussed, but the natural curiosity as to the methods of the theatre and its people has been incited by fancies rather than satisfied by facts. It is doubtful if there is any one better qualified to handle this subject, for Mr. Fyles has been for many years the dramatic critic of the New York *Sun* and is the author of several successful dramas, notably "Cumberlaod, '61," "The Governor of Kentucky," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which he wrote in collaboration with David Belasco.

The character of the volume may be judged from some of the most striking chapter headings—"The Making of Actors," "The Writing of Plays," "Authors' Gains and Losses," "The Rehearsal of a Play," "The First Night of a Play," "Points in First Performances," and "The Actors Among Themselves." To show the hold of the stage upon the American people, Mr. Fyles makes the following summary:

There are five thousand theatres in the United States, if we count all kinds. More than two thousand are fairly classable as legitimate, and these range from the finest in a city to the poorest in a village. But all are in the routes of the traveling dramatic companies. Over one thousand more are devoted to vaudeville. The two thousand others taper off in various ways, but still they are theatres. To estimate the capital invested in all this theatrical property is difficult. Many of the theatres are proportions of buildings devoted to other uses. But about \$100,000,000 is invested in the three thousand dramatic houses which will be considered in this book. That is an average of \$33,333 each, which is low enough. Hundreds are cheap wooden buildings, but they are offset by some that have cost as much as \$500,000 apiece. It is equally hard to compute the money paid by Americans for theatrical amusement. Separate audiences yield from absolutely nothing, in extreme cases of failure, to as much as \$20,000 at an exceptional performance of opera. A conservative calculation is that the aggregate reaches \$70,000,000 a year. Not less than 1,500,000 persons sit in these theatres each week-day night in the season of at least eight months.

The utmost pains are taken with scenes in which two persons have anything to do with each other:

If they shake hands, it must be done at just the right instant and with no uncertainty. A blow is practiced till it looks just right, and is never afterward struck differently. Embraces and kisses are rehearsed with the extremest care. They must have an impulsive manner. They must look sufficiently fervid. It is a curious sight—that of two players who are to express the ardent love which Shakespeare has written for his "Romeo and Juliet," but who at rehearsal, in modern clothes and no accessories of glamour, practice a kiss as mechanically and unfeelingly as though it were—as it is then—utterly devoid of sentiment. There must be no hesitation nor clumsiness. Romeo is not permitted to decide whether to throw both arms around his sweetheart or only one, or which. Nor may Juliet be shy or forward, yielding or resisting, as she chooses. The director will place their arms for them if they do not themselves make a picturesque exhibit. And the kiss? Shall it be delivered by the wooer on the lips of the won, or on brow, or cheek? That question is considered and settled. Are kisses on the stage genuine? Well, not at rehearsals, except, maybe, once or twice, in order to show the effect fully. An actress would resent a real kiss at a rehearsal except when necessary. For the satisfaction of natural curiosity on that point, it may be told right here that most of the kisses in the public performances of plays are actual kisses.

Most of the stage people prefer to enact agreeable characters. The salary of an exceptionally able exponent of villainy is almost as high as that of a clever player of honest wooers, though he may possess nothing like the other's physical points of stage value. Actresses, however, never forget that "a woman is as old as she looks," and they dislike to age in the public eye before their time. Managers have more trouble with the matron of a play than with any other personage:

Sometimes such a rôle is important, and an actress in her prime is needed. But one who is forty, or even more, may as yet have played maidens and young wives only. She will hold out to the last against figuring as the parent of a strapping hero. "I will play the daughter in this piece for one hundred dollars a week, but not the mother for two hundred dollars," was the way a well-known actress put it; "I can look as young as thirty, but if once I made myself as old as fifty, the public would never believe that I have just turned forty, which is the fact." Another actress rejected the part of a hero's mother, though the manager assured her that she need not add to her own age in appearance. "But who is to play the son?" An actor was named. "Why, he is as old as I am," she cried; "I might consent to be a mother to a minor, but to one who may have voted for half a dozen Presidents, never!"

When works of a literary quality do not also contain popular diversion, or when they are artistically singular, they fare badly when presented at the cheaper theatres:

When "Cyranode Bergerac" was performed in highly intelligent Boston, a woman advertised to

give lessons "enabling one to comprehend and appreciate Rostand's tragedy." In less respectful New York the urchins in the gallery derided the nasally odd hero as "oosey," and were loud in their facetious comments on the singular heroine. The American sense of the ludicrous is coarser keener than is a theatre. Things of serious intent that go wrong may be only politely smiled at by a Broadway assemblage, but they provoke merciless ridicule in the Bowery. "Trilby" was an example of a play accepted by the one kind of audience sedately and by the other hilariously. When it was given by a cheap stock company in a Northern city, the only points that interested the first night's assemblage were the bare feet of the heroine. Audible comments on them incited the actress to do something to divert attention to the play's theme of hypnotism. So, in the second performance, she fell flat on the floor when the mesmerist exerted his influence upon her, instead of giving the prescribed obedience to his will. The curtain was lowered and the stage-manager came out to say that the actor, having unknowingly developed a hypnotic power, had thrown the actress into a real trance. The house was crowded by rapt people the rest of the week. The woman's device may not have been the best dramatic art, but it at least lifted the regard for her performance from her feet to her head.

Despite all statements to the contrary, Mr. Fyles says that authors, managers, and actors read the criticisms of the press with great eagerness:

They may feel that they know more about what they have done than the writer does, but his judgment is made known to thousands on thousands of people. The critics receive many letters of thanks, complaint, and explanation. But most of the persons, pleased or displeased, do not free their minds in that way. That there is an actor on earth who does not peruse the articles concerning him is past belief, and only here and there one makes any such pretense. An estimable and conspicuous actress said publicly that she never, never looked at anything printed about herself. Privately, on that very same day, she wrote to a journalist to protest against something he had published.

However, the attitude of the majority is dignified in this matter. A minority send mutual friends to ask for kindness, employ so-called "press agents," and do not flinch at notoriety if they can not have fame. The excuse put forward for such conduct is that publicity is the actor's breath of life. Dion Boucicault once wrote to a critic: "Praise me if you can, but abuse me rather than let me alone." He once owned up to the authorship of a published letter, violently assailing one of his own dramas. His aim was to stir up an interest. An eminent English actor and manager made a speech at a London dinner, deploring the prying curiosity of newspaper reporters. The same mail containing his remarks brought letters from his own secretary to New York journals, giving particulars of his personal doings.

For an actor who can not help his first-night faults and does not repeat them later there is pity instead of censure:

The prompter is alert to help him out of his difficulties. The other players are quick to bridge over his lapses. Only the expert in the audience sees that they are having trouble with him. In a tragedy a general should have given to his queen an impetuous account of a battle which he had won. "You have come to tell me," she said, and then went on with the narrative which he should have spoken. Accidents will happen on the best-regulated first nights. There is a tradition of a play which had its third act blunderingly performed before the second, and it is further said that the same order was retained ever after, as it was an improvement. It is a fact that in the original representation of a comedy in Washington, a false cue sent the chief actor on the stage at a wrong point. The result was that what should have been the last half of an act became the first. The stage-manager let it go on, but by a bit of clever transposition saved the climax from being reached before its time. There was a loss of coherence, but the audience did not know there was a mishap.

Much of the time while a play is in progress some of the performers are just out of sight behind the scenes, listening alertly for their entrance cues. Their behavior is of all sorts:

Some are as calm as though about to saw wood or knead dough, while others are contrastingly nervous, and these may be seen pacing to and fro, mumbling the words they are about to speak, and keying themselves up to the right pitch of assumed emotion. That is called "pumping up emotion." Two dead and gone tragedians used to illustrate this point. John McCullough had to rouse himself. In "The Gladiator" his turbulent appearance in the arena was always preceded by a minute or two of almost as vigorous action behind the scene. Edwin Booth required no such excitement. Even in the wife-murdering episode of "Othello" his jealous frenzy gave no sign until he was before the audience. The conduct of stars in intercourse with their companies is diverse, too. Some are distant, haughty, and keep aloof. Others are companionable. No actor of any grade is oblivious of the audience. If he professes an indifference, it is a false pretense. How many, many years has Joseph Jefferson played in "Rip Van Winkle"? Yet he will tell you that if the people are not silently intent in pathetic moments, or do not laugh as much as usual at the comic points, he is genuinely alarmed at once. He feels that the fault is his own, and seeks to remedy it.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Fyles has made a mistake in eliminating all the names of the popular actors of the day, which were included in his chapters as they appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, for they undoubtedly add weight and interest to many of the points which he desires to impress on the minds of his readers.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Heron Whn Defied William of Orange.

"The House of Egremont" is not the first historical novel from the pen of Molly Elliot Seawell, but it is the longest and most pretentious of her stories, and it justifies its length, for it has all the charm of distinctive character-drawing and dramatic construction that made her earlier works notable. The hero has a wondrously varied and trying career, but comes to his inheritance at the end, with recompense for his years of waiting. There are other characters quite as attractive—the Princess Michelle, Bess Lukens, and Dicky Egremont—and each one is real in act and word. The pictures of life at St. Germain, in the old inn and at the court of the exiled James the Second, are well drawn, and the historical figures presented are something more than sketches.

The time of the story is the closing years of the seventeenth century, when William of Orange came to England and King James was forced to fly to France. Roger Egremont, the hero, on his own estate in Devonshire, was one of the first to meet the royal invader, entertaining him against his will, and displayed his resentment by flinging a loaded platter in the face of the prince as he sat at the table to which he had not been invited. Soon after Roger found himself in Newgate prison, whence, later, he was taken at night and set free near his old home, but he had no refuge, as his estate had been given by the king to a pretended heir. France, where the deposed King James was awaiting a turn in his fortunes, seemed the most promising field for the ruined youth, and he found his way there with difficulty, but was received warmly by the English, Scotch, and Irish Jacobites who surrounded the royal exile. Adventures in plenty soon came to young Egremont, and among them a meeting with the Princess d'Orantia with the usual consequences, for he was comely and bold and she was a beautiful woman. But the princess was loyal to her king, and when Louis the Fourteenth desired her to marry the Prince of Orlamunde to strengthen his defenses, she had no mind to refuse, though she had given her heart to Egremont. The long journey to the French border, on which Egremont and the Duke of Berwick acted as escort, the wedding at Orlamunde, and the sorrow that followed, fill striking chapters in the tale, and the dreary years in which Roger served King James and then fought with the army in Flanders are passed with less of interest to be written down. Finally comes the death of the pretender to the Egremont estate, and the recall of Roger by William the Third, who had been constrained by Parliament. And the princess, free and already won, goes with him to England.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Amusements of Two Bachelor Girls.

Almost too clever, too hookish, too delightfully attractive even in their embarrassments, are the two bachelor girls who influence all the happenings in "The Very Young Man and the Angel Child," a bright and entertaining story by Elisa Armstrong. They were not given a place in the title, though there seems no good reason for the slight, as the young man and the precocious child would not have been particularly interesting without them. Belinda takes care of Dolly, because Dolly has fluffy hair, pink cheeks, and gray-blue eyes with long lashes, and her lovers are counted by the score, or would be if Belinda did not refuse them kindly for her charge. After many adventures—the first coming as the climax of a "moving"—the establishing of a *salon* in a quiet way, and successfully evading the disastrous friendly attempts of the child to be a good genius, the expected happens and both girls renounce their bachelorhood. This is the outline, but there are many humorous situations, much witty dialogue, and occasional bits of philosophy and sentiment to fill it out.

Published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Fifty thousand copies of F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "In the Palace of the King; A Love Story of Old Madrid," were sold in advance of its publication, on November 1st. It was published simultaneously in New York, San Francisco, Toronto, and London. Special editions also appeared at the same time in India and Australia.

Gertrude Atherton's novel, "Senator North," has been incorporated in the German Tauchnitz edition of English books. It is said that a well-known English playwright has proposed to her to dramatize the book.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's latest novel, "Cupid's Garden," published by D. Appleton & Co., represents the author in a lighter vein than "The Far Ringdons."

Mary Johnston, whose second novel, "To Have and To Hold," is now in its two-hundred-and-seventieth thousand, has almost completed a third, which, under the title of "Audrey," will appear as a serial before being published in book-form.

A number of short stories, by William Waldorf Astor, that have appeared from time to time in the English magazines, have now been collected and will

shortly appear in book-form in this country and in England under the title of "Pharaoh's Daughter, and Other Stories." The names of the American publishers have not yet been announced, although the London edition will be issued by the Macmillan Company.

Charles Scribner's Sons are the publishers of Lloyd Osbourne's first book, "The Queen versus Billy, and Other Stories," containing nine striking tales of the South Seas.

The student of politics as well as the general reader will find interest in "The Far East: Its History and Its Question," by Alexis Krausse, which E. P. Dutton & Co. are about to publish.

Stephen Phillips's poetical play of "Herod," which has just been published as a book, was recently presented by Beerhnm Tree in London. The publishers consider the sale of his "Paolo and Francesca," which has now amounted to eleven thousand copies, somewhat unusual for a poetical drama.

The Dodge Publishing Company has just brought out two new books of humor, which are sure to enjoy a great vogue. They are "The Gentle Art of Cooking Wives," by the author of "How to Cook Husbands"; and "The Very Young Man and the Angel Child."

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has presented a graphic picture of the water front of early San Francisco in her story, "The Prodigal," which has just been brought out.

The book on Charles Dickens written by his manager, Dolby—who died in extreme destitution the other day—is said by Dickens's daughter to be the best and truest picture of her father yet produced. It is called "Charles Dickens as I Knew Him."

"Memories of the Tennysons" is the title of a little book by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Canon of Carlisle, which the Macmillan Company will publish immediately.

The author of "Stringtown on the Pike," John Uri Lloyd, is hardly the man likely to be picked out as a writer; he is a successful wholesale druggist of Cincinnati, and distinctively a business man. He has written another book with the eccentric title of "Etidrhpa," which is seen to be the name Aphrodite spelled backward.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a new and beautiful edition of that famous historical romance, "The Scottish Chiefs," with colored frontispiece and eighty illustrations in black and white by T. H. Robinson.

The American novelist, Dulu Fletcher—otherwise "George Fleming"—is contemplating the preparation, with an English collaborator, of a dramatic adaptation of Balzac's romance, "La Peau de Chagrin."

Gerhardt Hauptmann is at work on two new plays, one, "Michael Kramer," a modern realistic drama; the other, "Der Arme Heinrich," based on the medieval epic of Hartmann von der Aue.

The letters of Bismarck to his wife, which are soon to be printed, are about five hundred in number, and cover the years 1847-1892.

Jeannette L. Gilder is attempting a rather novel scheme in the dramatization of popular novels. Instead of basing her forthcoming play on one story, she has drawn inspiration from two. The two books are "Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock," by Charles Gordon, a Canadian clergyman, who writes under the pseudonym of "Ralph Connor." The play will be entitled "The Sky Pilot of Black Rock."

Clement K. Shorter is of the opinion that the purchasers at twenty-five thousand dollars of the serial rights of Kipling's new novel will not get their money's worth. Not that he knows anything about the value of the aforesaid novel, but he appears to think it an unreasonable price in itself, and the effect of the literary agent's shrewdness. As for the scarce editions of Kipling's works Mr. Shorter points out that there have not been enough collectors to keep up the prices. The large-paper edition of his books recently issued in England at sixty dollars has already sold for half that sum.

Some admirers of Spinoza propose to photograph the letters existing in his autograph. This step appears to have been suggested by the fact that the important letter, "De Infinitt," which was sold at Amsterdam by auction in 1860 to M. Durand, of Paris, is at present missing, and therefore the preservation of Spinoza's other letters by multiplying fac-similes of them seems important to Dutch students.

A New Holmes Anecdote.

From William Dean Howells's delightful reminiscences of his Cambridge life, published in the November *Harper's Magazine*, we quote the following anecdote of John Holmes, brother of the "Autocrat," a confirmed Cantabrigian, and an eccentric of a charming sort:

"When the Holmes house was taken down, he went to live with an old domestic in a small house on the street amusingly called 'Applan Way.' He had certain rooms of his, and his own table, but he would not allow that he was ever anything but a

lodger in the place, where he continued till he died. In the process of time he came so far to trust his experience of me that he formed the habit of giving me an annual supper. Some days before this event he would appear in my study, and with divers delicate approaches, nearly always of the same tenor, he would say that he would like to ask my family to an oyster supper with him. 'But, you know,' he would explain, 'I haven't a bouse of my own to ask you to, and I should like to give you the supper here.' When I had agreed to this suggestion with due gravity, he would inquire our engagements, and then say, as if a great load were off his mind: 'Well, then I will send up a few oysters tomorrow, or whatever day we had fixed on; and after a little more talk to take the strangeness out of the affair, would go his way. On the day appointed the fishman would come with several gallons of oysters, which he reported Mr. Holmes had asked him to bring, and in the evening the giver of the feast would re-appear, with a lank oil-cloth bag, sagged by some bottles of wine. There was always a bottle of red wine and sometimes a bottle of champagne, and he had taken the precaution to send some crackers beforehand, so that the supper would be as entirely of his own giving as possible. He was forced to let us do the cooking and supply the cold-slaw, and perhaps he indemnified himself for putting us in these charges, and for the use of his linen and silver, by the vast superfluity of his oysters, with which we remained inundated for days. He did not care to eat many himself, but seemed content to fancy doing us a pleasure; and I have known few greater nines in life than in the hospitality that so oddly played the host to us at our own table."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Holiday Offerings for Young Readers.

Already the bookshelves are filling up with volumes designed for the pleasure and instruction of young people, who are given more attention at the holiday season than at other times. Publishers recognize the fact that books will be bought for Christmas and New-Year's gifts to juvenile members of the family, even if the needs of growing readers are neglected during eleven months of the year. The offerings are notable even at the beginning of the season. There are some old favorites in new and attractive dress, and many original works on the lines that have led to success in the past. Fairy stories have not gone out of fashion, and though some of the later improvisations on old-time themes are more grotesque and humorous than romantic and enthralling, there are a few with almost the charm of earlier days.

"The Grey Fairy Book," edited by Andrew Lang, is by right near the head of the list. It contains thirty-five tales, derived from many countries, translated and adapted by several writers who have the gift of story-telling, and illustrated with sixty capital drawings by H. J. Ford. The volume is uniform in style with the "Blue," "Red," "Green," and "Yellow" fairy books that have preceded it (\$2.00). "The Golliwogg's Polar Adventures" is the fifth volume in the popular Golliwogg series, in which Bertha Upton writes the verses and Florence K. Upton makes the pictures. As usual, the full-page illustrations are printed in colors (\$2.00). "Urchins of the Sea," is a story in rhyme of strange fishes and stranger adventures under the waves, by Marie Overton Corbin and Charles Buxton Goings, with artistic drawings by F. I. Bennett (\$1.25). Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

"Soog of a Vagabond Huntsman" is Charles Lever's "Tipperary Joe," now christened, and illustrated with characteristic designs by William Anderson Sherwood (\$1.50). "The Folks in Funnyville," is a volume of verses and pictures by F. Oppen, in that artist's most eccentric vein (\$1.50). "A New Wonderland," by L. Frank Baum, is a volume of modern fairy stories, with good illustrations by Frank Verbeck, printed in colors (\$2.00). "An Alphabet of Indians," by Emery Leverett Williams, contains much information about the aborigines of North America, a page of text following the initial letter and facing a full-page drawing of a scene from savage life. The author and illustrator describes a tribe for every letter in the alphabet except X (\$2.00). Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

"The Young and Old Puritans of Hatfield" is the fourth volume in the Young Puritan Series, by Mary P. Wells Smith, and relates the adventures of twenty captives carried away by the Indians just after King Philip's War in the Connecticut Valley (\$1.25). "Tom's Boy," by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," is a story with grown-up interests (\$1.00). "Scouting for Washington," by John P. True, is a stirring story of adventure and historical reminiscence (\$1.50). "The Christmas Angel," written and illustrated by Katharine Pyle, is a story of Kris Kingle and the Wonder Country where the toys are alive. The adventures of the little girl who saw these wonders is told with art (\$1.25). Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"The Dream Fox Story Book," by Mabel Osgood Wright, is a volume made up of twelve stories that are worthy of the attractive illustrations drawn by Oliver Herford. Billy Button's adventures, as given in the book, are among the most entertaining efforts of the season (\$1.50). Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Boo-Boo Book," by Gertrude Smith, is a dainty little volume for little folks, with several engravings of the boy hero. "Ted's Little Dear," by Harriet A. Cheever, is a story told by a dog, and well told. "The Bicycle Highwaymen," by F. M. Bicknell, is a fanciful story that should appeal to young wheelmen. Published by Dana, Estes & Co., Boston.

"The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," by L. Frank Baum, is a fairy tale of modern conditions, for the heroine is carried away by a Kansas cyclone into the beautiful land inhabited by most remarkable beings who do most remarkable things. The pictures by W. W. Denslow are as striking as the story which they illustrate, and they are printed in the brightest of colors (\$1.50). Published by the Geo. M. Hill Company, Chicago.

"Mother Wild Goose and Her Wild Beast Show," by L. J. Bridgman, is a volume of pictures and verses, in the older Mother Goose style, printed in colors. The animals and birds in the book are better than those in the menagerie (\$1.25). Published by the H. M. Caldwell Company, New York.

"The Wild Animal Play," by Ernest Seton-Thompson, has been prepared by the author for the use of children who wanted help to play the characters in his books, and it gives full stage directions, descriptions of costumes, and the words and music of the songs (50 cents). Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"Tiny Tunes for Tiny People," composed by Addison F. Andrews, words by Albert Bigelow Paine and others, and illustrated by Stephen Wilson Van Schaick, is a book of children's songs that will bring lasting delight to many homes (\$1.50). Pub-

lished by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York.

New Publications.

"Scruples," by Thomas Cobb, is a novel of English life containing a superabundance of rather animated conversation. Published by John Laue, New York; price, \$1.25.

During its publication as a serial, John Uri Lloyd's story of Kentucky village life, "Stringtown on the Pike," attracted attention, and in book-form it will make many new friends. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Bread Lieve," by Albert Bigelow Paine, one of the most artistic stories of newspaper life ever written, and containing in its chapters a tender, happy romance, is out in book-form with a dainty cover-design. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Among miniature editions, the "New Pocket Dictionary of the Spanish and English Languages," by G. F. Barwick, is a notable achievement. In spite of its compressed form, it is thoroughly useful and well calculated to meet the demands made upon it. Published by Eyre & Spottiswoode, New York.

James G. Cannon, vice-president of a New York bank, has written in "Clearing-Houses" a valuable history of the term, and a clear and interesting description of the methods employed in these banking devices. The book is illustrated, and shows many reproductions of business papers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

Four new novels of promise are "In Hostile Red," by J. A. Altschuler; "A Woman of Yesterday," by Caroline A. Mason; "The Worldlings," by Leonard Merrick; and "The Lady of Dreams," by Una L. Silberrad. The first two are American stories, the last two tales of English life. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 each.

Young and old readers will find romance and adventure to their liking in "The Princess's Story Book," collected and edited by George Laurence Gomme, and illustrated by Helen Stratton. The twenty-three stories are of English royalty, and they are chosen from the writings of great authors from Froissart to Beaconsfield. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"The Son of Carleycroft," by Theodore Burt Sayre, is a spirited romance of Cromwell's time; "Chloris of the Island," by H. B. Marriott Watson, tells the love-story of a beauty of the eighteenth century in England; "His Wisdom the Defender," by Simon Newcomb, is an ingenious collection of facts to be realized along in the middle of the coming century. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50 each.

A volume of essays on theological topics, by Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), is entitled "The Doctrines of Grace." There are fourteen of the essays and each one discusses a subject of special importance in the church (\$1.50). In "The Powers That Prey," by Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton, are ten sketches and stories of outcasts and criminals, some of which are humorous and some pathetic (\$1.50). Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Some familiar sketches of a character whom John Kendrick Bangs has made familiar to all readers of modern humor are given in his "The Idiot at Home." The illustrations are by F. T. Richards (\$1.25). In "Mother Goose for Grown-Ups," by Guy Wetmore Carryl, the poet has expanded and otherwise changed some of the well-known rhymes of youthful days into more intense and consciously humorous pieces of verse. They are good enough

to go with the pictures by Peter Newell and Gustave Verbeck, which are very good (\$1.50). Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The second volume of "The Knights of the Cross," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, is as long and as intense as the first half of the story (\$1.00). Francis Parkman published the sketches which make up the volume, "The Oregon Trail," in 1847, and twenty-five years later wrote a new preface for the fourth edition. The record of that journey is still a story of interest and value, and the illustrations of the present edition, by Frederic Remington, are no less truthful than the author's descriptions (\$2.00). "Shadowings," by Lafcadio Hearn, is a volume of ghostly and weird sketches and stories from the Japanese, lighted up by the art of the appreciative author (\$2.00). Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

INTAGLIOS.

A Memory.

Between the blown sands and the flowing sea
We stood at nightfall. In the hollow west
The ultimate torch of day flared for a space,
Sank and expired. A wind whined round the
dunes.
And ragged shreds of vapor, salt and chill,
Went by us in the flaw. We had no tear
To shed, no word to say. Our stricken heads
Were bowed together, and her streaming hair
Swept o'er my cheek. Swiftly the gray night fell,
And like a huge hand blotted sea and shore.
I heard her garments rustle in the gloom;
A moment on my breast she laid her brow,
Then turned, and from the darkness where she
fled
A sob came down the gust. 'Twas ages since,
But memory still broods on that black hour.
—James B. Kenyon in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

When Love Comes.

Has seen the morn with first light 'twixt his lids,
And, at the playing of the katydids,
The day turn nightward, softly on and on
Slip by, yet none dare say that he was gone?
Has seen the dream-shapes, pale with winter yet,
Warming wood-spaces for the violet?
Has heard the spring soog on the wild March air,
When all the world's a lover listening there;
The lay the little wood-bird long did keep
Only, at last, to sing it in his sleep?
Has heard the brook, where heavy shadows are,
Bubble new sweet up to the evening star?
Not yet thou knowest beauty, melody;
They wait the day Love comes and speaks to thee.
—John Vance Cheney in *November Century Magazine*.

Phosphorescence.

The orchards of the sky star-leaved, boughed-blue,
Lean down the West, and from dusk-odored trees
A golden apple of Hesperides
Hangs low and trembling, falls, then drops from
view;
When lo, where lately gray-green gardens grew,
A wondrous light bestrewn the sombre seas,
And on each wave foam-tipped by shore-set breeze
There gleams a vivid flame of dazzling hue!
O myriad rays that blend in myriad glow,
Each ray the tiniest bark that sails the deep,
Through myriad tides of Life that ebb and flow
Help me this myriad faith to ever keep:
That moon-set, sable sea and blackest night
But serve to manifest Love's lambent light!
—Clarence Army in *the Bazar*.

D. Appleton & Co. have nearly ready for publication "The Life and Letters of Thomas H. Huxley," edited by his son, Leonard Huxley. It is only necessary to say that among Huxley's correspondents were Darwin, Lyell, Tyndall, Spencer, Haeckel, Charles Kiessley, and Romanes, to indicate the importance and varied interest of these memoirs.

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With the publication of "The Three Miss Kings" Ada Cambridge gained at once a place in the affection of American readers which she has maintained. Her new novel shows the constant human interest which characterizes the work of this sympathetic and charming writer.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Last Week of Frank Daniels.

Frank Daniels and his excellent company of merry-makers in "The Ameer" enter on their second and last week at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. Victor Herbert's music is tuneful and pleasing, and while the libretto is thin in spots it contains some really humorous situations and is free from all vulgarity. Of course, the burden of the fun-making rests on the shoulders of the droll little comedian, although not a little of the success of the performance is due to the excellent support of Helen Redmond, Kate Uart, Norma Kopp, Owen Westford, William Corliss, Will Danforth, Rhys Thomas, and Sioclar Nash. The chorus is far above the average both in looks, voice, and sprightliness, and the stage settings, especially the scene in the third act showing the throne-room in the Ameer's palace, are lavish and picturesque.

Alice Nielsen in still another successful Victor Herbert opera, "The Singing Girl," follows. Eugene Cowles, Joseph Herbert, Joseph Cawthorn, John Slavin, and Viola Gillette are prominent in her support.

The Royal Marine Band of Italy.

Despite the many other musical attractions in town, the Royal Marine Band of Italy has scored a distinct success at the California Theatre, and deservedly, for, with the exception of Sousa's Band, it is the best organization of its kind which has been seen here for a long time. In addition to the great ensemble numbers given, classical and popular, there are solos for twelve different instruments, and duets, trios, quartets, and concerted numbers without end. The instruments used in these features are flute, oboe, E-flat clarinet, B-flat clarinet, trumpet, trombone, saxophone, alto, xylophone, and bass tuba. Signor Giovanni Setaro, the harp soloist, stands alone at his chosen instrument, and Signor Ferruccio Giannini, the tenor of the organization, is a vocalist of rare ability. Signor Giorgio Minoliti, the leader, has his men under perfect control, and several marches of his own composition are already being whistled on the street.

Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels will begin an engagement Sunday afternoon, November 25th.

"The Jolly Musketeer" at the Tivoli.

The Tivoli Opera House will inaugurate its annual comic-opera season on Monday night with an elaborate production of Stange and Edwards' "The Jolly Musketeer," with Ferris Hartman in the rôle created by Jefferson de Angelis in the East. Tenbrook Dale as François, the captain of the king's musketeers; Edward Webb as Didot Blanc, the innkeeper; and Maud Williams in her original character of Yvette, will make their debut with the Tivoli Opera House Company; while Tom Guise will re-appear as Capote, a corporal; J. Fogarty as Gascon, a soldier; Arthur Boyce as Antoine, a soldier; Annie Myers as Verve, niece of Blanc; and Julie Cotte and Gracie Orr as flower-girls. "The Jolly Musketeer" will be lavishly mounted, and with such a promising cast will doubtless enjoy a prosperous run.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

With the exception of Anna Boyd, W. J. Hynes, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hiatt, and Dolan and Lenhart, the bill at the Orpheum will abound in new specialties. The new-comers include Max Waldon, the great character delineator; Stellig and Revelle in a comedy bar act; Sie Condit and Lillian Morey in a dainty little sketch entitled "The Ties that Bind"; the Brothers Martine, clever acrobats; and Ione MacLouth, a local favorite who will make her vaudeville debut as a singer. She is a cousin of Naval Constructor Hobson, and made a hit with her Scotch ballads in the Brownie production at the California Theatre a few months ago.

Abbé Perosi's New Oratorio.

Abbé Perosi, the young and talented composer, although silent so long, has not been idle. He has just completed a new work entitled "Moses," which (according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*) is divided into three parts. The first deals with the flight of Moses from Egypt to save himself from the wrath of Pharaoh, and his meeting with the woman who became his wife. The dominant note is here sweet and tender. The picture ends with the "still, small voice" of God, who bids him save the Children of Israel. The second part opens with Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh, threatening him with the wrath of heaven, followed by the principal plagues, set forth in symphonies and choruses, the killing of the first-born being in two parts—the mourning of the Egyptians over their dead, and, in contrast, the joy of the Israelites over their escape. The third part deals with Moses praying on the banks of the Red Sea surrounded by the murmuring Israelites, who know themselves to be pursued by the Egyptians. Theo follows the symphony of the opening of the waters, the passage through, and the famous hymn of Moses, the music composed on the lines of very ancient rhythms, the traditions of which still exist. "Moses" has real action, almost operatic, and, from its structure, dialogue, and choruses, really be represented, although the second part is perhaps too complex. The libretto had originally a picture, which represented Moses saved by the

daughter of Pharaoh, but it was suppressed by Abbé Perosi's own request, as it would otherwise have been too long, requiring three hours for the entire execution.

Golf Notes.

The opening round of the third competition over 18 holes, match play, for the Council's Cup for men was played on the Presidio links on Saturday, November 10th. Four couples were drawn, but as John Lawson and H. D. Pillsbury were absent, only three couples competed. H. C. Golcher defeated C. R. Winslow, S. L. Abbot, Jr., defeated Worthington Ames, and H. B. Goodwin defeated L. Chenery. In the semi-final rounds to be played to-day (Saturday) H. C. Golcher will play H. B. Goodwin, and S. L. Abbot, Jr., will play the winner of the Lawlor-Pillsbury toss-up to see who shall continue in the semi-final round. The cup must be won three times to become a player's property. R. H. Gaylord and S. L. Abbot, Jr., have each a victory to their credit.

In addition to the contest for the Council's Cup, the men of class B held a tournament over 18 holes, medal play, with handicap, in which R. V. Watt proved the winner with a gross score of 117 and a net of 102. The score was as follows:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Gross.	Cap.	Net.
R. V. Watt.....	60	57	117	15	102
L. B. Edwards.....	60	56	116	13	103
J. S. Severance.....	53	59	112	6	106
Captain Rumbough.....	51	59	110	3	107
W. Gregory.....	54	55	109	1	110
C. Christenson.....	72	65	137	14	123

*Plus.

On the Adams Point links, last Saturday, the men's handicap against bogey, over 18 holes, match play, brought out a small field, the result being as follows: W. P. Johnson, 7 down; F. S. Stratton, 8 down; A. H. Higgins, 10 down; J. H. Ames, 14 down; H. C. Morris, 14 down; T. R. Hutchison, 15 down. The competition for the ladies' cup of the Oakland Golf Club, which reached the final round last Saturday, has since been finished, Mrs. W. P. Johnson defeating Miss Knowles, 3 up, 2 to play, and winning the honor of having her name and score inscribed on the trophy.

The Races.

The big event at the Oakland track to-day (Saturday) will be the third race, the Golden Gate Selling Stakes for a purse of \$1,000. It is for three-year-olds and upward, the distance being seven furlongs, and is sure to be an interesting race, for no less than sixty-four horses are entered. The Goldeo Gate Selling Stakes for a purse of \$750, and the Alameda Free Handicap for a purse of \$500, are to be other notable features of the day.

On Monday the racing scene will change to Tanforan Park, where the San Francisco Jockey Club will open its fall and winter season with an excellent programme. Two special events will be the Inaugural Purse for four-year-olds, over a one-mile course, and the Opening-Day Handicap for three-year-olds and upward, at seven furlongs. For time-table of trains to Tanforan Park, see advertisement elsewhere.

J. M. Bassett, of Oakland, an old-time friend and at one time an intimate friend of Collis P. Huntington, declares that the Princess Hatzfeldt was never adopted by the late multi-millionaire. "Mr. Huntington told me in 1883 that he had not adopted the princess as his daughter," he says. "She was the daughter of Mr. Huntington's first wife's sister, Mrs. Prentiss. He told me that they cared for her because her family was poor, but that it was not necessary to adopt her. She was a young woman then. He told me that his first wife gave him a list of people she wanted him to remember after her death in disposing of her property, but Miss Prentiss's name was not on that list. When Mr. Huntington's first wife died he gave Miss Prentiss one million dollars. After Prince Hatzfeldt ran through with her fortune, Mr. Huntington told her he would give her three million more if she would go to Europe and stay there. She went and he gave her a million at his death. If she breaks the will it will admit all of Mr. Huntington's lineal heirs, and if the estate is distributed in that manner it will be found that she has already had her share. Another phase if she breaks the will is the fact that his widow will get one-third and her son, who can prove his adoption, will inherit the remainder, and the princess will not only take nothing, but lose the last million."

The Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco will hold the second annual benefit to aid of their charity fund next Thursday, November 22d, at the Orpheum. The performance will begin at noon and run without intermission until six o'clock. Attractions from every theatre in the city will be included in the programme. Tickets for seats, which will range from one to two dollars, can be secured at the Orpheum on and after Monday morning, November 19th.

Picturesque Mill Valley, the matchless panoramic view and the exhilarating air of sea and mountain, make the trip on the Scenic Railway to the Tavern of Tamalpais an especially pleasant one. Forty cents covers the round trip to Mill Valley, via Sausalito Ferry, and the round-trip rate of the Scenic Railway from the valley to the summit is only an additional dollar.

Recent Wills and Successions.

The realty of the estate of C. F. Fargo is to be placed on the market by order of the executors, J. M. Quay and George Davidson. There are many important pieces to be disposed of, some of which have a certain historical interest attached to them. Among them are the old Poodle Dog corner, on Bush Street and Grant Avenue; the premises at 214 and 216 Front Street, long occupied by J. C. Wilmerding & Co.; and the former site of the famous Dickey's Roadside House on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fulton Street. Properties on Third, Fourth, Folsom, and other streets will also be offered for sale, as well as a ranch of 386 acres near Orinda Park, in Contra Costa County.

Large transfers of city property have been recorded this week from Mrs. Susan G. Tevis to the Pacific Realty Company, from the Pacific Realty Company to the City Land Company, from James B. Haggin to the City Land Company and to the California Market Company, and from the Pacific Realty Company to the California Market Company. The key to the transactions lies in the fact that the Pacific Realty Company represents the Tevis interests, the City Land Company the joint Tevis and Haggin interests, and the California Market Company those of the Tevis, Haggin, and Alpheus Bull families.

"A lot of girls laughed at me on the street-cars yesterday." "What for?" "I said 'please' to the conductor."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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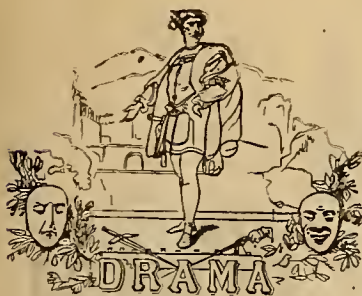
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"Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years."

One really must drop into poetry, even if it is inappropriately taken from Poe's ghastly verses, to relieve one's mind concerning the splendor of the house, the extraordinary merit of the cast, the artistic beauty and perfection of the performance of Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" which was witnessed by those present at the opening night of Grau's opera season.

To those who are confessedly frivolous an important part of the enjoyment is to go early and witness the assembling of the immense and gorgeously be-dight audience, and to sip a preliminary taste of the prevailing excitement. On Monday night the South of Market cohorts were assembled and formed a solid wall along Mission Street. When one entered the lobby of the theatre, a solemn hush pervaded the place. A double row of men, dotted with policemen, formed an inspecting lane on each side of a strip of red carpet, and the lucky ones who held magical tickets paced slowly and impressively along the strip, and, if they were social magnates or gayly gowned women, submitted to a prolonged, uncompromising, consolidated, double-barreled stare. The continuous line of arrivals bore some resemblance to a procession of mourners at a funeral of state.

But once inside, all was animation, bustle, and gaiety, and a cheerful clatter arose, caused by the greetings of acquaintances. Those who do not bask in the fierce white light that beats upon the four hundred could be detected at a glance, particularly the women, who sat with heads close together and discussed with keen, appraising eyes the silken splendors of their fortunate sisters. And how handsome the women looked—that is, before the house filled and individual distinction was swallowed up in the collective mass of humanity.

It is a spectacle whose rarity makes enjoyment all the keener—the assembling of a theatre full of women in evening-dress. It places them, in the matter of looks, on an entirely different footing from the ordinary, every-day aspect. The grace with which the head is set upon the shoulders, the tint of the skin, the curve of throat, the line of growth of the hair on the brow and the nape of the neck, all become of the first importance when a woman is critically inspected across the house, and her physical charms judiciously estimated. Beautiful necks, set off with white or cream, are the most telling adjuncts to a beautiful face. A good-looking girl, with a dazzling neck and shoulders of sculptural contour, could don a twenty-dollar white dimity gown cut low, and in the matter of looks hopelessly cut out a beauty in a five-hundred-dollar Parisian creation if the latter was made high-necked.

It was quite distracting, trying to see everybody and everything, for the glittering house was for awhile a rival to the attractions of the performance. The men rallied gallantly around their womenkind, that is, on the first night, and those in the forward rows of the dress-circle, recognizing the natural obscurity of the male animal in a decorative audience, occupied seats to the rear of the bright-hued butterflies whom they accompanied.

As for the performance, never before have we witnessed in San Francisco, even during the brilliant seasons we have had within the past fifteen or sixteen years, one so completely balanced from a musical point of view. It was an all-star cast, and as one after the other of the various singers had his or her special opportunity, and we heard a constant succession of smooth, melodious, perfectly trained voices taking up the thread in Gounod's long, deliciously beautiful lyric of love, we realized that we were at last deprived utterly of our precious prerogative of grumbling.

It was not so in the old Patti days, for Mapleson used to bring out a truly awful collection of hattered relics to fill the tenor parts. What a change, then, from the world-worn, weak-kneed lot of yore to Saleza for a Romeo!—Saleza, with a virile voice full of the high, ringing sweetness of the true tenor—Saleza, who, although he has almost a plain face, with an under-shot jaw, has a gallant bearing and a beautifully proportioned and most gracefully expressive figure; for his emotions express themselves from the crown of his head to the tips of his shapely feet. He is a good actor, an ardent, impetuous, impassioned Romeo, and has the excellent quality of rising to a gradual climax of intensity, instead of tumbling tamely from a height that has been too quickly reached.

Melba, on the contrary, was the calm, deliberate, passionless Juliet that we all confidently expected. She hasn't an iota of intensity in her, and one feels as if her histrionic efforts, which seem less wooden than during her last visit, had been tutored into

her, as in the case of Thackeray's Fotheringay, by some equally indefatigable Bows. One must accept her entirely as a voice—high, sweet, crystal-clear, velvet-smooth, polar-cold, but next door to flawless. Her gift for song is like Patti's, a wonderful, natural endowment, and there is a certain resemblance between their voices which, if one tries to mentally evoke a few echoes from what memory retains of the great *diva's* wonderful notes, is easily recognizable.

We are rather a headstrong, radical lot in San Francisco, and still have a little habit, which was formerly very marked, of comfortably handing in our verdicts on the famous people of the stage who come our way, quite irrespective of those passed by the rest of the world. And sometimes we have failed to realize that owing to our comparative isolation, and consequent lessened chances to witness the great musical events of the times, we have proved ourselves callow and hasty in our judgments. It was not until we had been educated up to a higher and more enlightened appreciation by a repeated series of grand-opera seasons that we finally realized the phenomenal beauty of Patti's voice. It is still so in Melba's case. She fails to touch one's feelings. We wish to be moved, thrilled, electrified into a gale of excitement, to stand up and huzza, wave handkerchiefs, feel as a unit that exhilarating infection of emotional enthusiasm which used to spread so rapidly from orchestra to gallery. But the calm Melba leaves us calm, and we resent it and unreasonably refuse the full meed of praise to the greatest living soprano.

On the second night it was apparent at once from the diminished size and splendor of the audience that it was regarded by the holders of season seats as an "off night." But, as sometimes happens on the off nights, what the house lost in fashion and distinction it gained in enthusiasm. There was an electric thrill of suppressed feeling pervading the audience during the playing of the overture of "Tannhäuser," and the long prelude which precedes the action of the principals, and when the exultant, swelling harmonies ceased, the house had to exert self-control to postpone to a more auspicious time its greeting to Damrosch. The real, human play of interest and emotion does not begin until the second scene. One feels one's self, in the first scene, sharing, to some extent, with Tannhäuser the feeling of satiety expressed by the music, and which, rather than the movements of conscience, caused the attempted reform of that gay troubadour.

Susan Strong, a handsome, huxom woman with a powerful although unmagnetic voice, was the Venus, to Van Dyck's Tannhäuser. Van Dyck, like most of the singers of Wagnerian music, seems to thrive on his apparently exhausting task, for his powerful, massive tenor is fitly mated to a big, strong, robust body. The freshness and vigor of his voice brings to mind the theory advanced by one of Wagner's commentators, that singing of leading Wagnerian rôles, instead of exhausting, builds up and strengthens the vocal powers. They tell us, too, that when all the thunders of the orchestra are apparently volleying between us and the singer, that Wagner has always seen to it that the instrumentation was sufficiently transparent for the human voice to penetrate to the fullest perception of the hearers.

In the second act we have the beauty of utter contrast. How exquisitely simple, beautiful, and restful after the harmonious thunder which rages in the first act, comes the sweet single note of the shepherd's pipe breaking the sylvan silence of the valley! Mme. Olitzka, a most unpastoral-looking lady, by the way, sang in full, sweet contralto the rippling measures of the shepherd's song, and again the ear is ravished with a simple but delicately beautiful effect—when the lilting notes of the pipe are thrown lightly in relief against the austere, devotional harmonies of the pilgrims' chorus.

In Gadski we have an ideal Elizabeth. She has something both in her individuality and temperament which peculiarly fits her for the part, and her voice is singularly sweet and sympathetic. The manner of her entrance in the singer's hall was beautifully in keeping with the character of the pure Elizabeth's newly found happiness, and one recognized almost at once that this blonde German songstress, with the face of an artist, was the woman for the part. And so it proved to be, for the whole personation from a musical, a histrionic, or a temperamental point of view was singularly in keeping.

Bispham, too, as Wolfram, was placed in a temperamentally congenial rôle. As is the case with Gadski, his appearance and manner accord well with the pure and lofty qualities of the character he assumed, and he sang with exquisite feeling the solemn, renunciatory song to the evening star.

As a spectacle, the performance also was very beautiful. The tableaux and decorations of Venus's grotto were of the conventional order, but the stage picture formed by the multitude in festal dress assembled in the hall of the minstrel knights' contest, was rich and varied. The tableau fullest of poetic beauty was that in which Elizabeth, prostrate before the shrine, awaits in silent prayer the coming of the pilgrims, while Wolfram keeps faithful ward over the noble, too constantly loving maid.

The audience, having nobly exercised self-restraint during these moments, when only musical vandals would interrupt, let itself go at the last, and enjoyed to the full the always delightful experience of paying the tribute of admiration and gratitude to artistic

supremacy. The singers first received a spontaneous and hearty recognition, and then Damrosch, who all seemed to feel was the real hero, was called for. An electrifying hurst of shouts, bravos, and cheers greeted his appearance, until finally a relieved and enthusiastic audience dispersed with the conviction that they had just witnessed a performance whose immense artistic merit it would be next to impossible to exceed. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

CARCASSONE.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you kindly publish the poem, "Carcassone"? The original French is by Gustave Nadaud. I do not know the translator. A CONSTANT READER.

I'm growing old; I'm sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain.
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know—
I never have seen Carcassone!
I never have seen Carcassone!

You see the city from the hill;
It lies beyond the mountains blue;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return as many more;
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown,
The grape withheld its yellow store—
I shall not look on Carcassone!
I shall not look on Carcassone!

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay.
In shining robes and garments fair,
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babel,
A hishop and two generals—
I do not know fair Carcassone!
I do not know fair Carcassone!

The Curé's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak, and blind.
He tells us in his homely
Ambition ruins all mankind.
Yet could I there two days have spent
While still the autumn sweetly shone—
Ah, me! I might have died content,
When I had looked on Carcassone!
When I had looked on Carcassone!

Thy pardon, father, I beseech
In this my prayer if I offend.
One something sees beyond his reach,
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy, Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan—
And I have not seen Carcassone!
And I have not seen Carcassone!

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him) half way on
The old man died upon the road.
He never gazed on Carcassone—
Each mortal has his Carcassone!

—From the French of Gustave Nadaud, by John R. Thompson.

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Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M. and immediately after the last race.

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VANITY FAIR.

This is the month when from Calais, from Normandy, and from away beyond Metz and the French frontier the trains will be dumping their thousands of students into Paris. "There are fully fourteen thousand students who will register this year, and who will live somewhere around the Latin quarter," writes a correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser. "There will be room for them, judging from the quantity of new 'à louer' signs spread around the neighborhood. The prices have gone back to last spring's rates. In the Rue des Ecoles a room costs from eight to twelve dollars a month. In the Rue Berthollet you can get nicely lodged for about six dollars, and if you wish you may go further over toward the Jardin des Plantes for as low as four dollars. Even the students who are strenuously earning their way, half-starving, to get university training, can find wholesome quarters, because small hotels are glad enough to recuperate after the disappointments of the Exposition. I have found a pleasant home on the great central Boulevard St. Michel, with a cultured family, and am paying forty-eight dollars a month for board and room. One can furnish his apartment on a cheaper street for fifty dollars, and live like a prince, according to our New York scale of prices. The good old days of Murger—a little too picturesque they were—are gone forever, and the American student who expects to find the Bohemian baunts of the 'fifties will have to know Paris well. Acres of tenement quarters, with their ill-smelling yards and alleys, have been torn down to make room for handsome, clean boulevards. This has wonderfully affected the English student. The dark and foreboding hotel of the Quartier Latin, and the old pensions where students lived in large families, have been abandoned for newer and better-built houses, scattered over the left bank district. But in spite of modern sanitation the segregative instinct of the student remains the same. He has left his squalid cloistered life of half a century ago, but he still manages to se cantonner in his beloved quartier. He frequents larger, brighter cafés, but he plays and sings until the thin dawn much as he did when his beloved Musette and Mimi were alive."

Concerning their board, the writer says: "The average student on four hundred dollars a year takes a two-cent bit of bread from a corner bakery and nibbles it on his way to first lectures. At eleven o'clock he goes to his *bouillon* or restaurant on the 'Boul,' and for his five-course *déjeuner* with wine or beer, he will pay thirty cents. For his *diner* at seven he will pay a like sum. The old pensions where students could run up endless bills have nearly gone out of existence. There are a few near the Sorbonne, but it is not *chic* to frequent them. Poor students go into little wine shops in Rue de la Huchette and Rue St. Jacques. Here they eat among roistering cabbies and bloused stone-cutters, who are always covered with white dust from their work. They sit and gossip politics, eating à l'ordinaire at a cost of fifteen cents and getting good food at that. Napkins may be had on limited partnership for one cent a week extra. A friendly tip of an additional cent will limit the linen to your personal use. American students who are cramped on an allowance of seven hundred and fifty or one thousand dollars a year will be surprised to hear that French students of a corresponding class do very nicely on five hundred dollars. Some of my friends live decently on thirty dollars a month. I have met some who live on half that amount, but their pinched cheeks and shiny backs tell of daily privation."

"Vienna rivals Paris in popularity with European students," continues the writer; "yet Vienna attracts but a fourth of the foreigners who annually register at Paris. The Belgians are the most numerous, I should say, and the German, Swiss, Italian, English, and Americans are not far behind in numbers. In the six faculties of medicine, law, letters, pharmacy, science, and theology, there are fourteen hundred foreign students. The Russians are the most interesting. They talk the purest French of all the foreigners. It is difficult to distinguish them from the French themselves. They are, perhaps, cruder in the elementary refinements. They certainly do not set the example for hucolic simplicity. Like other foreigners they live in colonies, and there are some who have little nourishment but dried fish and cheese washed down by scalding draughts of Russian tea. Their dances, which begin at midnight, are jolly affairs. The Americans often imitate the French in their ridiculous dress and whiskers."

The St. Nicholas Skating Rink, which is patronized almost exclusively by New York's smart set, has opened its doors for the winter. Mondays, as usual, will be the club days, and the rink promises to be a popular resort in the forenoons and afternoons of both Sunday and Monday, as it was last year (says the New York Times). The development of the sport of indoor ice-skating in New York is chiefly due to this club. The success of Niagara, the fashionable ice skating rink of London, some five years ago, inspired a few of New York's young men, headed by the Messrs. Crowninshield, Anderson, Peters, and Jay, to organize a company for the

building of a rink in that city. Although they found it a comparatively easy task to raise sufficient funds from their friends and acquaintances in society, strikes and other obstacles to progress delayed the building, and, although it was opened in the spring of 1896, it was not really completed until the autumn of that year. The succeeding winter, that of 1896-7, found the rink in good condition, while the St. Nicholas Skating Club, which had been meanwhile organized, was furnished with commodious and well-appointed dressing-rooms at the west end of the building. Skating, which had become almost a lost art, particularly to New York society women, was revived, and the club was popular from the first. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Clarence Cary, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Stanford White, and other well known women who had previously known how to skate, or who took easily to it, became daily visitors to the rink, and were soon joined by other women, especially by the members of the Indoor Michaux Cycle Club, the fashionable organization of the two previous winters, but whose fortunes were then waning, owing to the decline in favor of wheeling in fashionable society.

Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter's ideas on dress are not to be ignored, as she has earned the reputation of being "the best-dressed actress on the English stage." Mrs. Potter says that the most comfortable dress she ever wore on the stage was her simple Juliet night-robe, but she admits that clothes influence her to a wonderful extent, and that "costume is a very important factor in the success of a play nowadays." She adds: "My preference is for black and white in combination, and I am fond of coming on to the stage, when it is possible, the first time in outdoor dress, because, in my opinion, a high black picture-hat makes such an effective entrance. For an emotional or sympathetic scene my favorite toilet is a tea-gown, something as simple as can be, and as comfortable. But there is nothing like a picture element for the toilet in which one first appears before the footlights. Impression means so much. Interest an audience at the outset if you can, fascinate it if possible; anyway, make it look at you, and look at you again. But for my surroundings both on and off the stage give me green, not to wear, but to look at. I like it about me because it is so restful and acts upon my nerves as a mental tonic. Therefore, my drawing-room is draped with it, and my windows look out upon a garden as green as London will allow me to possess."

The anomalous position of the London restaurant and saloon waiters was again disclosed at the annual meeting of the licensing board on November 2d, when representative waiters appeared and opposed the renewal of the licenses to restaurant owners who do not pay waiters living wages. It appears that at the Monaco, one of the highest West End *cafés* of the British metropolis, the waiters have to pay from twenty-five cents to a dollar daily for the privilege of waiting, and have to recoup themselves from their tips. At Holborn, the highest of the central restaurants, they get three dollars weekly, working twelve hours daily, and again making their income from tips. It was shown that throughout the chief restaurants in London waiters' wages are nothing, or less. They are always expected to live on their customers' tips. However, many are able to save enough in a few years to start small restaurants of their own. The authorities refused to interfere and renewed all the licenses. The public accepts the decision with equanimity, although the exactions grow yearly worse. It is believed that tips would still be necessary even if reasonable wages were paid.

Philadelphia has put New York to shame this year in Halloween observances. A costume-ball was given there by Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Barney and Mr. and Mrs. James D. Rowland, at which more than one hundred and fifty young persons assembled and danced until midnight. All sorts of Halloween games were indulged in during the evening, and cider, nuts, apples, and molasses candy were features of the menu. Candles in yellow pumpkins transformed into the semblance of grotesque faces, took the place of the regular lights. A keg of cider, fresh from the press, stood in one corner, ready to supply the thirsty; red apples, suggestive of the farmer's orchard, piled around it. Behind tall sheaves of corn the orchestra was hidden. Miss Nina Rowland and Miss May Musser created much amusement as "old-fashioned girls." Both wore heelless slippers, white hose, and ruffled pantalettes, which reached to the ankles. Their white frocks extended a little below the knees. Wide hoopskirts were worn. The sleeves were short. Old-fashioned long mitts, reaching to the elbows, covered the hands. The hair of each was braided tightly, and hung in two ribbon-decked pigtails down their backs. Wide-brimmed Leghorn hats completed the costume. Toy balloons, tied to strings, were carried throughout the evening.

A recent issue of the London *Daily Telegraph* has the following dispatch from New York concerning the attitude of New York clubs toward foreigners: "It has been the cause of no small wonder to people

who were unacquainted with the unwritten laws of European clubland to see how carelessly the honorary membership of various New York clubs of good standing was extended to visiting foreigners. The result has not infrequently been scandalous, men not far removed from being blacklegs being introduced by acquaintances made more or less casually here to their clubs. Some recent episodes, which it is not necessary to particularize, however, are likely to bring about a reform in this respect. There is a growing feeling at several of the leading clubs at present that increased care in determining the admission of foreigners as temporary members has become necessary. With this object in view, it is proposed to establish a rule providing that foreigners shall be admitted to temporary membership only in the event of their belonging to clubs of equal standing and prestige abroad. The projected move in this direction meets with wide-spread approval."

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 14th, were as follows:

BONDS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra C. Water 5%.	19,000 @ 107 1/2		107 1/2
Los An. Lighting 5%	20,000 @ 100 1/4		
Market St. Ry. 6%	1,000 @ 129	128 3/4	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	3,000 @ 107 1/2	107 1/2	108
Northern Cal. Ry.			
54.....	11,000 @ 112	112	
Oakland Gas 5%	43,000 @ 110	110	
Oakland Transit 6%	24,000 @ 117	117	
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	32,000 @ 110 1/2-111	110 1/2	111 1/2
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%	28,000 @ 113 1/2	113	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905	500 @ 109		
S. P. Branch 6%	2,000 @ 130 1/2	130 1/2	
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%	1,000 @ 99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2
S. V. Water 4%	5,000 @ 102 1/2-103	102 1/2	103
STOCKS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.	215 @ 69 1/2-70 1/2		
Spring Valley Water.	315 @ 93 1/2-94 1/2	94 1/2	95
Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight ..	330 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Oakland Gas.....	335 @ 50	50	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	25 @ 52 1/2	52 1/2	
S. F. Gas & Electric.	2,830 @ 49 1/2-50	50	50 1/2
Insurance.			
Firemans Fund.....	45 @ 227 1/2	226	230
Banks.			
Bank of Cal.....	5 @ 410		
Merchants Ex. Bank	100 @ 16	16	18
Street R. R.			
Market St.....	110 @ 68-68 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	220 @ 83-84	83 1/2	
Vigorit.....	100 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.....	770 @ 7-7 1/2	7 1/2	7 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S.....	195 @ 85-86	85	87
Honokaa S. Co.....	755 @ 31-31 1/2	30 1/2	
Hutchinson.....	400 @ 25 1/2-26 1/2	26	26 1/2
Kilauea S. Co.....	220 @ 20 1/2-21	20 1/2	22
Makaweli S. Co.....	200 @ 42 1/2-43 1/2	42	42 1/2
Panahau S. P. Co.....	545 @ 31 1/2-31 3/4	31 1/2	31 3/4
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	25 @ 124 1/2	124 1/2	125
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	25 @ 104	104	105
Oceanic S. Co.....	4,415 @ 94 1/2-94 3/4	94 1/2	99

The market has been more active and stocks in better demand. As we predicted, the reflection of President McKinley has settled the financial markets, and we look for better prices and more activity from now on. The sugar stocks are in good demand, and prices are gradually hardening on small transactions. The stock of the Oceanic Steamship Company advanced 5 1/2 points on heavy buying to 99 1/2, and closed at 98 1/2 bid and sales. The advance was made on the report of a subsidy from the government and the large and profitable business the company is doing and good prospects for the future. The San Francisco Gas and Electric hears are again very much alive, and raided the stock down 2 points to 49 1/2 seller 90 on sales of about 2,800 shares. An effort has been made to shake out stock on rumors of still another opposition company to operate in connection with the Independent Company, but could not be traced to any authentic source.

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526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,238,372.45
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Actuals actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1900..... 28,938,395.12

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532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1900.....\$26,852,875
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 219,693
Contingent Fund..... 23,608

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....\$3,514,068.82
October 1st, 1900.

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Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One of Mr. Whistler's art students at the schools in Paris the other day asked the master very seriously if he thought that she might paint Nature exactly as she saw her. Mr. Whistler very promptly replied: "There is no earthly reason why you should not paint Nature exactly as you see her, so long, my dear lady, as you do not see Nature exactly as you paint her!"

The Bishop of Liverpool has requested girls who are candidates for confirmation not to wear hairpins, as they prick his hands in the act of laying on hands. When Dr. Creighton, the Bishop of London, was recently asked how he solved a similar problem, he replied: "I confirm all the boys personally, and transfer those young porcupines to my suffragan, who is an old varsity narsman, with the east-iron hands of a blacksmith."

At a recent spiritualistic meeting in Wichita, Kas., a few weeks ago, the spirit of Elijah Crissar was called for. Elijah Crissar had died there many years before, but was remembered for his immense stature, six feet five inches. A voice in the darkness said he was Elijah. "Are you in heaven?" asked an old-timer. "Yes," came the answer. "Are you an angel, Lige?" "Yes." The questioner paused, evidently having exhausted his fund of questions, and then suddenly inquired: "What did you measure from tip to tip, Lige?"

Sir F. Hastings Doyle, in his autobiography, relates how, during the 'fifties, Lord Halifax was walking with Lord Dundas, when the latter suddenly began to make hideous faces to such a degree that Lord Halifax became seriously alarmed and gasped out: "Shall I run for a doctor?" Lord Dundas gave a peremptory "No," as far as he was able. When he had recovered from his paroxysm, he said: "I was only in the agonies of trying not to sneeze. The awful court etiquette in regard to this matter has made me really ill many a time. Nowadays I can not, from long habit, really sneeze, but the sensation that brings about sneezing simply agnizes me."

The Carnwallis Wests have not yet become reconciled to the marriage of their youthful son to the widowed Lady Randolph Churchill, and have no varinious occasions made her feel the brunt of their wrath. But the bride of but a few months does not resent this treatment, for she, too, is a mother with two sons of a marriageable age, to whom she is passionately devoted. "Why, of course, I can quite understand Mrs. Carnwallis West's annoyance," she is reported to have said to a group of friends the other day; "how can she help feeling cross? I am sure I would be just as angry as possible if she had been a widow, and had attempted to marry my Winston!"

In the flood of anecdotes which the betntrinal of Queen Wilhelmina has let loose, there is one which shows that the youthful sovereign's aversion to Great Britain does not date from the beginning of the Transvaal war. It is said that when but a little maiden she was one day undergoing a geography lesson, and her governess asked her to draw a map of Northern Europe. Holland naturally loomed large in the chart, while the British Isles, a mere dot, were skied somewhere in the Arctic region. The governess insisted on a readjustment of the powers. Reluctantly her pupil brought the hated country into a more temperate zone. "But I simply won't make it any larger," she said.

Frank F. Moore tells a significant story of the influence of imagination upon health in "A Journalist's Note-Book." A young civil servant in India, feeling listless from the excessive heat and long hours of work, consulted the best doctor within reach. After examining him carefully, the doctor said, gravely: "I will write you to-morrow." The following day the young man received a letter telling him that his left lung was gone and his heart seriously affected, and advising him to lose no time in adjusting his business affairs. "Of course, you may live for weeks," the letter said, "but you had best not leave important matters undecided." Within twenty-four hours he was seized with an acute pain in the heart, and, as he grew steadily worse, he sent for the doctor the next day. "What an earth have you been doing to yourself?" demanded the doctor, when he found the young man confined to his bed; "there were no indications of this sort when I saw you yesterday." "It is my heart, I suppose," weakly answered the patient. "Your heart!" repeated the doctor; "your heart was all right yesterday." "My lungs, then." "What is the matter with you, man? You don't seem to have been drinking." "Your letter!" gasped the patient; "you said I had only a few weeks to live." "Are you crazy?" said the doctor; "I wrote you to take a few weeks' vacation in the hills and you would be all right." For reply the patient drew the letter from under the bed-clothes and gave it to the doctor. "Heavens!" cried that gentleman, as he glanced at it; "this was meant for another man! My assistant misplaced the letters."

The young man at once sat up in bed and made a rapid recovery. The patient for whom the direful prognosis was intended, was delighted with the report that a sojourn in the hills would set him right, and started at once. Five years later, says Mr. Moore, he was alive and in fair health.

Embassadr Chnate was recently the guest of Cannn Scott, the rector of Lavenham, Suffolk, which boasts one of the finest and oldest parish churches in England. While going over the church, Mr. Chnate was much struck with its beauty, and, American fashion, kept asking his host the age of this and the other thing. "That screen must be very ancient?" he said. "Oh, yes, it is centuries old," was the reply. "And this paneling on the door?" "Is quite modern," Cannn Scott blandly answered; "it was put up only fifty years before the discovery of America, you know." The American embassadr was immensely tickled, and swallowed his patrinic wrath at the reply.

James Barrie, while hurrying one day to catch a train at Waterloo Station, London, stopped on his way for a moment at a bookstall and purchased some papers, "a good many sixpenny ones among them," he dulefully relates. A little further on, in rushing around a corner, he fell into the arms of Rudyard Kipling, equally in a tearing hurry. They turned on each other with scowling faces, then smiled in recognition, and asked each other whether he went. Then Kipling, exclaiming, "Lucky beggar, you've got papers!" seized the bundle from Barrie, flung him some money, and made off. "But you did not stoop to pick up his dirty halfpence, did you?" queried one of Mr. Barrie's hearers, amusedly. "Didn't I, though?" returned Barrie; and added, ruefully: "but he hadn't flung me half enough."

Nearly one hundred people figured in Richard Mansfield's production of "Cyrann de Bergerac" last season, and, in order to prevent any outsider from getting behind the scenes, he provided each member of the company with a ticket not unlike those used by suburbanite commuters, which served as a means of admittance to the rear stage-entrance and a tally for the salary-list. In order to see if his orders were strictly enforced, Mansfield one evening presented himself at the door, but as he had no ticket, the inflexible guardian of the stage not only refused him admittance, but proceeded to use force to make him move on. When the joke had gone far enough, Mansfield wrenched himself free from the grasp of the hurly custodian, and asked, impressively: "Don't you know who I am?" "No," replied the guard, eyeing the speaker with distrust; "do you belong to this show?" "No," laughed Mansfield, as he started to go away; "but the show belongs to me." The next day the incorruptible guardian received a raise for carrying out his orders so unflinchingly.

BUYING FALL HATS.

A Struggle with the Haughty Saleswoman.

PLACE.—Any large millinery establishment.
TIME.—The present.
PERSONS.—A number of HAUGHTY SALESWOMEN; a lordly FLOORWALKER; a number of weary-looking POSSIBLE PURCHASERS wearing their summer and last winter hats.
FIRST POSSIBLE PURCHASER [to floorwalker]—I wish to look at plain black hats.
FLOORWALKER—Certainly, madam; take a seat, madam. Miss Panne, are you engaged? Show this lady some gay red hats.
FIRST POSSIBLE PURCHASER—I wish to see plain black hats.
FLOORWALKER [airily]—Oh, certainly; bright blue hats, Miss Panne.

[MISS PANNE glides swishingly across the room; returns with her arms full of peacock blue, Nile green, burnt orange, royal purple, solferino, shrimp pink, pure white, old rose, turquoise, cerise, magenta, and automobile red hats.]

THE CUSTOMER—I said plain black hats.
MISS PANNE [addressing the ceiling]—They're not wearing plain black hats this season.

SECOND POSSIBLE PURCHASER [to HAUGHTY SALESWOMAN, holding in her hand a young hen-roost of a hat]—I'm a member of the Audubon Society, I tell you, and I want no hat with birds' feathers upon it—not even a goose-quill. Show me something that isn't feather trimmed.

[HAUGHTY SALESWOMAN sails off; returns with a setting-hen turban in one hand and a bird-of-paradise poke in the other, and says as Audubonite bolts for the door: "They're not belonging to the Audubon Society this season." FLOORWALKER prostrates himself before a portly dame clad unostentatiously in cloth of gold and sunbursts.]

FLOORWALKER [between salaams]—State Federation millinery? In a special room, all to itself, madam. No one allowed to come within ten yards of it unless she can show membership in at least seven clubs and wears the minimum number of badges—one hundred and seven. Miss Velours will take you there. [Aside to MISS VELOURS]—Treat her white. She's Mrs. S. Ervinia Second-the-Motion,

seventeenth vice-president of Sorosis, and she's good for sixteen bonnets at least—one for each session of her hen-party up at Albany next month.

HAUGHTY SALESWOMAN [to POSSIBLE PURCHASER on the shady side of sixty with graying, sandy hair, turned-up nose, wart on chin; the customer is seated before a mirror; upon her head is a rakish cart-wheel in cerise velvet and turquoise tulle, with white plumes dangling over one ear]—Beautiful, madam; beautiful! And such a simple little hat! We call it our rainy-day hat; so suited to wet weather and that sort of service, you know. They're not wearing fancy hats in the rain this season. Not every woman could, of course, stand so severe a style, but you, madam, can, of course, wear anything. Yes, madam. Paid or charged?

HAUGHTY SALESWOMAN [to POSSIBLE PURCHASER, whose head nestles into a hat with all the ease of a round peg in a square hole]—Not comfortable, madam? Well, you know they're not wearing comfortable hats this season. Really, I should hate to suggest a single alteration. However [sighing], if you wish, we can turn the hat inside out. [Turns it inside out] We often do that when cranks—I mean customers, complain. Or we can stamp on it [jumps up and down on hat several times]. This not only enlarges it, but alters the shape. If you like, of course, we can make it still larger by adding a bay-window in front and putting a cupola on top. Some cranks—customers prefer a porte cochère in front and a balcony at one side. Any carpenter will tell you that's all this hat needs.

FLOORWALKER [to a CUSTOMER, who asks to look at hats under \$165.38]—They're not wearing hats under \$165.38 this season.

HAUGHTY SALESWOMAN [to DOUBTFUL PURCHASER; a regular circus of a hat is on the DOUBTFUL PURCHASER'S head; on her face an expression as though she half-suspected she was the fright she is]—Let me get a veil and then you can see how the hat really looks on you. You can never tell how any hat is going to look until you see it with a veil, you know. There [throwing the glamour of a bit of dotted net over the reddened nose, the freckled cheeks, and the uninteresting eyes], now you can see for yourself how becoming that hat is. [Ties veil with a fetching knot in the back. Still sees mingled doubt and suspicion on the face behind the veil.] Of course it isn't every woman who looks well in a veil; so few [with a sigh]. But—yes, madam. Oh, by this evening, must assuredly, madam. Paid or charged?

HAUGHTY SALESWOMAN [to POSSIBLE PURCHASER upon the apex of whose top-knot topples a hat the size of a dime]—Too small? Oh, no, indeed. They're not wearing hats to fit this season, you know. Just let me get you a magnifying glass. There, you see it doesn't look small. If it feels too small it's the fault of your hair—that's the trouble. Now, if you would just wear your hair a trifle higher or lower, or never wear your hair down your back like a Chinaman's pigtail, or have it shaved off altogether. They're not wearing much hair this season, you know.—New York Sun.

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Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900
Doric. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, November 22
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, December 28
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, Jan. 16, 1901
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Nippon Maru. Thursday, December 6
America Maru. Saturday, December 29
Huangking Maru. Thursday, Jan. 24, 1901
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
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S. S. Zealandia, for Honolulu, Dec. 3, 1900, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Australia, for Papeete, Tahiti, Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1900, at 6 P. M.
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For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Nov. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Dec. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles):
Steamer Queen—Wednesdays, 9 A. M.
Steamer Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports:
Steamer Coronado—Fridays, 9 A. M.
Steamer Bonita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.
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To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

SOCIETY.

The Season of Grand Opera.

The first week of the Maurice Grau opera season ends this (Saturday) evening with a notable performance of Wagner's "Lohengrin," in which Mme. Nordica, Mme. Schumann-Heink, the great German contralto (who makes her *debut* as Ortrud), Van Dyck, Bispham, Muhlmann, and Edouard de Reszké will be in the cast.

The opening of the season on Monday night was a gala spectacle. Morosco's Grand Opera House was thronged to the doors by perhaps the most fashionable audience which has been drawn to a theatre in this city since the nights of long ago when Patti achieved her glorious triumphs and attracted all the social world to her shrine. Evening toilets were worn throughout the house as well as in the boxes. Melba has again proved the real magnet of the company, for on Thursday evening another brilliant audience heard Gounod's "Faust," and the sale for the "Lucia di Lammermoor" matinee this afternoon is said to be very large. The attendance on the Gadski and Nordica nights has not been quite up to the same standard, although the performances were excellent in every respect.

To give a complete list of those who were present on Monday night would be to name all of San Francisco's most representative society, but among those who occupied boxes were:

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson, Miss Bremer, and Miss Bigley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis, Miss Florence Breckenridge, Miss Susie Blanding, Mr. Lansing Kellogg, and Mr. Alfred Wilcox, of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Miss May Apperson, Miss Agnes Lane, Professor Dyer, and Mr. Orrin Peck were in Mrs. Hearst's box.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Elena Robinson, and Mr. Walter Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Casserly, Mr. W. M. Howard, and Major Rathbone.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wilson, Miss Josephine Hanlon, Mr. Charles F. Hanlon, and Mr. J. Clarence McKinstry.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs and the Misses Stubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and Mrs. D. T. Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant.

Mayor James D. Phelan and Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Gordon Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Griffith, Miss Annie Brown, Miss Sutherland, and Mr. L. Jerry Menna.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Maus, and Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Miss Katharine Dillon, and Mr. Percy King.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Tay, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Zook, Mrs. Oscar Walker, Mrs. J. Wood, and Judge F. W. Henshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, Miss Annie Buckbee, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Drysdale.

Mr. N. K. Masten, Miss Alice Masten, Mrs. W. F. Perkins, and Mrs. F. F. Jassen.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Mr. Thomas Pike, and Mr. Royal Pike.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fuller and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Leake, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Spieker, Miss Georgie Spieker, and Miss Bessie Gowan.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. William Gerstle, Mr. Lewis Gerstle, and Colonel M. A. Hecht.

Mrs. Anson Hotaling, Miss Hennessy, and Mr. Donald de V. Graham were in the box of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, who occupied orchestra seats.

Mrs. Maurice Grau, Mme. Nordica, and Mrs. F. J. Mackay.

Mrs. Walter Damosch, Miss Mitchell, Mr. Campanari, and Mr. Cremonini.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Heller, and Miss Florence Hellman.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. Heilbrunner, and Mrs. A. Greenwald.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphe Roos.

On Thursday evening one of the proscenium boxes was occupied by Miss Jennie Flood, Mr. James L. Flood, Mrs. Detrick, Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, and Mr. E. H. Sheldon.

Another was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean, Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman, and Dr. Harry Tevis.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin had General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., and Mrs. W. H. McKittick as her guests.

Among those who were with parties in the orchestra and palco boxes were:

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Whittier and Miss Carroll, Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. James A. Robinson and Miss Elena Robinson, Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and the Misses Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stuhls and Miss Stuhls, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Mary Scott, and many others.

A special performance of "Il Trovatore" at popular prices has been arranged for Sunday evening, November 18th. The cast will include

Nordica, Van Cauteren, Olitzka, Campanari, Journal, Masiero, and Dippel.

The repertoire for next week is as follows:

Monday—"La Bohème," Melba, Fritz Scheff, Cremonini, Campanari, Gillibert, Journal; conductor, Sig. Mancinelli.

Tuesday—"Don Giovanni," Nordica, Fritz Scheff, Gadski, Ed. de Reszké, Salignac, Pini Corsi, Journal, Scotti; conductor, Sig. Mancinelli.

Wednesday—"Romeo et Juliette," Melba, Bridewell, Bauermeister, Ed. de Reszké, Plançon, Bars, Sizes, Gillibert, Saleza; conductor, Sig. Mancinelli.

Thursday, "Tannhäuser," Gadski, Olitzka, Susan Strong, Van Dyck, Blass, Bars, Huhbenet, Muhlmann, David Bispham; conductor, Mr. Walter Damosch.

Friday—"Gli Ugoniti," Nordica, Olitzka, Bauermeister, Van Cauteren, Suzanne Adams, Dippel, Plançon, Scotti, Bars, Ed. de Reszké; conductor, M. Flon.

Saturday Matinée—"Lohengrin," Gadski, Schumann-Heink, Van Dyck, Bispham, Muhlmann, Blass; conductor, Mr. Walter Damosch.

Saturday Evening—"Faust," Melba, Bauermeister, Homer, Saleza, Campanari, Dufliche, Ed. de Reszké; conductor, Sig. Mancinelli.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Marion Earle and Mr. Harry Hill, son of Hon. Arthur Hill, of Michigan, took place on Wednesday afternoon, November 14th, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Harry Sahin Jerome, 1404 Jones Street. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by the Rev. Edgar Lion, of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. Miss Stella Jerome was the maid of honor and Mr. Harry S. Jerome acted as best man. Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Hill left for a fortnight's wedding tour in Southern California.

The wedding of Miss Mary M. Hooper to Dr. George B. Somers took place at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John A. Hooper, corner of Clay and Laguna Streets, on Thursday afternoon, November 8th. The ceremony was performed at 2:30 o'clock by Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie, of the First Presbyterian Church; Miss Jessie Hooper, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor; and Mr. Burhank Somers, brother of the groom, was the best man. After a short bridal tour, Dr. and Mrs. Somers will go to housekeeping on Webster Street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Butterworth Randol have issued cards for the wedding reception of their daughter, Mary Clarita, and Mr. Charles Carroll, on Tuesday, November 20th, at their home, 17 W. Seventy-Third Street, New York City. Miss Randol has many friends in this city, her father having spent many years here by reason of his large interests in the New Almaden and other mines on this coast. Her brother, Mr. William B. Randol, Jr., was popular in social and club circles during his residence in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Ada Campbell Burch, of Washington, D. C., to Captain Kenzie Johns Hampton, U. S. A., took place in Washington on Monday afternoon, November 12th. They immediately left for a short visit at Winchester, Ky., the home of the groom, after which they will come to San Francisco, where Captain Hampton is at present stationed.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Wood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Wood, and Dr. Cullen F. Welty, of Cleveland, O.

The wedding of Miss Claribel Munsell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Munsell, and Mr. Frederick M. Colby will take place at four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, December 12th, at the home of the bride's parents, 1665 Webster Street, Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. Colby will reside in Valona, Contra Costa County, where Mr. Colby is engaged in business.

The marriage of Miss Mahel Moore, of Alameda, to Mr. I. Ward Eaton took place at the First Unitarian Church, in Alameda, on Wednesday evening, November 14th. Rev. G. R. Dodson performed the ceremony; Miss Marjorie Moore, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor; Mr. Noble Hill Eaton, the groom's cousin, was best man; Miss Harriet Austin, Miss Florence Hale, Miss Grace Cook, and Miss Eva Fisher, were the bridesmaids; and Mr. Clarence Sloan, Mr. Julian Thorne, Mr. J. E. Zimmer, and Mr. Samuel Monsarrat acted as ushers. The ceremony was followed by a wedding supper at the home of Captain and Mrs. Cragin.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Taylor Sheppard have sent out invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Annie Grant Sheppard, to Mr. Sheldon Gaylord Kellogg, which will take place on Wednesday evening, November 21st, at 8:30 o'clock, at the First Unitarian Church.

The marriage of Miss Emma Hunt to Mr. Harry R. Bostwick, whose engagement was recently announced, will take place on November 21st at the residence of the bride's mother, 1715 Geary Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and the Misses Lillie and Grace Spreckels arrived from their European and Eastern trip on Wednesday last. They attended the performance of "Faust" at the Grand Opera House on Thursday evening, and had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gihson and Mr. R. M. Duperu.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Scott will receive at their home, south-west corner of Clay and Laguna Streets, on the first and third Fridays in January and February.

Mrs. Walter Magee gave a luncheon on Thurs-

day, November 8th, at her mother's residence on Van Ness Avenue, at which she entertained Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Maud Mullins, Miss Bessie Ames, Miss Mary Polhemus, Miss Helen Wagner, the Misses Loughborough, Miss Violet Carey, Miss Rose Hooper, and Miss Thérèse Morgan.

Mrs. William Alvord will be at home Tuesdays in November at 2548 Jackson Street.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will receive at her home, 2040 Broadway, on the third Friday of November and the first and second Fridays of December.

Miss Laura McKinstry recently gave a luncheon at the University Club in honor of Mrs. Hyde-Smith, who leaves soon for the East.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey gave a luncheon on Thursday last. Covers were laid for fourteen.

Miss Mahel Craft gave a dinner at her home, 559 Ninth Avenue, East Oakland, on Sunday evening, November 11th, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot, who have returned from a European tour. Others at table were Mrs. Clayhough, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dargie, Miss Dargie, Mr. E. S. Simpson, Mr. William Wheeler, and Mr. and Mrs. Craft.

Mrs. John I. Sabin will be at home at her residence, 2828 California Street, to-day (Saturday).

Miss Florence Hayden made her social *debut* at a reception given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Hayden, at their home, 1228 Madison Avenue, Oakland, on Thursday, November 15th, from four until seven o'clock. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Mary Baker, Miss Georgie Lacey, Miss Elsie Gregory, Miss Rowena Moore, Miss Viva Nicholson, Miss Edith Selby, Miss Ruth and Miss Alice Knowles, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Bessie Center, Miss Ruth Dunham, Miss Chrissie Taft, and Miss Olive Middleton. Mrs. Hayden and Miss Hayden will be at home to their friends on the first and second Wednesdays in December.

On entering the Crystal Room at Nathan-Dohrmann Company's, where the always attractive display of Thanksgiving tables is now being shown, the eye of the visitor is first captured by the course represented on the table directly in front of him. With the exception of the silver, the linen, and the unique terrapin-set, everything on this table is of a green tint or decoration—the china with its ornamentation of small ivy-leaves in green and gold, the wine-glasses, the fairy lamps, and even the tall Bohemian vase, three feet in height, holding a cluster of snow-balls, maiden-hair fern, and long grasses. In other vases are bouquets of "Breathe of Heaven," and nasturtium leaves. The terrapin-set, which is the feature of the course on account of its use, and also its novel shape, is of furnished copper, and consists of a cooker similar to a chafing dish, supported by three legs representing lobsters; a spirit lamp, and twelve miniature covered saucepans for serving the stew. These latter, which are only two and a half inches in diameter, are of shining copper, like the big stew pan, and are voted "just too cute for anything." The set may be used equally well for lobster or crab à la Newberg.

A grand benefitazaar will be given at Golden Gate Hall, 625 Sutter Street, on Thursday afternoon and evening of November 22d, and Friday afternoon and evening of November 23d, for the payment of the debt on the Church of the Advent.

—BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

—BE SURE AND SEE NEIL MITCHELL'S GREAT marine, "Calm Day," in Wm. Morris's Gallery, 248 Sutter Street.



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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Mary Scott leave next week for a short visit to New York. Miss Georgia Hopkins accompanies them.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins and the Misses Hopkins have closed their country residence at Menlo Park, and have returned to the city for the winter season.

Miss Adelaide Murphy leaves for the East in a fortnight, where she will spend most of the winter season in Washington the guest of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Biddell.

Miss Edith Preston contemplates a visit East in January.

Miss Elena Robinson, who was presented to society by her mother, Mrs. J. A. Robinson, at a reception given Friday afternoon, November 9th, in Century Hall, has been the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin during the first week of the opera season.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore F. Payne and sons sailed from New York for Paris last week.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair has joined her daughter, Miss Jennie Blair, in New York, where they will remain during the winter season.

Mr. Harry Gillig and Mr. Northrup Cowles, who arrived in New York from Paris last week, are expected in San Francisco soon.

Mrs. W. R. Whittier and Miss Gertrude Carroll have returned from their visit East. While in New York they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderhilt (*né* Fair).

Mr. Peter McG. McBean was in Washington, D. C., on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean, who are at present in the East, are expected to return home about the holidays.

Baron and Baroness Castell (*né* Taylor) have taken up their permanent residence in Washington, D. C., and are now occupying Mrs. Slater's house, on Sixteenth Street. Baron Castell was at one time attached to the suite of the former Prince of Naples.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Hopkins arrived in New York from Liverpool a fortnight ago on the White Star steamer *Tenonic*.

Mrs. A. N. Tawne, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mrs. John Shaw, and Mr. Charles Shaw, will remain in New York until after the Horse Show.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gray are in New York.

Judge and Mrs. E. W. McKinstry expect to take possession of their new house on Pacific Heights in a few weeks.

Mr. Hall McAllister was in New York last week. Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mrs. Bert R. Hecht, and Mr. Summit L. Hecht, who are now in Rome, after making an extended tour through Italy, expect to spend some time in Egypt.

Mrs. Charles F. MacDermott, accompanied by her two sons and two daughters, arrived in Paris on the twenty-third of October. She will remain in the French capital for six or eight weeks, and then go to the Riviera for the rest of the winter.

Count and Countess de Castelménard, who recently arrived from abroad, are guests of Mrs. William Walter Phelps, at her country place at Englewood, N. J. The countess was Miss Edith Van Buren, who spent several summers in California, and accompanied Mrs. Roswell D. Hitchcock in Dawson City, Alaska, in the fall of 1898.

Mrs. George Lent is in New York on a short visit. Mr. and Mrs. Gracie L. Johnson and their daughter, Mrs. Bruce Dray, of Sacramento, are at the Hotel Pleasanton for a brief stay.

Mrs. Howard Park has moved from 1218 Baker Street to 2018 Broderick Street. She will be at home on first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Mrs. David Starr Jordan, Mrs. John W. Mitchell, and Miss M. de B. Roberts came up from Stanford University early in the week, to attend the opera, and were at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison (*né* Crocker) have been spending the autumn at Tuxedo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander.

Mr. and Mrs. Harden Lake Crawford (*né* Clay) sailed last week for Italy, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Ardella Mills has returned from a visit to Sacramento.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee and Mrs. Henry Farnham have left Paris, and are on their way to Jerusalem, where they will spend the winter with their brother, Hon. Selah Merrill, who is United States consul there.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells (*né* Hush) will take a trip around the world, going to Japan, China, India, Egypt, and Europe before returning home next June.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Sanntag are at the California Hotel for the winter, having just returned from an extended European tour.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Valentine will leave for New York this week, to be absent about six weeks.

Mr. H. E. Huntington returned from the East on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald C. Gunter are occupying apartments at the Grand Hotel during their stay here.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt returned last Saturday from an inspection tour which extended as far east as Ogden.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Cracker have taken apartments at the Hotel Granada for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Herrin and the Misses Herrin were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Dr. C. W. Doyle came up from Santa Cruz on Wednesday and was at the Palace Hotel for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott, who are at present in London, are expected home early next month.

Rev. and Mrs. G. M. Van Horn, who arrived

from the East on Wednesday, were guests at the Occidental Hotel during the week. They will sail in a few days for Osaka, Japan.

Dr. and Mrs. George B. Somers (*né* Hooper) were at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. H. M. Verington came down from Carson City on Wednesday and registered at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John Porter and her daughter, Mrs. P. Fingst, will take apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton on December 1st, for the winter.

Mr. A. Schwabacher and Mr. L. A. Schwabacher, who have returned from Europe, are at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. John W. Nichols, son of Bishop Nichols, of San Mateo, was at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Count Podhinski, of Russia, arrived in the city on Saturday from Nome, and is at the California Hotel.

Mr. Paul R. Mahury and Miss Mahury, of San José, were at the Hotel Pleasanton during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith will soon return to their Oakland home for the winter. Mrs. Smith's mother, Mrs. M. J. Thompson, will accompany them.

Among the guests at the Hotel Granada are Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Stinson, of Los Angeles, Mrs. Frank Russak, of New York, Mr. J. C. Shainwald, of Chicago, Mr. Joseph Ehrman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stone, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hannam, and Mr. Charles Rosebaum.

Among the week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. B. E. Bennett, of Hartwell, O., Mr. H. B. Gaston, of Oakland, Mrs. G. E. Butler, of Ross Valley, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Clark and Mrs. Helen R. Clark, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wood, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. E. Roger Owen, of London, England, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Forbes, Mr. J. A. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kingsbury, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Cutter, Miss Alice Hoffman, and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Harrison.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. H. G. McNair and Miss Mary Dillon, of Denver, Mrs. E. T. Hutchinson, of Concord, Miss Stella Cochran, of Oroville, Mr. D. T. Fowler and Mr. L. Anderson, of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Selby and Miss Jane Selby, of Menlo Park, Mr. William E. Clark, of New York, Miss Sadie Fritch, Miss Helen Du Bois, Miss A. E. Lamb, Mr. A. Sylvester, Mrs. Bragg, Mr. F. W. Skafie, and Mr. Charles W. Mills.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Fente, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Mondy, Mrs. C. E. Ladd and Miss Failing, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Simmonds, of Kansas City, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. McGovern, of Sonoma, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schmidt, of Crickett, Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Humphries, of Honolulu, General A. W. Barrett, of Los Angeles, Mr. J. G. Scott, of Agnew, Colonel R. L. Peeler, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Cuddeby, of Stanford, Mr. W. A. Mackinder, of St. Helena, Colonel C. C. Rynce, of Chico, Senator and Mrs. J. B. Curtin, of Sonoma, Mr. J. B. Castle, of Honolulu, and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Spellman, of New York.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Colonel Oscar F. Long, Quartermaster Department, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long returned from the East on Saturday last.

Mrs. Kneidler, wife of Captain W. L. Kneidler, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has purchased one of the handsomest boulevard lots at Coronado. The property is generally known as the "Hond Wright" place, located on the corner of Boulevard and Loma Avenues. Work will be begun immediately upon a cottage on the lot, and Mrs. Kneidler and her daughters expect to remain there awaiting Dr. Kneidler's return from the Philippines.

Captain Henry C. Cabell, Third Infantry, U. S. A., has been transferred to the Fourteenth, while Captain Richard T. Yeatman, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Fourteenth Infantry to the Third. The exchange was made upon the mutual application of both officers.

Lieutenant Robert L. Field, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to Chicago for duty on the staff of Major-General Elwell S. Otis, U. S. A. The leave of absence of Lieutenant Lucius R. Hulbrink, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been extended two months.

Captain Richmond McA. Schnfield, assistant quartermaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to San Francisco for duty as quartermaster and acting commissary of subsistence on the transport *Meade*, relieving Captain H. L. Pettus.

Lieutenant George R. Clark, U. S. N., Lieutenant Noble E. Irwin, U. S. N., Surgeon A. C. H. Russell, U. S. N., arrived from the Orient on Monday.

Passed Assistant Paymaster John Irwin, Jr., U. S. N., has been detached from the *Buffalo* and will be assigned to the *Wisconsin*.

Mrs. Noble E. Irwin, wife of Lieutenant Irwin, U. S. N., who has spent the last two years in China and Japan, has joined her parents, Commander and Mrs. J. A. Norris, at Annapolis, to await the return of her husband, who has recently been detached from duty at Manila.

Commodore F. P. Gilmore, U. S. N., was at the Palace Hotel for a short stay during the week.

Major Charles L. Hodges, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., who recently returned from Cape Nome on the army transport *Lawton* and has been assigned to temporary duty here, leaves soon for the Philippine Islands.

Paymaster's Clerk F. F. McWilkie, U. S. N., has been appointed to duty at the naval station at Honolulu.

Naval Constructor Seaham arrived at Mare Island Navy Yard on Monday, and reported for duty as

head of the construction and repair departments. He succeeds Naval Constructor Frank W. Hibbs, U. S. N.

Lieutenant Richard M. Cutts, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Cutts (*né* Pitts), were at the Hotel Rafael early in the week.

Mrs. Brooks, wife of Assistant Paymaster Jonathan Brooks, U. S. N., has returned to Mare Island greatly improved in health.

Captain Henry Leonard, U. S. M. C., who lost his left arm at Tien-tsin, and was at the naval hospital at Mare Island for some time, is now in Washington, D. C.

Naval Order Elects Officers.

The annual meeting of California Commandery, Naval Order of the United States, was held at the California Hotel Wednesday evening, November 7th, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commander, John C. Morong, U. S. N., retired; vice-commander, Pelham W. Ames, late U. S. N.; recorder, Ensign Charles P. Welch, U. S. N., retired; treasurer, Worthington Ames; registrar, Leonard E. Chenery; historian, William R. Hathaway; chaplain, Rev. Walter G. Isaacs, U. S. N.; members of council—Captain William H. Whiting, U. S. N.; Horace Z. Howard, late U. S. N.; Francis R. Wall, late U. S. N.; Commander Uriel Schreie, U. S. N.; Pay-Inspector Theodore S. Thompson, U. S. N.; Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, U. S. N., retired; Louis H. Turner, late U. S. N.; Joseph H. Matthews, late U. S. N.; Maxwell McNutt; trustee for term ending November, 1903, Horace Z. Howard, late U. S. N. The business meeting was followed by a social session, at which a supper was served.

A Worthy Charity.

The board of managers of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children will give a "levee" in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, November 24th. There will be a sale of fancy work, cushions, aprons, old brasses and odd pieces, and music. There will be no admittance charge in the afternoon. In the evening an entertaining programme will be given by Mrs. Walter Longbottom, Miss Bessie Ames, Miss Jessie Freeman, Miss Jane Klink, Miss Mary Chester Williams, and Mr. George McBride. Though the "nursery" was incorporated in 1892 it is comparatively unknown, as it is an institution which has never been brought very much before the public. The board of managers desire on this occasion to let the public know what is their work and what they are doing, and at the same time hope to give their friends a pleasant time.

Randolph W. Apperson, the father of Mr. E. C. Apperson and of Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, died at his home at Lawrence station in Santa Clara County, on Wednesday, November 15th, at the age of ninety-two years.

—A STYLE WHICH IS COMING INTO VOGUE again for visiting cards is the "Old English" engraving. This is receiving a hearty welcome—as never has there been so handsome an idea. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, are devoting special attention to this branch, and are meeting with much success in introducing it.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, in Post Street (Masonic Temple).

—WHEN THAT TIRED FEELING COMES OVER you, drink Jesse Moore "AA" whisky.

—DO YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS CAMERA? You can obtain one free. Read our offer on page 16.

After Theatre Refreshments

THE completeness of the arrangements made for your entertainment in the Supper Room can be estimated when it is known that the attributes responsible for the popularity of the Grill Rooms are in evidence here. Delightful music, prompt service, moderate prices.

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HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

When exhausted, depressed or weary from worry, insomnia or overwork of mind or body, take half a teaspoon of Horsford's Acid Phosphate in half a glass of water.

It nourishes, strengthens and imparts new life and vigor by supplying the needed nerve food.

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The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1899, 109,000 cases, being 72,495 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

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Wednesday, Nov. 21st,

Thursday, Nov. 22d

At 2 and 7:30 P. M.

NOTE.—MR. DEAKIN'S "The Twenty-One Missions of California," reproductions from paintings, will be on sale during the exhibition.

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SUNDAYS—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 a. m., and 1:15 p. m.

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LEAVE	From Oct. 1, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runy, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P.
*7.00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P.
*7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P.
*8.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P.
*8.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*12.45 P.
*8.00 A.	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*9.45 A.
*8.30 A.	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P.
*8.30 A.	Oakdale, Chico, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P.
*9.30 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P.
*10.00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*6.45 P.
*11.00 A.	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P.
*11.00 A.	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*4.15 P.
*12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2.45 P.
*12.00 M.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*1.00 A.
*1.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P.
*1.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A.
*4.00 P.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P.
*5.00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanger for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A.
*5.00 P.	Stockton.....	*9.45 A.
*5.00 P.	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	*7.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P.
*6.00 P.	Oroville, Chico, and Way Stations.....	*12.15 P.
*6.00 P.	Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.45 P.
*7.00 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.15 P.
*7.00 P.	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*12.15 P.
*7.00 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.45 A.
*8.05 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*11.00 P.

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)		
*8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P.
*12.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A.
*1.15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A.
*11.45 P.	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.....	*17.20 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.		
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—		
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 12.00 2.00 3.00	
*4.00	15.00 6.00 P. M.	
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—		
10.00 A. M., 12.00 2.00 12.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.		

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
*6.10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P.
*7.00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P.
*9.00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Santa Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P.
*10.40 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A.
*11.30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P.
*12.45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A.
*1.30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.
*1.15 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A.
*5.30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A.
*6.30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A.
*11.45 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.

* For Morning. † For Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Little Willie—"Pa, what's a financier?" Pa—"A financier, my son, is a man who is capable of inducing other men to pile up a fortune for him."—*Chicago News*.

The exception: "When a thing is ended, it's ended," said I, "and that's all there is to it!" My friend smiled. "You forget," said he, "the revolution in the Philippines!"—*Bazar*.

Typical American plays: *Manager*—"Is your new play an American drama?" *Writer*—"Thoroughly American. Nearly all the characters talk with a brogue."—*New York Weekly*.

Jackson—"No, I never take the newspaper home. I've got a family of grown-up daughters, you know." *Friend*—"Papers too full of crime?" Jackson—"No; too full of bargain sales."—*Tit-Bits*.

Mrs. Youngwife—"I have at last discovered how to receive guests properly." Mr. Youngwife—"???" Mrs. Youngwife—"I have everything ready and then look awfully surprised to see them."—*Life*.

"How can you marry that wretched man, Blanche? He is a mere nothing." "My dear, he is six nothings, with a figure one and a dollar mark in front of them. That's why."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Too late: *Stuttering employer* (writing a letter)—"B-b-b-boy, hand me a b-b-b-bl-bl-bl—" *Office-boy*—"A blotter, sir, do you wish?" *Stuttering employer*—"Never mind n-n-n-now; the ink has d-d-d-dried."—*Bazar*.

Mrs. Goodson—"I think it's a perfect shame that the early settlers killed off the Indians the way they did." *Miss De Pretty*—"Indeed it is; just think what lovely furs they used to sell for a few glass beads."—*New York Weekly*.

Encouraging: *Mr. Prancer*—"I'm sorry I'm such an awkward dancer, Miss Perkins." *Miss Perkins*—"Oh, you're doing fairly well, Mr. Prancer. I've seen you jerk around lots worse than this with other girls."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Professor (to student of surgery)—"Please inform the class the names of bones forming the skull." *Student*—"Ah—er—I do not at the present time remember, but I know that I have them all in my head." [Up roar in class.]—*Indianapolis Journal*.

He—"Do you understand the language of flowers, dear?" *She*—"Oh, yes, a little." *He*—"Do you know what those dozen roses I sent you last night mean, love?" *She*—"Why, yes; about two dollars and seventy-five cents, dear."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Family pride: *Miles*—"My grandfather celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth one day last week." *Giles*—"That's nothing. If my great-grandfather were alive to-day he would be one hundred and fifty-two years old."—*Chicago News*.

The professor's wife—"The professor is in the laboratory conducting some chemical experiments. The professor expects to go down to posterity." (From the laboratory: B-r-r-r-r. Bang!) *The visitor*—"I hope the professor hasn't gone."—*Harlem Life*.

"I notice that you refer to my illustrious ancestor merely as Wilhelm I." remarked the Kaiser; "why not 'Wilhelm der Grosse'?" "But, your highness," stammered the obsequious court historian. "Oh! that's all right. You may speak of me as 'Wilhelm der Double Grosse.'"—*Philadelphia Press*.

He found her: *Stranger* (at the door)—"I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten, but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink-and-white complexion, sea-shell ears, lovely eyes, and hair such as a goddess might envy." *Servant*—"Really, sir, I don't know." *Voice* (from head of stairs)—"Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute."—*Tit-Bits*.

When last heard from Dr. Weir Mitchell was writing a historical novel dealing with the operations of William Penn; a poem on the nativity; a work on nervous disorders, to be published in ten volumes; a three-act play for closet reading; four madrigals for the *Century*; an ode on Frost; poems on Napoleon, the Alpine Shepherd, and the Pansy Blossom; attending to his large medical practice in Philadelphia; and tossing off epigrams in odd moments.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Something that concerns the Baby. When teething begins, every mother should have on hand a packet of Steadman's Soothing Powders.

"Dobley has at last painted a picture that will keep the wolf from the door." "That so? Painted it on the door, did he?"—*Town Topics*.

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It is a well-made instrument in every respect, manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Company, of Rochester, N. Y. It is fitted with fixed focus achromatic lens, set of three stops, socket for tripod screw, improved rotary shutter, and covered with grain leather, handsomely finished. Films to fit this camera are on sale all over the world at a fixed price. No old films on the market in any city.

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Clubbing List for 1900

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.10
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazar.....	6.70
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Onting.....	5.75
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.60
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine.....	5.00
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argo.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.50
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	6.00
Argonaut and Pall Mall Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and McClure's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35

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The extreme publicity given to the affairs of Stanford University during the past fortnight has caused regret to its friends. From every point of view the publicity is unfortunate. We are not of those who believe in suppressing important truths, but in the matter at issue we can not see that there has been any suppression of important truths, but that the newspapers have inclined to an expansion of unimportant personalities. Truths are more important than personalities. Truths live; individuals die. And while it is the mission of a university to search for truth, there is no university, no president, no professor, that has a monopoly of it. All that they can do is to search for it earnestly. And no

man can claim that he alone has found it, and that all his fellows were wrong until, looq after he is dead, the verdict of many ages has agreed that he was right. Absolute, flawless, crystalline truth—how rare it is! How few of us can narrate a simple occurrence in a hundred words with no errors of fact! How many judges can charge a jury after patient trial of a suit and make no errors of law! Truth and error—how lightly we use the words and yet how much they mean.

How many thousands of persons in the last fortnight have condemned Dr. Jordan and sustained Dr. Ross, or vice versa, because one was "right," because the other was "wrong"! And yet the questions underlying the misunderstanding of these two men are so grave, so complex, that seventy-five millions of people have labored with them long and have not yet settled them definitively. They are the questions of free thought, free speech, free labor, freedom to come and go, and freedom to spend one's money at one's will.

1. To take up the first point, the advocates of Professor Ross maintain that his dismissal is "an attempt to stifle free thought." This contention may be dismissed at once with the remark that the mind can not be deprived of its freedom. No one can control it—even its putative owner. The insomniac can not make his brain stop working. The mercantile lover can not brush away his mistress's face from his ledger's page. The saints and bermits of old have left too many evidences of how futile even flagellation is to curb a feverish fancy. Thought is free. And free it always will remain.

2. As for free speech, if Mrs. Stanford and Dr. Jordan have been engaged in an attempt to stifle free speech, that attempt has resulted in the most overwhelming, the most sweeping, the most colossal failure ever known. If they have gagged Professor Ross—if he has by them been deprived of his God-given right of free speech—it is matter of marvel as to what and how much he would have said had he not been gagged. The right of free speech can not be interfered with in the United States of America in the last year of the nineteenth century. That it has not been now, the extreme verbiage of the recent affair at Stanford proves. Silence concerning this affair has prevailed in the newspaper press at the rate of about twenty columns a day for a fortnight. Silence has been enforced in the cloisters of Stanford at the rate of about a million words a minute. Silence there was in Heaven (says the favored apostle, Jobn) for the space of half an hour. That is much more than there has been in Stanford, hucked and gagged as she is said to be.

3. Free labor is another point involved. Professor Ross believes that the free laborers of this country should not be menaced by the semi-servile laborers of Asia. So do we. But many millions of honest people believe that a free country like ours should admit all laborers freely within its boundaries. A majority of the people in the Eastern States believe that the act excluding Chinese was wrong, and was passed only through partisan reasons; in deference to their belief the exclusion law was made only a temporary measure. The sentiment in the Eastern States is strongly in favor of "free labor," and people thinking that way believe that "free labor" means that all laborers should be free. This point is closely allied with the next question, which is—

4. "Freedom to come and go." Professor Ross believes that only American laborers should be free to come and go. So do we. But many millions of honest people believe that "free labor" means that all laborers, Asiatic as well as other, should be free to come and go, even across our frontiers. Which is right? What is truth? Again we come to this troublesome question. It is very difficult to answer. The Argonaut believes that its own theories are right. But it is not always so certain as is Professor Ross. Some of us are partly right part of the time and partly wrong all of the time. Even the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich has his personal equation of error.

5. "Freedom to spend one's money at one's will." Given a sound mind, is this an inalienable right? Most people

would say "yes." If that be so, has Mrs. Stanford a right to expend her money as she chooses in maintaining Stanford University? Most people would say "yes." Some people would say "no." Which is right? It might be contended by some that when Mrs. Stanford expended her money in the maintenance of a university, she lost the right to say how it should be expended. This is a subtle point, but one in which we fail to follow those who maintain that theory. When all is said and done, Stanford is a private institution. It is maintained by the private purse of Mrs. Stanford. Its trustees are shadows. Its president is a broad-minded and forceful man, but he knows, as does every member of the faculty, that the institution is not a public but a private one. Its endowment does not come from a dead hand, from a source lost in the mists of time, or from millions of taxpayers. It is actual, present, individual. The will of the individual controlling the endowment must largely control the university. We do not believe that Mrs. Stanford would attempt to influence Dr. Jordan or any member of the faculty on questions concerning which she believed there might be honest differences of opinion. But there are other questions—notably that of free silver—concerning which one-half this nation believes there are not honest but only dishonest differences of opinion. Can Mrs. Stanford be blamed if she shares the opinion held by more than half of seventy-five millions of people, including all of its financiers?

Professor Ross may honestly believe that the inculcation of the gold-standard theories is wrong and wicked. Mrs. Stanford may honestly believe that the inculcation of the silver-standard theories is wicked and wrong. Professor Ross probably would consider it indefensible to accept money from Mrs. Stanford to teach the gold-standard theories. Mrs. Stanford evidently considers it unpardonable to pay Professor Ross money to inculcate silver-standard theories.

Perhaps the more convincing way to settle any vexed question is the argument to the man. Let us put to the reader some hypothetical questions. Suppose you had twenty millions of dollars. Suppose that with this great sum you endowed a great university. Suppose that within its halls there arose the jangled voices of what you believed to be false teaching. Suppose that you reasoned with these teachers of what you believed to be false doctrines and urged them to modify their views. Suppose that they refused. Would you continue to use your vast fortune in the inculcation of that which you believed to be false doctrines? Or would you use it in the teaching of truth—or of what you believed to be the truth as God gave you the light to see it?

From our remarks concerning the extreme freedom of speech which has prevailed at Stanford ever since this affair began, we wish expressly to except its president. Dr. Jordan has said as little as the reporters would let him say, and very much less than the reporters said he said. Von Moltke, the great soldier, had the gift of tongues but not of tongue—he was silent in six languages. Dr. Jordan can be eloquent when the occasion serves, but in the present juncture he has been silent. Some of the Stanford faculty might very well have followed him.

The first election under the new system of government in Hawaii has been held, and the result is a surprise, even to the people of the islands themselves. Interest centered largely in the selection of the Hawaiian delegate to the United States Congress, since it is principally through him that the relations between the federal and territorial government will be maintained. The candidates were Samuel Parker, representing the Dole or Republican party; Prince David Kawanakoa, Democrat; and Robert W. Wilcox, Native Independent. The last-named received the support of ex-Queen Liliuokalani and the Royalists, and was elected by a considerable plurality. The result is very galling to the Republicans, who are bitter against Wilcox, and who attempted to influence their employees, with the usual result of alienating much of the support they might have obtained. They now talk of

sending an independent representative to Washington to look after the commercial interests of the islands, as they claim that Wilcox is not capable of doing this properly. Another result of this election is increased talk of restricting the suffrage, with a view to excluding the natives from the franchise.

The legislative elections showed a similar result. In the elections for the house of representatives the Democrats and Native Independents fused in a number of districts. The result was the election of fourteen Independents, nine Republicans, and six fusion members. The Independents fall one short of an absolute majority, but they can outvote the Republicans, and the fusionists will generally vote with them. In the senate there will be eight Independents, seven Republicans, and one Democrat. The latter thus holds the balance of power, with an inclination against the Republican policy. The smallness of the Democratic vote was due in part to the fact that just before the election the party made an active campaign in opposition to the annexation to the United States. With an adverse majority in both Houses against him the position of Governor Dole is not likely to be a pleasant one, and stormy times may be looked for.

As has been said, the result of the election has increased the talk of depriving the natives of the privilege of voting. It would be very unwise policy to do this. The people of Hawaii have been guaranteed a republican, not an oligarchic form of government. The constitution prohibits the exclusion of any body of citizens from the franchise on account of race. Such an act would perpetuate the race feeling, and perhaps increase it in bitterness, until the Southern race problem would find a counterpart in Hawaii. A large body of citizens who are denied the franchise become a discontented and perhaps dangerous class. If the natives have won a victory in a peaceful and honest election, they are entitled to the fruits of that victory. The only remedy for the Republicans is to educate the people until they see the superiority of the Republican policy.

A case has recently been brought to light in New York that presents a most interesting illustration of how difficult it is to devise safeguards in the law to prevent fraud. The facts would easily form the basis for a most sensational story. About two years ago a man appeared there and opened an office under the name of W. W. Royal. Later, he changed this to Maison, with various combinations of initials, and associated with himself one Zeimer. Though neither was a lawyer, they established a bureau for procuring quick divorces with absolute secrecy. Their victims were procured through the old process of advertising in the daily papers, but their method of procedure was both ingenious and audacious. Under the New York law a divorce case may be referred to a member of the bar to take testimony after the defendant has put in an appearance in the case. This is to secure the proper secrecy in cases where it is against public policy to have the evidence made public, but it is open to abuses. The complaint would be signed by one of these worthy partners as attorney, either with his own name or any other name, and either the remaining partner or some accomplice would appear for the defendant. So far all was easy sailing. The list of attorneys in New York is so large that it would be only by a miracle that the imposture would be discovered.

But not satisfied with this they went a step farther. The New York law allows divorces for one cause only. When an applicant for divorce could not present evidence as to this cause, they agreed to fix that matter also. Before the referee they produced witnesses as to unfaithfulness and also a co-respondent who, after a show of reluctance, broke down and confessed. The witnesses were the same in nearly all the cases; but, as there are so many possible referees, the danger of getting the same referee twice was slight. Moreover, though they told nearly the same story in all cases, they gave fictitious names and addresses, so it was impossible to trace them. The catastrophe came through a stenographer who was called in to report the testimony. He recognized the witnesses as the same people whose testimony he had taken down under different names and in a different case shortly before. The witnesses were arrested, but, of course, the chief conspirator escaped.

Undoubtedly, in a number of cases divorces were granted without the defendant knowing even that suit had been brought. In other cases, persons married again though never legally divorced, and were thus technically guilty of bigamy. It is difficult to see how such abuses can be prevented. The roll of attorneys furnishes evidence as to whether a man posing as an admitted lawyer is an impostor or not; but, until question has been raised, the roll is not likely to be referred to. Moreover, there is no penalty in that State, at least, for impersonating an attorney, unless, perhaps, the punishment for contempt of court. The commission for revision of the codes has proposed a section

to remedy this defect, and it should be adopted. It seeks to protect, not the lawyers, but the dupes of these impostors. The opportunity for imposition upon referees may be reduced by abolishing the jurisdiction of referees in divorce cases. In this State, any question of fact may be referred to a referee by consent of both parties. In divorce cases, however, the practice is to refer the taking of testimony to court commissioners, and any attempt to deviate from this practice would at least arouse suspicion. The court commissioners are limited in number, and under this system Maison's scheme would soon be brought to a standstill. This remedy has already been suggested in New York. But, after all, the integrity of the law depends upon the integrity of the lawyers.

The numerous cases involving constitutional questions which have been raised as a result of recent acquisitions of territory, and are now or are soon to be before the United States Supreme Court for decision, have already been referred to in these columns. The action of the court on these cases is being awaited with the deepest interest, for during the present generation no such far-reaching and important questions have come before the court. Should the decision be opposed to the policy of the administration, President McKinley will have nothing to do but to reverse his present course, in spite of the overwhelming indorsement it received at the polls. The supreme court is the court of last appeal, short of a constitutional amendment adopted by the people. The supreme court itself evidently realizes its position of responsibility. On November 12th, the case of Goetz, the New York importer, who objected to paying duty on tobacco from Puerto Rico, was called for argument. It was suggested by the attorney-general that it would be better to postpone the hearing until January 7th, when the case of Popke, who attempted to bring diamonds from Manila without payment of duty, was to be heard. The chief justice suggested that both could be heard on December 18th, and set them for that date. It is expected that by that time several other cases will have come up from the lower courts, and thus all can be heard together and a decision rendered covering the whole question.

It is almost inevitable that there will be different and dissenting opinions among the several justices; their political affiliations thus become of interest. Not that it is supposed that any of them will be influenced by partisan motives, but political affiliation usually results from certain ideas of constitutional interpretation. Politically the court is divided, five against four. Among the five Republicans, McKenna and Shiras are the only two who can be considered new members; the former is the only member of the bench appointed since existing political questions came to the fore. Harlan and Gray are the veterans of the bench. The four Democratic members were all appointed by Cleveland, and they are likely to have little sympathy with the extreme views of Bryan. Nevertheless, Cleveland himself was known to be opposed to expansion, and it is not improbable that his appointees share his views. It is impossible to forecast the result, but whatever it may be its importance is fully recognized.

There has been a growing demand for some years for a primary election law under which a political party might elect its delegates to city and State conventions with reasonable assurance that only those actually belonging to the party would take part in the choice of the delegates. The legislature of California passed primary election laws in the sessions of 1897 and 1899, and both enactments failed to pass the ordeal of the supreme court, being decided unconstitutional. The difficulty has been with the test of party affiliation required of individual voters. This test, says the court, can not be constitutionally applied, as the State constitution now stands. In the recent election, however, the subject was laid before the voters, who have, by affirming what was known as "Amendment No. 5," empowered the legislature to pass a primary law in which the necessary tests shall be constitutional, legal, and consequently enforceable.

The acts of 1897 and 1899 were drawn by ex-Senator Stratton, whose study of the subject for some years has been profound. Speaking of the duty of the legislature to take up the subject again, he says that the act of 1899, which was a condensation and simplification of the previous act, might well furnish the basis of a new primary law. To it should be added an effective test of party affiliation, the form and character of which may be determined by the legislature or left to the discretion of party organizations. The constitutional amendment covers either method. Another change suggested is to make the new law obligatory only in cities or centres of population exceeding five thousand, where the law is most needed, the expense and complication of a legal primary being unnecessary and burdensome for a rural district. A possible improvement might also be the addition

to the ballot of another column for the benefit of independent voters, though Mr. Stratton thinks this may not be necessary, owing to the "sweeping character of the late constitutional amendment."

There is no doubt of the desirability of an effective primary law, and the recent election has made it possible to place one on the statute books. The work which has already been done seems to leave little to accomplish, except to reenact the recent statute with such minor alterations as may appear desirable. There is nothing in the way of its being enacted this winter, giving California a primary law which has already had the approval of press and public, and the favorable judgment of political students.

The election in Canada on November 7th had some features in common with that held the preceding day in the United States. The Canadian Liberal party came into power in 1896 by the overthrow of the Conservatives, who had held the reins of government under the leadership of Sir John Macdonald for eighteen years. The Liberal victory which has given the party of Sir Wilfrid Laurier an extension of power for five years has proved to be unexpectedly sweeping, as it largely increases its majority in the Ottawa Houses of Parliament. Conservatives confidently expected to carry the maritime provinces, make substantial gains in the French province of Quebec, and also in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, where dissatisfaction was believed to prevail on account of mismanagement of the affairs of the Yukon. Among the results is the defeat of the Conservative leader, Sir Charles Tupper, in his own county of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. The Liberals have secured fifty of the sixty-five seats allotted to Quebec, and Hugh J. Macdonald, a son of the late Sir John, has failed of election in Manitoba. In fact, nearly all the Conservatives of prominence have been left at home. Besides those mentioned, the list includes George E. Foster, formerly minister of finance under Sir Charles Tupper, and Dr. Montague, who was minister of agriculture in the last Conservative government.

The cause of this remarkable overturning is undoubtedly the aversion of the Canadians to a change of the administration under which the Dominion has been unusually prosperous. In four years of Liberal rule the volume of the country's annual commerce has risen from \$239,000,000 to \$381,000,000. Large amounts have been added to the revenues. The North-West Territory has been greatly developed, and much progress made in internal communication. Canada is thus left to pursue the course adopted by the Liberals, the main point of variance of which from the policy of the Conservatives relates to the tariff. The Conservative idea has been to maintain a tariff wall against the mother country until such time as the United Kingdom and the colonies should join in making reciprocal rates for the mutual benefit of all parts of the empire as against the world. England has not yet seen fit to change her established policy of free trade, but the Liberal party inaugurated a preferential tariff which favored the products of the United Kingdom to the extent of one-third over other countries. They trust to reciprocal advantages in the volume of trade induced, and a possible change hereafter in the policies of England. The election leaves the relations of Canada to the United States just where they were, with the probability of a re-convention of the joint high commission and a prospect of settlement of boundary disputes, seal-fishery questions, and other matters of international interest which still remain open.

The first great event of November has passed into history. The election is a thing of the past, and those who worked themselves up into a fury over the oppressive trusts, over the criminal acquisition of territory, or the more criminal striking down of silver, have settled down to the calm and peaceful enjoyment of the prosperous condition of industry. No more is the land ravaged by the noisy political orator; no more are the people rent by discussions of colonial policies. The American public is now turning its attention to the more important question of how best to observe Thanksgiving Day—the second great event of November—and incidentally the considerations that should govern in selecting the crowning feature of the feast—the turkey. This is naturally a question that is discussed with less acrimony than those that are closed, but it is not without interest on that account. In the East the discussion turns upon the locality where the American bird should be raised. New England pins its faith upon the Rhode Island brand, which acquires juiciness through predatory raids into the Connecticut tobacco-fields, made possible by the geographical limits of their native State. Virginia and Maryland enter a protest, however, and point with pride to their corn-and-herry-fed product. And so the fight rages with less prospect of its settlement than its predecessor, since upon this question there can, unfortunately, be no appeal to the ballot. California can regard the discussion

NEW YORK'S
EASY ROAD
TO DIVORCE.

FOR A PRIMARY
ELECTION
LAW.

ELECTIONS
AND
TURKEYS.

with serenity. The turkey product of this State is abundant to supply all, and to each a Thanksgiving feast is assured.

Second only to the fact that San Francisco is now the hanner county of the State, as a cause for rejoicing, is the fact that California has rolled up a Republican majority in proportion to its population that places it among the foremost States of the Union in loyalty to the administration. And this in the face of the fact that the national committee left this State to look out for itself during the campaign. As Senator Hanna said, California should be sufficiently alive to its own interests, and the result has proved that the State was thoroughly alive. But in these matters, as in others, reciprocity is to be expected. California has done its duty, and should receive proper recognition. In the past the Republicans of this State have received very little attention from the national government. They have received one Cabinet position and a few minor appointments. It is time that a different policy should be adopted. At the next session of Congress the Cabinet will certainly be increased by the addition of a secretary of commerce. This is necessitated by the growing foreign trade, particularly that of the Pacific. The appointment of a merchant from this State to the position would be peculiarly proper and appropriate. There are a number here familiar with the conditions and needs of this growing commerce, and the appointment of one of these would give strength to the administration. California is entitled to it.

Judge Hebbard, of the superior court, decided on Monday last that the county clerk, assessor, sheriff, recorder, and coroner of San Francisco should have a cabinet office. The decision was given in the suit of Timothy J. Crowley against the civil-service commissioners, brought to restrain the commission from exercising its duties. Its effect is to continue the power of appointing deputies, clerks, and other assistants in the hands of those named as county officers, and to enjoin the civil-service commissioners from conducting examinations for appointments to positions under those officers and exercising any authority over the offices. The court bases its judgment on the supreme court decision in the case of *Kahn versus Sutro*, rendered in September, 1896, in which it was held that the authority and functions of some of the officers in San Francisco were derived exclusively from the charter and that the powers and duties of the other officers—county officers—were prescribed by the general laws. Under the civil-service rules many appointments have been made in the offices affected by Judge Hebbard's decision, and the uncertainty of their tenure is a disturbing element in local political circles.

The Union League of San Francisco received from the Oakland Alliance last Saturday evening the Denison-Hale silken banner which is the emblem of Republican county supremacy. It was won at the recent election by San Francisco's Republican majority of ten thousand. Dr. Pardee, of Oakland, made the presentation address, congratulating the Union League on the victory that won the banner, and promising that Alameda County would recall the emblem two years later. Alfred Bouvier, chairman of the county committee, responded for the Republicans of the county, saying that the trophy was accepted with modesty, as San Francisco had been delinquent in the past or it would have been here long ago. President Booth spoke on behalf of the Union League, accepting the trust, and he was followed by several other speakers. The event was a notable one among Union League entertainments.

Now that this community is discussing so excitedly the Jordan-Ross emhroglio at Stanford University, most people will learn with keen interest that there is a timely article by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler in the latest number of the *Cornell Era*. It is about the weather.

ARGONAUT LETTERS, by Jerome A. Hart, is a collection of gossip sketches written from abroad in the spring and summer of 1900. In press. Ready next week. The sketches make a volume of about five hundred pages, handsomely printed in large type, on heavy paper. There are over fifty illustrations from photographs. The book will be richly bound, with a unique cover design by L. M. Upton, of the San Francisco Art Association. As the volume is printed only in response to requests for these letters in permanent form, the edition will be a limited one. No plates have been made. It is printed from new type and the type distributed. Those desiring it should therefore order at once. Price, \$2.00. Orders received by mail or telephone. (Telephone No. James 2531.) Address the Argonaut Publishing Company, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

THE PHILIPPINE OUTLOOK.

Judge Taft on Difficulties and Prospective Values—Military Railroad Enterprise—General MacArthur's Report—Army Figures—Secret Work of the Insurgents—Native Losses.

Latest advices from the Philippines are from official sources and they give statements in detail that cover many points of particular interest. Judge William H. Taft, of the Philippine Commission, expressed himself as follows in a letter written to a friend in Cincinnati, under date of September 21st:

"We have just passed a civil-service law, which is, on the whole, I think, the strictest law that has been passed under American auspices. I have no doubt we shall be able to work out successfully the problems before us if McKinley is elected. I do not mean to say there are not a great many difficulties with the policy of the government toward these islands to be settled, but I do mean to say there are none of them insuperable. We certainly need new banking facilities here and we need better harbor facilities. When the harbor facilities are better, doubtless direct American lines will be established to Manila. I feel confident Manila will become one of the great ports of the Orient. Only the surface of the possible and prospective business of these islands has been scratched. When you speak of letting Chinese into these islands you touch a question that has a great many dangers connected with it, and I could not now express an opinion on the subject."

A railroad is in contemplation between Dagupan and Baguio in the Province of Benguet, and a prospecting party for the purpose of exploring and surveying the route has been organized, according to the *Manila Freedom*, which gives the following particulars:

"Captain Charles W. Mead, Thirty-Sixth Infantry, U. S. V., is designated to take charge of a prospecting party, to be constituted for the purpose of ascertaining and surveying a practicable railroad route from Dagupan, Province of Pangasinan, in Baguio, Province of Benguet, Luzon, reporting to the president of the United States Philippine Commission previous to entering upon his duties for special instructions as to the execution of the work desired. The chief engineer of the division will designate an officer to take charge of Captain Mead's office and duties during his absence. T. W. Ripley, superintendent of parks of the city of Manila, will report to Captain Mead for duty as his assistant in this enterprise. The commanding general, Department of Northern Luzon, will give necessary instructions for such guard and equipment as shall be required by Captain Mead to carry out the purpose of this expedition. The quartermaster's department will furnish the necessary transportation."

Improved methods of transportation are badly needed in the islands, as is shown in succeeding paragraphs of the same article:

"During the centuries of Spanish rule the different tribes were isolated from each other, and would continue to be so for ages unless some methods were adopted to put them in closer communication. As a means of carrying stores in and produce out, and encouraging the inhabitants of Benguet in greater industrial activity, it will be invaluable. The valuable mining tracts will be tapped and the prospector who has been obliged to freight in his supplies over the mountain trails will have a supply depot close at hand. The work of surveying will be commenced at once, and there is every reason to believe that the work will be pushed as rapidly as possible. The route will possibly be along the banks of the Agno. No definite instructions have as yet been given but the most satisfactory line, taking into consideration the geographical peculiarities of the country, will be chosen. It is understood that many other railroads are in contemplation, and the coming year promises to be an era of great progress in rapid transit in the islands."

A report to the War Department from Major General Arthur MacArthur, commanding the army in the Philippines, and military governor of the islands since May 5, 1900, was given to the press November 10th. It refers to the change in Aguinaldo's plans in abandoning his army organization and starting a guerrilla warfare:

"The conditions of the country have afforded advantages for such a policy, as they have enabled the insurgents to appear and disappear at their convenience. At one time they are soldiers, and immediately after are within the American lines in the attitude of peaceful natives. A widely scattered formation of Filipinos quickly followed the guerrilla warfare, which led to a corresponding dissemination of American troops, there being 53 military stations in the archipelago on November 1, 1899, and 473 stations on September 1, 1900. This resulted in a large number of minor affairs, many of which did not assume the dignity of a regular combat, though the casualties between the dates stated were 268 Americans killed, 750 wounded, and 55 captured, the Filipino losses during the same time being 3,227 killed, 694 wounded, and 2,864 captured."

The report says the extensive distribution of troops has strained the soldiers of the army to the full limit of endurance, and the apparent desultory work has demanded more of discipline and as much of valor as was required during the period of regular operations against concentrated field forces of insurrectionists. General MacArthur speaks in the highest terms of the service rendered by the troops amid all labors and hardships. Of the obstruction to pacification he says:

"The Filipinos are not a warlike or ferocious people. Left to themselves, a large number of them would gladly accept American supremacy, which they are gradually coming to understand means individual liberty and absolute security in their lives and property. They have been maddened, however, during the past five years by rhetorical sophistry and stimulants applied to national pride, until power of discriminating in matters of public concern or private interest has been almost entirely suspended. As a substitute for all other considerations, the people seem to be actuated by the idea that in all doubtful matters of politics or war, men are never nearer right than when going with their own kith and kin, regardless of consequences. The effort to institute municipal government under American auspices carried the idea of exclusive fidelity to the United States, but this met with difficulties where Filipinos were placed entirely in control, and secret municipal governments were organized in various towns under insurgent auspices to proceed simultaneously with the American governments, and often through the same personnel. Presidents and town officials acted openly in behalf of Americans and secretly in behalf of the insurgents, and, paradoxical as it may seem, with considerable apparent solicitude for the interests of both. Wherever there is a group of insurgent forces,

contiguous towns contribute in their support and render great assistance in secreting the soldiers and helping them to escape."

According to the reports of Associated Press correspondents, there were during the first half of September in Manila nine murders of Filipinos who were American sympathizers, and these crimes were committed in broad daylight as well as under cover of darkness:

"There are two instances of men being shot down in their own houses while surrounded by their families and friends, and it is impossible for the Americans to get any information leading to the capture of the guilty parties, simply because any and every Filipino who could throw light on when the assassins were, or in what direction they fled, knows full well that if he imparted any information that might lead to the capture of the criminals, vengeance would be taken upon himself or upon his family. Filipinos in this city have told the correspondents that the rebels in the provinces near Manila have prepared lists of Filipinos, all of them American sympathizers, who are destined to be killed, and prominent Filipinos have recently left the islands for Hong Kong because their names were reported as on the death list. With one possible exception these nine recent murders have been for political reasons, and they have created terror and fear even among the men who reside in Manila. In Cebu Islands recently, some three hundred natives were asked by the American authorities to swear allegiance to the United States; forty of the number complied, while the others declined on the ground that if they did so their lives would be in danger from their own countrymen."

The establishment of civil municipalities under General Order No. 40, issued by General Otis, has been practically a failure, and this largely because the Filipinos absolutely declined to hold municipal office under the Americans:

"They feared the vengeance of the men in arms, and they knew the United States troops could not give them protection therefrom. Some weeks ago the United States authorities duly established a municipal government in the town of Bay. A *presidente* and several councilors were appointed, and the American flag was raised over the town hall. Within two weeks the people of Bay had murdered the *presidente* and the councilors, and General Cailles, commander of the insurgent forces in that locality, issued an order in which he praised this loyal action of the people of Bay, and ordered that all other good Filipinos follow their example when occasion offered."

In closing his report, General MacArthur, after speaking of the establishment of a republican form of government in the islands, says:

"In the light of existing conditions it is difficult to realize that there is any possibility of such a future for the islands, especially so as at present and for many years to come the necessity of a large American military and naval force is too apparent to admit of discussion. On the other hand, however, there are many encouraging conditions to sustain such a conviction. For example, in the Philippines there is no dynasty to destroy, no organized system of feudal laws to eradicate, no principles inconsistent with republicanism, which had solidly insinuated themselves into the national life, to displace; no adverse aspects of nature to overcome. On the contrary, nature, which is exuberant, balmy, and generous, has nourished into existence several millions of sensitive and credulous people, without allegiance to any existing institutions, but animated by certain inchoate ideas and aspirations, which by some unfortunate perversion of thought they conceive to be threatened by America. These people, fortunately, are intelligent, generous, and flexible, and probably will yield quickly and with absolute confidence in tuition and advice when thoroughly informed of American institutions and purposes."

Accompanying General MacArthur's report are the reports of the various staff officers under his command:

Major Miller, quartermaster, speaks of the difficulties of transportation, and says the native ponies have proved the most successful.

Major Draven, the commissary, reports on the supplies of the army, and says that the problem of supplying fresh meat is most difficult. This is secured mostly from the naval refrigerating ships. He says the losses of stores have been abnormally large, the total loss aggregating \$16,787, of which \$113,669 was condemnations of goods reported, and the balance stolen in transit from Manila to outlying posts.

Colonel Greenleaf makes a report upon the health conditions, showing that in June, 1900, out of a total of 63,284, there were 5,563 sick, or 8.79 per cent. Regarding the mortality of the army, he says: "The number of deaths in the army has steadily increased, and a diminution of the death rate can scarcely be expected. The number of men shot from ambush by small guerrilla bands now exceeds those killed at any previous time, and as time proceeds and the men become more and more debilitated by the tropical service, the more marked will become the ratio of deaths. For the six months from January 31st to July 31st, 1900, there died 24 officers and 971 enlisted men, of whom 4 officers and 204 enlisted men were killed in action, and 3 officers and 43 enlisted men died of wounds, the other deaths occurring from various diseases. This is an average of 4.7 daily. The war has impoverished the native population, and the native army having drawn all available medical supplies and native physicians, there has been great suffering among the outlying residents. There is a scarcity of medical officers in the Philippines."

Lieutenant-Colonel Allen, of the Signal Corps, says there are in operation in the island 3,741 miles of land and cable lines, with 315 offices in direct communication with Manila.

Major-General Lloyd Wheaton reports on the conditions of the Department of Northern Luzon, while Major-General John C. Bates makes a report regarding the Department of Southern Luzon. General Robert P. Hughes reports as commander of the Department of the Visayas, and General William A. Kobbé reports on the operations in Mindanao and Jolo. These reports relate chiefly to the military operations in their departments.

Latest dispatches announce that General MacArthur, commanding the division of the Philippines, General J. C. Bates, commanding the department of Southern Luzon, and General Frederick Grant, commanding troops in the field, with other general officers in the islands, have asked to be relieved, feeling that they have earned a rest and need it. It is said that the President has in consideration a plan enabling him to grant the request, and to send in place of the relieved officers bureau chiefs in Washington who have had a military education. Among those mentioned as eligible are General Buffington, chief of ordnance, Alfred E. Bates, paymaster-general, and General John M. Wilson, chief of engineers.

THE ESPENDOLA CHEST.

How a Treasure Was Lost Through Love and Strategy.

"Tom Randolph is such a charming fellow!" Every girl who knew him and every girl's mamma lifted up her heart and joined in the universal chorus. He was the sort of man women love to love. His patrimony was sufficient to make him thoroughly worth while, his mental depth was beyond nobody's fathoming, and even the men who were inclined to leave him alone admitted, perforce, that he was a good enough fellow. He could do so many useful things, too—wield a chafing-dish or banjo, lead a german or sail a boat—all with equal grace and skill.

But the measure of his popularity was the measure of the plunder he accumulated from year to year. His apartments might have rivaled a public exhibition in point of his collection of photographs. There were girls of all sorts and conditions of beauty and style; blonde girls and brunette girls, stately girls and kittenish girls, tall girls and petite girls, and girls in every variation of habiliment from a bathing-suit to mourning weeds, varying in size from tiny miniatures, gently hinting they might be enshrined in the watch-case, to the large iridium panels that lined his walls in tiers. And the sofa cushions that filled every nook would have made the fortune of a charity bazaar. After noting the fact that about every third girl who gave him her picture was industrious enough or cared enough to make him a cushion, Randolph, at a rough estimate, had fixed the number at twenty-eight and two-thirds cushions. Every holiday season a new pile was started, and as each girl perfumed her gift with her favorite sachet, nothing but the most powerful disinfectant could mitigate the combined odors of the twenty-eight and two-thirds sachet powders. Such it is to be acclaimed "a charming fellow."

But Randolph was not ungrateful; in return he loved them all collectively. His only trouble was that he could not deduce his ideal from the composite three-times-twenty-eight-and-two-thirds to the individual. But Mrs. T. Courtney Randolph was to be a flawless creature who combined every grace of mind and body, and much time was spent in a diligent search for "that not impossible she." This search, indeed, threatened to rival the hobby he had ridden, or, rather, that had ridden him at a break-neck pace all his life. He had been a victim of every collecting fad people with long pockets and short wits are heir to. But he was shrewd in his judgment, and his insight had brought him not a few treasures from unsuspected sources. The furniture he had gathered about him evoked associations of the First Empire, early Colonial, old Dutch, and French Renaissance. Once he had set his heart on a piece of *bric-à-brac* he could brook no barrier. But now, for the first time, Randolph was baffled, and by a woman at that.

Down in Monterey, in a crumbling old adobe house that might once have been the home of some haughty *hidalgos*, but which now bore only the pitiful traces of its early pretensions, he discovered a great treasure—a fine old Spanish chest of most unique design. The old adobe house had been burned out on the inside, leaving the walls blackened and charred; the floor was the bare ground baked almost into cement from generations of use; the window-panes were broken and boarded over to keep out the rain. In such a rickety little hole stood this regal old chest, that might have held the court robes of Queen Isabella. Almost black with the lapse of centuries, large enough for a whole family's wardrobe, the massive brass trappings tarnished by the touch of hands long ago crumbled to dust, its every aspect breathed an atmosphere of romance and tradition.

The manner of its discovery was the merest chance. While taking a short cut from the bay back to the hotel, Randolph had stopped at a house that looked a little less dirty than its neighbors, to ask for a drink of water. While the old *señora* had gone to bring it, he espied through a crack in the door this marvel of the metal-worker's art. The chest, which stood several inches from the floor, supported by lion's claws, was of cedar or mahogany, as nearly as he could tell through its coating of dust. The edges were held by heavy carved brass arabesques, and inwrought on every lock and hinge was the crown and shield of Spain, the proof of its royal lineage.

When the woman returned with the cool water, she found the stranger seated on an up-turned whale vertebra before the chest, pulling at the brass rings, tumping the wood, examining the locks, and wondering at its excellent preservation. Dropping the glass and shrieking "Rosa, Rosa!" she ran to give the alarm to her daughter that there was a burglar in the house. It was several minutes before Randolph could allay their suspicions sufficiently to ask them if they would sell the chest.

"How much?" he asked the older woman, thinking she would probably be glad to dispose of it for a song.

But for answer the mother turned to the daughter, who had followed at her elbow, repeating in indignant tones, "Cuanto?" And the daughter, surveying the stranger with horrified eyes, echoed "Cuanto?"

"Yes," answered Randolph, thinking they had not understood what he meant; "how much would you take for this chest? Twenty dollars?"

"Veinte pesos!" almost screamed the woman, turning to her daughter.

"Veinte pesos!" echoed the daughter again, without taking her scornful glance from the stranger's face.

"Yes, yes; twenty dollars!" repeated Randolph, not the least disconcerted; "would you take twenty dollars for this chest? It is very much out of style, you know, but I might find a use for it."

The woman stood back a pace and surveyed him with an expression that made even Randolph begin to feel a trifle ill at ease. The daughter lined herself up beside her mother and tried to echo the look, but her glance was tempered with an admiration she could not conceal.

"Is neither of the women seemed disposed to break the

silence, Randolph continued: "Well, say twenty-five dollars; that's a big price for such an old-fashioned thing, but I might give it."

The old woman broke into a tirade of broken Spanish.

"*Veinte y cinco pesos* for the chest of her soul! *Nunca!*" The glory was gone from her house and she was poor; yes, and she needed the money, but this chest had belonged to her family when they had held their heads high in Spain. Her father had brought it over here with him and paid almost half his shriveled fortune to get it here—he would not have come without it. When she had married it had been given to her, and when Rosa was married it would go to her for a dowry, and so on down the line of Esendolas as it had come. And every good Esendola would guard it with his life if need be. "*Veinte y cinco pesos!*" Begone *Insolente!*"

At last, exhausted by her outbreak of anger and calling her daughter to follow her, she ordered him again to leave the house, still muttering to herself: "*Veinte y cinco pesos, Diantre!*"

Rosa followed reluctantly, but not until she had bidden the handsome stranger a gracious good-by and watched him through a chink in the boarded window until the old state-house hid him from sight. The mother's rage did not cool with the disappearance of the intruder, and if her ire had not been so all-absorbing she would have noted that her daughter did not echo her mood as usual.

After supper the girl moved the vertebra tenderly, and began to furbish the chest with a new-born love and respect. She polished the curved wood surface until she saw her own reflection in it; she dusted and rubbed away at the carvings till the crown and shield stood out boldly, and lastly with "patent polish" she burnished the heavy trappings, which if she had only known it was a desecration.

Another day Randolph made his way to the adobe house of the Esendolas, telling himself too much was at stake to be deterred by an old woman and silly girl. This time he was more fortunate; the *madre* was away from home, and the soft-eyed Rosa had lost her first indignation at his offer of twenty dollars. She explained that her mother had often been besought by visitors to sell the chest; there had been some artist people and some writer people who had come to Monterey and had given her no peace about it; but no one, she assured him, could get it. It was to be hers. He was welcome to come again to see it if it gave him so much pleasure, especially on Wednesdays when she would be alone; but he must not anger her mother again by asking her to sell it.

The transformation wrought by Rosa's cleaning was such a revelation that Randolph was even more enamored by the second sight of it. He would have embraced it, grappled it to his soul, could he have done so. He saw it in fancy in his own apartments in a tapestried corner where the dusky tones of the mahogany and brass carvings would suggest a nook in the Alhambra.

That evening Randolph related his adventure to Miss Smythe-Browne as they strolled down by the tennis-courts. Miss Smythe-Browne was very sympathetic with his mood, for she appreciated his fondness for collecting. In the moonlight she was very beautiful, and Randolph was beginning to wonder if, after all, she was not about as near what Mrs. T. Courtney Randolph should be as any one he could find. With what a queenly grace she would preside over his cushioned home. But the idea of his apartments without this chest was now impossible.

Again and again he went to look at it. The little girl was always there, and now there were two vertebrae before the chest, so she could sit beside him and chat, while he looked and coveted her one possession. They might have gotten almost any sum from him now. However, all his antagonism was aroused by the obstinate indifference of these two simple, ignorant women; he was not to be baffled. He vowed he would have it at any cost.

"A stubborn woman," he mused, "can not be driven, and, unfortunately, can not, like her prototype, be beaten. But everybody has some cloud in his sky," he went on, philosophically, as he started off one day toward the beach, recalling the woeful tale his boatman had told him of an adorable *señorita* and an unrelenting mother.

"Why don't you elope with the girl, Diego?" he asked his gloomy boatman when they were well out from the shore.

"Oh, the *señor* does not know her mother," he answered. "She's the *peluquera* at the big hotel, and—"

"Yes, but I do know her, then, to my sorrow," interrupted Randolph, laughing, for a sudden gleam of hope had leaped into his mind at the discovery of their common cause. "Cheer up," he continued, "a woman is very much like one of these fish, Diego, she can always be caught if only you have the right bait." And he smiled a superior smile at the things Diego did not know about women. Then he fell to wondering how he might manage to help Diego make his fortune sufficient to marry the girl and get the chest out of the old woman's hands.

Before he had reached the shore again, he had evolved a scheme. He would play the good angel. Diego, he argued, if he married Rosa, would be too shrewd to let the sentiment about an heirloom stand between him and the jingling double eagles, and, as he was not an American, he would have no other idea than of being *César* in his own household. However, he realized that Diego must not suspect an ulterior object in his interest.

Rosa was very much surprised and only half-pleased when, the next time she saw Randolph, his whole conversation was about Diego's many virtues. "And Diego is getting so prosperous, too. He is now half-owner of a brand-new fishing-smack," he explained, wisely concealing the fact that he himself was the other owner. He even arranged a day, during the absence of the *peluquera*, when the three of them should take a sail as far as Lover's Point.

Everything went off exactly as it had been ordered, and Randolph's complacency knew no bounds. It was very comfortable to be so good; it was also very sweet to watch

the happy lovers in the prow, for Diego's suit had prospered under the influence of the beautiful new boat. Randolph's mind reverted to Miss Smythe-Browne, feeling that after all "there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." To be sure, he had not seen her quite so frequently the past few days, but when the business in hand was satisfactorily settled, he would follow Diego's example, and make himself the happiest of men. If he had looked to leeward just then, he might have seen the object of his reverie in a passing yacht, shifting her parasol before her astonished, resentful eyes, although she was bound to admit the little Spanish girl was very pretty.

When, later, Randolph asked Miss Smythe-Browne to go out with him to try the new boat, she sent him word she was indisposed and could not think of going. But Randolph's serenity was not disturbed. "How she will rejoice with me when the chest is really mine," he thought. "It is such a satisfaction that she has a fondness for these things, too." And he lapsed into his chronic complacency.

The rôle of good angel suited him admirably, and he wondered why he had never essayed to play it before. He accepted Diego's gratitude magnanimously, adding: "Never mind, my good fellow, the wheel spins 'round. I may be asking a favor of you some day."

And Diego's prompt, "Anything, anything, señor, within my poor powers you may command," made Randolph feel that virtue really ought to be its own reward.

A week after the wedding, at which he had been guest of honor, toast-master, and animating spirit, Randolph, after assuring Diego of his purely disinterested friendship and appreciation of his many excellent qualities, made him sole owner of the fishing-smack. The poor fellow wept tears of joy on his gorgeous wedding waistcoat, reiterating the hope that he might some day be able to prove his gratitude. Realizing there is no time like the present, Randolph put his protestations to the test.

"By the way, Diego, there is a little thing I might get you to do for me," he said. He was thinking, while he spoke, what a rich adventure this would be to tell Miss Smythe-Browne, and how she would congratulate him upon his shrewdness. He had missed her greatly these last few days, and the flowers he had sent her had been promptly returned to him; but he was too busy then to find out whose blunder it was, for blunder he did not doubt it had been.

Diego's honest face beamed with good nature; he was anxious to be of whatever service he might to his benefactor.

"There is a sort of box your wife has—an old-fashioned chest, you know. Would you care to sell it to me?"

"Oh, certainly, *señor*—the old chest her mother gave her? I would make you a present of it, if you—"

"Oh, really, Diego," interrupted Randolph, unable to conceal his ecstasy—"really, now, you must let me pay you what you think it is worth."

"But," Diego continued, "the *señor* does not understand. I would be glad to make you a present of it, if I had known you wanted it—but it is sold!"

"What?" cried Randolph—"what are you saying, man?"

"Yes," answered Diego, at a loss to understand Randolph's sudden excitement, "I sold it to Miss Smythe-Browne yesterday, and she has gone."

"Gone?" Randolph repeated, still more dumfounded; "when?"

"She left this morning on the early train."

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1900.

A lecture recently delivered by Dr. Victor Horsley in England on "The Action of Alcohol on the Brain," showed how fibres connect all parts of the brain so that it acts as a whole. It was desired to find out whether the brain as a whole works as well with alcohol as without. One way of testing this was by testing the reaction time, the length taken in perceiving a given signal. He tried a complex experiment, showing a signal with a number on it which was not to be signalled back unless it was above ten. This took longer, involving association of ideas, and the time from the very first prolonged by alcohol. Professor Horsley said that chloroform, ether, nitrous oxide, and similar narcotics acted in the same way. Alcohol produced a dissolution of the nerve-centres. Kraepelin had tried the action of alcohol on muscular power by means of the pressure-dynamometer, which was squeezed at regular intervals. After a rest, alcohol was taken, and at first there was a little increase, soon followed by a notable decrease; under the influence of tea there was no decrease at all. He showed a diagram constructed by Dr. Aschaffenberg, representing the amount of type set up by certain compositors in a quarter of an hour before and after taking alcohol. The amount was made less by alcohol.

The smallest horse probably that was ever fitted with a set of shoes by any horse-shoer in California, occupied a place in the shop of Howard & Millerick, of Petaluma, a few days ago. It was a six-months-old Shetland pony, one of a band a Los Angeles man was bringing down from Mendocino County, where they had been pastured during the summer. The rough roads had worn its bare feet and necessitated shoeing. The shoes, fashioned out of a steel bar, when fitted to the pony's feet were a trifle larger than a silver dollar piece, and the full set weighed just four ounces, an ounce for each shoe.

A brief dispatch from Rome announces that, as the midnight separating December 31st from January 1st approaches, the Pope will celebrate the last mass of the century. This is a reminder of a controversy which, though of comparative recent date and by no means without bitterness, yet came to an almost unnoticed end, and is now quite forgotten—the dispute as to whether this is the last year of the nineteenth century or the first year of the twentieth.

IN FASHIONABLE PARIS.

Society and the Comédie-Française—Its Valuable Historical Properties—Fortunes of the Varius Salons—Some Famous French Clubs—The Sham Nobility.

A valuable and entertaining volume of unusual merit is Richard Whiteing's "Paris of To-Day," which is made up of a series of articles he contributed to the *Century Magazine*. The popular author of "No. 5 John Street" and "The Island," knows the French capital almost as intimately as he knows London, and writes as freshly of its exterior aspects as if he had just visited it for the first time. Mr. Whiteing has divided his book into six chapters, including "The Governmental Machine," "Paris of the Faubourgs," "Fashionable Paris," "Parisian Pastimes," "The Life of the Boulevards," and "Artistic Paris," each of which contains a series of graphic pen-pictures of Parisian life which will long be cherished in the memory of the reader.

In October and November, says Mr. Whiteing, fashionable persons pour into Paris for the season:

From this time forward, for about six months, town will be their headquarters. Sometimes they make short winter trips to the southern watering-places, but they are still more or less in touch with the capital. The immigrant swarm includes all sorts of outlandish figures, pleasure-seekers of the world at large. These do not visit the shrines with quite the same devotion as of old. Still, to any one on this continent whose pursuit is "a good time," Paris is always, more or less, a matter of course. It never can be left wholly out of the reckoning. Our older European societies make leisure a very serious vocation. They are deliberately trained for it, and they chase the butterfly with more conviction than the younger communities of the world. For instance, in a general sense, the dandy in America, while on his way to a more generous recognition, is still only the transient and embarrassed phantom of Disraelian phrase. The urgent crowd yet mocks at him and his like, and he has no regular course of frivolity that keeps him hard at it, in a stately progress from trifle to trifle, for the revolving year. In France the science of not earning your own living is carried to high perfection. So it is in England, though in a more serious way, thanks to the larger resource of public life. In both you see the same thing in different forms—the necessity of making pleasure an organized energy.

Years ago, when there was a temporary lull in the performance at Salle Ventadour, the society papers were much exercised as to what should be done to fill the blank:

There was a Tuesday night left unoccupied. The necessary man, however, came at the right moment in the shape of a viscount, who imagined a Tuesday at the Théâtre Français. It was "created," and with the greatest care. Society subscribed. The *Figaro* published a plan of the house, showing exactly where the Rothschilds, the Pours, the Sagans, and other shining lights might be discerned with the naked eye. The contriver was considered to have deserved well of his country.

One of the most wholesome changes in the Comédie-Française, we learn, is that the actor is rapidly acquiring a proper social status. He has yet to acquire it fully; to this day, in this land of players, the player is still under the ban:

When Octave Mirabeau, forgetful of the time of day, once wrote an insolent attack on the profession, a hundred challenges came to him by return post, and he seemed to stand in a ring of swords that were by no means the toys of the property-room. Yet there was quite a commotion in the Legion of Honor when Got, the veteran of the Française, received the cross—Got, who had done so very much for French culture and happiness. However, it frightened the minister, and he held back a like decoration which Got's comrade, Delaunay, thought he had every right to expect. The disappointed artist took strong measures. He announced his retirement, and began to give farewell performances. The Française could not do without him, and the repentant minister had to come down in a hurry, and decorate him behind the scenes. Perhaps the highest register of recognition was attained when Coquelin was seen arm in arm with Gambetta at the height of his power. Before that, dramatic patronage of great men was confined exclusively to the ladies of the stage, and was more or less without prejudice to the denial of social claims.

The new state of things has its attendant evils:

If you bring the actor into the great world, he naturally wishes to live according to its laws, and that costs money. A fine house, a dainty picture-gallery—Coquelin has one of the choicest in this line—and stylish entertainments are essentially things of price. So of late years, there has been a tendency among leading actors to break away from the Française, or to introduce the starring system, for their own benefit, into the House of Molière. The old system—happily, it ought rather to be called the still existing one—was altogether against that practice. The company was a community, and, though there were some differences in the pay, according to talent and standing, all full members shared profits in due proportion. They were theoretically equal, and sometimes the most distinguished of them gave practical proof of it by taking the humblest parts. Once in the brotherhood, you were never to be out of it, except by your own default of conduct or desire. You could look forward to a pension and a handsome lump-sum on retirement, and the bonus made a substantial addition to your salary.

Sarah Bernhardt was the first to tire of this:

She listened to the tempter who invited her to star for her own benefit in the four quarters of the globe, and she broke loose from the great house by the simple process of breaking her engagement. The administration sued her; she was cast in heavy damages; she never paid them; and she never came back. Coquelin, tempted in the same way, quarreled with his mates because they denied him long vacations, which it was notorious he meant to use by starring on his own account.

Mr. Whiteing says that the mere historical properties of the Comédie-Française are worthy of a state museum:

The walking-sticks have been actual playthings of generations of dandies who have lived for "the nice conduct of a clouded cane." The bell that sounds the death-knell in "Marion Delorme" is fabled as the very bell that gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The arm-chair in which Molière had his fatal seizure while playing in his own piece is still used in "Le Malade Imaginaire." The company of such a house is bound to take itself seriously, and this one does so. At a rehearsal of "Ruy Blas," I once saw them dispute by the hour as to the particular way in which a handkerchief should be dropped and a handkerchief picked up again. When Mounet-Sully was disposed to be a little too noisy in an invocation to a departed spirit, he was reminded that it was hopeless to attempt to call the hero from his grave. They still play the "Malade" on an almost absolutely bare stage, just as they did when it was written, but in many of the modern pieces they now condescend to fine scenery. The late M. Sarcey was forever worrying the administration on this point, and at last they met him half-way, but still only half. The decorations are always kept in a certain classic subordination to the text and the playing. The "fashionable night," when the best seats are let to persons who are known by their names rather than by their works, is another concession to the spirit of the age. In the old days every night was a night of really noteworthy people who had dropped in, not to be seen, but only to see the play. The first night is still what it has ever been, one of the most wonderful scenes of civilized life.

Music is fostered and cared for by the government just as is the drama:

The French Opéra is not merely for performances. It is an Academy of Music, and that is its full title. It is subventioned by the state as one of the great teaching institutions—a sort of school of application for the Conservatoire. The house is something of a white elephant, for its keep is dear. It has sometimes ruined directors who have held under the state on the system of a public grant in aid for expenses, supplemented by their own private investments. The state makes too many conditions. The Opéra has too many privileges. The ladies of the ballet, nay, the very scene-shifters in their corporate capacity, are sometimes a thorn in the flesh to managers. The building itself entails enormous expense, and its palatial splendors are by no means confined to the front of the house. The greenroom of the dance is a marvel of painting, carving, and all the allied arts. The ballets themselves are an essential part of the performance, for the Opéra is a school of dancing as well as a school of music.

The pinnacle of a French woman's ambition is to found a *salon* that shall bring her real influence. *Salons* have their fortunes, like little books. They go up and down, according to the circumstances of the time, and sometimes the literary *salon* is most in vogue, and sometimes the political:

The old-fashioned Legitimist *salon* has had all sorts of fortunes. It was in great force when Louis the Eighteenth was brought back by the allies after Waterloo. Then the scheme was to undo the work of the Revolution, and the women of the Restoration, with their priests at their back, set about it with a will. They organized the "White Terror," a sort of counterpoise to the "Red," which had just passed away, and they gave the whole Liberal school of thought an exceedingly lively time. There was some attempt to revive the Legitimist *salon* when Marshal MacMahon had his brief innings. The Duchesse de Chevreuse held gloomy state, and people prophesied the coming catastrophe of the republic over the afternoon tea. But the duchess was only less belated than her old master, the Comte de Chambord, and it was felt that if Legitimism was to get the whip-hand of France it must still condescend a little to notice the time of day. So the most typical *salon* of this period was the one managed by the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia. It was the requisite blend of old and new. She was active, much in evidence, a great patron of charities—in short, a person with a finger in every pie, and all to the end of the restoration of throne and altar. But she failed for want of a good partner. The duke was an amiable nullity in affairs. He could drive a four-in-hand; he was an authority on the laws of sport, a noisy politician, but no more. They tried to make a diplomatist of him by the simple process of sending him as ambassador to the court of St. James, but he was soon recalled.

The *salons* of finance lent a hand in this pious work:

Mme Bischoffsheim spent money like water to keep the cause in heart. So did the Duchesse d'Uzès—a Clicquot in her origin. The development of her *salon*, the way in which it rose from small ambitions to greater ones, was peculiar. It began merely as the best match-making *salon* in the Faubourg St.-Germain; it ended as the best *salon* of political intrigue. Long after the sixteenth of May had been swept into limbo, the influence of the duchess survived in her championship of the Boulangist movement. She rallied to the Comte de Paris, as she had been ready to rally to his cousin, and she is said to have put up no small part of the money for that gigantic trust of sedition which was to be managed by the man on the black horse. In this way we see how easily the social *salon* passes into the political. In fact, the dividing lines as I have given them are only for purposes of classification. There are few drawing-rooms where they stick solely to one thing. The more or less purely political *salons* exhibit an agreeable diversity. They are of all shades, and, of course, they are especially Republican. At present, however, the *salons* of this variety are in a state which the grammarians define as "being about to be." They have been and they are to be again. But they are still waiting for such leadership as they had under Mme. Adam, Mme. Floquet, and Mme. Lockroy. Mme. Lockroy, indeed, survives as a ruler. She is the wife of the pushing politician, late minister of marine, who has more than once occupied the position, and she was the daughter-in-law of Victor Hugo. She is charming and sociable, and is altogether a person that no rising Republican politician, with convictions and an enlightened sense of self interest, can afford to neglect.

Still, she is not what Mme. Adam was. That lady still holds receptions, but she too, is only an object of comparison beside her former self:

Her great day was at the time of that very sixteenth of May when she held aloft the banner of the republic, as the duchess held the banner of the reaction. Her house was a kind of citadel, amply provisioned with tea and cake, where the struggling Radicals, with Gambetta at their head, held the councils that saved their cause. The hostess had an almost ideal equipment of gifts for this part—beauty, widowhood (which meant freedom), and the inheritance of a wealthy Republican senator. Then she touched life at other points, as a busy, if not a great, writer in romance, as in politics, and as a champion of woman's rights. Add to this, as might be expected, a boundless self-confidence. Her failings were those that leaned to the side of this virtue. She grew too pushing, too energetic, and became one of that imperious band who rule our spirits from their urns—in this case, the urn for tea. She was for giving laws to the lawmakers of the republic, and settling the rise and fall of ministries from her boudoir. When that ambition was fairly developed the Republican chiefs had to part company with her. But, before the change, she exercised a wide influence. She virtually gave away places. Her *salon* used to be thronged with all sorts of people who had their way to make in the world. Men who wanted a prefecture paid assiduous court. Dramatists who had hopes of production at the Française, a state matter in its further reaches, elbowed them on the stairs. It was a busy and a brilliant scene. It lost its essential glories when Gambetta and his associates no longer appeared, to keep their hostess in countenance in her premises of political favor. With them, naturally, went the place hunters. Still, she struggled on, and kept up the fight by founding the *Novelle Revue*, and making herself exceedingly disagreeable at times as the candid friend of the party in power. She is visited and honored yet, if only as a memory, but, from ill-health and the other causes, she is no longer what she was. She reached her height of influence when the obsequious municipality of Paris named a street after her pseudonym of "Juliette Lanber." Her decline was marked by a proposal in the assembly to take her street away from her and give it to some new Egeria. For all that she holds it to this day. Poor General Ulrich at Strasburg went up and down in thoroughfares in this manner during the war. In the earlier stages of the siege he was rapidly promoted from streets to boulevards and squares; but as the Germans tightened their grip on the city, and the reports grew less favorable, he lost all.

Another and an interesting variety of the political *salon* is the *salon* of the lady spy:

This is exceedingly well appointed, and is altogether a curiosity of its kind. You are cordially welcomed if you have any information to impart. You give it as to an intelligent woman of position who happens to be keenly interested in public affairs, and whose little dinners are a refreshment of all the senses. If you are a foreign *attaché* you are expected to turn a side-light on the international intrigue of the moment; if a rising politician, you show the inwardness of a forthcoming debate; if a journalist, you give and you receive from all the four winds of the spirit as they blow. It goes on quite merrily for a time, until the hostess suddenly disappears under the imputation that she was in the pay of a foreign power, or perhaps of the prefecture of police.

The literary *salon* was in its perfection when M. Caro was the favorite lecturer at the Sorbonne:

There is generally a fashionable professor in Paris, as there is a fashionable preacher. The smartest women attend his lectures, and take copious notes on points of metaphysics or theology. The strength of Caro's position was that they actually read the notes when they got home. He came to strengthen that reaction in favor of the Catholic faith which was one effect of the war. People were so humbled by the national disasters that their thoughts were easily turned to religion. So there began a movement against skepticism, and Caro led it at the Sorbonne. He lectured, with exceeding grace

and charm, to prove that there was no necessary divorce between philosophy and faith. The fine ladies were edified and delighted. They formed rival *salons* in honor of him, both known as the "Carolines," after his name—one set as the "Carolines" of the north of Paris, and the other as the "Carolines" of the south. This went on until Pailleron put him and his worshippers on the stage in a famous comedy, "Le monde ou l'on s'ennuie." It was meant to crush Caro, but it did nothing of the sort. Ridicule gave him the benefit of an advertisement. He met the attack by taking a box in the theatre and watching the whole performance, sometimes applauding his own counterfeit on the stage. He died as he lived, successful, and deservedly so, for he was a man of erudition and of a great refinement of manner and of literary style. The interest of his personality in this connection is that it shows how society, when it is in the mood, knows how to get entertainment out of everything. Here was a lecturer at the Sorbonne who gave Paris not only two literary *salons*, but even a new play.

The French club takes its character from the French *salon*. It has to be amusing or die:

The French have a highly developed club life, only it is necessarily a club-life of their own. They take less joy than the English, from whom they are supposed to derive the institution, in those negative clubs in which you simply dine and read your paper. They expect the club to do a good deal for them. It is to have an active function, and is to be much more than a mere place of meeting. So the really typical club of Paris is the one formerly known as the Mirlitons, now fused with another, but still carrying its principles into the partnership. The Mirlitons is a club of the united arts. It is for painters, men of letters, and the like. The committee organized all sorts of entertainments. They hold choice concerts in the season, at which some of the best amateurs in Paris are to be heard. At another time it is a picture exhibition, to which, as to the concerts, members may invite their friends. Now and then you have an amateur dramatic performance, or a great assault of arms, which brings together, as deadly opposites, some of the most noted swordsmen in Paris.

Another variety of appeal to this universal desire for something to do is the dining club:

Many Frenchmen who do not need an all-the-year-round club are still glad to meet their friends at intervals of the week, fortnight, or month. The clubs for this purpose are legion, and they need a new directory for every year, for they come and go. They unite men with the same pursuits or the same tastes. They are of all sorts. There is a dining club of men of letters. There are clubs (or there used to be) for the subdivisions of schools, for the Parnassians and for the Plastics, as there was a Boiled Beef Club, for naturalists, under Zola. Add to these a club for failures in literature, a club for men whose plays have been hissed off the stage, a club for blockheads, a club for painters, etchers, and so on. Then there are the clubs of provincials—the Club of the Apple, which brings the Normans together, as men from the cider country; the Club of the Cigale, which unites the poets of Provence; the Celtic Club, at which Renan used often to preside. This is one of the simplest modes of reunion. It entails no cost for premises, and but little for management. The members meet at a restaurant, and, as they do not have too much of one another, they are at their best.

The same craving for something to give a pulse to life may largely account for the number of gambling clubs in Paris:

There are clubs that are for nothing but gambling, and apart from these there is high play at pretty well every institution of the kind. The Frenchman is almost incapable of sitting still, of a state of mere being without doing, in club life. The concentration of baccaat is an agreeable variant of passionless repose. The gambling clubs proper—or improper—take a fine-sounding name, sometimes derived from literature or art, but they are well understood to be simply places for the rigor of the game. They are mostly proprietary, and are magnificently appointed. The owner can afford to do the thing well at a moderate, and, indeed, a merely amiable subscription. A good dinner is supplied at little above cost price. It brings customers to the house, and inspires them with hope for the chances of the green table. Of course, the English variety of club is not unknown. The old-fashioned Union, for instance, is quite as select as Boodle's or White's. It is almost a mark of good form to wear your hat there. You go to the Union as you might go to church. So you do to the Jockey. It has long since got rid of its wildness of youth, when Lord Henry Seymour, a brother of the Marquis of Hertford, was one of its members, and used to drive down in his coach and four, to the edification of the boulevard. It is exclusive and correct. Its surviving dissipation has a staidness about them which might make them the devotional exercises of any other institution.

In no other country in the world are there so many dukes, marquises, and counts who can give no intelligible account of their hazyon:

They form a society of their own. They are on terms of tolerance with one another, for their principle is, "Live and let live." It is understood that I go on calling you "Count" as long as you go on calling me "Baron," and no questions asked. Their nutriment is the wild gull from overseas. It is with their aid that the fresh-caught millionaire from Brazil begins to furnish his *salon*. The house-agent will contract for them at a pinch, as for the chairs and tables. The sham nobility take their seats at the new-comer's board, and if they respect his spoons, he may be a long time before he finds out the difference between them and the real article.

In illustrations nothing could be finer than M. André Castaigne's superb drawings, forming a panorama of the life of the city, which are perfectly reproduced from plates which have been retouched by wood-engravers. The book is ten and three-fourths by seven inches, is printed in red and black on heavy paper, and its dark-blue cover is stamped with the arms of Paris.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$5.00.

Ground clay, sawdust, and corn-cob dust will no longer be used as adulterants of flour if a resolution adopted recently by the board of managers of the Millers' National Association of the United States is observed by all the members of that body. The use of these adulterants has become so general as to act greatly to the detriment of the legitimate trade. It was agreed that a copyrighted label, under bond, should be issued by the association, which, placed upon pure milling stuffs, should be a guaranty of its quality. The label will be issued to members of the association only, and a five-hundred-dollar fine will be imposed upon any one in the association found misusing the label or placing it upon anything but pure food products.

The extent to which the people of the United States are interested in the general subject of coffee may be gathered from the estimated importations of 550,000,000 pounds annually, a consumption of nearly eight pounds to each person in the country. As compared to this abroad, however, Holland consumes 21 pounds per capita, Denmark 13.89, Belgium 13.48, and Great Britain only 1 pound.

The winner of the chief prize of two hundred thousand dollars in the Paris Exposition drawings is a poor laborer earning a weekly wage of seven dollars and a half. He has three children and an aged mother depending upon him.

LONDON'S VOLUNTEERS RETURN.

A British Welcome—The Popular Outburst of Delight—March of the C. I. V. through the Crowded Streets—Aftermath of the Celebration.

All preparations were completed Saturday for the reception of the City Imperial Volunteers, and the half-holiday was looked forward to with bright anticipation by thousands who expected to witness the pageant without special absence from their regular employment. But the *Aurania* did not make port as expected, and, at half-past ten in the morning, the war office gave out notice that the procession would take place Monday. This forced change in the programme made endless trouble. The preparations included something more than the building of Venetian masts, the display of bunting, flags, and paper roses. Shop-windows had been cleared of goods displays and fitted up as vantage-points for spectators, and first-floor windows had been made into luxurious opera-boxes, in which chairs were rented at prices equal to those paid on gala nights at Covent Garden. Tradesmen had willingly foregone opportunities for buying and selling to join in the celebration, but they had not overlooked opportunities for gain. But trade languished. It took on the air of the decorations that had been completed in time to suffer the stress of Friday's stormy weather, and dropped visibly.

Monday dawned hopefully, and the populace was early astir. Prudent individuals surveyed the route selected for the march and gave an eye to places that might be taken up with advantage a few hours later when the great spectacle was in full sway. From Paddington Station down Edgware Road, with its rows of masts surmounted with crowns and flaunting flags, to Piccadilly and St. James's Street, the fluttering crimson made a blaze of solid color, and on through the Strand to Temple Bar, down Fleet Street and up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's, and then on to Guildhall and to the Armoury House in Finsbury Square, there were few imposing fronts that did not blossom brightly, and some daintily in cornflower-blue, a relief from the aggressive, conquering red. Four miles and a half the course measures, and those who had arranged the procession allowed three hours and a half for the returning victors to cover it, this including the stops at Temple Bar, St. Paul's, and the Guildhall.

The *Aurania* anchored off Southampton late Saturday afternoon, and all day Sunday was viewed by enthusiastic crowds gathered at the water-side, while a flotilla of smaller vessels passed around her. Monday morning she came up to her berth at Ocean Quay, and the disembarkation proceeded expeditiously. Four trains were filled with the war-worn heroes, and they moved swiftly cityward, a few minutes apart. Here let me sketch briefly the history of the troops for whom Southampton and London put on their bravest show. The City Imperial Volunteers were organized in the dark days of last December, when Kimberley, Ladysmith, and Mafeking were besieged, and the reverses at Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso had sobered and saddened all England. In three weeks a thousand men had enlisted, five hundred thousand dollars had been raised by subscription to equip the soldiers, and on January 13th the first detachment left for Southampton and the transports that were to take them to the Cape. Other detachments were dispatched in quick succession, until fourteen hundred had gone to the front. Their record in the field is history. Enough to say that they proved their bravery and endurance, and won high praise from Lord Roberts and other officers. Six were killed in action, three died of wounds, forty-four died in the Transvaal of disease, sixty-five were wounded, one hundred, and twenty-one were invalided home, and five poor fellows died on the homeward voyage.

The first train reached Paddington Station a few minutes after twelve, and the khaki-clad volunteers soon began to make a show on the platform. At short intervals the three following trains arrived, and at last with the bands playing "Soldiers of the Queen" and the air trembling with the shouts of spectators, the entire force stood together once more in the city they had left more than nine months before. At half-past one the general staff officers moved out of the station at the head of the column. First came the bearer section, then a gun-battery, then the cyclists with a Maxim gun following closely, then the infantry battalion in two divisions, then the convalescents marching without arms, and last the ambulances and brakes bearing the sick and wounded.

As the line swung into Edgware Road the volunteers fully realized the warmth of their welcome. The slight drizzle of rain had kept none away, for every inch of space outside the narrow lane for the marching forces was filled. The waiting, watching people were packed as densely as living flesh and blood could stand. Many had held their places for hours, and when at last the real beginning of the parade was at hand they gave full expression to their joy and gratitude. The cheering was incessant and deafening. From balconies and roofs handkerchiefs in thousands of fair hands fluttered and waved till the air seemed filled with white above the red. But not long did the spectators content themselves with cheers and the waving of flags. The thin lines that held them back from the path of the parade were forced forward and broken in hundreds of places. The police and the mounted troops detailed to assist them were unable to keep back the crowd. Twenty-two thousand soldiers were in service along the course of the procession, but twice that number could not have kept the pathway clear. The mounted volunteers forced their way along two abreast, but the infantry were soon struggling for passage in single file, and at every step hands grasped them and impeded their progress. Men clung to them, women fell upon their shoulders, and embraces and kisses were bestowed upon them without favoritism.

The reception to the volunteers at Temple Bar was given by the lord mayor's carriage could not force its way

through the crowd. At St. Paul's the thanksgiving service was held according to programme, though it was later than expected when the volunteers marched into the cool and quiet shades of the cathedral and took the seats under the great dome. The Bishop of Stepney made the address of welcome, and after the hymns and blessing the entire congregation joined in the national anthem. From the cathedral the march was continued to the Guildhall, where the civic ceremonies were made very brief, as the last soldier did not enter the doors until after six o'clock. The banquet at Armory House in the evening was an immense affair, with Lord Wolseley, the lord mayor, Colonels Mackinnon and Cholmondeley, Lord Albermarle, and other prominent officers conspicuous in the throng.

But the crowds, excitement, and lack of restraint during the day were outdone at night. London has never seen such an occasion. And it was not all good-natured. There were frequent incipient riots, many fatal accidents, and numbers were seriously injured. The Hooligans, male and female, were numerous everywhere in the streets. Women were insulted, their faces brushed with bunches of peacock feathers in the hands of roughs, and their escorts were abused and hustled when they offered objection. The harvest in the police courts the next day was large, and many of the disorderly characters were heavily fined for their amusement. Some have likened the celebration to that of jubilee year, but the two are not to be compared. One was a brilliant, dignified pageant. The other lacked color, restraint, and sanity, and will be remembered with pride by few.

LONDON, October 31, 1900. PICCADILLY.

OLD FAVORITES.

Thanksgiving Pies.

A pumpkin rolled, and pushed, and lifted,
And pared, and sliced, and stewed, and sifted,
And made into a dozen pies,
Above the average in size.
Such baking, boiling, tasting, heating!
Such preparation made for eating!
Such unprepared joys
For little hungry girls and boys!
Oh, what a racket, what a bustle!
Oh, what a strain on nerve and muscle!
Oh, what a grandma! Pity sakes!
She's made about a hundred cakes!
Said Winkle: "Did you ever, ever!"
And all agreed they "Never, never!"
Did know a grandma to compare
With their dear grandma anywhere.
And so at last the day auspicious
Arrived, and everything delicious
Was browned and finished to a turn
With no suspicion of a burn.
And small and tall and pretty cousins,
All Grandma's darlings by the dozens,
With aunts and uncles by the score,
Came rapping, tapping at the door.
And soon the pantry was inspected,
Nor crack nor cranny left neglected,
By certain of that cousinhood,
And each thing was pronounced "good."
Those pies of pumpkin, twelve in number,
As I've remarked, and brown as amber,
All in a long, enticing row
Did sit and wait their fate to know.
Said Winkle Small to Pinkie Smaller:
"If only you's a little taller,
You'd see some awful splendid pies.
They come just even with my eyes!"
Then Pinkie, on her tip-toes standing,
With eager mouth and eyes expanding,
All enticing view obtained;
But still a longing deep remained
For a more minute investigation—
And you'll perceive that elevation
Was most essential in that case—
And so each found herself a place
Upon two butter-jars inverted.
"Oh, Winkle! I feel awful hurt
With hungeriness. Perhaps I'll die,
Then you and everybody'll cry."
Was ever such appeal resisted?
Sweet sympathy was soon enlisted;
And Winkle hastened to suggest
That they might give the pies a test.
And, to avert that fatal crisis,
She fain had cut the pie in slices;
But, as her knife was poised in air,
She said to Pinkie: "I declare!
It 'curs to me, upon reflection,
That 'twould improve this pie's complexion
If I should skin it—there—just so!
I'm sure Grandma would never know."
Then Pinkie, tasting, said: "'Tis 'licious!"
And thereupon grew quite officious;
And both together, in a trice,
Those pies did skin; and then, like mice,
They nibbled all the edges crooked;
And then with critics' eyes they looked,
And with each other did agree
Those edges should more even be.
So, when the middle parts they'd finished,
And smoothed, and patted, and—diminished,
Each edge they evened with a will,
Till crust became invisible.
They nibbled round, they nibbled under,
They nibbled till it was a wonder
That any one could classify
What did remain—and call it pie.
Oh! surely, 'twas not their intention
To do this harm; but I must mention
That not a solitary slice
Was left intact by these small mice.
And when those uncles, aunts, and cousins,
All Grandma's darlings by the dozens,
To eat those pies did congregate,
They found, alas! that 'twas too late.
Can pen depict the consternation
Of Grandmamma and her relation!
Was e'er so sad catastrophe?
Thanksgiving without pumpkin-pie!—Lizzie Burt.

Not long ago at church parade in Hyde Park, London, a very pretty woman dropped an ivory and gold prayer-book. Before it could be picked up a passer-by had trodden upon it. With an exclamation of regret, he bent down and discovered a gentle stream of excellent old brandy flowing from between the deceptive covers. He looked up. The lady had vanished. These little volumes are now, asserts the *Onlooker*, usually called books of uncommon prayer.

MARK TWAIN AT THE LOTOS CLUB.

Speech of the Veteran Humorist—He Praises His Former Creditors and Pokes Fun at Reed, Odell, Bryan, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Depew.

The Lotos Club of New York made Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, better known as "Mark Twain," the guest of honor at its first dinner of the season on Saturday, November 10th. Frank R. Lawrence, president of the club, sat to the left of Twain, and acted as toastmaster. In introducing the guest of the evening, he said in part:

"Our Lotos Club season opens very happily, for we have just voted ourselves some years of prosperity; and Mark Twain has come home! When in this fortunate country we want good times we get them by popular vote. But for the presence of Mark Twain we depend upon a more uncertain caprice. Seven years ago he returned from abroad, and was entertained at dinner by this club, with the result that he went straight back to Europe, and has remained out of the United States ever since. It has been suggested that the club assemble in his honor regularly at similar intervals; but it is felt that, after a time, this would become a steady habit, and steady habits could never be made popular here. He says that he has been 'Following the Equator.' What a fortunate thing it is that he did not, as the climax to a somewhat revolutionary career, induce the equator to follow him! Had that occurred, the equator would probably have passed the remainder of its days in Hartford, Conn., or some weird or literary portion of the globe, and its reputation for constancy would have been forever blasted. . . . We hail him as one who has borne great burdens with manliness and courage, who has emerged from great struggles victorious; and in welcoming him back to-night to his old place, first taken at the Lotos board nearly twenty-seven years ago, we greet him with all friendship and in all kindness, and hope that his life may be happy and prosperous, whether here or abroad, through all future time."

As Mark Twain arose in response to the toast which was then proposed in his name, Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., the governor-elect of New York, entered the rooms. The cheering for Twain, together with that for Mr. Odell, became deafening. When the noise subsided, the humorist rose again and looked about him with a kindly smile on his face:

"I thank you all out of my heart. This reception is too great for a native of Missouri, and yet I am not the only Missourian here. Here is a Missourian; here is McKelway. Here is the greatest Missourian of them all!" (Turning to Thomas B. Reed, who was seated on his left.) "Tom Reed has well concealed his birth until now. Indeed, he says he has left politics and is leading a respectable life. Yes, he has found a new business to suit his make and constitution. That is, as I have every reason to believe, to raise the average of beauty."

"Many things, it is true, have happened since I stood before you seven years ago. The President has made reference to my debts. Yes, that is the plain English of it. He has referred to the bankrupt firm of Charles L. Webster & Co. And right here I want to speak a word of the ninety-six men and women who were my creditors at that time. I have the most kindly remembrance of those creditors. While all these praises are being uttered of me, I feel that my creditors are being slighted. Praises are due them more than me. In my times of trouble they did not add a finger's weight to the burden that I had to bear. They treated me well. They said: 'Don't hurry, Mark, don't worry, Mark. We are not anxious about our money.' That is what they said to me. Oh, if I could always have that kind of creditors—" (Here the laughter ended the sentence.) "They were the handsomest people I ever knew. They were handsomer than I was—handsomer than Tom Reed."

"How many things have happened in these seven years I have been away from home! We have fought a righteous war. There are few peoples in history who can make that boast. We have turned aside from our own comfort and have seen to it that freedom should exist not only within our gates but in our neighborhood. And then, again, we've nursed free silver. We've watched by the cradle. We've done our best to raise that child. And every time things seemed to be going well some mean Republican has come along and has given it the measles. We've done more than that."

"We've tried a President for four years, criticised and found fault with him, and then we have turned around and elected him for another four years with votes enough to spare to do it again. We have tried a governor for two years, and we liked him so much that we have decided to put him in the great office of Vice-President—not that the office may confer distinction upon him, but that he may confer distinction upon the office. Hereafter we will not stammer and be embarrassed when a stranger asks us the name of the Vice-President. He is a man of the widest reputation, and he is in some quarters favorably known. I'm a little afraid that these fulsome compliments may be misunderstood; I've been away so long that I am not used to this complimentary business. I don't want to overdo it. I merely want to testify to my old, old, old admiration for my friend the governor. I want to say of him, well, you know, if you give him rope—that is to say—" Here again laughter ended the sentence.

"Well, any way there is Odell. Another Rough Rider, I suppose. If I had known this political Klondike was going to open up, I would have been a Rough Rider myself. I would, if I could, have gone to war upon an automobile; not upon a horse. I know the horse too well. I know the horse in peace and in war, and the horse and I can't be comfortable together. We have taken Chauncey Depew out of a useful and active life and have made him a senator—embalmed him—corked him up. That man has said many a true thing about me. Whenever a man does that, something happens to him. Look at him now. Look at the gilded mummy. Palsied he the hand that draws that cork!"

"All these things and many more have happened since I have been away. It only goes to show how little a Mugwump, perhaps the last of the race, is missed in this unfeeling world. But there has been another thing. The Daughters of the Royal Crown—there's an American ideal for you! I don't know what specialized form of insanity it represents—it isn't softening of the brain; you can not soften a thing that does not exist. There are none eligible but the American descendants of Charles the Second. How the fancy product of that old harem still holds up!"

"Seven years ago, when I was old, and worn, and down, I was your guest—you gave me the grip and the word that lifts a man up and makes him glad to be alive, and now I come back from my exile young again, fresh and alive, and ready to begin anew. Your welcome stirs me and warms me, and tells me that it is real and not a beautiful dream that must vanish if I wake."

In poking fun at Governor-elect Odell, and Senator Depew, and the rest, the humorist spoke with a slow and playful drawl. When laughter interrupted him he stopped and nodded, smiling, and looked along the faces of those opposite him, and enjoyed the joke with them. When he talked about the Daughters of the Royal Crown, he sneered and was almost savage. But in closing he spoke with a simple, direct manner, and with tones that were full of feeling. When he sat down there was a moment's silence, and then a whirl of applause. Somebody jumped up and shouted: "Three cheers for Mark Twain!" Everybody stood up and cheered, and then his health was drunk, all standing, for the second time.

In addition to the speeches of Mark Twain and President Lawrence, there were varied and sundry remarks by Governor-elect Odell, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Thomas Brackett Reed, St. Clair McKelway, Joseph C. Hendrix, John Hare, Moncure D. Conway, William Dean Howells, Augustus Thomas, and John Kendrick Bangs.

HOWELLS'S CAMBRIDGE REMINISCENCES.

James Russell Lowell at Close Range.

In the summer of 1865 William Dean Howells, who was at that time American consul in Venice, returned to America on leave, and went to see James Russell Lowell, at Elmwood, carrying with him the gift of an inkpot in the shape of a lobster. Apart from the personality of Mr. Howells himself, the two were drawn together through a common interest—Italy—and soon they were close friends. At this time Lowell was nearing fifty, and he was reluctant, Mr. Howells says, to let his youth go from him, constantly referring to it. Mr. Howells became assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and moved to Cambridge in 1867. He met Mr. Lowell frequently, and soon became regularly installed as a friend of the Lowell family. In the famous study, with its bookish atmosphere, or on long tramps, he had an intimate view of the poet, and his retrospect, published in *Scribner's Magazine*, especially the anecdotal side of the article, throws light upon many of Lowell's characteristics.

Here is a pleasing picture of Lowell in his study:

"He was often out of his chair to get a book from the shelves that lined the walls, either for a passage which he wished to read or for some disputed point which he wished to settle. If I had caused the dispute, he enjoyed putting me in the wrong; if he could not, he sometimes whimsically persisted in his error, in defiance of all authority; but mostly he had such reverence for the truth that he would not question it even in jest.

"If I dropped in upon him in the afternoon, I was apt to find him reading the old French poets, or the plays of Calderon, or the 'Divina Commedia,' which he magnanimously supposed me much better acquainted with than I was, because I knew some passages of it by heart. One day I came in quoting:

"To son, cantava, io son, dolce Sirena,
Che i marinai in mezzo al mar dismago."

He stared at me in a rapture with the matchless music, and then uttered his adoration and despair in one word. 'Damn!' he said, and no more. I believe he instantly proposed a walk that day, as if his study-walls, with all their vistas into the great literatures, cramped his soul liberated to a sense of ineffable beauty by the verse of the *sommo poeta*. But commonly he preferred to have me sit down with him there among the mute witnesses of the larger part of his life. As I have suggested in my own case, it did not matter much whether you brought anything to the feast or not. If he liked you, he liked being with you, not for what he got, but for what he gave. He was fond of one man whom I recall as the most silent man I ever met. I never heard him say anything, not even a dull thing, but Lowell delighted in him, and would have you believe that he was full of quaint humor."

Lowell was very sensitive to criticism, especially from those he valued through his head or heart:

"He would try to hide his hurt, and he would not let you speak of it, as though your sympathy unmanned him, but you could see that he suffered. This notably happened in my remembrance from a review in a journal which he greatly esteemed; and once when in a notice of my own I had put one little thorny point among the flowers, he confessed a puncture from it. He praised the criticism hardly, but I knew that he winced under my recognition of the didactic quality which he had not quite guarded himself against in the poetry otherwise praised. He liked your liking, and he openly rejoiced in it; and I suppose he made himself believe that in trying his verse with his friends he was testing it; but I do not believe that he was, and I do not think that he ever corrected his judgment by theirs, however he suffered from it."

In any matter that concerned literary morals, he was more than eager to profit by another eye:

"One summer he sent me for the magazine a poem which, when I read it, I trembled to find in motive almost exactly like one we had lately printed by another writer. There was nothing for it but to call his attention to the resemblance, and I went over to Elmwood with the two poems. He was not at home, and I was obliged to leave the poems. I suppose with some sort of note, for the next morning's post brought me a delicious letter from him, all one cry of confession, the most complete, the most ample. He did not trouble himself to say that his poem was an unconscious reproduction of the other; that was for every reason unnecessary, but he had at once rewritten it upon wholly different lines; and I do not think any reader was reminded of Mrs. Akers's 'Among the Laurels' by Lowell's 'Foot-Path.' He was not only much more sensitive of others' rights than his own, but, in spite of a certain severity in him, he was most tenderly regardful of their sensibilities when he imagined them; he did not always imagine them."

Notwithstanding advancing age and the press of domestic cares, he was cheerful and boyish, as Mr. Howells illustrates in the following:

"He liked to tease and he liked to mock, especially his juniors, if any touch of affection or any little exuberance of manner gave him the chance; when he once came to fetch me, and the young mistress of the house entered with a certain excessive elasticity, he sprang from his seat and mimed toward her, with a burlesque of her buoyant carriage—which made her laugh."

Lowell was a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic*, and although in literary ways he was not a business man, he never hesitated to say when he thought he was underpaid. Says the writer:

"This happened with a long poem in the *Atlantic*, which I had urged the counting-room authorities to deal handsomely with him for. I did not know

how many hundreds they gave him, and when I met him I ventured to express the hope that the publishers had done their part. He held up four fingers. 'Quattro,' he said, in Italian, and then added, with a disappointment which he tried to smile away, 'I thought they might have made it cinque.'

"Between me and me I thought *quattro* very well, but probably Lowell had in mind some end which *cinque* would have fitted better. It was pretty sure to be an unselfish end, a pleasure to some one dear to him, a gift that he had wished to make. Long afterward, when I had been the means of getting him *cinque* for a poem one-tenth the length, he spoke of the payment to me. 'It came very handsomely; I had been wanting to give—a watch.'"

After their return from abroad, the two were not so intimate, although they still retained their sincere friendship. Mr. Howells was but forty, Mr. Lowell old and just failing in health. His simplicity had suffered somewhat by his London experiences. Mr. Howells says:

"He could never have been anything but American, if he had tried, and he certainly never tried; but he certainly did not return to the outward simplicities of his life as I first knew it. There was no more round-hat-and-sack-coat business for him; he wore a frock and a high hat, and whatever else was rather like London than Cambridge; I do not know but that gaiters sometimes added to the effect of a gentleman of the old school which he now produced upon the witness. Some fastidiousnesses showed themselves in him, which were not so surprising. He complained of the American lower-class manner; the conductor and cabman would be kind to you, but they would not be respectful, and he could not see the fun of this in the old way. Early in our acquaintance he rather stupefied me by saying, 'I like you because you don't put your hands on me,' and I heard of his consenting in some sort of reception in those last years, 'Yes, if they won't shake hands.'"

In conclusion, Mr. Howells says: "I believe neither in heroes nor in saints; but I believe in great and good men, and among such men Lowell was the richest nature I have known. His nature was not always serene and pellucid; it was sometimes rolled by the currents that counter and cross in all of us; but it was without the least alloy of insincerity, and it was never darkened by the shadow of a selfish fear. His genius was an instrument that responded in affluent harmony to the power that made him a humorist, and that made him a poet, and appointed him rarely to be quite either alone."

HOW "RAMONA" WAS WRITTEN.

The current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains an interesting letter written by Mrs. Helen Hunt—afterward Mrs. W. S. Jackson—in which she vividly portrays the mental condition under which she was led to write "Ramona." She had nearly broken herself down with hard work in libraries preparing "The Century of Dissonance," of which she had sent a copy, at her own expense, to every member of Congress; and she had been guided at the most important points by the counsel of regular army officers of wide Indian experience, her late husband's friends; yet in spite of all this care in preparation she had seen its plain statements set aside by mere civilian critics, such as Theodore Roosevelt, as being merely feminine sentimentalism. Finding her laborious historical work thus jauntily classed with fiction, she seems to have been tempted into writing fiction that should illuminate history, and the immediate result was "Ramona," of which she writes:

"THE BERKELEY, February 5, 1884.

"... I am glad you say you are rejoiced that I am writing a story. But about the not hurrying it—I want to tell you something. You know I have for three or four years longed to write a story that should tell 'on the Indian question. But I knew I could not do it; knew I had no background—no local color for it. Last spring, in Southern California, I began to feel that I had; that the scene laid there—and the old Mexican life mixed in with just enough Indian to enable me to tell what had happened to them—would be the very perfection of coloring. You know that I have lived six months in Southern California.

"Still I did not see my way clear; got no plot; till one morning late last October, before I was wide awake, the whole plot flashed into my mind—not a vague one—the whole story just as it stands to-day—in less than five minutes, as if some one spoke it. I sprang up, went in my husband's room, and told him; I was half frightened. From that time, till I came here, it haunted me, becoming more and more vivid. I was impatient to get at it. I wrote the first word of it December 1st. As soon as I began, it seemed impossible to write fast enough. In spite of myself, I wrote faster than I would write a letter. I wrote two thousand to three thousand words in a morning, and I can not help it. It racks me like a struggle with an outside power. I can not help being superstitious about it. I have never done half the amount of work in the same time. Ordinarily it would be a simple impossibility. Twice, since beginning it, I have broken down utterly for a week—with a cold ostensibly, but with great nervous prostration added. What I have to endure in holding myself away from it, afterwards, on the days I am compelled to be in the house, no words can tell. It is like keeping away from a lover, whose hand I can reach.

"Now you will ask what sort of English it is I write at this lightning speed. So far as I can tell, the best I ever wrote! I have read it aloud as I have gone on, to one friend, or kept literary perceptions and judgment, the most purely intellectual woman I know—Mrs. Trimble. She says it is

smooth—strong—clear. 'Tremendous' is her frequent epithet. ... The success of it—if it succeeds—will be that I do not even suggest any Indian history—till the interest is so aroused in the heroine—and hero—that people will not lay the book down. There is but one Indian in the story.

"Every now and then I force myself to stop, and write a short story or a bit of verse; I can't hear the strain; but the instant I open the pages of the other, I write as I am writing now—as fast as I could copy! What do you think? Am I possessed of a demon? Is it a freak of mental disturbance, or what?

"I have the feeling that if I could only read it to you, you would know. If it is as good as Mrs. Trimble, Mr. Jackson, and Miss Woolsey think, I shall be indeed rewarded, for it will 'tell.' But I can't believe it is. I am uneasy about it; but try as I may—all I can—I can not write slowly for more than a few moments. I sit down at nine-thirty or ten, and it is one before I know it. In good weather I then go out, after lunching, and keep out, religiously, till five—but there have not been more than three out of eight good days all winter—and the days when I am shut up in my room from two till five alone—with my Ramona and Alessandro—and can not go along with them on their journey, are maddening.

"Fifty-two last October—and I'm not a bit steadier-headed, you see, than ever! I don't know whether to send this or burn it up. Don't laugh at me, whatever you do. Yours always, H. J."

Affinities.

(DEDICATED TO MARIE CROELLI.)

When anguish wrings this wrinkled brow,
When fell mischance assaileth me,
A ministering angel thou—"Dear Marie C."

When things go wrong, I don't decide
To take to drink, as many do;
Nor do I muse on suicide—
I muse on you.

For it is my convicting fix'd—
"Pardonnez-moi, je vous en prie"—
That sacred bonds there are betwixt
Marie and me.

Amid the cloudy region dense
Of nonsense, where her talents lie,
She has her gleams of common sense—
Well, so have I.

And when those flitting gleams are gone,
She never hesitates—not she;
But twaddles amiably on—
The same with me.

She loathes the sneering critic crew;
It simply sets her soul aflame
To have her faults exposed in view—
I feel the same.

On Love, Religion, Truth, and Right,
She preaches only things and high;
She doesn't understand them, quite—
No more do I.

We scarce can call her writing good;
What's goodness but an empty name?
She bonnd herself; and if I could,
I'd do the same.

A fig for genius, truth, or style!
A nobler fish is hers to fry:
She merely yearns to make a pile—
Ah! so do I.

She writes about a book per week;
High is their tune, their price is high.
I swear we know the worth of "cheek"—
Marie and I.

—Walter Murdoch in the Melbourne Book Lover.

The current number of the *International Monthly* has an interesting article on "Ruskin, Art and Truth," by John La Farge, and the following extract is not inappropriate as an illustration of the fallibility of the closest student:

"There is a studio story concerning a remarkable painter, some of whose works, however inadequate in a few things, must cover a great deal of the ground mapped out for the perfect work of art of Mr. Ruskin. A very beautiful drawing it is in the engraving, but I have never seen the painting by Mr. Holman Hunt of the Child Christ with the doctors in the temple. To this important work the artist gave many years of study (not so long a time, perhaps, as Rousseau, the landscapist, the lover of ordinary nature, gave to pictures with no story, but still a long time), perhaps five years or so: years of reading and study, antiquarian and ethnological researches, so that the many inquirers into the past of Israel might be fully satisfied. And then came a Jewish lady who said: 'Fine enough, perhaps, but the painter never knew the one great physical characteristic of the tribe of Levi; he has given to his doctors that flatness of foot that belongs to the tribe of Reuben, while we know that the men of Levi have insteps highly arched.'"

Four young women students of the University of Chicago will become hair-dressers to their more wealthy sister students. They intend in a very short time to open tonsorial parlors on the attic floor of one of the women's halls, and they plan to find a clientele among their girl acquaintances sufficiently extended to pay all the costs of their education. There are nearly one hundred girls in the university who pay all of their own expenses, or most of them. Very few of these young women have other ways of earning money than doing some kind of household work. Any innovation in the way of plans to earn dimes and quarters is welcomed gladly, as ordinary household duties become monotonous after a year or two.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Francis Salsnn, who attempted to assassinate the Shah of Persia in Paris, was convicted on November 10th, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. All the doctors who testified in the case agreed that the prisoner was sane and responsible for his actions.

Dennison Wheelock, a full-blooded Oneida Indian, has determined to engage in the newspaper business as his life-calling, and has taken a position on the staff of a Green Bay (Wis.) paper. He is a graduate of Carlisle University, and was the leader of the celebrated Carlisle Band while at school. He has been delivering Republican campaign addresses throughout the country.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, who only the other day declined to accept the resignation of Lieutenant Bresci, the brother of Humbert's assassin, and who promoted him to the rank of captain and appointed him to the command of a fort on the Austrian frontier as a token of his continued confidence in the loyalty of this gallant and most deserving officer, has now granted him permission to abandon the name of Bresci and to assume instead the maiden name of his mother.

Oliver H. P. Belmont, who has just secured an election in the House of Representatives from New York, announces the suspension of his illustrated political weekly, the *Verdict*, which he has been publishing for two years in advocacy of the Chicago platform doctrines. According to Alfred H. Lewis, who managed the weekly, the circulation got to be as high as 8,000 to 10,000. In spite of that the average weekly deficit did not go below \$25 a week. Mr. Belmont's loss is estimated to be about \$30,000.

Vermont proposes to bestow an unusual honor upon Captain C. E. Clark, U. S. N., who brought the battle-ship *Oregon* from the Pacific to the Atlantic during the Spanish-American War, and who is a loyal son of the State. A resolution has been unanimously adopted by the legislature asking Captain Clark to sit for a portrait to be placed with a suitable inscription in the State Capitol in commemoration of his distinguished service in his country in command of the *Oregon*, and as a token of abiding affection and admiration of the people of his native State.

The late Lord Russell of Killowen was the victim, all through life, of endless rumors about his losses on the English turf, his losses at cards, and his consequent pecuniary embarrassments. Such statements came under his notice again and again, repeated by friends, and sometimes conveyed by more than hints in print. He decided to ignore them, and, in every sense of the word, could afford to do so. His will has now been offered for proof, and the gossips who used to say, on the best authority, that he was financed by a syndicate of Jews, will learn to their surprise that his savings from his professional income amounted to close on seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

A dispatch to the *Localanzeiger* from Hong Kong says that Captain Potts, of the Maxim Company of that city, the broker who bought from a Russian officer at Tientsin among other loot the decoration of the German Order of the Black Eagle and the autograph letter sent by Emperor William to the Emperor of China, has sold his prizes in the German authorities for twenty thousand dollars. The decoration, which is set with brilliants, and the letter were sent by Emperor William to Emperor Kwang-su through Prince Henry of Prussia. When the allies captured Peking they were found and seized by a Russian officer, who, not knowing their value, sold them to Captain Potts for three thousand dollars.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

The Judges at the Paris Exposition have awarded a

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the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world. This is the third award from a Paris Exposition.

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are always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, delicious, and nutritious. The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every package, and are made only by

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LITERARY NOTES.

At the Court of Philip the Second.

Among the many characters presented in the novels of F. Marion Crawford there are few who seem as real as the central figures in his latest story, "In the Palace of the King." His Don John of Austria and King Philip the Second of Spain may be the creations of the novelist in historical costume, but they move and speak in these pages as men of flesh and blood, skilled in artifice, yet often controlled by passion. The fair, true, and courageous Dolores de Mendoza may be an ideal Spanish beauty of the sixteenth century, but her womanliness is very winning. The blind sister, Inez; the stern and loyal father, who is willing to sacrifice not only his daughter, but himself as well, in his devotion to the king; the jester, with feeling for his fellows in spite of his cynicism and morbid self-consciousness, are all well-drawn, and their speech and action, even with their melodramatic touches, are never beyond the limits of romantic verisimilitude. There is not much scenery in the story, as it covers only the happenings of a day and a night in the old palace in Madrid, but there is plenty of color, and the interest of the several episodes is continuous.

It is well known that Mr. Crawford first cast his story as a play, and that it was produced on the stage before it was written as a novel. These facts will stimulate the curiosity and regard of many readers. To most it will be a surprise to find so much in the book that could not find a place in the play, and this will suggest the importance of an art that can make clear to an audience so much that can not be told in dialogue. Whatever may be gained in being a witness of its dramatic scenes, portrayed by actors of merit, there are qualities of value in the book that will be treasured by its readers. Life in the court of that gloomy, bigoted, and cruel monarch of Spain is pictured with the skill of the author, which grows more finished from year to year. It is not the greatest of Mr. Crawford's works, as it is not the greatest of historical novels, but it is admirable in most ways, and attractive and entertaining in every way.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Carrying Off a Russian Bride.

The heroine of Max Pemberton's latest novel, "The Footsteps of a Throne," is not a winning figure when she is first presented to the reader, for although her beauty is undeniable, she is the hanker in a gambling game played for high stakes in the house of a disreputable Frenchman in London, and is infatuated with the play. But when she has wasted her fortune, and has been brought back to Moscow by order of the Czar, and is living under police surveillance, lonely and desperate, she makes a stronger appeal for sympathy. A young, rich, and romantic English lord falls in love with the Russian beauty on his first view, at the gambling-table, and when he finds her in trouble in Moscow, in the palace which has been in her family for three hundred years, he at once throws all discretion to the winds and enlists in her aid. His devotion soon conquers the proud heart of the princess, who has never had a passion before, except for play, and she is willing to reward him; but unable, through family complications and official interdiction. The Englishman, however, is as persevering as he is brave, and soon is in the thick of a diplomatic struggle. There is a hurried flight across the wintry plains of Russia to the gate of the Caucasus, the princess, now a prisoner, a little in advance of her lover, and when she is overtaken the difficulties are only begun, as another lover disputes the Englishman's claim. The friendship of high officials in the Czar's government is unequal to the task of overcoming this new factor in the contest, but another friend in the form of a wise old physician comes forward, opportunely, to aid the beautiful princess and her English knight, and at last the frontier and freedom are gained.

The story is quick in action and well told. Its pictures of Russian life and surroundings are attractive. As a romance it compares favorably with most of the author's earlier works, though it is not as fresh and strong as "Kronstadt."

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Cecil Rhodes, whom Morley Roberts made the hero of his novel, "The Colossus," appears as a character in his new book, "Lord Linlithgow," which deals with life in London and in Parliament.

Gabriele d'Annunzio's novel, "The Flame of Life," first of the "Romances of the Pomegranate," his third trilogy, is hailed by some of his London critics as the greatest story of the day. One of them describes it as "a work of genius, unique, astounding, almost intoxicating." Another says that "there are passages that sweep one headlong," and that "the whole leaves an indelible impression." The general opinion of the commentators seems to be, however, that "The Flame of Life" is no book for a wise public, because "fully to comprehend it one would have to be not only a musician, artist, and poet, but an Italian, not to say another D'Annunzio."

Josephine Dodge Daskam, who published last spring a volume of "Smith's College Stories," is now bringing out a new volume of stories through

Charles Scribner's Sons called "Sister's Vocation, and Other Girls' Stories." Only one of them deals with girls' college life.

Max Pemberton has in contemplation a novel dealing with Cambridge University life. He is a graduate of Caius College.

Stanley Waterloo has filled a petition for relief from debts aggregating \$12,776. One of his largest creditors is said to be W. R. Merriam, director of the census. Stanley Waterloo is the talented writer of "The Story of Ab," "A Man and a Woman," "The Odd Situation," "Honest Money," etc.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have in preparation a work entitled "The Private Life of the Prince of Wales," which will describe the actual daily life of the heir apparent to the English throne, his occupations at home and his amusements abroad. The volume will be profusely illustrated with reproductions of photographs, and will be presented uniform in style with "The Private Life of the Queen."

William Dean Howells expects to spend the coming winter in New Orleans, where, it is said, he will lay the scene of his next story.

A story of Jane Austen's dealings with her Bath publisher relates how, like Milton, she sold her first book for fifty dollars outright. The publisher allowed "Northanger Abbey" to lie on his desk for fifteen years, when Miss Austen bought back her manuscript at its original figure. She had become famous during the time, but obviously this had not affected the Bath publisher.

Both the "old South" and the "new" furnish the scene and color for Mary Tracy Earle's new volume of stories, which is to be brought out at once.

"Rosa Amorosa" is the title of a new book which "George Egerton" is writing. It promises to be even more pessimistic than her previous efforts, for her two years' silence has been due to illness and worry.

Maeterlinck, we are told, spends all his spare time studying the ways of the bees in his garden. The busy, systematic life of the bees he has introduced, it is said, in a poetical and mystical fashion in the new drama he is writing. He intends to call this work "Double Jardin."

Early in January Mme. Sarah Grand will make her debut upon the lecture platform in the United States. Her lectures will not consist of mere readings from her novels or essays, with anecdotes interpolated, but will comprise a series of carefully prepared addresses upon literary, artistic, and sociological subjects. Since finishing "Babs, the Impossible," she has been very busy with the preparation of these addresses, two of which, "The Human Quest" and "Mere Man," will first be delivered in London preparatory to her departure for America.

Clement Shorter's work on "Napoleon at St. Helena," with which is incorporated "some hitherto unpublished correspondence by Mr. Thomas Brooke, secretary to the British Government on the island during Napoleon's sojourn," should form an interesting parallel to the study by Lord Rosebery on the same subject.

The latest volume in which Jeanette Gilder has discovered material for a drama is Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield's new story, "The Archbishop and the Lady."

A new part of speech is among the latest discoveries. A writer in the London *Academy* calls attention to the fact that although adverbs are usually defined as words qualifying verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs, yet one of the most frequent mistakes in grammar consists in adding the wrong "adverb" to the verb. Thus we say sometimes, incorrectly, "He was very pleased," when we should say, "He was very much pleased," or "greatly pleased"; "very" being in the best usage a word that can limit only an adverb or adjective, but not a verb or verbal adjective. The writer in the *Academy* proposes the word "ad-adjectives" or "addjectives" for this part of speech.

In his introduction to the illustrated edition of "David Harum," which D. Appleton & Co. are bringing out, Forbes Harman says:

"Many people, hitherto unknown, have unblushingly set forth their claims to be the 'originals' of one or another character of the book; and while these foolish attempts to acquire a little unearned importance are more absurd than serious, yet it may not be out of place here to state that all such claims are absolutely without foundation. The characters are all drawn from life, it is true, in the sense that they are life-like, but not from individuals. Each one is entirely the creation of the author's imagination, and this fact he asserted with much earnestness over and over again. 'I should not dare put real people, just as I see them, into my book,' he once characteristically said; 'they'd spoil it.'"

According to the New York *Sun*, Booth Tarkington, whose name became known two years ago as that of the author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," and was generally thought to be a pseudonym, is living now at a Fifth Avenue hotel where he works many hours a day. He was graduated from Princeton in 1893 and was popular as a student. He was the president of the dramatic association, for which he wrote plays and acted them. His deep

bass voice was conspicuous in the glee club. He was also an editor of the Nassau *Literary Magazine*. Tarkington's tastes led him into newspaper work after graduation, but the success of his "Gentleman from Indiana" warranted his devoting his time entirely to fiction, and that is what he is now doing.

The All-Mother.

Friends may forget to lift the latch,
And fickle Fortune jilt thee, too,
Thy handsome lover ride away
Some morning in the diamond dew,
But still upon the hawthorn-tree,
The coral huds will blow for thee!

The poison from a serpent-tongue
May hight thy name forevermore,
But still thy garden will extend
As kind a welcome as before.
The lilies pure will still uphold
To thy sad eyes their hearts of gold!

The thievish years will steal thy youth,
Upon thy head will strew their snows,
And on thy rounded throat will leave
Their finger-marks, but still the rose
Will lift above its emerald crest
Its fairest blossom for thy breast!

Though lone and friendless thou shouldst die
And not a tear upon thee fall,
Nor any stone protect thy dust,

Yet spring would weave a velvet pall
Of thickest moss, and o'er it strew
The little violets bright with dew.

Oh, Nature! great all-mother thou,—
Thy night distills as rare a pearl
To deck the cripple's single rose,
As for the gardens of the earl.
Thou hast a kiss for every smart,
A balm for every wounded heart!

—Minna Irving in the *Independent*.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Essays by Richard Le Gallienne.

The admirers of Richard Le Gallienne's work, and they are many, will find much to praise and little to disparage in his latest volume. The book contains some twenty essays, and is entitled "Sleeping Beauty and Other Prose Fancies." Nearly one-half of the topics chosen by the essayist are of a literary character, and the discussion of these is always serious and always distinctive. Mr. Le Gallienne thinks for himself, but does not worship at the shrine of his own originality and independence. When his subject requires vigorous treatment he easily finds forcible phrases, but the airy freedom of his fancy and the charm of his style are his gifts of excellence. From one of the essays the following is quoted for its timeliness, though there are several that are more attractive and more worthy of remembrance:

"The mob has found a man of genius, willing to voice its prejudice and rapacity. This is bad for England, and very humiliating for poetry. It almost makes one wish that poetry were constituted as a faculty, like medicine, and that there were certain unprofessional things clearly defined which a poet might not do. Of course, if England is satisfied to be represented by the 'Absent-Minded Beggar,' all the worse for England; it only means that its fiercer minds are withdrawing themselves from the direction of the national destiny. Yet, on the other hand, all this is not to say that the 'Absent-Minded Beggar' is anything but a fascinating human jingle. There are those who consider it a slur upon the English soldier. He is not an absent-minded beggar—say some. Of course, that is absurd. And there is underneath the surface cynicism of Mr. Kipling's poem a frank acceptance of humanity as it is, which is in itself humbling. Yet I maintain that, whatever its secondary charm, however individually one may delight in it, the 'Absent-Minded Beggar' is unworthy to represent so great and so distinguished a country as England at such a moment.

"There are those, I know, who consider such doggerel an indication of the future of English literature. The poetry of the twentieth century is to be just Kipling—only more so. Of course, one can not deny or affirm. One can only hope not—and look to the past for consolation. This, of course, is not the first time that English national feeling has expressed itself in plebeian jingle. There was, for instance, a certain 'Lillibullero,' which every duke's son and cook's son in eighteenth-century England hummed in a sort of possession. It hums now only in the dry heads of antiquaries. And there is the sadness of Mr. Kipling's talent; or, perhaps, rather the use to which he has chosen to dedicate that talent. Think of 'Mandalay' as the dusty property of literary dry-as-dusts. Yet, what else can it become? Mr. Kipling has chosen to make the clay jig, instead of compelling the marble to sing, and he has his reward. To-night as, all unexpectedly, I caught my train, I noticed a gentleman walking about the well-covered railway station with his umbrella up. It was raining outside, and he had forgotten to put the umbrella down. Said a porter to me: 'There goes an absent-minded beggar,' and for a moment I thought to myself: 'What a fame is that which is breathed upon the lips of railway porters?' till I remembered the fame of prize-fighters and pantomime songs; and thought, too, of Keats! 'What think you of Keats?' I might have said to my porter! Yes! if Mr. Kipling troubles himself about 'immortality'—as every real artist should—he must turn pale at the thought of Keats. Of course it is impossible to imagine the 'Ode to a Grecian Urn' making fifty thousand pounds for our widows and orphans—and yet . . ."

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Visiting the Sin," by Emma Rayner, is a tragical story of Kentucky, twenty-five years ago. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Reform or Revolution," by John S. Hittell, is a volume of essays on the chief defects in the government, with the best remedies for them. The volume is published by the author for private circulation.

Twenty-five stories of Scotch life are included in "The Stickit Minister's Wooing," by S. R. Crockett. "Lord Jim," by Joseph Conrad, is a romance of the sea. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 each.

"The Dancing-Master," by Adrien Chabot, that simple yet pathetic character-sketch, has been translated by Pauline W. Sill, and is daintily bound in magenta and silver. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

Readers of "The Red Men of the Dusk," by John Finmore, will find it a stirring romance of the days of Cromwell, with much of hard fighting, and perilous dangers for hero and heroine, that are safely passed at last. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

Sixty-seven selections of patriotic verse, collected and edited by Clinton Scollard, are given in "Ballads of American Bravery." Many of the pieces are of historical interest, some have been "old favorites" for years, and all are good. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

Philip Verrill Mighels has given the domestic problem of housewives and help some incidental

illumination in his latest novel, "Nella, the Heart of the Army." The army mentioned in the title is a military organization of women for household labor. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A critical study of the poet that is judicious and yet thoroughly appreciative serves as an introduction to "Selections from the Poetry of Lord Byron," by Frederic Ives Carpenter. The notes to the poems represent much research and are especially illuminative. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Historical Memoirs of the Emperor Alexander I. and the Court of Russia," by Mme. la Comtesse de Choiseul-Gouffier, were first published in 1828. They are now efficiently translated from the original French by Mary Berenice Patterson, and the volume is attractive to all interested in Russian history. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

Frank R. Stockton's latest story, "A Bicycle of Cathay," is as quietly humorous and as quaintly familiar as any of his earlier books, and at the end it completes in a punning way the quotation from which he paraphrased his title. "Devil Tales," by Virginia Frazer Boyle, is made up of ten stories of Southern life. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50 each.

With the sub-title, "A Book of Hard-Luck Stories," Clarence Louis Cullen gives a needed key to the line embossed on the cover—"Tales of the ex-Tanks." There are twenty-five of the stories, and they are said to have been related by members of a club of "former alcoholic degenerates." Some of the tales are amusing, and some are queer. Published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Fore: Life's Book for Golfers," treats the game pictorially, and generally in a satirical vein, but the pictures by Gibson, Hanna, Gilbert, Blashfield, and others, are gems of art in black and white (\$2.00). "Attwood's Pictures," by Francis Gilbert Attwood, is a volume made up of the humorous and satirical historical drawings contributed to *Life* during the past ten years (\$3.00). Published by Life Publishing Company, New York.

Three new volumes in the library edition of Alphonse Daudet's works are "Little What's-His-Name, and La Belle-Nivernaise," translated by Jane Minot Sedgwick; "Thirty Years in Paris," and "The Immortal, and the Struggle for Life," translated by George Burnham Ives. Each volume has a photogravure frontispiece from a picture by a French artist. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50 each.

A new edition of Annie Payson Call's judicious essay on physical culture, "Power Through Repose," has been brought out, with three new chapters added, on "The Rational Care of Self," "Our Relations with Others," and "The Use of the Will." Not only people with "nerves" but others as well who would know more of health of mind and body, will find the book of value. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

After twenty-eight years a new edition of that collection of letters, reminiscences, and biographical notes, "Yesterdays with Authors," by James T. Fields, illustrated with photogravure portraits, autograph letters, etc., has been brought out in sumptuous dress. It appears opportunely for holiday needs, and will attract readers who have yet to learn the charm of its pages. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$3.50.

In "The True Annals of Fairyland," edited by William Canton, there are thirty-three delightful stories for lovers of fairy tales, and the illustrations by Charles Robinson, many of them printed in colors, are of a grade of art much higher than usually comes to holiday offerings for young readers. The volume pleases the eye and the understanding as well, and will be a prime favorite. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

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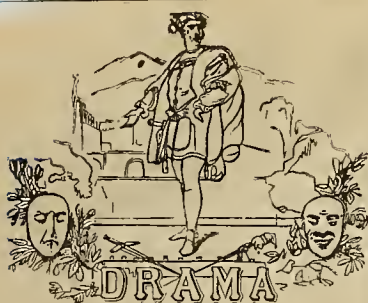
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Some musical authority has professed to detect in the music of "Tannhäuser" the awkwardness of adolescence, as compared to the free, unfettered movement of mastered genius evidenced in Wagner's latest works. And by the same token we can, in "The Flying Dutchman," mark the struggles of his German muse kicking off in its vigorous infancy the swaddling clothes of its Italian foster-mother, and essaying its first steps upon its native soil. In later years, however, the composer in the ripeness of his power rejected the idea that these two works could fitly approach his conception of the ideal music-drama. Nevertheless, a wide difference is at once discoverable to those whose acquaintance with grand opera has been confined to works of the Italian school. A closer union of characteristic music and action, the continual flow of declamatory recitative, the prominence of the orchestration, and the first tentative appearance of the motives, all unite to form a marked contrast to the lighter and more facile productions of the Latin composers.

The opera begins simply and naturally. There is a charming freshness and spontaneity to the music of the opening chorus, and the steersman's love-song is a melody simple enough for a folk-song. Then comes the sombre shadow of the curse, when with sudden and spectral darkening of the already dim light, a sinister, hollow clasp of chords from the orchestra, a flutter of shadowy sails, the mysterious craft of the Dutchman sweeps grandly to the rocky shore, bearing upon its deck the fixed, solitary figure of the wanderer accursed by an outraged heaven. This is one of the most dramatic moments in the opera, although no voice is heard. Indeed, one of the most remarkable characteristics of Wagner's operas is the art with which he plays at times upon the feelings of his audience, and succeeds in working them up to a high tension of excitement by employing orchestration alone to enforce the meaning of the stage-pictures.

Both Bispham and Gadske were steeped to the lips in the spirit of poetical mysticism that permeates the story, and Bispham, in particular, in pose, make-up, and facial expression, showed a remarkably clear and sympathetic understanding of the requirements of a very unique and unexploited rôle. Gadske's first notes, as she sat idle at her spinning-wheel, dreamily voicing the strange spell which the portrait laid upon her, exhibited one of the noticeably fine characteristics of her voice—namely, the delicacy and beauty of her *pianissimo* effects. Firm, infinitely clear, infinitely sweet, it flows a rill of smooth sound, with not a vocal defect to stain its silver clearness.

Upon these two devolved the principal burden of the opera, and the next most important rôle fell to Blass, who, as Daland, exhibited a fine and vigorous baritone. He introduced his little bit of comedy very discreetly, slightly relieving without destroying the tension of a taxing situation. That famous "long pause" at the first meeting of the predestined lovers had its share in bringing down upon Wagner's stubborn German head the laughter of his audience when the opera had its earliest representations, but his American listeners, whether influenced by a Wagneresque awe, or moved by the music, accept it in the proper spirit.

Nevertheless, a rehearsing of "The Flying Dutchman" (the opera was produced here with magnificent scenic accessories and sung by good though not great singers a dozen or more years ago) will confirm many in the conviction that it is and will be in our time caviare to the general. Wagner is too merciless in the length of his melodic recitatives, the action is comparatively slight, and there is, except for the striking scenic effect produced by the appearance and disappearance of the phantom ship, an absence of the beautiful stage pictures and wonderful illusions introduced in his later works, and whose presence in the operas of the Ring will help to place the coming production of the trilogy among the great theatrical events of San Francisco.

The presentation of opera at popular prices on Sunday night appears to be a pronounced success. It drew out large numbers of people who have it on their consciences to be able to casually remark: "When I was at the opera," and the usual proportion who never turn their backs on a chance to hear good music. How odd and primitive the "Trovatore" music sounds when one has been listening to a series of modern operas. I began to suspect myself of putting on Wagnerian airs when my car noted the thinness and bareness of the orchestration, and my imagination utterly refused to be stirred by those absurd, stuffed figures of traditional romance. Who is it that keeps the dear old piece of antiquity

on the stage, sweet fountain of melody, though it be? No doubt there is much in mere association. For to many the sweet, familiar strains revive countless old memories, and with them comes in a bright, evanescent wave, a momentary resurrection of those wild hopes and feverish joys, those baseless loves and rainbow-tinted illusions which make up the dazzling, transitory glory called "youth."

Grau's singers do not scorn to listen to it, for a number of the most renowned occupied boxes, and lent attentive ears to the performance of their associates. I found it very entertaining to observe them thus, making unconscious revelations of the real nature which we can but dimly perceive through the veil of histrionic illusion. All were very punctilious about applauding the singers, and extremely particular about the recipients knowing it. They clapped, not to make a noise, but to be seen, with hands almost as high as their faces.

Gadske is very attractive-looking, younger, and prettier than she appears on the stage, and very chatty. Schumann-Heink looked like a cozy matron who had temporarily stepped out from her happy home to see what all this operatic pop-wow was about. Melba was vivacious and playful, and not forgetful of the fact that she was a world-wide celebrity in her opera-box, who was being stonily stared at by a large audience. She enjoyed it, and who could wonder? She shows in her face that she has conquered her world. The wine of life still exhilarates, but the ardent expectancy of the seeker for new laurels is gone. The full-leafed garland is on her brow, and she is content. In Gadske's gray eyes one may read aspiration. Her gaze is fixed on the mountain-top, whose loftiest crest her feet shall soon tread.

From their high places among the seats of the mighty, the famous singers watched Dippel, the young German tenor, setting his feet on the upward slope and plucking a few laurels on the way. He pleased his audience, and was called out. The singers in the boxes, men and women alike, leaned forward, smiled, clapped, and looked encouragement and congratulation. Their faces were kind and friendly. It was a pleasant sight.

To those on the stage the biggest part of their audience was in the boxes. Their faces turned there instinctively, as the sunflower to the sun, and they were plainly much gratified by the presence and applause of their famous associates.

Oltzka triumphed over her little rôle-poly figure, and revealing to us the possession of a contralto of much volume and richness, rendered a deep-voiced, dramatic Azucena. Dufliche was an unremarkable, but satisfactory count, a thought too deprecatory about the expression of his legs. The legs of counts, I am sure, should have a much more haughty and conquering air.

Dippel, in "The Flying Dutchman," had to win his bearing with a cast of so much super-excellent merit around him that his really fine qualifications were not so patent as in "Trovatore." As Manrico he won his spurs, and was one of the favorites. Indeed, one guileless youth in a neighboring seat, evidently laboring under the delusion that he was assisting at the performance of a musical melodrama, gave a lonely, startled clap to Manrico when that trouhadour broke up the count's little kidnapping game, and was immediately shriveled to a crisp cinder by the scorching disdain of his neighbors.

Nordica was the biggest star in the cast, but as Leonora is merely a voice being carried around by a bale of mediæval millinery, her transcendent qualities as a dramatic soprano had absolutely no scope. When in Leonora's highest flights she forms her mouth into an isosceles triangle, and pours forth an ample stream of pure melody, one realizes that the soaring, splendid voice is one of the great sopranos of the world, but of the personality and dramatic temperament behind it the representation of a character of so colorless and conventional a nature permits no hint.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Charles H. Hoyt, the well-known playwright, died at his home in Charleston, N. Y., from paresis, on Tuesday, November 20th, at the age of forty years. After a varied newspaper experience in Boston, almost by chance he drifted into play-writing. His first farce was "Gifford's Luck." Then came "A Parlor Match" and "A Bunch of Keys," which established his reputation, although he got little money out of them himself. After this he became his own manager and produced a long succession of successful farce-comedies and amassed a considerable fortune. In 1887 he married Flora Walsh, a young actress in one of his companies who was renowned for her beauty. She died in 1893. In 1894 he married Caroline Miskell, likewise a member of one of his companies, and noted for beauty even greater than that of the first Mrs. Hoyt. She died in October, 1898, and the playwright seemed a broken man. Contrary to the wishes of his advisers he plunged even more deeply into work. He never recovered his former brilliancy, however, and wrote his only complete failure, "The Dog in the Manger." With this failure came the complete collapse of the playwright's mind, and he never fully recovered.

—JESSE MOORE "AA" WHISKY IS USED AT all the principal hospitals in the United States. Why is it?

Last Week of Grand Opera.

Gounod's "Faust," with Melba, Saleza, and Edouard de Reszké in the leading rôles, will be presented at the Grand Opera House this (Saturday) evening by the Grau Opera Company, and on Sunday night "Tannhäuser" will be repeated, at popular prices, with the following cast: Elizabeth, Susan Strong; Ein Nirt, Mlle. Oltzka; Venus, Marylli; Tannhäuser, Dippel; Wolfram, Muhlmann; Walther, Jacques Bars; Heinrich, Hubbuenet; Biterolf, Gillibert; Reinmar, Viviani; and Herman the First, Plançon. Conductor, Walter Damsch.

The third and last week of the season is to be devoted principally to the first presentation in this city of Richard Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen," and, judging from the advance sale the attendance will be very large. The repertoire is announced as follows:

Monday evening (first performance of the cycle)—"Das Rheingold": Wotan, Muhlmann; Donner, Dufliche; Froh, Jacques Bars; Loge, Van Dyck; Alberich, Bispham; Mime, Hubbuenet; Fasolt, Blass; Fafner, Journet; Fricka, Susan Strong; Freia, Marylli; Erda, Schumann-Heink; Woglinde, Fritz Scheff; Wellgunde, Oltzka; Flosshilde, Schumann-Heink. Conductor, Walter Damsch. There will be no intermission.

Tuesday evening (second performance of the cycle)—"Die Walküre": Siegmund, Van Dyck; Hunding and Wotan, Blass; Sieglinde, Gadske; Fricka, Schumann-Heink; Gerhilde, Van Cauteren; Ortlinde, Bauermeister; Waltraute, Schumann-Heink; Schwertleite, Remi; Helmweige, Fritz Scheff; Siegfrue, Marylli; Grimgerde, Oltzka; Rosswise, Bridewell; Brunnhilde, Nordica. Conductor, Walter Damsch.

Wednesday evening (third performance of the cycle)—"Siegfried": Siegfried, Dippel; Der Wanderer, Edouard de Reszké; Mime, Hubbuenet; Alberich, Bispham; Fafner, Blass; Stimme des Waldvogels, Fritz Scheff; Erda, Schumann-Heink; Brunnhilde, Nordica. Conductor, Walter Damsch.

Thursday evening—Puccini's "La Bohème": Mimì, Melba; Musetta, Fritz Scheff; Rodolfo, Saleza; Marcello, Campanari; Schaunard, Gillibert; Colline, Journet; Benoit and Alcidero, Dufliche; Pargpignol, Masiero. Conductor, Mancinelli.

Friday evening (final performance of the cycle)—"Götterdämmerung": Siegfried, Dippel; Gunther, Muhlmann; Hagen, Edouard de Reszké; Brunnhilde, Nordica; Waltraut, Schumann-Heink; Woglinde, Fritz Scheff; Wellgunde, Bridewell; Flosshilde, Schumann-Heink; Outrun, Susan Strong. Conductor, Walter Damsch.

Saturday afternoon (last matinée)—Verdi's "La Traviata": Violetta, Melba; Flora Bervoise, Van Cauteren; Annina, Bauermeister; Giorgio Germont, Campanari; Castone, Masiero; Barone Duphol, Jacques Bars; Marchese d'Obigny, Dufliche; Dottore Grenvill, Gillibert; Alfredo, Cremonini. Conductor, Mancinelli.

On Saturday and Sunday evenings the farewell performances of the Grau Opera Company will take place. The programmes for these occasions will be announced later.

Golf Notes.

The semi-final round of the competition for the Council's Cup for men was played on Saturday afternoon, November 17th, on the Presidio links. H. B. Goodwin defeated H. Golcher, 4 up, 2 to play, and S. L. Abbot, Jr., beat H. D. Pillsbury, 4 up, 3 to play. To-day (Saturday) the finals will be played with Goodwin pitted against Abbot. The mixed foursome tournament scheduled for to-day has been postponed until December 1st.

The handicap sweepstake tournament, over 18 holes, of the Class B men last Saturday, was won by Captain Christensen, with a score of 118 less 18-100. The complete scores were as follows:

	1st	2d	Gross.	cap.	Net.
Captain Christensen.....	63	55	118	18	100
L. B. Edwards.....	61	61	122	11	111
L. Montague.....	58	68	126	13	113
Captain Runnough.....	54	63	117	2	115
Dr. J. A. Spencer.....	75	65	140	18	122

In the ladies' continuous tournament, Miss Houghton succeeded in wresting second place from Miss Mullins. Miss Houghton will now play Mrs. R. G. Brown for highest honors. Miss McBean takes fourth place by defeating Mrs. F. H. Green.

In play with G. A. Pope on the Presidio links last week Instructor Johnstone succeeded in breaking all previous records. He negotiated the nine holes in the phenomenal score of 35. His complete score was 4-4-3-4-4-4-4-4-4-35. His score of 11 for the first three holes is considered unusually good. The previous record stood at 37.

Two contests in the mixed foursomes was played on the links of the Sausalito Golf Club, at Fort Baker, on Saturday, November 17th. Miss Grace Martin and William Horn competed with Miss Borrowe and Mr. D'Arcy, the game eventually ending in a tie. Miss Winifred Mason and Mr. Mason defeated Miss Marion Harrison and Clay Miller by the narrow margin of 1 up. During the week the remainder of the foursomes and some ladies' singles were to have been played. On Sunday, November 26th, if the weather permits, the finals in all the events will be played.

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Beginning Next Monday Evening, Frank L. Perley will Present Alice Nielsen and the Alice Nielsen Opera Company in

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Next Week..... "The Singing Girl."

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—THE J. H. Haverly Mastodon Minstrels—
With the Recognized Minstrel King of the Universe, George (Waltz Me Again) Wilson.

Matinées, Thanksgiving Day, Saturday, and Sunday.
Usual Popular Prices—75c, 50c, and 25c.

Orpheum

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Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinée Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Special Matinée Thursday, November 29th, Thanksgiving Day.

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This Evening..... "Faust."
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Night..... "Tannhäuser."
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NEXT WEEK.

"Der Ring des Nibelungen." (Wagner).
Monday, at 8:30..... "Das Rheingold."
Tuesday, at 7:45..... "Die Walküre."
Wednesday, at 7:45..... "Siegfried."
Thursday..... "La Bohème."
Friday, at 7:30..... "Götterdämmerung."
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December 4th,

And WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 5th

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Alice Nielsen in "The Singing Girl."

Monday evening promises to be a gala occasion at the Columbia Theatre, for it will mark Alice Nielsen's first appearance in San Francisco as a star. Since her secession from the Bostonsians, Miss Nielsen has been playing in crowded houses in the East in "The Fortune Teller" and "The Singing Girl," which were written expressly for her by Victor Herbert, and this season she enjoys the distinction of being the only comic-opera prima donna at the head of her own company. She will make her stellar debut here in "The Singing Girl," the action of which hinges on a unique edict issued by Duke Rodolph, governor of Luiz, in Austria, who was jilted by the beautiful Countess of Salzburg, just as they were about to wed. Enraged at his fiancée's fickleness, he returns to his own province, and issues an edict designed to protect the men of Luiz from the over-fertile maidens of the day, whereby couples who converse upon the street in public have to do so at the cost of securing a compulsory courtship license, and those indiscreet enough to kiss are obliged to accept the penalty of instant marriage, or prison as alternative. All sorts of complications ensue when Greta, the singing-girl, is caught kissing the Lady Marie while masquerading in her brother's uniform, and is forced into the position of having to marry another woman.

Miss Nielsen has surrounded herself with an especially strong company, including Eugene Cowles, the sonorous bass, who was so long associated with the Bostonsians; Richie Ling, the dramatic tenor; Joseph Herbert, Joseph Cawthorn, and John Slavin, a trio of clever comedians; Viola Gillette, a contralto, who has achieved fame in Australia but is comparatively unknown here; Billie Nartun, May Boley, Eunice Drake, Lillie Devere, May Devere, Winifred Williams; Frederick Butler, a young basso; George Tennery, a promising tenor; and Harry Dale, a clever comedian, late of the Bostonsians. Paul Steindorff, who has wielded the baton for the Alice Nielsen Opera Company since its inception, is still director of music.

Second Week of "The Jolly Musketeeer."

The comic-opera season at the Tivoli Opera House opened most auspiciously with Stange and Edwards' "The Jolly Musketeeer," in which Ferris Hartman, Annie Myers, Grace Orr, Julie Catter, Arthur Bayce, and several new recruits, notably Maud Williams and Tenbrook Dale, scored individual hits. The opera is full of ballads, topical songs, duets, concerted numbers, and swinging choruses. Some of the principal musical features are "The Wishing Well," "Willful Woman," "Just to Pass the Time Away," "That Sweet Oblivion, Drink," "Love for an Hour," and "We are the King's Own Musketeeers."

"The Jolly Musketeeer" will enter on its second week on Monday night, and on Thanksgiving night (Thursday, November 29th) the students of the State University will attend the theatre in a body. College specialties will be introduced in the opera. A curtain-raiser by Paul A. Sinsheimer, entitled "A Cinch in Math," will also be a feature of the evening. It will be presented by R. W. Tully, M. H. Schwartz, J. W. S. Butler, H. L. Paddock, and a young lady yet to be chosen.

Haverly's Minstrels.

At the California Theatre Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels will begin an engagement on Sunday afternoon, November 25th, and on Thanksgiving Day a special matinee will be given. The entire performance is given in black face, and George Wilson, one of the most popular minstrellogists of the day, is at the head of the organization. Other clever members of the company are Dan Allman, Master Martin, Dan Waldron, Bobby Teal, Robert Baker, Larry Brown, John Martin, James Connors, Will Black, and others. Gardner and Hunt, Mazier and Conley, Baker and Teal, the original Big Four, including Harry Leighton, J. J. Claxton, John S. Rolans, John Maxwell, Samuel Nankeville, and many others make up the ensemble. A street parade will be given every day.

At the Orpheum.

At the head of the Orpheum's new bill will be Julius P. Witmark, the noted baritone, who will sing "The Great Beyond," a semi-religious song, "Ma Blushin' Posy," "Since Then There's Been No Light About the Place," a cozier ballad, and "The One I Love," a sentimental ditty. Among the other new-comers are Mary Dupont and Charles Lathian, who will present a new sketch, "A Visit to Aunt Martha"; Mallory Brothers and Brooks, clever musical artists; Sansone and Delila, "the Twentieth Century Athletes," whose feats of lifting and balancing are said to be remarkable; and Anne Kenwick, a chic singer and dancer.

The hold-overs will include Max Waldron, Stelling and Revelle, and Conditt and Morey. The Orpheum will give a special matinee on Thanksgiving Day.

San Francisco's New Stock Company.

If the present plans of J. J. Guttuh are carried out—and it certainly looks as if they would—San Francisco will be provided with a stock company which will be equal to any similar organization in

the United States. Arrangements have been made with Daniel and Charles Frhman by which players of the very highest ability will be seen here next summer in the latest London and New York successes. No particular actor will be started, as in the case of Henry Miller, but each member of the company will be selected with a view to giving every character the best possible interpretation, and the players will be chosen from the stock companies at the New York Empire, Lyceum, and Daly's Theatre. Daniel Frhman proposes to give up his annual European trip and come to San Francisco in June, to give here throughout the stock season, giving personal attention to productions the same as in New York.

The plays which are already scheduled for San Francisco are: "Mrs. Dane's Defense," by Henry Arthur Jones, which the Empire stock company will open the season with at the Empire Theatre on December 1st; "A Man of Forty," which opens Daly's dramatic season on Monday night; R. C. Cartan's "Lady Huntsworth's Experiment," which commences at the Lyceum Theatre in February; "To Have and To Hold," Ernest F. Boddington's dramatization of Mary Johnston's novel; Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jenks," which is to be produced in New York in February; Sydney Grundy's "A Debt of Honor," and J. M. Barrie's latest play, "The Wedding Guest."

It is more than likely that the season will be inaugurated with A. W. Piner's comedy, "The Gay Lord Quex," with which John Hare, the eminent English actor, is drawing crowded houses in New York.

Stephen Phillips's New Tragedy.

The English critics are unanimous in their praise of Stephen Phillips's new poetic tragedy, "Herod," which has just been successfully produced in London by Beerbohm Tree and will be staged in New York later in the season by Richard Mansfield. Mr. Phillips's play contains three acts and one scene only. This represents the entrance to the private apartments in Herod's palace. The entire action takes place in what may be called the hall of audience, whence the spectator, looking down from the eminence on which the palace is set, is able to descry the city of Jerusalem. A bridge spans a deep gorge, separating this hill from one visible in the background.

In his first two acts the author deals with the tragedy of Mariamne's death, in the last with the madness of Herod himself. Each act contains a special spectacular feature. In the first there is a tabernacle procession, a picture of extraordinary magnificence, heightened by the presence of numberless worshippers, bringing with them offerings of fruit and grain, and carrying palm-leaves in their hands.

The second act is conspicuous for its wonderful "mob" scene, wherein the infuriated citizens, making a headlong entrance across the bridge, are opposed by Herod's followers. Here we may expect an effect not less striking than that created by the crowd in the forum scene of "Julius Caesar." For the third act is reserved a tableau of singular beauty and profound pathos. The mad Herod sits upon his throne in the hall of audience, moodily brooding over past events. To distract his thoughts, graceful dancers and exquisite singers are introduced, but all to no purpose. Then come artificers from all parts of the world, bringing gold and priceless jewels, emeralds, rubies, turquoises, and pearls, designed for the beautifying of the temple, which Herod has promised to rebuild. Yet their endeavors to attract the king's attention are also futile. At last the embalmed body of Mariamne is borne in, and the distracted Herod throws himself on the inanimate form of the woman whose death he had himself contrived. He kisses her on the lips and finds that they are cold. Then the truth breaks upon him; a catalepsy supervenes, and after the doctor has expressed a hopeful view of the case, the courtiers one by one steal away, leaving him alone, glassy, rigid.

Mr. Tree is said to have scored a tremendous hit in the title rôle, which calls for some powerful acting, especially in the cataleptic last act, where he is weirdly effective. The suggestion of presenting the play in a single scene emanated from Mr. Tree himself, and is a practical answer to those who accuse him of being unwilling to produce stage work unless it affords an opportunity for constantly changing and varied scenery.

The board of directors of the Olympic Club have sent out cards for a ladies' day at their club-house this (Saturday) afternoon from 2 to 6 P. M. The new bathing system and other recent improvements in the club-house will be open for inspection. There will be music and athletic performances in the gymnasium and exhibitions in the swimming-tank during the afternoon.

Hattie Delaro, who is playing the leading rôle in Hoyt's "A Stranger in New York" at one of the theatres, will be remembered as Mrs. Hattie Delaro Barnes, who not many years ago was prominent in society circles here. She made her professional debut on the Tivoli Opera House stage, and for some years has been appearing in the Hoyt productions.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

The Best Ten Short Poems.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 4, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Two or three years ago a contest was conducted by Life to determine by popular vote the ten best short poems in the language. Can the Argonaut recall the result and give the list then chosen? Also, please name the author of the following lines:

"Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life does greatly please."

A SUBSCRIBER.

[At the request of the Argonaut the following list is kindly furnished by Life. The lines quoted by our correspondent are not familiar. Some Argonaut reader may be able to identify them.—EDS.]

LIFE, 19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET,
NEW YORK, November 16, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In Life of July 22, 1897, appeared the conclusion of Life's Pegasus contest, in which over six hundred of our readers agreed that the following are the best ten short poems in the English language: "Gray's Elegy," "Thanatopsis," "Psalm of Life," "The Raven," "Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Skylark" (Shelley), "The Chambered Nautilus," "Maud Muller," "The Bridge of Sighs," "The Burial of Sir John Moore." Yours truly,
T. MASSON.

In reply to yours of November 9th.

The Crest of the Egret.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 14, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your entertaining correspondent, Geraldine Banner, is slightly in error concerning the "feathery tail of the egret" in woman's hats and bonnets. The airy, graceful ornament is the crest of the bird (the little white heron) which has no more tail than a barn-yard biddy. The swampy sections of the Gulf States are its favorite haunts. I never see one of these snowy crests on a woman's head-piece that I do not feel a shiver, for I remember it is the little mother heron who wears it, and only when she is mothering the nest of babies it is perfect in beauty. It must be plucked from the head while the bird is alive to be at its finest, and the little mother must then be killed, as so much of the head is mangled with the scalping.

E. C. T.

Recent Wills and Successions.

Judge Shaw, of Los Angeles, has handed down a decree ordering the \$2,000,000 estate of the late Governor John G. Downey distributed to the various heirs. The estate has been in course of probate since 1894. A will was discovered and filed for probate in July of 1895. The heirs named in the will were Winifred Martin, Eleanor Martin, Annie Donahue, and J. Downey Harvey. Each of the heirs was left one-fourth of the estate, with the exception of Eleanor Martin. The remaining fourth of the estate goes to Eleanor, Peter D., Walter S., and Genevieve Martin. Since the probate proceedings were commenced, Winifred Martin and Annie Donahue have died. Their share of the estate will be distributed to their heirs. The account of J. Downey Harvey shows all of the legacies have been paid.

The Races.

There will be two events of interest at Tanforan Park to-day (Saturday). The third race will be a handicap for two-year-olds, the purse being \$500 and the distance six furlongs, and the fourth race will be the Goodwood Handicap for three-year-olds and upward over a one-mile course.

Among the notable special features for next week will be the Newmarket Stake on Wednesday for three-year-olds and upward, the Autumn Handicap for three-year-olds on Thursday, and the Gold Vase Stakes for three-year-olds on Saturday.

The purchaser of the Los Medanos Ranch, near Antioch, from the L. L. Robinson estate was the lumber firm of C. A. Hanner & Co. The ranch contains about eight thousand acres, and is nearly all under cultivation and rented to prosperous farmers. The price paid was one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The property has a frontage of six miles on the San Joaquin River, and on a portion of this the buyer will establish a great lumber yard and planing mill.

Mrs. Leland Stanford's agents in Paris are negotiating to secure certain exposition buildings which could be taken apart and erected upon ground already purchased in a pleasant suburb of the city to serve as an American hospital.

FOR A. PONIAZOWSKI,
President.

CHAS. L. FAIR,
Vice-President

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VANITY FAIR.

The results of the elections in Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, and Idaho have an interest that does not attach to the returns from other States. In these States the women have full suffrage, and vote for all offices, including Presidential electors. The woman vote in these States is, therefore, interesting as forming a basis for calculating the influence of this factor in politics and for estimating the extent to which women are apt to avail themselves of the full elective franchise when granted to them. It must be conceded (says the *Chicago Times-Herald*), after an analysis of the returns from these States, that the favorite argument of the opponents of woman suffrage—that the great majority of women will not vote if granted the privilege—has to be taken with several grains of allowance. In Colorado the woman vote increased from 46,722 in 1896 to 86,943, owing, possibly, to the greater interest taken in the election because of the marked subsidence of free-silver sentiment, but more directly, however, to their wish to effect the defeat of Senator E. O. Wolcott, whose recent divorce had provoked the opposition of the women of Colorado. Two other deductions that may be made from the returns are: The disinclination of women to support candidates of their own sex for office and a disposition to rebuke any attempts on the part of party bosses to control or manipulate the woman vote. The only woman candidate for office in Utah—the woman who seconded the nomination of Bryan in the Kansas City convention—ran far behind her ticket and was defeated, although a woman of great personal popularity. In Wyoming a Democratic candidate for Congress, who had made a statement in a letter to the Anti-Suffrage Association of New York that "the woman vote was the easiest thing to get and to manipulate of any element in politics," was defeated by the votes of women. It is also alleged that the woman vote was nearly a third of the vote cast, and threw the State to McKinley.

Prince Chigi, an Italian nobleman, sold a Madonna, by Botticelli, the chief gem of his family collection, to a foreigner for eighty thousand dollars. He was tried the other day, convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine equal to the price which he received for the picture. Some time ago Prince Sciarra, for disposing of Raphael's "Violin Player" in a similar manner, was imprisoned and fined, and passed some years in exile before his sentence was remitted. It was not a lack of patriotism that led these unfortunate princes to get rid of the art treasures, but a lack of pence. It is very nice to have palaces and pictures by the great masters (comments the *New York Sun*), but if the cash is not forthcoming to keep them up, the condition of the heads of these noble families is pitiable indeed. The attitude of the Italian Government has been rather that of the dog in the manger. The nobles must keep their family heirlooms even if they have not the wherewithal to pay the butcher, the baker, and the tailor. The foreigner stands forever at the door, brandishing a bag of gold, willing to buy. But the law says "no." The government does not offer to take the things off the hands of the possessor at a proper price, and place them in public galleries where they can be enjoyed by all. The paintings remain in the hands of poverty-stricken families, which feel, very naturally, that as long as they can not do what they like with their own, they are under no obligations to give the public the right to enjoy what it is unwilling to acquire for a reasonable sum. It is no wonder that some of these princes become persistent hunters of heiresses. How is a noble of high degree to live up to Raphael's and Botticelli's on "nothing a year"? They have fallen upon a commercial age. They have valuable assets that could be turned into cash readily. But instead of being a source of wealth, their possessions are simply elephants on their hands.

It has long been the custom of the good people of Colchester, England, to celebrate the opening of the oyster season with feasting and rejoicing. Possessing unrivaled beds, which have of late years been greatly improved, the corporation and freemen of the ancient borough are accustomed to feast themselves and their friends in the third week in October on such succulent morsels as only they can provide, and the function is a notable one in many respects. The number of oysters opened by Mr. Newman, the trusty foreman of the commoners, and his satellites this year was over twelve thousand. These, divided between the four hundred guests assembled, allowed an average of two dozen and a half apiece. Many rested content with their first dozen, some refrained altogether, but none went hegging. One appreciative visitor, wearing the uniform of a well-known regiment, disposed of seven dozen without turning a hair; while another, who happened to be seated next a cleric who abstained, ate his neighbor's share as well as his own, and confessed to eight dozen and a half. In one respect this year's oyster feast fell short of its predecessors. The oratory was below the average, and, after the exceptionally brilliant rhetoric shed a year ago, this was the more noticeable. The lord chancellor confessed his belief in the old adage respecting the possibility of an oyster being crossed in love, but he denied that it has any political proclivities. Councillor W. G. Benham shocked the company by stating that "they had

eaten the identical oysters eaten by various emperors and potentates in past centuries when Colchester was already famous for their supply," an announcement which is, of course, liable to revision. And the annual jest respecting the unsociability of the oyster on account of its tendency to shut up on the least excuse was duly received as so time-honored a joke deserves to be. The best joke of the day must be credited to Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, who compared himself with Daniel in the lion's den, who is said to have muttered on entering the cage, "I don't know who is going to do the after-dinner speaking, but it won't be me!" Thus was the tedium of eating oysters lightened by flashes of wit, interrupted by occasional serious speeches, twenty in all.

A recent *débutante's* dance in the East took the form of an Indian cotillon. Partners were chosen by means of colored pictures of Indian chiefs and princesses. Beneath each pair, the Indian and his princess, was written a tribal name, as the Apaches, Senecas, Iroquois, Seminoles, and more. The man who drew a Mohawk chief paired off with the girl to whom the Mohawk princess had fallen, and so on. The favors were genuine Indian trinkets gathered for the purpose in a summer trip through Canada and the North-West, and included bows and arrows, moccasins, canoes of many styles, baskets innumerable and varied, toboggans, shovels, snow-shoes, lacrosse-sticks, paddles, pipes, and the rest of the list of Indian belongings. The ices were served as tomahawks, canoes, and pipes, and the decorations of the table carried out still further the Indian scheme.

The craze for bicycling as an amusement seems to have run its course in the United States, and the machine is now used mainly for purposes of utility. The signs of the decline in this city have been noted on the streets, in Golden Gate Park, and on the ferries, where of a Sunday morning a few years ago hundreds of cyclists could be seen with their wheels bound for different objective points about the bay. The *Washington Post* notes that society in that city has well-nigh given up the use of the wheel. The fact is the more notable because Washington is, of all American cities, best adapted for cycling. It has miles of well-shaded streets, paved with smooth asphaltum, and most of them are without heavy grades. Moreover, as is well known, it is "a city of magnificent distances," and accordingly there are almost all kinds of inducements for using the machine both for pleasure and for business. Nevertheless, the *Post* notes that at present the wheel is hardly ever used for pastime, and is now employed chiefly as an article of utility to get clerks and workmen to and from their business, and occasionally to carry former bicycle devotees to the golf links. The *New York Times* notes in that city "it has been evident for some time that the craze was over. The bicycle is still seen, and upon the boulevard, in considerable numbers, though not in the interminable lines that formerly made the wheel parade a Sunday wonder." In Philadelphia a similar condition of things is noted. During the month of August of this year only 40,937 bicycles entered Fairmount Park, while the number for August last year was 91,968. The decline in cycling as an amusement does not in any way imply a deterioration of the wheel as a useful machine. It was never so speedy or so convenient as now, and will remain a valuable help to working-men and to all persons who live at a distance from their places of business.

In our new possessions, however, the bicycle craze is just beginning. A Manila correspondent writes: "The Filipinos have gone crazy over the bicycle. Men, women, and children may be seen rolling and tumbling about every street boasting a decent pavement, vainly endeavoring to learn to ride. It is hard to imagine a more comical picture than that presented by a Filipino belle mounted on a balky wheel, in all her flowing dresses and heelless shoes or slippers. Some of them have learned to ride very well, and girls have even been seen on tandems. Every evening after the crowd of carriages has left the Luneta, the cyclists swoop down in a bunch, and take possession of the popular driveway. They stay there after dark, and spin round and round under the electric lights. Racing is all the rage, and before the wet season set in a well-organized club had managed to build a fair track, but now the whole inclosure has one or two inches of water over it. One bicycle dealer says he has sold more than three thousand wheels in the last year, and he is putting up a carefully designed track, with high-banked curves. The whole thing is to cost in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars Mexican."

Never, perhaps, was there so much hair assembled under one roof (says a London daily), as there was at St. James's Hall, recently, thanks to the united efforts of the three great schools of hairdressing—La Société du Progrès (French), Académie Internationale (English), and International Society (German). These great schools have exhibited before, but always singly. It was the first time that the hairdressers of the nations have acted in concert for exhibition purposes. It was a great success. Close upon a hundred gorgeous assorted mirrors, set off by chrysanthemums, were set up back to back upon two tables stretching the whole length of the

great hall. About nine o'clock the champions began to arrive. These clearly were men who gave up their lives to cutting other people's hair. They came with handbags and cardboard boxes, and the tables were rapidly strewn with combs, curling tongs, cosmetics, pots, bottles, pins, frisettes, and false hair. Also, each man brought his own lady. Mr. Andre Hugo, wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, mounted the platform and said: "We will begin at the once!" And they did. Each lady sat before her mirror, and each man cast loose his lady's long hair, then lit his spirit-lamp, and brushed, and combed, and curled, and powdered. Prodigious of crimping were performed that night; doughty deeds with pin and tongs. And presently, behold a wondrous transformation scene. One lady's whitened monument of locks bore a basket of flowers, another added a tuft of ostrich plumes; both were Louis the Sixteenth. Yet another lady wore feathers suggestive of a red Indian. Another, again, an arrangement of peacock-blue muslin and a perpendicular moon and star. In the design for the coming season the hair is to be dressed low at the back in coils or twists below the crown and resting on the nape of the neck, for which purpose it is desirable to use a switch twenty-eight inches long; but should a lady have enough hair of her own, this point will not be insisted on. The great feature in the style is the semi-pompadour fringe, which has a slight curl on the forehead. Thirty versions of this style were shown.

—DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE—A SOVEREIGN remedy. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price, 25 cents. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny Street.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 21st, were as follows:

BONDS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Bay Counties Co. 5%	25,000 @ 103 1/4-104	104	105
Los An. Ry. 5%	7,000 @ 110	110	
Market St. Ry. 5%	5,000 @ 120	120	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	1,000 @ 119 1/2	119	119 1/2
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	10,000 @ 108	108	
Northern Cal. Ry.			
5	11,000 @ 113 1/2	113 1/2	
Oakland Gas 5%	3,000 @ 110 1/2	110 1/2	
Oakland Water 5%	1,000 @ 105	105	
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	18,000 @ 111	110 1/2	111 1/2
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%	23,000 @ 100	100	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%	25,000 @ 119 1/2	119 1/2	
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%	14,000 @ 113 1/2	113 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%	2,000 @ 102 1/2	102 1/2	
S. V. Water 4% 3ds	20,000 @ 102 1/2	102 1/2	
STOCKS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.	205 @ 71 1/2	71	72
Spring Valley Water.	250 @ 93 1/4-94 1/2	93 1/2	
Gas and Electric.			
Central L. & P.	50 @ 3 1/4	3 1/4	
Equitable Gaslight	150 @ 3 1/4	3 1/4	3 1/2
Oakland Gas.	150 @ 49 1/2-50	49 1/2	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	5 @ 50 1/2	51	52
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry.	15 @ 34	35	36
S. F. Gas & Electric.	1,615 @ 49 1/2-51	49 1/2	50
S. F. Gas.	100 @ 4%	4%	5
Banks.			
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.	55 @ 105	104 1/2	105 1/2
Street R. R.			
Market St.	65 @ 68-68 1/2	68 1/2	
Powders.			
Giant Con.	50 @ 83 1/2	83 1/2	84
Vigorit	150 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.	560 @ 7 1/2-8 1/4	7 1/2	8
Hawaiian C. & S.	100 @ 84-85	84	85 1/2
Honokaa S. Co.	840 @ 30 1/2-31	30 1/2	31
Hutchinson	330 @ 25 1/2-26	25 1/2	26
Kilauea S. Co.	210 @ 20 1/2-21	20 1/2	22
Makaweli S. Co.	60 @ 42	41 1/2	42 1/2
Paauhau S. P. Co.	950 @ 31-31 1/2	31	31 1/2
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers	100 @ 124 1/2-124 3/4	124	124 1/2
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.	10 @ 104 1/2	103 1/2	105
Oceanic S. Co.	100 @ 98-99	97	100

Contra Costa Water was in good demand, and sold up to 71 1/2 on sales of only 200 shares, and closed at 71 bid, 72 asked. It is rumored that this company will resume dividends in the near future. Giant Powder was strong, and advanced to 83 1/2 on small sales. San Francisco Gas and Electric was hammered all the week, and on sales of 1,500 shares held its own, closing at 49 1/2 bid, 50 asked and sales. The sugar stocks shaded off slightly on small sales, but were in good demand at the reduced prices.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-California Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE, Member Stock and Bond Exchange. Stock and Bond Broker. Telephone Bush 351. 407 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd. Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange. In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad. References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer, 409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.



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No other preparation has ever received so many voluntary testimonials from eminent people as the world-famous Mariani Wine. Agreeable and lasting.

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Over Sixty Years of Increasing Popularity. Assists digestion and maintains or re-establishes a healthy circulation of the blood; indispensable to those who value health. de RICOLÈS ALCOOL DE MENTHE is a most delightful perfume. Sold by All Druggists. E. FOUGERA & Co., Agents for U. S., New York

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

528 California Street, San Francisco.
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,238,372.45
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1900..... 28,938,395.12

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HINSMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and I. N. Walter.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.
Deposits, July 1, 1900.....\$26,952,875
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 218,593
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. nr FREMERY, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....\$3,514,068.82
October 1st, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
THOMAS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOUTON.....Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

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New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.
The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
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Chicago.....First National Bank
Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$8,176,896.63
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WANSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christeson, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John I. McCook, John Birmingham, Dudley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

William Penn was once advising a man to leave off his habit of drinking in excess. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes," answered Penn; "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me." "Well, my friend," said the great Quaker, "when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that grasps it, before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again."

The following unique claim is posted on a mine in the Grand Encampment, in Wyoming: "We found it, and we claim it by the right of flogging it. It's our'n. It's 750 feet in every direction except south-west and north-east, and there is 300 feet on each side of this writin'. It's called the 'Bay Horse,' and we claim even the spurs, and we don't want nobody jumping on this Bay Horse—that's what's these trees is around here for, and we've got the same piece of rope that we had down in old Missouri."

Tim Murphy, the popular comedian, saw an old colored woman sitting under an awning fanning herself, when he was in Washington, D. C., this summer. "It's dreadfully hot, isn't it, mammy?" asked Mr. Murphy. "'Deed it is, chile," said the old woman—"deed it is. 'Taint right for it to be so hot this-a-way. I tell you, forty years ago, when the blessed Lawd made the weather, we didn't have these stewing days, honey, no, 'deed, we didn't; but now these biggity men up at this here weather office has the making of the weather, they does send us anything they please, and they ain't skillful, chile, they ain't skillful."

Robert Browning and Joachim met one evening at a friendly gathering in London. The violinist had "obliged" without satisfying certain ladies, who entreated the poet to obtain from him another solo. Browning, feeling the delicacy of his task, discharged it diplomatically, and spoke, as sometimes he wrote, so as to conceal his thoughts; while the violinist, not understanding, bowed and smiled, and did not play. As they left the house, Joachim asked, "What did you mean just now?" "Oh," said the poet, "I wanted you to give us some more music." "Then why did you not come and say, 'Joe, old boy, give us another tune'?" returned the amiable violinist.

A guide was showing an American traveler about St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the other day, and pointed out all the tombs of interest. "That, sir," said he, "his tomb of the greatest naval hero Europe or the world ever knew—Lord Nelson's. This marble sarcophagus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket, 'ermetically sealed, weighing over two tons. Hinside that is a mahogany coffin, holding the ashes of the great 'ero." "Well," replied the American, after meditating a bit, "I guess you've got him all right. If ever he gets out of that, cable me in full at my expense."

Bishop Brooks, of Boston, and a friend were one day coming out of a church where John La Farge, the noted artist, was decorating a great window. The friend walked toward a handsome couple that was standing in the rain, and said: "I suppose this is your carriage, bishop?" "Dear me, no," said the bishop, "I always walk. That's a lovely carriage waiting for La Farge." "But La Farge," said the friend, "has been working in the church all day, and will continue to work until night." "I know," said the bishop, his whimsical smile drawing the corner of his mouth, "but La Farge can never work very well unless he knows he's keeping a carriage waiting for him somewhere."

John Knapp, of the St. Louis Republican, had little use for press agents, and it took a mighty shrewd man to get a free puff from him. He never would publish a lawyer's or a doctor's name if he could avoid it, for fear they might derive some benefit from the free advertisement. It is said that one morning mention was made in the Republican—they call it the Republic now—of a man having died of Bright's disease. Old man Knapp hunted up the proof-reader, and called him into the private office. "Why did you let that get into the paper?" asked the old man, indicating with his forefinger the objectionable paragraph. "I don't see but that's all right," said the reader. "You don't, eh?" snapped old man Knapp—"you don't, eh? Do you think we want to advertise that man Bright for nothing? He never had an 'ad.' in this paper in his life."

"Halt!" cried an alert patrolman in Manila, as a beautifully caparisoned carriage drove up containing a portly gentleman. The driver reined his steeds, and the sentry, standing firmly in the centre of the street, shouted: "Who is there?" Not knowing what else to say, the occupant of the carriage answered: "Judge Taft, president of the Civil Commission." "Advance, Judge Taft, to be recognized," bawled the sentry. The judge advanced, and the following dialogue took place: Sentry—

"Have you a pass?" Taft—"No, sir; do I require one?" Sentry—"You do, sir; and it's my duty to run you in." Taft—"But I am the Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands." Sentry—"That don't cut any figure. You're a civilian and out after hours. I'll let you go by this time, but the next time I catch you you'll have to see the captain." "Thank you," murmured Judge Taft, as he drove away. And there and then he formed a resolution to put in an application for a pass. According to the Manila Freedom, he got it.

Wagner According to "Billy Baxter."

Every now and then an obscure book, written by an obscure writer and printed by an obscure publisher, leaps mysteriously into public favor. Such a volume is "Billy Baxter's Letters," by the late William J. Knuntz, Jr. It is composed of five little sketches, issued originally by the Duquesne Distributing Company to advertise a certain mineral water. The demand for these effusions was so great that the author, Mr. Knuntz, received thousands of friendly letters applauding him for his humor, and many flattering offers from the leading comic weeklies, the metropolitan dailies, and great advertisers throughout the Union. He declined them all, being primarily a business man, and carrying literature only as a sideline. On August 18, 1899, the promising young humorist died after a short illness, at the age of thirty-two. As a last tribute to his memory, his brother, George McC. Knuntz, collected the sketches and printed them in a modest little booklet, which, after running through many editions, remains one of the best-selling volumes of the day.

The sketches are written in up-to-date slang, in the form of personal letters, and are even more amusing than George Ade's popular "Fables in Slang." The letters are entitled "Out Hunting," "One Night," "In Society," "In Love," "In New York," and "Johnny Black's Girl."

From "In New York" we quote the following account of Billy Baxter's visit to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where he saw Wagner's "Die Walküre" produced by practically the same company which will give it at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening of next week:

"Jim, should any one ever tell you that grand opera is all right, he is either trying to even up, or he is not a true friend. I was over in New York with the family last winter, and they made me go with them to 'Die Walküre' at the Metropolitan Opera House. When I got the tickets I asked the man's advice as to the best location. He said that all true lovers of music occupied the dress circle and balconies, and that he had some good centre dress-circle seats at three bones per. Here's a tip, Jim. If the box-man ever hands you that true-lover game, just reach in through the little hole and soak him in the solar for me. It's coming to him. I'll give you my word of honor we were a quarter of a mile from the stage. We went up in an elevator, were shown to our seats, and who was right behind us but my old pal, Bud Hathaway from Chicago. Bud had his two sisters with him, and he gave me one sad look which said plainer than words, 'So you're up against it, too, eh?' We introduced all hands around, and about nine o'clock the curtain went up."

"After we had waited fully ten minutes, out came a big, fat, greasy-looking Dago with nothing on but a bear robe. He went over to the side of the stage, and sat down on a bum rock. It was plainly to be seen, even from my true lover's seat, that his beards were sorer than a dog about something. Presently in came a woman, and none of the true lovers seemed to know who she was. Some said it was Melba, others Nordica. Bud and I decided it was May Irwin. We were mistaken, though, as Irwin has this woman lashed to the mast at any time or place. As soon as Mike the Dago espied the dame it was all off. He rushed, and drove a straight-arm jab, which, had it reached, would have given him the purse. But Shifty Sadie wasn't there. She ducked, side-stepped, and landed a clever half-arm hook, which seemed to stun the big fellow. They clinched, and swayed back and forth, growling continually, while the orchestra played this trembly Eliza-crossing-the-ice music."

"Jim, I'm not swelling this a bit. On the level, it happened just as I write it. All of a sudden some one seemed to win. They broke away, and ran wildly to the front of the stage with their arms outstretched, yelling to beat three of a kind. The band cut loose something fierce. The leader tore out about nine dollars' worth of hair, and acted generally as though he had bats in his belfry. I thought sure the place would be pinched. It reminded me of Thirsty Thornton's dance-hall out in Merrill, Wis., when the Silent Swede used to start a general survival of the fittest every time Mamie the Mink danced twice in succession with the young fellow from Albany, whose father owned the big mill up Rough River. Of course, this audience was perfectly orderly, and showed no intention whatever of cutting in, and there were no chairs or glasses in the air, but I am forced to admit that the opera had Thornton's faded for noise. I asked Bud what the trouble was, and he answered that I could search him. The audience apparently went wild. Everybody said 'Simply sublime!' 'Isn't it grand?' 'Perfectly superb!' 'Bravo!' etc., not because they really enjoyed it, but merely because they thought it was the proper thing to do. After that, for three solid hours, Rough House Mike and Shifty Sadie seemed to be apologizing to the audience for their disgraceful street brawl, which was honestly the only good thing in the show. Along about twelve o'clock I thought I would talk over old times with Bud, but when I turned his way I found my tired and trusty comrade 'Asleep at the Switch.'"

"At the finish the woman next to me, who seemed

to be him, said that the main lady was dying. After it was too late, Mike seemed kind of sorry. He must have given her the knife, or the draps, because there wasn't a minute that he could look in on her according to rules. He laid her out on the bum rock, they set off a lot of red-fire for some unknown reason, and the curtain dropped at 12:25. Never again for my money. Far be it from me knocking, but any time I want noise I'll take to a boiler-ship or a Union Station where I can understand what's coming off."

The Origin of a Scaodal.

"Said Mrs. A.
To Mrs. J.
In quite a confidential way:
'It seems to me,
That Mrs. B.
Takes too much—of something—in her tea.'"

"And Mrs. J.
To Mrs. K.
That night was overheard to say
She grieved to touch
Upon it much,
But Mrs. B. took—such and such!"

"Then Mrs. K.
Went straight away,
And told a friend, the self-same day,
'Twas sad to think—
Here comes a wink—
'That Mrs. B. was fond of drink.'"

"The friend's disgust
Was such she must
Inform a lady, 'which she nussed,'
'That Mrs. B.
At half-past three,
Was that far gone she couldn't see.'"

"This lady we
Have mentioned, she
Gave needle-work to Mrs. B.
And at such news
Could hardly choose
But further needle-work refuse."

"Then Mrs. B.
As you'll agree,
Quite properly—she said, said she,
That she would track
The scandal back
To those who made her look so black."

"Through Mrs. K.
And Mrs. J.
She got at last to Mrs. A.,
And asked her why,
With cruel lie,
She painted her so deep a dye."

"Said Mrs. A.,
In sore dismay,
'I no such thing could ever say,
I said that you
But stouter grew
On too much sugar—which you do!'"

—Ex.

The music-teacher—"That girl in blue is my very best pupil." The connoisseur—"Why, man alive! she is the poorest player in the class." The music-teacher—"I am aware of that. That was what I meant. She is likely to be a source of revenue for many years—that is, if they intend to keep her here until she learns to play."—Boston Transcript.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900 Doric. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, November 28. Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, December 22. Galle. (Via Honolulu) Wed., Jan. 16, 1901. Doric. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, Feb. 9.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street. D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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Nippon Maru. Thursday, December 6.

America Maru. Saturday, December 29.

Hongkong Maru. Thursday, Jan. 24, 1901.

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra. 6000 Tons. Sonoma. 6000 Tons. Ventura. 6000 Tons.

S. S. Zealandia, for Honolulu, Dec. 3, 1900, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Anstralia, for Papeete, Tahiti, Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1900, at 4 P. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1900, at 9 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:

For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M. Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M. Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M. Nov. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Dec. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles):

Steamer Queen—Wednesdays, 9 A. M.

Steamer Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports:

Steamer Corona—Fridays, 9 A. M.

Steamer Bonita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)

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International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

St. Louis. December 5 | Southwark. December 19

New York. December 12 | St. Louis. December 26

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Noordland. December 5 | Southwark. December 19

Friesland. December 12 | Westerland. December 26

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Cold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

SOCIETY.

The Bostwick-Hunt Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Emma L. Hunt, daughter of Mrs. Emma Hunt, and Mr. Harry Rice Bostwick, son of Dr. H. E. Bostwick, took place at the home of the bride's mother, 1715 Geary Street, on Wednesday evening, November 21st. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock, by Rev. Father Jones, of the Dominican Church. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her grandfather, Mr. D. T. Cole; Mrs. J. Frank Marony attended her sister as matron of honor, and Mr. Frank Somers acted as best man. After the ceremony, a wedding-dinner was served.

On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick left for the East. In Washington they will be the guests of the President and of the Korean embassy, and they expect to return so as to spend a few weeks in this city before sailing for the Orient on February 1st. They will make a stay of some days in Yokohama before proceeding to Korea, where Mr. Bostwick's interests will keep him for several years longer.

The Kellogg-Sheppard Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Annie Grant Sheppard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Taylor Sheppard, to Mr. Sheldon Gaylord Kellogg took place at the First Unitarian Church on Wednesday evening, November 21st. The ceremony was performed at eight-thirty o'clock by Rev. Bradford Leavitt, pastor of the church. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father; Miss Evelyn Louise Sheppard, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor; Miss Mabel Symme, Miss Janet Bruce, Miss Daisy Hartson, and Miss Florence Doyer were the bridesmaids; Judge W. B. Cope was best man; and Mr. Edgar Beard, of Napa, Dr. Percival Lewis, Dr. Charles Porter, and Mr. Earl Jordan served as ushers.

A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents, corner of Taylor and Vallejo Streets, to which only intimate friends were bidden. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg left for a three weeks' wedding tour on Thursday, and on their return will reside at 1928 Vallejo Street.

The Martin Supper-Party.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a supper-party at her residence on Monday night, November 19th, after the opera, the occasion being Colonel Walter Martin's birthday. Mrs. Martin's guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. William Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Marie Louise Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mayor Phelan, Miss Robinson, Mr. E. M. Greenway, and Mr. Harry N. Stenson.

The Nursery "Levee."

Judging from present indications the little orphans out at the Nursery for Homeless Children, on Mission and Twelfth Streets, will have a "feast of good things" from the proceeds of the levee to be given at the Maple-Room of the Palace Hotel this (Saturday) afternoon and evening, for great preparations have been made by the lady managers, and the attendance promises to be very large. There will be a sale of articles, beautiful and useful, in the afternoon and a very good programme in the evening.

The following ladies are members of the board:

Mrs. J. W. Pew, president; Mrs. J. Bertz, first vice-president; Mrs. James Elder, second vice-president; Miss S. E. Cowell, third vice-president; Mrs. S. B. McLennan, treasurer; Mrs. W. E. Jackson, recording secretary; Miss C. V. Truslow, corresponding secretary; Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. E. F. Preston, Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Mrs. William Frank, Mrs. W. S. Leake, Mrs. William Hollis, Mrs. H. E. Osborne, Mrs. Albert Darnham, Mrs. Guy E. Manning, Mrs. C. Mason Kinne, Mrs. R. H. Countryman, Mrs. F. V. Wright, Mrs. A. H. Martin, Mrs. J. L. Gould, and Mrs. O. B. Burns.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston have sent out invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Isabelle Preston, to Mr. Len Douglas Owens, at St. Luke's Church, on Wednesday afternoon, December 12th, at three o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wightman, Jr., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Emma Wightman, to Dr. Saxton Temple Pope, of Watsonville. Miss Wightman graduated from the medical college of the University of California in 1899. By reason of her standing she was appointed one of the externes of the City and County Hospital, and shared with Dr. R. L. Ashe the distinction of being the first women physicians appointed on the hospital staff. Dr. Pope is also a graduate from the University of California.

Miss Hildegard McKenna, daughter of Chief Justice and Mrs. Stephen McKenna, will make her social debut at a tea to be given at the home of her parents in Washington, D. C., on Saturday, December 8th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dorothy Steffens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Steffens, of Sacramento, to Mr. John James Hollister, of Santa Barbara. Miss Steffens is a graduate of Stanford University and has just returned from Europe, where she studied in the universities of

Leipzig and Göttingen—from the latter of which she received the degree of Ph. D. Mr. Hollister is a graduate of Stanford University and a son of the late William Wells Hollister, of Santa Barbara. The wedding will take place in the early winter.

Miss Blanding recently gave a luncheon at her home, on Franklin Street, at which she entertained Miss Frances Baldwin, Mrs. Alec Baldwin, Miss Sawyer, Miss Breckinridge, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Edith Stubbs, Mrs. Albert Russell, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Miss Bernie Drown, and Miss Holbrook.

Mrs. Lyman Bent gave a luncheon at the University Club on Thursday, November 22d.

Mrs. Frederick Zeile will receive on the first and third Fridays, at her home, 2023 California Street.

Miss Lucy King entertained a few of her friends at luncheon on Thursday, November 22d.

A dinner was given to Captain Omar J. Humphrey, who has just returned from Alaska after nearly a year's absence, in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Thursday evening, November 15th. Those at table were Captain O. J. Humphrey, Captain and Mrs. J. C. Bennett, Captain and Mrs. John Barneson, Captain and Mrs. T. P. Colcord, Captain Harry Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. George Liebold, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Taylor, Miss Ida May Roberts, Miss Millie Flynn, Dr. H. P. Carlson, and Captain Fred Esola.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton entertained a few friends at her residence on Sutter Street on Wednesday, November 14th. The afternoon was spent in playing seven-handed euchre.

The Misses Jane and Ethel Crellin, of Oakland, who went to Los Angeles to be present at the Allen-Gwynne wedding, are now guests at "Mt. Pleasant," the home of Judge and Mrs. Hubbell. Miss Lora Hubbell gave a card-party in their honor, last week, which was largely attended.

Colonel and Mrs. Oscar F. Long, who recently returned from the East, were the recipients of much attention while in Washington. General and Mrs. Miles entertained them at dinner, and just before they departed, Chief Justice Fuller gave a dinner and theatre-party in their honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Allen have sent out cards for an "at home" at their residence, 1720 Broadway, this (Saturday) afternoon, from four to seven o'clock, in honor of their daughter, Miss Frances B. Allen, one of this season's debutantes. Mrs. Allen will be at home on Wednesdays in January.

Mrs. Hall McAllister gave a luncheon early in the week complimentary to Miss Fritz Scheff, of the Grau Opera Company. Among others invited to meet Miss Scheff were Mrs. J. B. Casserly, Miss Casserly, and Miss Head.

Miss Edith Preston entertained a number of friends at tea at her residence, 2104 Van Ness Avenue, on Sunday, November 17th.

Mr. Theodore Wores entertained a number of friends at tea at his studio on Friday, November 23d.

On Thanksgiving Day the San Mateo Hunt Club will hold the most important hunt of this season. The start will be from Prince Poniatowski's place, the Burlingame stock farm, at 9:30 A. M. When Mr. Francis Carolan, the master of the hounds, returns, a regular schedule will be arranged for the season.

New houses and their furnishings have a peculiar fascination for most people, the new ideas in arrangement and the new labor-saving inventions for the housekeeper serving to awaken a fresh interest in the building and outfitting of each new habitation. No doubt this instinct is largely responsible for the attention which is attracted to the "Soup Course" in the beautiful display of Thanksgiving tables to be seen in Nathan-Dohrmann Company's Crystal Room. On the table representing this course is shown a dinner service in cream and gold that will in January adorn the china-closet of a handsome residence now being built in this city. This exquisite set of china, whose richness lies in its very simplicity of decoration, was made to order for the purchasers at the well-known factory of Minton's, Stoke-on-Trent, England. Mrs. Paulsen, one of the company's European buyers, having given the matter her personal attention. The china will remain a portion of the exhibit until December 1st, when it is to be delivered.

Searls Park, at Menlo Park, has been sold to James G. Mason, of that place, for \$1,000 per acre. The property was purchased some years ago by the Southern Pacific Company. Upon this tract stood the first hotel of the county, which for many years did a flourishing business, and was known as the Golden Hotel. A portion of the tract was sold, and upon it was built the town of Menlo Park. The present owner intends to open up the property and dispose of it in town lots. Some of the shade-trees in the park are over forty years old.

Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Ackerman celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their wedding on Sunday, November 18th, at the Hotel Granada.

—BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gunn Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

Doctor's Daughters' Doll Show.

The Doctor's Daughters, a non-sectarian charitable organization founded fourteen years ago by Dr. Robert Mackenzie, will hold its fourth annual doll show in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Thursday and Friday, December 6th and 7th. The officers of the Doctor's Daughters are:

Miss Susie McEwen, president; Miss Jennie Blair, first vice-president; Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, second vice-president; Mrs. A. S. Tubbs, treasurer; Mrs. Fennimore, corresponding secretary; and Miss Louise Bruce, recording secretary.

The other members are:

Mrs. Frank Bates, Miss Bruce, Mrs. Bowman-Fishback, Mrs. E. A. Belcher, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mrs. W. R. Cluness, Jr., Mrs. M. D. Brown, Miss Katherine Dillon, Mrs. Daniel Drysdale, Mrs. G. de Latour, Miss Jessie Fillmore, Mrs. John Flourney, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Mrs. Fred Green, Miss Greenwood, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Reuben Hale, Mrs. Marshall Hale, Mrs. George B. Somers, Miss Hyde, Mrs. Ed. Horton, Miss M. F. McMillan, Miss Margo, Miss Emma McMillan, Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Miss Alice Owen, Mrs. Louis H. Long, Mrs. J. D. McKee, Mrs. Laura Roe, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Spinney, Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Mrs. F. W. Tallant, Mrs. Wallace I. Terry, Mrs. Charles Tuttle, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, and Mrs. James A. Watt.

The patronesses—who are Mrs. Clarke Crocker, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. William P. Fuller, and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey—have been selected as judges in the various competitions, and the committees which have been appointed are as follows:

Model dolls—Miss Susie McEwen, Mrs. A. S. Tubbs, and Mrs. Daniel Drysdale.

Fish-pond—Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Mrs. Guthrie, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, and the Misses McMillan.

Refreshments—Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, and Miss Katherine Dillon.

Decorations—Mrs. Hyde, Miss Margo, and Mrs. Bryan.

Salable dolls—Mrs. Frank D. Bates. Any kindly disposed persons desirous of aiding this deserving charity can send dolls to Mrs. Bates at her residence, 2932 Clay Street, where they will be dressed if they have not been supplied in advance. Mrs. Bates's assistants are Miss Margo, Mrs. James Alva Watt, Miss Hyde, Mrs. Marshall Hale, and Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman.

One of the features of the show this year will be a miniature doll-house of six rooms, which has been fitted up by Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, Mrs. John Flourney, and Miss Louise Bruce. It is complete in all appointments and lighted with the tiniest incandescent electric lights that are made.

Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker has sold her handsome new house on the north-west corner of Franklin and Clay Streets to Lewis Meyerstein, the wholesale clothier, for \$45,000. When Mrs. Crocker was here in November of last year, she approved Architect Albert Sutton's plans for a substantial, roomy house on her large lot, 103 feet on Franklin Street and 112 feet 6 inches on Clay Street, and since then the house has been built, and even the lawn has been put in order. Mrs. Crocker's desire to be near her two daughters, Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett, who has for years lived in Elmira, N. Y., and Mrs. Amy Gillig, who resides in New York, is said to be the reason for her disposing of her California place and deciding to reside permanently in the East. She is now living in Larchmont, where she purchased a beautiful place some years ago.

—BE SURE AND SEE NEIL MITCHELL'S GREAT marine, "Calm Day," in Wm. Morris's Gallery, 248 Sutter Street.



Moët & Chandon

By strictly adhering to the conservative traditions of the old, honored custom of the ancient house of Moët & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn out immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs, by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world.—*Wine Review.*

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What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Miss Rutherford, and Mr. Alexander Rutherford left New York for San Francisco on Saturday, November 17th, in their private car. They will spend the month of December on the Pacific Coast, and on their return to New York will be joined by Miss Emma Rutherford, who is concluding her art studies in Leipzig.

Mr. H. T. Scott was in Chicago last week en route to New York. He will be in Washington, D. C., on December 7th, when the bids are opened for the building of five battle-ships and six cruisers.

Mr. Peter Martin, who has been enjoying a hunt through the Genesee district with the Carolan party, is expected home from the East early next month.

Mr. Fred A. Greenwood was in New York early in the week, en route to Europe, where he will spend the next six months in traveling.

Mrs. John McMullin has taken a house at 1418 Sutter Street for the winter. Mrs. McMullin Belvin and Mrs. J. C. Hays, Jr., are with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Pond have been making a short stay in New York prior to their departure for Europe. They expect to take a trip to Cairo and up the Nile before their return.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Bunker, who left San Francisco in March, 1899, sailed from Liverpool for New York on the tenth inst., and will reach home next month. Mr. and Mrs. Buoker traveled extensively in China and Japan, crossed the Russian Empire from Vladivostok to Cronstadt, and later toured the Continent and British Isles. During the last five months they have been staying in London.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young made a short stay in Chicago last week while en route to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson, formerly Miss Aileen Ivers, of this city, will spend the winter in New York. They have been residing in Philadelphia the greater part of the time since their marriage.

Mrs. Blakeman and Miss Leontine Blakeman contemplate spending the winter in the East. In a fortnight they will leave for New York, where they will be joined by Miss Ethel Keeney, who is visiting Mrs. Stuyvesant, of St. Louis.

Mrs. W. B. Murdoch is now traveling in Switzerland, accompanied by her sister, Mme. Julien Piguet. After paying visits in Lyons and St. Chamond, Loire, she will return to Paris, and go from there to London. Mrs. Murdoch expects to return to San Francisco early in the spring.

Mrs. J. E. Hopkins and her daughter, Miss Mabel K. Hopkins, have returned from Europe. While in Paris, a couple of months ago, Miss Hopkins announced her engagement to Dr. Edmond L. Gros, of that city.

Among the San Franciscans in New York last week were Mrs. T. Magee, Jr., Mrs. A. P. Whittell, and Mr. J. A. Donchoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Butters will be at their home, "Alta Vista," in Piedmont, after the middle of December.

Mr. Fred B. Lake and Miss Lake will reside at 2517 Broadway during the winter. Miss Lake will receive on Fridays.

Mrs. John P. Jones and the Misses Alice, Marian, and Georgiana Jones, of Santa Monica, who have been sojourning in Paris during the exposition, arrived in New York last week.

Miss Bessie Gage has left Oakland for a three months' visit to friends in the Southern States.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding arrived in New York on Thursday, November 15th, from Europe on the White Star steamer *Majestic*. He left Mrs. Redding in Paris, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. George I. Ives is in New York.

Dr. Frank Pixley Toppig is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bagley at Richmond Hill, L. I. He has given up his intention of going to Europe, and will conclude his medical studies in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson, the Misses Bessie and Bernice Wilson, and Mr. Alexander Wilson, who have been traveling in Europe for the last two years, have returned to San Francisco. They have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Sherwood were in New York during the week.

Mrs. M. Schussler and daughter have returned from Europe, and are located at the Hotel Granada for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock and Mrs. F. W. Parks came over from San Rafael during the week, and were at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. C. W. Clark, daughter-in-law of Senator Clark, of Montana, and her sister, Miss Roberts, were at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Mr. Valentine G. Hush was in New York on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Harnes and Miss Harnes, of Sausalito, were at the California Hotel early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Blinn, and Mrs. M. A. Longstreet, of Los Angeles, were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mrs. A. W. Smith and Mrs. W. A. Kimball came up from Stanford during the week, and were at the California Hotel.

Judge Richard Yates, the newly elected governor of Illinois, arrived in this city on Sunday last. He will go to one of California's resorts for recuperation.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Benson, Miss E. R. Gates, and Mr. A. B. Hammond were at the Palace Hotel a few days ago.

Governor Richards, of Wyoming, was at the Occidental Hotel early in the week. He is on his way to Coronado Beach, where he will remain for two months.

Mr. William F. Herrin left for Washington, D. C., on Friday.

Mrs. Charles Farquharson has moved to 3220

Jackson Street, and will be at home the first and third Fridays.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Clark, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Kellogg, of Santa Clara, Mr. and Mrs. E. Waterman, of Vancouver, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Simonds, of Kansas City, Mr. F. A. Parker and Mr. C. H. Markham, of Portland, Mr. W. F. Rogers, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hopkins, of Piedmont, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Collins, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Cory, of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. Frances Trevelyan, of New York, Mr. E. D. Barnett, of Princeton, Ky., Mr. J. Clement and Mr. Thomas W. Wilde, of Los Angeles, Mr. J. A. Murphy, of Newark, N. J., and Mr. G. R. Carter and Mr. L. H. Comstock, of Honolulu.

Army and Navy Notes.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain John T. Myers, U. S. M. C., who participated in the siege of Pekin, was a passenger on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric*, which arrived from China on Wednesday.

Miss McCalla, sister of Captain Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., and the Misses May and Stella McCalla, daughters of Captain McCalla, are back from a trip to Japan and are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Major Samuel O. L. Potter, surgeon, U. S. V., has been granted a fortnight's leave of absence owing to illness.

Mrs. Moore, wife of Lieutenant James T. Moore, Third Infantry, U. S. A., who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Mason, wife of Colonel Edwin C. Mason, U. S. A., for some time past, at the home in St. Paul, will sail soon for Manila with her son, Kenneth, to join Lieutenant Moore, now on duty with his regiment in the Philippines.

Captain Richard P. Leary, U. S. N., ex-governor of Guam, has returned to Baltimore after an official visit to Washington, and is the guest of his sister, Mrs. William Emery Waring, at her home in Eutaw Place.

Captain Charles C. Lyman, U. S. A., retired, was in Washington, D. C., on Wednesday.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon R. S. Blakeman, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Pensacola*, and ordered to the naval hospital at Mare Island for treatment.

Mrs. Nellie Young Egbert, widow of the late Colonel H. C. Egbert, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed librarian of the American library in Manila. She asks that her friends at home remember the library with donations of reading matter for our American soldiers in the Philippines.

Mrs. Muir, wife of Lieutenant J. G. Muir, U. S. M. C., sailed from San Francisco a fortnight ago for Manila to join her husband, who is on duty at the Cavite naval station.

Captain William M. Ekin, U. S. V., was at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Lieutenant Clarence A. Trueholtz, acting assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who arrived from summer duty with the Sixth Cavalry in the Sierras, has been ordered to Fort Egbert in Alaska.

Lieutenant-Commander T. S. Phelps, Jr., U. S. N., was at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday.

Mrs. Taggart, wife of Captain E. F. Taggart, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., who is doing duty in the Philippines, is in Chicago with her two children. Captain Taggart is major of the Twenty-Eighth Volunteers.

Passed-Assistant Surgeon Brownlee R. Ward, U. S. N., and Passed-Assistant Surgeon J. C. Taylor, U. S. N., were at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

The cruiser *Philadelphia* arrived in port from San Diego on Thursday, and went to Mare Island.

Thanksgiving and the Flower Mission.

Thanksgiving is the gala-day of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, and, as is its custom, it will supplement its year of active benevolence by providing Thanksgiving dinners for the poor, the sick, and the destitute. The *Argonaut* is authorized by the girls of the Fruit and Flower Mission to announce that on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of next week, at their head-quarters, No. 631 Sutter Street, they will receive for distribution meats and vegetables, turkeys, chickens, ducks, wines, liquors (to be taken medicinally), and under the advice of the family physician, raisins, figs, jellies, fruits (preserved and dried), cakes, pies, bread, flowers, and all sorts of groceries and canned comforts. These donations are easy to make by the butcher and grocer, by the vegetable and wine dealer, by the mothers of families. To every gentleman of easy circumstance, every young gentleman of the club, and every family man who appreciates his own well-provided, happy home, we advise the sending of money—gold coin. Wells-Fargo & Co.'s Express will transport from the country any donations, and return the empty baskets, free of charge.

There is no more delightful way to enjoy a day's outing than to make a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais. The trip up the mountain on the Scenic Railway, which passes through Mill Valley, is enchanting, for at every bend in the road new panoramic wonders are to be seen.

— THE WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED BY Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, can always be relied upon as being correct form in every detail, and of the highest standard.

— WITH ARMY OFFICERS JESSE MOORE "AA" whisky is a very popular drink.

ART NOTES.

The Fall Exhibition.

In spite of a most unpropitious first week, the fall exhibition at the Mark Hopkins Institute has achieved a marked success. The opening night registered an attendance of nearly five hundred, and all through the week the sales of catalogues showed a constantly increasing attendance. It is the general opinion that, while the exhibition is necessarily smaller than the previous one, being, in fact, the result of only six months' work, it is fresher and more original, displays greater individuality and a keener insight, horn of conscientious study, than many of the exhibitions of the past. And while this is true of the general average of the pictures, there are some so far above the general average as to be alone well worth going to see, a fact evidenced by the interested little groups which gather about them daily.

The collection of paintings contributed by the artists for distribution among the members of the association is exceptionally fine, and attracts considerable attention, as does the collection of plaster models submitted in competition for the monuments to be erected to the memory of the California Volunteers and the victory of Manila Bay.

Of the two competitions which were closed at the Hopkins Institute of Art this week, one was for the best book-plate. There were three prizes—\$25, \$10, and \$5—together with honorable mention of the fourth. The winner of the first prize was Mrs. Albertine Randall Wheelan.

The second competition was for a book-cover design for the forthcoming volume entitled "Argonaut Letters." Some eighteen were submitted. They were passed upon by the curator, Captain Fletcher, Professor Mathews, and Mr. Hart. The first prize of \$25 was awarded to L. M. Upton, the second of \$10 went to Alfred Galpin. The sketch which won the first prize is a striking and highly conventionalized treatment of the ship *Argo*, in gold, black, and crimson.

The art exhibition at the Bohemian Club will commence on Wednesday, December 5th.

Reception and Promenade Concert.

A reception and promenade concert at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Thursday evening, November 15th, marked the opening of the forty-second exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association. The orchestra, under the direction of Henry Heyman, rendered the following programme:

March, V. Huber; overture, "Crown Diamonds," Auber; sextet, "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti; waltz, "Morgenblätter," Strauss; serenade, Titi, flute obligato, Mr. F. Bridges; selections, "Les Huguenots," Meyerbeer; intermezzo, "Salome," Lorraine; Magnolia Serenade, Missud, cornet solo, Mr. W. Mahood; waltz, "In Rapture Sweet," Wohanka; selections, "Fortune Teller," Herbert; The Mosquito Parade, Whitney; American (U. S.) national airs, Gilmore.

During this exhibition, vocal and instrumental concerts, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, will be given on Wednesday evening, November 28th, Thursday evening, December 6th, and Thursday evening, December 13th.

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*7.00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P.
*7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P.
*8.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P.
*8.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*12.45 P.
*8.00 A.	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*9.45 A.
*8.30 A.	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P.
*8.30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carleton, Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P.
*9.30 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P.
*10.00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*6.45 P.
*11.00 A.	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P.
*11.00 A.	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*4.15 P.
*12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2.45 P.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*15.00 A.
*4.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P.
*4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A.
*4.00 P.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P.
*5.00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanger for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A.
*5.00 P.	Stockton.....	*9.45 A.
*5.00 P.	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P.
*6.00 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.45 P.
*6.00 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P.
*7.00 P.	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*12.15 P.
*7.00 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.45 A.
*18.05 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*11.00 P.

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge), (Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P.
*12.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A.
*4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A.
*11.45 P.	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	*17.20 P.

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COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge), (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*16.20 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*16.30 P.
*17.00 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P.
*9.00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Arroyo, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P.
*10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A.
*11.30 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P.
*12.45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A.
*13.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.
*14.15 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A.
*15.00 P.	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*19.00 A.
*3.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*13.35 A.
*6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A.
*11.45 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Nellie—"Charlie says I grow more beautiful every time he sees me." Maude—"If that's the case you ought to have him call twice a day."—*The King.*

Her method: Mistress—"Bridget, I hope you don't light the fire with kerosene?" Cook—"Divil a hit, mum! Oi wets it down wid kerosene an' loights it wid a match."—*Judge.*

Rivals: Little Hortense (proudly)—"My aunt, over in England, has armorial bearings." Little Robert—"Huh! I don't care. My uncle, down in Indiana, has a chicken with three legs!"—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

At a fashionable ball a lady said to her partner: "Do you know that ugly gentleman sitting opposite to us?" "That is my brother, madame." "Ah, I beg your pardon; I had not noticed the resemblance."—*Le Gaulois.*

Rev. Mr. Saintly—"I was very sorry that I couldn't fill my pulpit last Sunday, but I hope you liked my substitute?" Mrs. Witherby—"Oh, yes; he was fine; and I told my husband that he little knew what he had missed."—*Life.*

Customer—"They say young Woodby is married at last?" Tailor—"Yes, he's been married some time; I helped make the match." Customer—"That's interesting; how did you manage it?" Tailor—"I pressed his suit for him."—*Ex.*

"Evalina, if we are going to elope, don't you think we would better be off before your father awakens and follows us?" "Oh, no, Algernon, there's no great hurry. Pa said he'd be sure to give us a good two hours' start."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Too much: Gusher—"My wife has promised to wait for me at the gate of heaven, if she is the first to go." Flasher—"Tut, tut. You shouldn't be so revengeful as to make her wait through eternity, simply because she made you wait while she fixed up sometimes."—*Life.*

Deekin—"I see you going out with the can every once in a while; why not get it bottled and keep it in the house? That's safer." Elder—"No, it isn't. I used to think so, but the last time the minister called the baby toddled into the parlor carrying two 'empties.'"—*Philadelphia Record.*

Hostess—"Why, Mr. Smith, I've hardly seen you all the evening! Now, I particularly want you to come and hear a whistling solo by my husband." Smith (whose hearing is a trifle indistinct)—"A whisky and soda with your husband? Well, thanks, I don't mind if I do have just one!"—*Punch.*

One of the ancient and honorable: Carrie—"I suppose all the girls will wonder why I accepted him. But if they only knew what a hero he has been! He has courted death in a hundred shapes." Edith—"What a flirt! But, then, I suppose that does make him interesting."—*Boston Transcript.*

The minister—"I hope this rumor that I hear going about, that you are contemplating getting married for the fourth time, is not true, William?" William—"Well, I don't see that you've any cause to object; ye aye get the job o' marrian' an' herrian' o' them; an' it's no every man in parish pits as muckle business in yer way."—*Moonshine.*

"Brother," said Florence Dombey, "why are you so pensive this morning?" "I am thinking," responded little Paul Dombey, gazing dreamily out upon the boundless ocean, whose waves washed the shores at their feet, "of the far-off time in the future when Mr. Howells will be writing articles about us for the magazines and saying how stogy and unreal, and improbable we are!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

From long experience: "What are you sealing up in that envelope so carefully, Jones?" "Important instructions that I forgot to give my wife before I came to town this morning; I am going to send it up home." "Will your wife open it at once?" "Rather! I have made sure of that." "How?" "I have addressed it to myself and put a big 'private' on the corner of the envelope."—*Collier's Weekly.*

A willing worker: "Who will haul down the flag?" exclaimed Mr. Meekton's wife, who was rehearsing a speech which she was to deliver before the club this evening. "Now, Henrietta," exclaimed Mr. Meekton, "I thought I had attended to everything. I bolted the basement door, and put the cat out, and covered the fire in the stove with ashes; but, to tell you the truth, I didn't know we had the flag out. I'll go right up on the roof and attend to it at once."—*Washington Star.*

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The fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the national constitution, which gave the elective franchise to the black man, have been for more than a decade the subjects of determined assault in most of the Southern States where the negro population is or threatens to become the majority. The present phase of the movement originated in Mississippi under the guidance of the late Senator George. A State constitutional convention was held there in 1890, which, after various untenable suggestions, developed what is known as the "understanding clause," by which a registrar of voters may refuse registration to a citizen who can not satisfactorily answer questions concerning the constitution. By a judicious selec-

tion of questions the registrar is enabled to har the colored man from and admit the illiterate white to registration.

Soon after, Louisiana and South Carolina actively took up the question. The former State revised its constitution so that descendants of persons qualified to vote about thirty years ago might vote. As the progenitors of the negro could not vote, the black man of to-day is effectually shut out. South Carolina took a shorter cut, and by a simple act of the legislature eliminated the colored vote. Last August North Carolina joined in the disfranchisement by adopting a constitutional amendment framed in accordance with the "grandfather clause" originated by Louisiana. These four States have now debarred four hundred and sixty thousand negroes from the right to vote which the constitution of the nation gave them.

Virginia has voted in favor of a constitutional convention, and the sentiment there favors the Mississippi plan. Alabama is in the throes of agitation over the question, and will doubtless follow suit in the near future. When these two States have acted, the number of the disfranchised will have reached nearly eight hundred thousand. The trend of sentiment in Georgia is in the same direction, and what is done in Georgia will probably be imitated in Florida. In Tennessee the negro vote is manipulated or counted for the benefit of Democrats, and disfranchisement might make the State Republican. This gives the movement pause there until the difficulty is surmounted by some political legerdemain. Texas and Arkansas, not being in danger of negro domination, can afford to look on and do nothing.

No one criticises a State franchise law which applies to its citizens no discrimination as to race or color, but the outrage of the Southern movement consists in the tricks it employs to obliterate the colored vote and at the same time protect the Democratic vote of the illiterate whites. It is a crime against the rights of other States, for, while they propose to nullify the negro vote in their own States, they expect to maintain the power which negro population gives them in the Congress of the nation. That power amounts now to forty seats in Congress, and, under a new apportionment, might be increased to fifty.

The serious question arises, whether the representatives of Northern States will stultify themselves by tacitly indorsing the new nullification of the constitution or vigorously enforce the constitutional rights of the colored men in the Southern States. The latter would require a revival of a form of force bill and probably seriously reënhroll the sections at a time when the whole country should be headed in the direction of peace, unity, prosperity, and advancement. The choice will lie between duty, honor, justice, and courage on the one hand and expediency and cowardice on the other, with the probabilities in favor of expediency. The right way is the honest one, but the difficulties to be faced and solved are so appalling that temporizing will probably be our course until the evil becomes unbearable, and that time is fast approaching.

The Fifty-Sixth Congress will meet on the first Monday of December to enter upon its last session.

The occasion as usual will bring forward a multitude of bills. Outside of those of routine character the public will be especially interested in several which may be termed unfinished business. The Nicaragua Canal bill, known as the Hepburn bill, was last spring made a special order for December 10th, and action upon it and the Hay-Pauncefote treaty will be stimulated by the report of the canal commission, which is now ready and is expected to be promptly laid before Congress, together with a favorable message from the President. We shall also hear more of the Pacific cable enterprise, which went over last year without action in the House.

The public sentiment which last winter began to make itself felt in regard to the reduction of war taxes has gathered force in spite of the fact that the present taxes are more annoying than burdensome to the people. The subject is already being considered in committee. The surplus of last year was nearly \$80,000,000, from which it is thought at

least \$30,000,000 might be spared in relieving the public from the more unusual forms of stamp duties. The matter of the re-organization of the army is still pending and seriously requires adjustment. Some form of the Hull bill will probably be introduced, with the general feature of creating an elastic army which can be increased to 100,000 in time of need and thereafter reduced to a minimum of 50,000. Re-apportionment under the new census comes up as a matter of course, and will be watched with interest in every State. A ship subsidy bill will again be brought forward, and the indications are that it will be urged with more than usual vigor. These items, together with regular and minor business, are sufficient to crowd Congress with work in the short period before final adjournment on the fourth of March, as the usual holiday recess materially shortens the three months' session.

Dr. George H. Martin, of this city, proposes to bring before the legislature at its next session an amendment to the State school law, which will provide for the modification of the courses of study at present in use in the elementary schools of the State. He contends that the number of studies now given, and the unpractical character of many of them, calls for too severe study on the part of the pupils, leaving an insufficient amount of time for the rational recreation and the outdoor exercise that is necessary to keep the body in a healthy condition.

There is no doubt that the question is one worthy of consideration. As educators claim, there is much more to be taught in history, science, literature, and other branches than there was fifty years ago, and there are consequently constant additions to the mass of knowledge laid before the pupils. But instead of pruning judiciously from the curriculum as these additions are made, the original course remains almost unchanged, and one stands dismayed at thought of the work before the unfortunate youngsters of a hundred years from now.

It would be easy to put this matter of a course of study on a rational basis were all the non-essentials ruthlessly cut away. Only a small percentage of the pupils in the public schools attend the high schools; therefore, as it is in the elementary schools that the majority of our children get their training for life, such training should be all that is practical and helpful, with absolutely no waste of time and strength on useless studies. Let a few practical, intelligent men, laymen as well as educators—for the latter are too often theoretical in their views—examine with care the curriculum of the public schools of the State. They will be surprised to find how much of the work could be cut out with advantage to the pupils.

Another point that comes up in connection with this matter, and which has been much discussed, is that of school work to be done outside of school hours. One prominent Eastern magazine that has given considerable space to the subject, contends that just as business men should lay aside all cares connected with their work when business hours are over, so children should be absolutely unburdened with school tasks to be done at home. This magazine proposes, as a remedy for an evil against which thousands of parents protest, that all of its readers who have children should refuse absolutely to have any such work done at home. This rebellion against the method would spread, the writer contends, the wrong would in time be corrected, and the many weakly children who now give their afternoons, the time for outdoor recreation, or their evenings, the time for healthful slumber, to burdensome tasks would find relief.

This is not an imaginary evil by any means, as many parents whose children have been injured in health by over-work either in the elementary schools or the higher institutions of learning will testify. Not many weeks ago two young girls committed suicide in one of our suburban towns. In both instances the cause was traced to disappointed ambition in connection with their school-work. Students are constantly dropping out of the higher schools on account of weak eyes, headache, or nervous debility from over-work,

and in many cases such conditions have been produced by work on subjects that will be absolutely useless to them in their life-work. Physicians from their experience can tell of many such break-downs.

It is well, then, that Dr. Martin has called attention to these matters, even if immediate relief is not afforded. The subject will be well ventilated, and no doubt some good will be done. Let the children in the elementary schools have given to them only what will be of value in after life. Let them have such an amount of work as will not overtax mind or body. If they must choose between learning and sound bodies, by all means give them the latter.

Since the new charter has gone into effect the people of this city may look complacently forward to the fact that they are entitled to take part in at least one election during each year. At the last election the primary law amendment to the constitution was adopted, and the legislature, at its next session, may be confidently expected to double the number of elections for this city, giving the people an average of one every six months. While separate elections are desirable, they are apt to prove an expensive luxury. The hoots which spring up like mushrooms over night when an election approaches, form one of the minor items of expense, yet they are a source of considerable outlay. Originally they cost about eighty dollars apiece, and there were three hundred of them. Now, through the operation of a blight that seems to affect all public property, the number is reduced to two hundred, and at the last election it was necessary to rent a number of shops as polling-places. These shops cost the people \$1,200. The erection and fitting of the hoots cost \$2,682 more. After the hoots have been taken apart they are piled on the streets for several days, to be driven over by teamsters and to afford unalloyed pleasure to numerous gangs of small boys. The expense of repairing the damage from this source last year was \$2,000, of which nearly one-half was for labor, and the remainder for materials. Between elections the hoots are stored at an expense of \$240 a year for a watchman, besides the premium on an insurance of \$2,000. It would seem as if some more economical system could be adopted, though Auditor Wells's remark that the city could have saved money by buying lots and erecting brick hoots upon them was perhaps extreme. But this is not the only item of expense involved in an election. At the general election of 1898 the clerks cost \$84,683, and printing \$995. The primary elections do not cost as much as general elections, owing to the decreased number of polling-places, but the people of this city may look forward to an annual tax for elections amounting to about \$140,000. For this year the appropriation was \$109,900, and this has been sufficient only because the primary election was not held.

Next week the third annual convention of the League of California Municipalities will be held in this city. The sessions are to continue during four days, and the programme is one that should prove attractive to every person who is interested in one of the most difficult of the governmental problems of the day. The league is composed of the cities of the State and their officials, and it now has on its roll of membership sixty-one municipalities. Its aim is the practical rather than the theoretical, and the periodical coming together thus of men who in their daily employment have to meet these questions and work them out can not fail to be beneficial, not only to them, but to the people living in the cities that they govern. Among lawyers who are brought into contact with municipal questions there are two schools. One favors the government of cities under general laws, all cities of the same class having identical charters. In favor of this system it is claimed that when the courts have interpreted a provision of the general law the decision stands for all cities of that class. In favor of the "home-rule" plan, as in force in this State, it is claimed that experiments may be tried without wide-spread disaster, and each may profit from the experience of the others. This league brings the beneficial effects of this feature to their highest development.

As showing the scope of the work of the convention, some points in the programme as published may be referred to. On the first day there will be a report on "Municipal Accounting"—a technical but most important subject. The second day's proceedings will be of more general interest, for it includes "The Disposal of Franchises and How to Secure Revenue Therefrom," "Special Tax for Public Improvements," "Should the City Attorney Be Given Power to Veto Claims He Considers Unlawful," and "A New Public Library Law." On the third day Professor Marx, of Stanford, will discuss the cost of producing electric current in municipal plants, and there will be discussions on the "Advantage of Municipal Works," and how to secure efficient service by private lighting companies. On the fourth day Mayor Phelan will discuss the practical workings

of the charter in this city, and Supervisor Reed will discuss the water supply. There are a number of other subjects, and these should furnish a programme of interest not only to the members of the league, but also to citizens who desire the solution of the problem of securing good municipal government.

President McKinley was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the Union League of Philadelphia on Saturday evening, November 24th. His reception was an enthusiastic one, and his speech at the dinner was the most notable feature of the occasion. From the address, which was admirable throughout, this discerning and timely expression, in well-chosen words, is quoted:

"We are always in danger of exaggeration on an occasion of exultation over a political victory; and while the result is mainly due to the efforts of our splendid party, there is sometimes a tendency to give too little credit to other forces which, silent though they may have been, were none the less potential. We must not withhold generous acknowledgment from that great body of our citizens who, belonging to another party, powerfully assisted in the achievement of the result which you celebrate to-night; nor for that other large body, former members of our own party, who, with honesty of purpose, separated from us a few years ago on financial issues, but have now returned and are home again to stay."

There was no strain of personal or partisan rejoicing in his words, but his trust in the developments of the future is shown in these lines from his closing paragraph:

"The Republican party has had placed upon it tremendous responsibilities. No party could ask for a higher expression of confidence. It is a great thing to have this confidence; it will be a greater thing to deserve and hold it. To this party are committed new and grave problems. They are too exalted for partisanship. The task of settlement is for the whole American people. Who will say they are unequal to it?"

The President has interpreted the public will aright, and this, his first public utterance of length since the election, brings new pleasure to all who had faith in the clearness of his vision and the wisdom of his course.

One of the most important and difficult questions that will come before the Congress that convenes this week is the re-apportionment of representation in the House of Representatives in accordance with the figures of population disclosed in the new census. The re-apportionment that will be agreed upon will probably be as it has been in the past, a compromise between two opposing considerations. On the one hand, the increase of population has been such that to retain the existing ratio—one congressman to every 173,901 persons—would result in a House so large as to be absolutely unwieldy. Even the present House of 357 members is too large, and legislation is delayed and not infrequently fails of enactment on this account. Materially to increase the membership would seriously impair its efficiency for work, unless the committee system were extended to the point where the work of the House as a body would be reduced to a formal ratification of what was done in committee. On the other hand, materially to increase the ratio would result in depriving the States of smaller population of a part of the representation they now have.

A number of members of the present House favor a ratio of one congressman to every 200,000 people or major fraction thereof. In this they are influenced by the fear of too great an increase of membership. Yet this basis of representation would result in decreasing the representation of a number of States. Maine, Virginia, Nebraska, and Kansas would each lose one representative. California would still have seven, as at present; but any ratio less than 198,000 would give this State an additional congressman, which, considering all circumstances, it deserves to have. There is an unwritten law which has generally been followed heretofore, to the effect that the ratio should be placed at the highest figure that will not deprive any State of its existing representation. Nevada is the State showing the smallest increase; in fact, the population there has now dropped to 62,266, but as this is too small a number to be considered as a basis of representation, Nevada drops out of consideration, and takes one representative by courtesy of the constitution. Among the other States, Nebraska shows the smallest gain, and a ratio of one congressman to each 194,345 people or major fraction would give Nebraska six representatives—the same number it enjoys at present. This would seem to be a fair basis, and would result in an increase of only thirty in the membership of the House.

These thirty new members would be divided very evenly among the States. Twenty-three would have the same representation as they have under the present apportionment. There would be a gain of one member in fifteen States, of two members in three States—Minnesota, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—and Illinois, New York, and Texas would each gain three members. Considered according to geographical location, the New England States would gain two members—one each for Connecticut and Massachusetts. The Middle States would gain seven votes—two each for New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and three for New York.

The Southern States would gain eight votes—three for Texas, and one each for Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, and North Carolina. In the Mississippi Valley there would be a gain of ten, divided as follows: Three for Illinois, two for Minnesota, and one each for Iowa, North Dakota, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Missouri. Among the far Western States, California, Colorado, and Washington would each gain one representative.

As has been said, there are many members of Congress, with a lively sense of the troubles that have resulted from the present large membership, who favor a large basis of representation. It will be urged by these that the admission of the remaining Territories as States will further increase the membership of the House, and that these admissions can not be delayed much longer. This is not so serious a matter, however. Oklahoma has a population of 398,245, which would entitle it upon admission to two representatives, whatever ratio may be adopted. New Mexico and Arizona would each be entitled to one, so that the admission of all these Territories would increase the membership by only four. The representatives from this State should act as a unit in insisting upon a ratio that is less than 198,000, for California is entitled to one more congressman to look after its varied interests in the halls of legislation. The ratio of 194,345 seems to be the most fair to all concerned, and, therefore, the one most likely to rally to itself effective support.

This year's Thanksgiving foot-hall game between Berkeley and Stanford is the last to take place in San Francisco. We are sincerely glad to hear it. While the appalling disaster to the outside crowd was not caused by the game, it would never have taken place, had it not been for the game.

The experience of Eastern universities has shown that inter-collegiate foot-hall games in large cities are not good things for the students. Small as San Francisco is, as compared with New York, the university authorities have been rapidly reaching the same conclusion here. As a result, Presidents Jordan and Wheeler decided some time ago that the 1900 game should be the last Berkeley-Stanford contest held outside the university grounds.

While this decision has caused some murmuring among the undergraduates, it is generally favored by the more sensible alumni. There has been growing up a speculative spirit over these foot-hall games—a touch of undergraduate greed for gain which is not pleasant. True, the money is used for the athletic-expense fund. But, none the less, there is a certain sordidness about its garnering. It has come to be discussed much as is the gate-money at a prize-fight. And the foot-hall game itself has come to be looked upon by the populace as something akin to a circus or a hull-fight. The generous spirit of emulation which inspires youthful athletes to struggle for laurels should not impel them to struggle for money. Youth is generous. Age is sordid. Let not these young undergraduates hasten the day when they will think overmuch of money. That time will come soon enough.

We are glad to know that the foot-hall games in future will take place on the campus, either at Berkeley or at Palo Alto. We would suggest that the alumni of both universities offer a trophy which, like the "America's Cup," will remain with the winning team until that team is defeated. Then the defeated team would seek the campus of their opponents to recover the trophy, and each succeeding game would be played there until the home team lost. Thus each year there would be settled the question of where each succeeding year's game would be played. And playing thus, within their academic shades, the game would lose its present sordid and unpleasant features. The struggle would then be one not for gate-money and laurels, but for laurels alone.

The harbor commissioners have at last signed a lease giving to the Santa Fé Railroad Company the use of the city front known as "China Basin." In return the railroad company agrees to pay a yearly rental of \$1,000. Should the legislature ratify the lease, and should it be signed by the governor, the railroad company further agrees to expend \$50,000 annually in the construction of a sea-wall along the line of the water front, beginning the work not later than September 1st of next year. Should the State, during the life of the lease, extend the sea-wall from its present termination to Channel Street, the sea-wall constructed by the railroad company reverts to the State. This lease, which is the result of several months' study, will have a most beneficial effect upon the development of the commerce of the city and the State. At its ratification not only were the interested parties present, but also representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants' Association, and the Board of Trade, and a number of prominent citizens who have been active in advancing the

negotiations. In speaking on the importance of the lease, Irving M. Scott pointed out one fact that is becoming more and more apparent. The docking facilities of this city are already inadequate, and the deficiency will increase rapidly unless immediate steps are taken to meet the difficulty. Since June of this year vessels aggregating 250,000 tons, intended for use on the Pacific, have been contracted for, and during the year ending June 30th vessels were finished or contracted for aggregating 350,000 tons. The completion of these vessels will more than double the tonnage now engaged in this trade. The lease of the China Basin will extend the available dockage room in the natural direction for expansion, and it will increase the tendency to the concentration of wholesale business on the level land south of Market Street.

An article in the *Argonaut* of November 5th gave some unintentionally misleading figures which were derived from the census report. They have been commented on savagely by some of the Southern California papers, but none of them has given the correct figures in full. The article was written in answer to a criticism by the Los Angeles *Western Graphic*, and the *Argonaut's* contentions—that the increase in population in Southern California had been in the larger towns and not in the country districts, and that the increase in property valuations had not kept pace with the growth of population—are even more firmly established by the corrected figures. The percentage of increase in San Bernardino and San Diego Counties was calculated without consideration of the fact that Riverside County had been formed from parts of the two counties since the census of 1890. Riverside County took 7,868 from San Bernardino County and 4,132 from San Diego County. The population of 12,000 has grown to 17,897, an increase of 49 per cent.; but Riverside city has increased in ten years more than 70 per cent. San Bernardino city has gained 53 per cent., while San Bernardino County complete shows an increase of only 27 per cent. San Diego County has increased 13 per cent. only.

Last week this city, and indeed the whole State, was visited by one of those storms that come about once in each year and lead people to say each time that it is the most violent storm they have ever witnessed. The remark is a perfectly natural one, for memory is never so vivid as present experience, yet it is generally incorrect, and it was so in this case. The rainfall for the twenty-four hours of greatest precipitation was 1.65 inches, and this has been exceeded just forty-four times since the records began to be kept in 1849. The greatest recorded fall for twenty-four hours was on January 29, 1881, when it was 4.67, which makes the precipitation of last week look rather insignificant. The velocity of the wind was unusual, reaching a maximum of 43 miles, but a velocity of 60 miles has been recorded here. The most interesting feature of the storm was that the rainfall was most generous in those parts of the State where it was most needed. In the southern part of Monterey County, where they have been unable to raise crops for several years on account of the drought, and where the people were compelled to call upon the State for assistance a few years ago, the precipitation exceeded three inches, and the San Joaquin Valley and Southern California report an abundant downpour. There have been some who have attempted to find a connection between our weather and the Japan current which flows northerly along the coast of Asia, easterly across the North Pacific, and then southerly along the western coast of the continent. They have even attempted to prove some connection between the storms of Alaska and of this State through this influence. No such connection has been established.

The announcement that the gap in the California coast line of the Southern Pacific Railroad is practically closed at last, after many years of delay, and that the overland trains will take that route early in January next, is gratifying to the traveling public.

ARGONAUT LETTERS, by Jerome A. Hart, is a collection of gossip sketches written from abroad in the spring and summer of 1900. In press. Ready this week. The sketches make a volume of about five hundred pages, handsomely printed in large type, on heavy paper. There are over fifty illustrations from photographs. The book will be richly bound, with a unique cover design by L. M. Upton, of the San Francisco Art Association. As the volume is printed only in response to requests for these letters in permanent form, the edition will be a limited one. No plates have been made. It is printed from new type and the type distributed. Those desiring it should therefore order at once. Price, \$2.00. Orders received by mail or telephone. (Telephone No. James 2531.) Address the *Argonaut Publishing Company*, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

VILLARD AND DALY REMINISCENCES.

The Railroad Builder and the Bonanza King—From Reporter to Financier—From Potatoes to Copper—Stories of Early Struggles and Later Successes.

Two men who had been masters of the great forces that controlled the early development of the North-West and the Pacific Coast died almost simultaneously in New York on November 12th. Both were conspicuous examples of the possibility of young and poor men becoming the possessors of immense wealth. Henry Villard and Marcus Daly began life in the United States without friends and without means, and Villard alone had the advantage of a good education. Strange to say, the great railroad financier began his career under an assumed name. He was born Heinrich Hilgard. His father, Gustav Hilgard, was judge of the supreme court of Munich at the time the son came to this country in 1853:

"It was not originally intended that he should emigrate to America, but circumstances—it is hinted to the shape of boyish university escapades—brought it about in 1853. The nineteen-year-old boy landed without means, and after various experiences in New York was stranded in Chicago. Thence he was taken by an uncle, who had established himself on a farm at Belleville, Ill., and given a home. He left soon, and for several years his relatives lost sight of him. It seems, however, that after ineffectual attempts to interest himself in law, his clear bent toward journalism led him to study English with great care. He corresponded for German papers, meadime, and became acquainted with Horace Greeley. By 1858 he was writing for the *Tribune* under the pen-name of Heory Villard, which soon entirely superseded his baptismal name. Later in life he thought of resuming his rightful family name, but there were many reasons which made the change unwise. It would have caused interminable complications in the many enterprises in which he was interested. His wife, who was Miss Fannie Garrison, only daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, opposed his making the change of name for reasons of sentiment. The associations with the name Villard were too dear for the wife to surrender."

He tired of journalism, and his natural bent of mind inclined him toward the study of finance. In 1871 he went to Europe, where he formed a connection with Frankfort and Berlin bankers, and returned in 1873 as the representative of the German bondholders of the Oregon and California Railroad Company. This resulted in his being made president of that corporation in 1875. With the aid of German capital he also gained control of the Northern Pacific, and was elected its president:

"The masterly stroke by which he succeeded consisted in the formation of a new company, the Oregon and Transcontinental, which should acquire a controlling interest in both the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and construct a full system of branch lines subsidiary to the two main trunks, to guard against rivalry and foster local traffic. His mode of procedure was to buy the stock first and to form the company afterward. The buyout he began privately on his own account in December, 1880, and in February, 1881, feeling assured of ultimate success, he invited some fifty persons to subscribe with himself to a fund of \$800,000, for an enterprise which he would disclose later. This so-called 'hired pool' was subscribed twice over to twenty-four hours—an extraordinary vote of confidence in Mr. Villard's integrity not less than in his ability. On the disclosure of his scheme, a second subscription of more than \$2,000,000 was made, and the total \$2,000,000 paid to money. In September, 1881, Mr. Villard obtained recognition on the board of directors, and was chosen president of the Northern Pacific. Thanks to the Oregon and Transcontinental Company, the completion of the Northern Pacific was now vigorously entered upon, and achieved in the summer of 1883, in the presence of a large number of invited guests—German, English, American—of distinction."

Reverses at last overtook him:

"In September, 1883, just as the Northern Pacific Railroad was opened, with great festivities, the 'bears' of the stock market arranged an attack on the securities of the allied companies, and Villard, in the vain endeavor to support the properties, sacrificed his large fortune, and on January 4, 1884, resigned the presidency of the railroad. In no wise daunted by this great financial blow, he set about regaining what he had lost. He went to Europe, where he remained until 1886. Thence he came back to the United States, and to a short time regained control of the Northern Pacific, and repaired his broken fortunes, but the panic of 1893 again occasioned a loss of most of his wealth, and led to his withdrawal from railroad management."

In more recent times his connection with the Edison Electric Company had returned to him much of the fortune he had twice seen swept away. Mr. Villard was a Republican, but not a partisan:

"He shared in the hopes of the reformers of 1872, but refused to go with those who accepted Greeley as their standard-bearer. He was in general sympathy with the views and policy of the New York *Nation*, for whose editor, E. L. Godkin, he cherished a high admiration. To the spring of 1881, a conjunction arose which enabled him to serve three friends while leading support to independent journalism. Carl Schurz, after having been a member of Hayes's Cabinet, was practically removed from politics; Mr. Godkin was feeling the strain of the editorial conduct of the *Nation*, a struggling concern; Horace White, withdrawn from the Chicago *Tribune* and connected to New York with Mr. Villard's business enterprises, was ready to reënter journalism. Mr. Villard accordingly effected, with a controlling interest, the purchase of the *Evening Post* and the *Nation*, and placed at the head the acuturate just named, with explicit guarantees of absolute editorial independence of himself."

The newspapers were the property of Mr. Villard at his death.

Marcus Daly, who came to this country a penniless Irish boy of thirteen, left twenty millions of dollars to his widow and four children. He was hurried from a magnificent mansion which he had reared on Fifth Avenue, New York, and in which he had never lived. As a waif he found his way to the Pacific Coast:

"He landed to San Francisco with about as much money as Ben Franklin took to Philadelphia. His objective was the mining country. 'I'd like a bit of work,' he said to a farmer near the city. 'Can you dig potatoes?' asked the farmer. 'I can dig anything,' said Daly, and he set to work with such vigor that in a few days he had the farmer's potatoes in the barn and some dollars in his pocket. As soon as he got enough money to pay his way, he was up in the mountains. He made the acquaintance of the famous syndicate, Mackay, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien, entered their employ, and worked his way to superintendent of the Comstock Lode. He did not share any of the profits of that famous property, but he studied the mine, and in a remarkably short time became an expert."

Daly's plan for finding out the real value of the Alice Mine in Montana was a characteristic piece of work:

"He went to Butte City, claimed to be looking for work as a miner, and ran up a bill for three weeks' board. The landlord became angry. He went up to Walkerville and told the mine-owners that he had a mao loafing around at his place for whom he wanted work long enough to pay his three weeks' board-bill. They gave him the job and he came back and swore at Daly, telling him he was too particular about his work and too easy about his eating. He said he had got him an-

other job, and that he wanted him to take it and stick to it. As Daly heard him say that the work was in the Alice mine his heart must have jumped, but there was not a change in his features, and he only said: 'Well, I will go and look at it.' It was the opportunity he had waited for, and he took his place as an ordinary miner in the Alice. He worked for three weeks, inspecting the property as he dug and mined, and at the end of this time he threw up his job and left Butte City. Six weeks later he came to the surface as maoager of the property. The Walkers, at his advice, bought the mine, and they put him at its head."

Daly was only twenty-three years old when the stories of the riches hidden in the soil of Montana took him to that State:

"Soon after he helped to form a mining combination composed of J. B. Haggin, George Hearst, Lloyd Tevis, and himself. Daly was the active, practical man. It was Daly who suggested the purchase of the Aoaconda Mine, near Butte City, believing that it promised well in gold and silver. The mine was bought for thirty-five thousand dollars. Before long copper veins were struck. To-day the Anaconda produces one-quarter of all the copper mined in the world. It employs ten thousand men and reduces four thousand tons of ore every day."

It was when Daly began to develop the Anaconda on an immense scale that the trouble with W. A. Clark originated:

"Water was a necessity at the smelters of the Aoaconda, and Daly was buying the water rights of Warm Springs Creek, and had got about seven-eighths of them for some small amount, when Clark quietly came in and bought the remaining eighth. When Daly sent his representative to buy Clark's interest, he asked \$25,000 for it, which the representative refused to give and went away. Next day he came back to accept the figures, and Clark wanted \$50,000. Daly a day or two later sent his man back to pay the price, and then Clark wanted \$100,000. This was offered next, and Clark asked \$125,000, at which price Daly got it. Daly swore to get even, and he made good his oath until illness robbed him of the power to fight."

He waited year after year for a chance to strike:

"In 1888 Clark decided that he would go to Washington as congressional delegate, Montana then being a Territory. He did not then fully realize the bitterness of Daly's enmity for him. He sent a delegation of friends to talk the matter over with Daly. The Republican candidate for the office was Thomas H. Carter.

"According to the story, Carter and Daly were conferring when the delegation arrived. Daly told Carter to step behind a curtain. The delegation made its talk in behalf of Clark, and Daly is alleged to have replied: 'I hate Clark from the ground up, but I am a Democrat first, last, and all the time. I'll tell the mine bosses to see that the meo vote to bury that little red-headed Irish son of a gun Tom Carter in the middle kettle of hades.' The delegation left delighted and Carter left bewildered. Mr. Daly left for California the next day, and when election day arrived every mao in the Anaconda mines voted for Carter, defeating Clark, who had counted upon an easy victory."

Aside from Daly's copper mines and his war with W. A. Clark, he was best known through his magnificent racing stable. He literally ransacked the earth for high-class horses for breeding purposes. He purchased 47,000 acres in the Bitter Root Valley, many miles out from Butte, and established the Bitter Root Stock Farm, which has produced some of the greatest racers on the American turf. In the past fifteen years he spent \$4,000,000 on the place. The system of irrigation alone cost \$350,000. Seven hundred men are employed on the property, the cottages which Daly built for them forming a little village.

California may be honored in the near future by having a first-class battle-ship named after her. The weight of influence brought to bear on the President and the Secretary of the Navy by the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco is expected to bring about the desired result. The representatives of this State in the upper and lower Houses of Congress have combined and are putting forth their efforts to secure the coveted honor. It was the intention of the Navy Department to give the name "California" to one of the new armored cruisers, but it was represented to Secretary Long that the State of California, not alone for its great extent of territory but also from its vast resources, natural advantages, commerce, and trade, and facing as it does the awakening Orient, is fully entitled to have its name given to a ship which shall be in all respects at least the equal of any afloat. The Secretary has promised to present the papers to the President for consideration.

Mrs. Robert W. Wilcox, wife of the Hawaiian delegate-elect to Congress, has celebrated the victory of the home-rule party in great style, giving a series of *luau*s in different parts of the island. The first was held at Laie, and ex-Queen Liliuokalani was the guest of honor. Preparations were then immediately commenced for a big *luau* in Honolulu. A large number of women interested in the party were sent out to raise money, and subscriptions were solicited from persons of all classes, irrespective of party. About five hundred dollars is reported to have been raised. By some it was said that these subscriptions were for the purpose of enabling the delegate and his private secretary to go to Washington, but this was denied. The attendance at the *luau* was expected to be not less than ten thousand.

In commenting on the recent divorce scandal, the New York *Law Journal*, the official paper of the courts, says that divorce lawyers as a class are disreputable. "Of course," the paper continues, "it is possible for a lawyer to make a specialty of divorce cases and abstain from dishonorable practices. The bench and bar and more intelligent lawyers are, however, well aware that divorce lawyers as a class are shysters, and that all suits in which they appear are subject to legitimate suspicion."

One great building in Chicago, the Monadnock Block, has a daily population of close to if not quite 5,000. So vast is the postal business of this human hive that it was found necessary to establish on the main floor a branch post-office with four mail-carriers. The Monadnock Block is 400 feet long, 70 feet wide, 16 stories high at one end and 17 at the other, and has in all 1,200 offices. In one day over 20,000 persons passed through the Jackson Boulevard entrance alone.

Under the Italian law prohibiting the sale of a work of art to foreign countries without the consent of the government, Signor Sanguinetti has just been fined 14,000 lire (\$2,800) in Rome for having sold a bust of Benvenuto Cellini to a London dealer.

THE MEANS AND THE END.

A Devoted Striker, Two Engagements, and a Freed Lieutenant.

Strathmore's striker was a superior article in every way. His respect for constituted authority was as un-American as his face. He was tall and fine-looking, his English was quite as polished as Strathmore's own; and—which was of infinitely more importance—he never touched whisky and cigars, nor went on a pay-day spree. So Strathmore felt himself justified in supposing that he had murdered, or stolen, or forged, or something, at one time or another, and he shrewdly guessed that Chester was not his real name. But that was no one's concern, that he could see, and everybody knows that enlistment in the army of the United States, even more than baptism, is a new birth.

Throughout the department Strathmore was known by the striker he kept. This had its disadvantages, but the advantages outweighed. No one could have realized this better than Strathmore himself, and yet sometimes he was moved, in the bosom of the mess, to complain. "It is telling on me," he would insist; "I am slowly breaking down under the strain. I came across something in a French book the other day about how few masters are worthy to be valets. That's what I am striving to be, and the failure is telling upon me. They used to," he explained complacently, "they used to say—when my name was mentioned from Dan to Beersheba—'Strathmore, Strathmore of the 'steenth. Big, good-looking chap.'" (Strathmore had picked up Chester's manner of speech), "'one of the Strathmores of Boston, isn't he?' Now it's 'Strathmore? That's the chap Chester's striking for?' Oh! yes; I think I'll send Chester back to the troop."

Which, of course, he never did. Apart from the fact that he could never have done without him, he could not have had the heart.

Chester had been as good a soldier as he was a striker, but he had languished under barrack rule. Exactly for the reason that he never said so, it was plain that he had been used to better things. It was so plain that Strathmore would never have thought of suggesting to him to become a body-servant, had not Chester himself—when a desperado's bullet had left the position vacant—volunteered. As a striker Chester had many little luxuries that he had lacked before—his own room, his own bath-tub, and the run of his master's small but choice library. With the help of draperies and blankets that Strathmore let him have, and with that of some potted plants he managed upon his own account, he transformed the room into quite a sybaritic retreat, and his literary discrimination was a thing to wonder at. He tacked up colored supplements of the London Christmas papers, and there was a photograph—just one—on his mantel-piece. It was of a woman who had soft eyes and hair and a lovely mouth. Strathmore ventured to ask who it was, one day, and Chester told him that it was "an Englishwoman, sir."

Now, this was in Texas, in the early days shortly after the war, in the State of the Lone Star's palmiest time. There was much drinking in the land, and much poker, as well, no pious general having as yet arisen to bid gambling cease. There was also some shooting, but of unattached women there were sadly few, and those that there were, were, generally, not very nice. This condition of affairs led to a good many unfortunate things. Any man prefers even a second-rate woman to none at all, and any man—being deprived of a standard of comparison for a length of time will come to think that an exceedingly poor article is superior enough, after all.

That was what happened to Strathmore. He should have known better, because his youth had been spent among women who were lovely in every way; but the memory of man is short—and he was lonesome. There should be provision for this in the regulations. When a man gets any of the ills that frontier service is apt to induce, they bundle him off back East on a sick leave; yet when—which is infinitely more prejudicial to the standing of the service—he reaches the stage of loneliness where he would marry the Witch of Endor herself rather than continue to be alone, there is no one to indorse his application to be sent somewhere where he can find the proper sort of girl.

Strathmore had been in the wilderness a matter of five years, and he was gradually, very gradually, lapsing from civilization. The first intimation of this that Chester had was that the lieutenant made unnecessarily frequent calls at a ranch-house some ten miles from the reservation. Chester knew that a girl lived there—a dreadful girl, who had a plumply pretty figure and face, but whose speech was a thing to shudder at, and whose name, besides being Halloran, was Mamie Pearle. He also knew that if that were not enough to set Strathmore's teeth on edge, he must be in a very bad way.

All this worried Chester a great deal. Frequent contemplation of his one photograph had furnished him with the standard of comparison which Strathmore lacked, and he could see what the outcome of things as they were going was bound to be. He explained it to the photograph, standing before the mantel-piece with his hands jammed deep in his trousers pockets and a pucker on his brow, which was fair to the line of the cap and quite crimson from there down. "If he marries that freckled-face Halloran girl," he said, "he'll want to shoot himself and her the first time he goes East"—Chester cherished a cynical kind of regret that he hadn't done as much himself some time before—"or he'll compromise and take to drink instead. No," he nodded his head decisively, "he shall not marry Mamie Pearle, not"—he looked at the picture a long time—"not if I have to marry her myself. Which heaven forefend!"

The next afternoon he found Strathmore in the sitting-room and proffered a most unprecedented request. "I shall like, sir," he said, "to be given a furlough for a week." Strathmore considered and frowned. "What'll become of it, Chester?" he asked, plaintively; "what will I do?"

"O'Toole has promised to take my place, sir. He was Captain Lacy's striker for several years, and he knows his duties, sir."

Strathmore sighed. "Very good," he agreed, with sufficiently poor grace, "I expect I'll make out somehow. Put in your application with the morning report."

Chester went away, feeling contemptible and small, and Strathmore sat and reflected dismally that it was emergencies of this sort that drove a man to matrimony. He ought to have realized that when a man marries because he thinks the woman can be of use to him, rather than to her, he is making a grave mistake. But he fancied the vague dissatisfaction with his present lot was the yearning of affection, and believed more than ever that he cared for Miss Halloran quite a creditable deal. Before Chester left the next day he stood in front of the photograph again. "She'll wear curl-papers and his forage-cap and cape," he reflected aloud. That was his notion of the point beyond which vulgarity could not go. "It's a devilish contemptible business, I know it is. But then—my future's all behind me; and his is all ahead. He's only a boy. He has all sorts of pull"—what a striker does not know about his master is not worth considering at all—"he will be able to get anything he asks for in Washington. Not," he mused, "that the American army offers much for a young man just now. But he can get all it can give. If he behaves himself and marries the right kind—or better yet, doesn't marry at all—he may rise to the soaring height of an attachéship. All things are possible with pull."

He stopped and bent down to knock the ashes from his briar-pipe into the fire-place. Then he took the photograph in his hand and started to put it in the grip that lay on his bunk. But he changed his mind and tucked it into the tray of his trunk instead. And he gave it a last look as he closed down the lid. "In which case," he finished, as he turned the key, "he would be very likely to meet you."

A hunting leave is only a week long. But a great deal can happen in a week to a soldier who has cut loose and is accountable to no one, or to a lieutenant madly determined to become just the other way. What happened to Strathmore was, in sum, this:

The day after O'Toole took charge he rode over to the Halloran ranch, and when he came back he was engaged to marry Mamie Pearle. When it was done and he sat down to think, he found that he was not so radiantly happy as he had expected to be. But the way the sitting-room had been dusted that morning had disgusted him, once and for all, with single life. The next day he was officer of the day and couldn't leave the post. The day after that he had a cold which he had caught making his rounds, and it confined him to the house.

As for Chester, the way he put in his time never did become quite clear. But for a period of six days there was a strange Englishman in a town some fifteen miles the other side of the Halloran ranch; some twenty-five miles that is, or more, from the post. It was a mud town, and its hotel was as bad as its reputation, but the Englishman stayed there. He wore a conspicuous suit of clothes, and spent money ostentatiously. He let it be understood that his name was Lovatt, and that he was a lord; also, that he was traveling through the West, and might, if he fancied the country, buy a ranch. It was probably with that end in view that he rode almost at once to the Halloran place and explained to the *haciendado* that he would like to be shown how a ranch was run. He met Miss Halloran, and her father told him that she was engaged to a lieutenant at the neighboring post, but that a severe cold was confining the officer to his house. He expressed a wish that Lovatt might meet the lieutenant some day, and Lovatt hoped that he would. It was possibly in this hope that he called at the ranch for six successive days, but always—had he known it—at an hour when it was quite unlikely that any one would be coming over from the post. After that they saw him no more.

On the evening of the seventh day Chester was in charge of Strathmore's quarters again. Strathmore was recovering from the cold, and he told Chester that he had missed him profanely much. Everything had gone wrong. He asked what the striker had been doing with his time.

Chester threw an armful of wood upon the fire, and stood up, brushing the chips from his sleeve. "Well, sir," he answered, "I have been getting engaged."

Strathmore's jaw fell. That meant that he would have to hunt up a new striker, of course. Then he remembered Mamie Pearle. "That's rather a coincidence, Chester; so have I."

Chester's congratulation was respectful, but not so cordial as it might have been. "I shall ask your permission and the captain's to marry, sir," he said.

Strathmore accorded his own. "But I shall be sorry to lose you, Chester, very sorry. What is the girl's name?"

Chester grew red all over his nice, boyish face. He was finding out that saving another is not all heroism, necessarily. He produced a piece of paper from his pocket—a piece of flimsy, ruled, pink paper stamped with a white dove. Strathmore gave a little start. But Chester was doing this because he thought it best to deal the final blow at once, not to mince matters in the least, and he did not hesitate. He smoothed out the sheet. "That's the name, sir," he said.

Strathmore read it. It was Mamie Pearle.

"The last name," Chester explained, "is Halloran. She's the daughter of Halloran of the ranch."

"Oh!" said Strathmore, dryly. His eye had caught a misspelled assurance of enduring love. "Oh!" he repeated; "and may I ask if she knows who you are?"

Chester grew more red still. "Well"—he reflected that an entirely honest intent could never be prefixed by that Yankee word—"well, sir, I began by letting her think that my name was Lovatt—part of it really is, sir—and that I was titled and rich—which I am not—but"—he plucked up courage as he went on—"if she loves me, of course it will be all right."

Strathmore handed him back the note. "And if she doesn't?"

"It—it will still be all right."

Strathmore did not try to understand. His opinion of Chester had fallen very low. As for his opinion of Mamie Pearle he realized, suddenly, that it had not dropped half so far.

It was almost retreat, on the following day, when he took to Chester's room a bundle of London papers that had just come by the stage. He cast a quick look around. "I see you've got the photograph of the girl out again," he commented.

Chester nodded, but added, with the faintest shadow on his face: "She's a married woman, sir."

"Yes?" said Strathmore, and turned to leave the room. "Oh, lieutenant!" Chester called. Strathmore stopped. "I thought you might like to know, sir, that I'm not engaged any more."

For a full half-minute Strathmore looked into the Englishman's impenetrable blue eyes; then there came a twinkle in his own. "It seems to be another coincidence, Chester," he said, quietly, "for neither am I."

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1900.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

To Robert Louis Stevenson.

Dear ghost—whose ruddy presence needs must fling
A ray of cheer among thy brother shades
In yon pale land of Sleep,—thy legacy
The years make richer.

For the fellowship
Of gallant souls who move down stirring ways
Of blithe adventure; for the moods of dream
That blossomed, at the conjuring call of Art,
Into lyric's festal flowers of Romance;
For lyric interludes of Song, whose sound
Comes in pathetic cadences; for words
Apt, rare, and full of wisdom, touching deeps
On depths of human passion; for such gifts
Surely the guerdon is love's long renown.

But most O Comrade ours, we owe to thee
For that brave gospel thou didst ever bring—
Not pulpit-wise, but sweet as speech of birds:
Courage and kindness and joy-of-life
Even in its motley and keen-edged with pain;
High spirit against evil, and the laugh
Unbitter; and that indomitable belief
In brotherhood. 'Twould shame us, looking on
Thy struggle and thy triumph, should we play
The craven; yea, thy present happy peace
Heartens all laggards.

Therefore seems it meet
To hail thee hero, fondly to recall
Thy valiant days, thy victory over doom,—
Child of delight and heir of loveliness,
Great friend, whose followers would fain be true.

—Richard Burton in *December Century Magazine*.

The Swan of Avon.

I could not think of him, where his first cry
Proclaimed his coming to the world, that stood
Waiting—six thousand years—for him! Not I.
I could not think of him, try as I would.

I could not think of him, where every thrush
That sings "Sweetheart!" in every other place,
Sang "Shakespeare!" through the spiritual hush
Of the great dawn, till I hid my face.

I could not think of him, when on the stone
That covers earth's divinest dust I read
The name of names, half hid, where I had thrown
Anne Hathaway's roses to the undying dead. . .

But when, almost at midnight, as we walked
Among your lilies, in still water-glooms,
O immemorial river! though we talked
Of earthly things—there came a shiver of plumes!

A shiver of plumes, touched by ethereal beams
From some mist-shrouded moon. And, faintly blown
By some stray wind from some wild world of dreams,
Among the lilies, lonely and alone—

Sudden and strange and white—oh, whiter far
Than any mortal whiteness ever could be!
Lo, Something sailed! (Oh, blind with doubt we are!)
—"The Swan of Avon!" whispered one to me.

—Sarah Piatt in *Harper's Magazine*.

Dawson to-day presents a marked contrast to the Dawson of 1898, according to the official report of United States Consul McCook. Then no one except possibly the judges on the bench wore a white shirt. The town was thronged with miners, pack on back, prospecting for gold. The streets were veritable mudholes. Now people dress much as they do in the cities of the United States; a man with a pack on his back is an unusual sight, and one can walk the town over with polished shoes and not have them soiled. It does not appear like a mining town, but rather a thriving commercial centre. It was crowded during the summer. Electric railways are promised by 1901, and public schools have been opened and are well attended. The output of gold has been increasing, in spite of the fact that the average values of the gravels worked have been steadily declining, the richest mines having been worked first. But the cost of working has decreased, and properties may be profitably worked now that would not have yielded gains two years ago.

The London papers record the death of Julius Lipman, nicknamed "Leather Apron," a cobbler, who in 1889 fell under suspicion of being "Jack the Ripper." He satisfied the police of his innocence, but the stigma never left him. His business gradually disappeared and he went to another neighborhood, where he took to drink. He died of neglect and semi-starvation.

The advent of an American circus to the German town of Aix-la-Chapelle produced a genuine sensation, according to Consul Brundage. The bill posting was a revelation, the erection of the tents an astonishment, and when the circus arrived not a workman went to the factories and their spindles were idle.

PARIS SIGHT-SEEING IN THE RAIN.

Geraldine Bonner Writes of Obscure Attractions—The Shops at Night-Fall—Latin Quarter Students—The Extinct Grisette—Rodin's Sculpture Exhibition.

The Americans who confine their sojourn to the Rive Droite see little of the real Paris—the Paris that has the atmosphere that fascinates once and forever; the Paris of narrow streets that wind, of tall houses with high-pitched roofs covered with dusky red tiles, of little, dark shops wherein one finds curios and prints and dirty old paintings and quaint ornaments of chased silver. All through the Marais there are wonderful bits, whole streets long sometimes, of older Paris; but the Paris of the Marais is a place of crumbling splendors and stately historic memories.

Moreover, the Americans on the Rive Droite do not know much about the Marais. One with the touring appetite strongly developed visits the Place de la Bastille, and finds nothing very interesting in the Column of July. But few have gone far enough afield to find the *tourrelle*, which is all that stands of the Hotel Barthelemy, where kings and queens loved and hated, kissed and killed one another, or looked at the little window of the still magnificent Hotel de la Moignon whence the brigand son of Charles the Ninth and Marie Touchet told his servants to watch for the wayfarers they were to rob.

The Paris of the Rive Gauche has its splendors, too, but they are for the most part hidden behind high walls, and they are not the splendors of so remote and barbaric an age. Down many of these little streets, quiet thoroughfares with a narrow edge of sidewalk skirting the long curve of the walls, are the homes of the old French noblesse. One can see upper stories in which the windows are generally shuttered, and looking through the opened door into the court, catch a glimpse of the paved court-yard, with its three or four steps rising to a sombre doorway of entrance, its niche in the stones of the wall where the water-fountain for the use of the house trickles coolly, and its standing garden of potted plants and clipped laurel-trees. Some of these sequestered mansions are deserted and shut away from the eyes of the vulgar by massive doors, with only the upper windows looking out sleepily over the sere, browned foliage of denuded trees. Others have the names of their owners painted over the arch of entrance—"Deaudoivre de Rochefoucauld" was one I came across the other day. The glories of a past epoch—long before the days of Republican France—seemed to emanate from this magnificent name, curving over the entrance that led to the great hidden hotel inside.

Out from the small streets, where the remnants of the old aristocracy have still kept a local habitation and a name, run the highways that for many generations and centuries have been the thoroughfares of traffic and of commerce of the Rive Gauche. They are all narrow, paved with cobblestones, and filled with a never-ceasing noise. The horses' hoofs fall with an iron ring on the stones under foot, and the high, straight walls of the unadorned houses throw the sound back and forth, like the reverberations in a cañon. Some of these houses are well-built, and have iron balconies skirting their fronts. Others are old, plastered and painted, with small windows sunk deep in the thickness of the walls and with the top story sloping off in a high-pitched Mansard. In these windows there are almost always faces looking down and figures that are generally young, lolling on crossed arms over the window-bars. For this is the Latin quarter, and the upper floors of these houses are let out in rooms to the students, male and female, of the locality.

The fascination of these streets is indescribable. Here, far from the great hotels, from the tourists with red Baedekers, and the American women shopping on the Rue de la Paix, one seems to be really in the Paris one has dreamed of. There is a perpetual movement on the busy sidewalks, which are so narrow it is difficult for two to pass. The hatless women, with their baskets and their yard-long loaves of bread, stop to have a gossip with the man who, in a sort of niche in the wall, is frying potatoes in a cauldron of boiling grease. One can buy for a few pennies a little paper sack of the potatoes and carry them away for dinner. In another niche sits an old woman selling flowers and newspapers. On nearly every block there is a cobbler, who has for a shop a sort of cubby-hole, in which there is just about enough room for himself, his boots, and a lamp.

The dark falls early now, and by five all the shops are lit, not radiantly, as they are on the other side of town, but economically, with one or two petroleum lamps or gas-jets. Walking home through the cold of this suddenly falling night, these illuminated windows only partly clear the darkness of the street, and upon its sombreness they shine like a series of pictures. Then do you feel the full, deadly fascination of the junk-shops creeping over you. They shine enticingly, looking like scenes set for some thrilling play. The pale light touches their walls, shadowed with numberless strange shapes, gleams on the sides of metal vessels, illumines the mystery of faded paintings, causes weird, almost living gleams to radiate from lengths of tarnished brocade, where metal threads stiffen the fabric and splinter the light.

The students, in this quarter, are everywhere, but their two most popular stamping-grounds are the Boulevard St. Michel—the "Boul' Miché"—and the Luxembourg Gardens. They are of all types, some looking just like any other young men whose means are limited and whose hearts are light. But others are got up carefully "in character." They wear trousers very baggy round the hips and going off very narrow round the ankles; loose, flapping jackets, with, on cold days, long military capes, clasped at the neck. Sometimes they wear silk hats, with perfectly straight brims, or soft, felt hats as flat as saucers, and their collars are either very low, with a flowing cravat, or very high, with a black satin stock, such as women now wear. There are all types of faces among them, but now and then one sees that beautiful, classic French face that the early

portraits of Napoleon have made familiar to us—the fine, sensitive nose, the delicate lips, thin but curved, the black eyes, deep-set and melancholy, and the clear, olive skin, smooth as a girl's.

As to the *grisettes*—the lovely little *grisettes* that we all expect to find by hundreds in the Latin quarter—they have vanished. Ask a French person what has happened to them, and they say, with a shrug: "There are none now." Mimi and Musette and Trilhy and Mini Pimson are extinct as the dodo. That interesting species of human being which, according to every one who wrote about it, was of the most original and unique charm, has gone into the limbo of the past with the ichthyosaurus and the musk ox. You never see any one that has the remotest resemblance to Trilhy. All the models I have so far encountered are either very modish ladies of more than doubtful character, or large-eyed, ruminating Italians, who are models by hereditary predisposition and because they are the only women to be found in France who have straight legs.

We have had a good deal of rain lately—warm rain—that fell fitfully and that made the whole city shine and the twilight settle down preternaturally early. It is hopeless to go to the exposition on these afternoons, as the buildings are so packed with people and the light is so dim one sees nothing. In fact, sight-seeing of any kind is a bad business on such days, as Paris is still full of visitors and on wet afternoons they crowd into every hall, museum, and public building that is open. There is just one place that the crowd in general does not seem to haunt—either because it is of too alarming a nature, or the four francs entrance-fee is too large for the thrifty French purse. This is the Rodin Exposition, to which a friend beguiled me the other afternoon when the rain was falling in soft, warm needle showers, and the dusk was trying to settle at four.

Rodin is the sculptor over whom factions furiously rage together. Down here in the Latin quarter we hear a good deal about him. He is the greatest man of his day and generation, and he is the most degraded example of the decadence of French art. He is animated by the most lofty spiritual motives, and his work is simply "cochonnerie," no uore, no less. He has founded a school, and he is dragging sculpture from its pedestal and trampling it in the mud. On one thing all the world agrees, and that is that his endeavor is to represent the great human emotions in sculpture. To this end his genius—for most people admit that he has that—has striven to express itself.

In the dim light of the rain-soaked afternoon we entered the small hall, surrounded by windows and lit by a sort of pale effusion of twilight. The whole place seemed to be held in a thinly lit, chill silence of horror, coldness, and terror emanating from the marbles that writhed and clutched in frozen poses of frenzy on every side. In the centre, looming up, huge, weird, and terrible, was the statue of Balzac. This monstrous thing, ogre, devil, and deformity in one, stood facing the entrance like a gross epitome of all the forces that encircled it. It dominated the groups about it, more terrifying than the most horrible. These stood out darkly against the pale squares of the windows—single figures knotted into convulsed forms in the agonies of grief, studies for groups contorted into outlines that it seemed impossible the human body could assume; groups that were formless masses from which twisted limbs unexpectedly emerged. On slabs lay vague forms, white and listless like the dead. On the summit of pedestals were lovers clutched madly together, like those that Dante saw in the Seventh Circle of Hell.

The Balzac, which was the first piece of work to bring its author world-wide reputation, is the most gressomely *bizarre* production in the exhibition. There is the horror connected with it that is always part of something that deviates from the normal human plan. It is not meant to be an exact portrait, but a figuration of the mental and spiritual Balzac, as visible through the physical envelope. There is a head surmounting an enormous body, which is formless and wrapped vaguely in some drapings. Upon this head the sculptor has given full play to his imagination. It is the head of a demon, with grotesquely terrible features. It is the head, also, of a wizard, but a sinister wizard, who sees through the instincts of all men and laughs at what he sees. There is nothing of pity in the uncanny face, but its ruling spirit seems to be diabolically sardonic. And in every way, in the huge, formless shape, in the great, bulb neck, in the intent eyes looking out from their bushy pent-houses, in the thick lips, with their close-fitting curves, there is force—physical force, mental force. The whole figure seems to be nothing but an intellectual force personified.

The groups and single figures about it represent varying degrees of anguish, frenzy, and exaltation. On a large plateau of marble was a naked female figure, nearly life size, lying flat with the legs standing up in the air stiff and contorted. In contrast with her attitude, her face, with closed eyes, was beautiful in its expression of peace. Fortunately there was a sort of key furnished with this, which was part of a design for the martyrdom of St. Somebody or other, who was tied to a chariot by her feet and so dragged about till she was dead. Close by stood a small statue entitled "Grief." This was also a woman, fairly writhing in her anguish. If it was grief at all, it was the grief of set teeth and clenched hands. She sat on the ground, her forehead on one knee, round which one of her arms was clasped. Her other leg was crooked before her, and she had gripped that foot in a knotted hand. I will have to leave the other groups for the warring factions to dilate upon. None of them compared with that most beautiful creation of Rodin's genius, for once free from its morbid and degraded side, "Le Baiser," which has been in the French section of the Beaux-Arts during the exposition.

GERALDINE BONNER.

QUARTIER LATIN, PARIS, November 7, 1900.

Vermont continues to be a rural State. It is the only State in the North that does not contain a city with a population of twenty-five thousand or more.

THE DECAY OF FORMAL COURTSHIP.

Time-Saving Principle Carried Into Love-Making.

Among the social changes of a generation past, none is more striking than the disappearance of the overt wooer. Even those phrases which once described his activities have dropped out of our vocabulary. No young man now "sues" for a maiden's hand, or, forward of the back stairs, "courts" her. At most he "pays her attentions," which may be a very different thing. If there is just as much winning and wedding as ever, the preliminaries have been greatly modified. A generation or so ago, the estate of the wooer was openly recognized. There was a long probationary period of declared attentions before an offer of heart and hand got so much as a hearing. If all the world loved a lover, it was because the lover displayed the pageant of his bleeding heart before a kindly world.

It used to be a young woman's birthright, and no small portion of her glory, to have one or many suitors openly sighing for her smile (points out a writer in the New York *Evening Post*). We have changed all that, and the lover who now woos in the open is obviously a relic of a heroic age, like the veteran of the War of 1812 or the 'Forty-Niner. Let any young married man ask himself this question: "Did I woo my wife *coram populo*, or did I steal into her affections before my status as a lover was recognized?" Let any gallant of to-day ask himself: "How many woosers can I number in my acquaintance?" He will find, among many who cultivate friendly relations with possible ulterior motives, scarcely one who is frankly a wooer in the old sense. Engagements come usually as a surprise. *Cam-araderie* slips into betrothal without the slightest warning to the most interested friends. Rosalind's signs to know a lover fail utterly.

The change may easily be traced in fiction. Compare the flutter of expectation that surrounded Messrs. Darcy and Bingley as they went a-wooing; compare a Pendaris or a Clive Newcome with the lovers of the current novels. Mr. Richard Harding Davis's heroes, whom we must suppose to represent the superior marriageable young man of the day, plead their cause by their simple merit, and win by a passive, but irresistible personal charm, rather than by good works. "Abra comes ere they have named her name." Even Mr. Meredith's heroes, who certainly do not yield in passion to any of the olden-time, either go impetuously to the point (Matey, in "Lord Ormond"), or hide their time in silence (Redwogh, in "Diana of the Crossways"). It is a question whether the suitor is ever enough in evidence nowadays to justify a new "Cælebs in Search of a Wife."

Several reasons might be assigned for the disappearance of the wooer. It might be said that the public has withdrawn its interest, and left him, for lack of an audience, mute and inglorious. But against this set the fact that the demand for love-stories was never brisker. It appears, in fact, that we take our revenge in literature for the omission of life to present us with lovers after our own heart. A more likely cause is found in the general elimination of manners from human intercourse. We make one word do the work of ten; we tip our hats where our grandfathers made profound reverences. A cynical observer might say that we had merely carried the time-saving principle into love-making, and that a modern courtship was to an old-fashioned wooing as a "quick lunch" to a well-ordered meal. There would be some little truth in such a criticism, but if this were the whole, we should expect to find a corresponding deterioration of the entire relation; and this we do not find. Love and marriage are as good as ever they were when men sighed and maidens frowned before admiring circles of friends and well-wishers.

Perhaps the decay of wooing is most of all due to the franker and freer relations of young men and young women to-day. In the olden time "the females of a family," as Miss Austen would call them, were hardly permitted to forget that they were females, and marriageable. Their relations with the sterner sex were carefully guarded. A young man's intentions were strictly scrutinized as dishonorable or honorable, without including in the latter, comradeship—an estate apparently reserved to the married alone. It behooved a young man then to show clearly to all the world that his intentions were honorable. That was to find himself in a recognized rôle which he must play in the recognized way. Since those times the middle state of friendship has pushed up to fill the gap between acquaintance and betrothal, which courtship formerly occupied. We rarely inquire into a young man's "intentions" to-day. It is assumed that they are honorable. As for his "attentions," they are usually distributed with so fine an impartiality that it is impossible to tell where they are "serious," where merely friendly.

But the change we note is only in outer formalities. Real wooing there will always be, so long as men are men and women are women. If we have lost the word and the appearance, we have kept the reality. Lovers may safely be left to their own devices in this business. It is only the cloud of witnesses—friends, relatives, busy-bodies, deprived of a dear occupation, that need regret the changing manners of love-making with changing times.

The five-hundredth anniversary of the death of Chaucer was commemorated in London October 25th by the unveiling by the poet laureate, Alfred Austin, of a memorial window in the Church of St. Saviour, Southwark, adjoining the old Taber Inn, whence the poet started on his pilgrimage to Canterbury.

The boundary line between the United States and Mexico has recently been resurveyed and marked by stone monuments in the form of obelisks located about five miles apart. The shafts are ten feet high, four feet square at the base, and two feet at the top.

THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW.

In Spite of the Automobile Rage It Is Most Successful—A Remarkable Society Reunion—All Leaders of Fashion Present—Noted Men as Judges.

Among the many causes that have conspired to make the Horse Show this year more successful than any of the fifteen that have preceded it, the most prominent is the fact that society has definitely adopted it as the first grand reunion of the season. It is good form, and it marks the gathering of the forces that have been scattered during the summer in many parties at various places. It is not as exclusive as many would prefer to have it, but the seats in the upper portion of the auditorium only are within reach of those who find it necessary to count the cost of their amusements, and the promenade displays an array of ultra-fashionable attire that is disconcerting to visitors who are noticeable by the contrast they present. From the master of the ring in immaculate afternoon dress, though hooted and spurred, to the rear rows in the boxes that surround the arena, it is an exhibition of sartorial magnificence that can not be surpassed in republican America. Even the catalogue boys in their silk-sleeved jackets, white leathers, and creased hoots, are distinctively smart. And the class distinction of the spectators in the boxes is required to bring the effect up to the proper tone, for in spite of the orange-and-black banners and drappings on harriers and girders, the general appearance of the exhibition is not equal to that of the recent automobile show. It lacks bright colors and dazzling combinations.

Genuine Indian-summer weather marked the first and second days of the show, but even this favor did not succeed in bringing out brilliant costumes in sufficient numbers to overcome the prevailing sombreness. Not many furs were worn, except in instances where remarkably fine sables could be displayed, but dark or pale blues were in the majority among the gowns. In the evenings there has been an improvement, so far as light colors are concerned, but the season's novelties in feminine adornment seem to be more in the way of glittering, jetted net and spangles than in bright effects. There were some white silk costumes, with large white hats, but black, pansy-colored, or ruby velvet, with grays, tans, and darker shades of brown and green made up the masses in which the few gowns of lighter shades were easily noticeable.

Society began its duty early. Soon after the doors opened Monday, at nine o'clock, the notable arrivals became numerous. Of course, the greater number were not seen until the afternoon, but the morning hours had never before attracted so large an attendance of hox-holders. Luncheon-parties were given at the Astoria by Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., Mrs. Norman De R. Whitehouse, and Mrs. Sidney J. Smith, from which the ladies and their guests proceeded to the show. Before four o'clock the boxes were filled and the promenade had become so crowded that strolling and visiting was a matter of difficulty. Nearly every family prominent in society was represented. Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Mrs. James P. Kernochan, Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. T. Suffern Taiter, Mrs. Burke Roche, Mrs. J. Lee Taiter, Mrs. George Crocker, Mrs. Joseph Stickney, and Mrs. Charles Childs were among those who appeared early in the afternoon.

The evening saw a still larger attendance, when the boxes held most of those whose names make up the exclusive social list. Handsome women in lovely dresses were present in numbers so imposing that even hardened New Yorkers noted the fact. But it must be confessed that some of the most attractive can not claim the city as their birthplace. Among these were Mrs. Norman De R. Whitehouse (Miss Vera Boorman, of New Orleans), Mrs. Joseph Widener, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson (Miss Aline Ivers, of San Francisco), and Mrs. Frederic Gebhard (Miss Louise Morris, of Baltimore). Of the younger helles, the Misses Mills, Miss Kathleen Neilson, Miss Evelyn Parsons, Miss Barbara Sedley, and the Misses Hollister were greatly admired. Mrs. Clarence Mackay was resplendent in white and gardenias, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs wore a silver-gray satin with black lace net, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander wore black tulle with a hat of violets, and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison wore a frock of antique blue panne velvet, trimmed with white lace.

Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Chicago, and scores of smaller places were represented in the fashionable throng. The Horse Show has come to be an attraction whose power extends far beyond the limits of Manhattan. Visits of "shoppers" are timed to take advantage of the sights it offers, and those who can not enter the charmed circles may sit in the balcony and gaze to satiety on the array below. And there are attractions often not presented by the members of the smart set. On the first day of the show the observed of all observers was Edna May, the comic-opera favorite, fresh from her London triumphs, who passed around the promenade in a wonderful gown of ermine and sealskin. The skirt was made entirely of the royal and costly fur, with a lace girdle, and the short sealskin jacket covered a vest of the ermine with wide lapels edged with white lace. A big black velvet hat with long plumes and a gold buckle, a collar of jewels, white gloves, and a bunch of lilies at the waist completed this striking costume. It drew sighs of envy and audible criticisms from many a possessor of bright eyes.

However, the presence of society does not account for all of the twelve thousand admissions registered on the first day. There are some other attractions. The National Horse Show Association deserves some credit for its work and its nearly faultless arrangements. There were never so many entries for one of its exhibitions as this year, and every class is fairly well represented, though perhaps the breeders have not shown quite the interest expected. It has been the plan of the managers to make the show as attractive as possible to spectators, and the classes and events that

appeal to popular taste have been given increasing attention from year to year. The morning programmes begin with a show of hunters and jumpers, ponies appear in the ring afternoons for the children, and in the evening there is always some fine exhibition of tandem-driving. Other classes are shown in the intervals, and there are few animals among the two thousand or more satin-skinned favorites to be brought into the arena that do not merit more than a passing glance of admiration. Colonel De Lancey A. Kane and Senator George Peabody Wetmore were the judges Monday afternoon, and ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney and William H. Taiter officiated in the evening.

Exciting incidents are not wanting, though they are not announced in the programmes. In the exhibition of four-hand teams on the first day, Morris E. Howlett, a young but expert whip from Paris, mounted the hox to show off William H. Barnard's famous four, headed by Whirl of the Town, but found them too much for him and was forced to call the grooms to his assistance. Two classes for dealers were announced for the second day, and in one of these a driver named Hexter nearly mounted the judges' stand with his team, causing a hurried flight on the part of the officials, but no injury resulted. Last year the same driver had a similar experience, and William Glenn, a member of the Horse Show Association who was on the stand, received injuries that put him on the retired list for several weeks. A little girl of eleven, Miss Nanna Watt, was the only lady rider in the ring yesterday, but she was perfectly self-possessed, and rode and drove her own gray pony with assurance.

In former years the Horse Show has not been in full swing until the middle of the week, but this year the first day was a record-breaker in point of attendance. Even the ticket-speculators were sold out at an early hour in the evening. It may be predicted safely that when Saturday night comes and the doors close for the season, the record of the gala years of 1892 and 1893 will have been far outdone in every way by the show of 1900. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 21, 1900.

Irmengard.

My hound, my hound, all day we have been straying
Over the moors in company.
Thou must be weary as I, that am delaying
To seek my rest from weariness.
Yet, as we linger where the pine's heart fired
Cheers us with its last flickering,
Thy wistful eyes are fixed on me, untired;
Thy large eyes brown and beautiful.
A friend so faithful hath one never found,
My hound, my noble hound!

I rise rejoicing in my strength and sally
Forth o'er the hills; thou followest.
I rest at noontide in some grassy valley;
Thou liest down contentedly.
I speak; thine eyes are fixed upon me, shining
With more than bound intelligence.
I grieve—and from my knee looks thy divining
Hound's face with its dumb sympathy,
Or in my passive palm thrust fondly lies,
Loving me with its eyes.

Thou hast a woman's eyes—yea, thou recallest
Some woman's gaze known formerly.
Is it not Irmengard's?—that palest, tallest
Of all my mother's handmaidens?
She, when I passed, would lift her dusky lashes
Slowly from her embroidery;
Her eyes then, brown like thine, and gold in flashes,
Like thine would fix me steadily.
I never loved—nay—I have other care,
Yet was that maiden fair!

She died of some strange ailment, baffling, nameless.
I have the day in memory,
For, as I wandered forth depressed and aimless,
Dirges for her still echoing.
When I had come where I could scarce discern them,
Thou wast before me suddenly.
Thou with her brown-gold eyes, as she would turn them
Slowly from her embroidery.
When, hawk in hand, I passed my mother's door
Bound for the mount or moor.
—Gertrude Hall in December Scribner's Magazine.

Chief-Carpenter Josiah E. Keen was placed on the retired list of the navy on November 10th, on account of age, with the rank of ensign. This is the first case where a man who served throughout his entire naval career in the enlisted grades has been retired with the rank of a commissioned officer. The authority to so advance him was found in the Personnel Act of March 3, 1899. That act provided that warrant officers who had served as such for ten years should be commissioned as chief gunners, chief boatswains, chief carpenters, etc., these grades being created for the purpose. Mr. Keen served for ten years as a warrant carpenter, and was accordingly commissioned as chief carpenter, "to rank with, but after ensign." The Personnel Act provides also that an officer who served in the Civil War with a creditable record shall, on reaching the age of sixty-two years, be retired with the rank and three-fourths the sea-pay of the next highest grade. This section has been construed to apply to chief gunners and all other former warrant officers promoted under the Personnel Act, and as Chief-Carpenter Keen served in the Civil War with a creditable record, the benefit of the provision was given him. He will be entitled to wear the uniform of an ensign on occasions of official ceremony, such as receptions at the White House.

Rhode Island has finally succeeded in reducing itself to the rank of a State with but one capital. Newport with its gay spring session, has been sternly sacrificed by an amendment to the constitution adopted at the recent election. "It took about one hundred years for the people of Rhode Island to 'catch on' to the millinery figure-piece of government down the bay," remarks the Springfield *Republican*; "they are never rash or hasty in Rhode Island."

A German engineer has rendered it possible to use a phonograph instead of a guide at exhibitions.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Salisbury, in speaking of the social side of English political life the other day, said that there is really very little of it. He has never so much as spoken to John Morley and never even saw Mr. Parnell.

During the winter Emma Nevada is to be the light soprano with the French Opera Company in New Orleans, which is also to include Jean Lassalle, the famous French haritone who sang at the Metropolitan several years ago, but came to this country after his powers had begun to wane and never met with the success he had made abroad. Both of these singers will be heard first in New Orleans and afterward go to Havana, where the company is to appear when its American season is at an end.

Congressman Henry C. Smith, of Michigan, who promised that he would be baptized if reelected, must now pay his forfeit, and the ladies of Woodstock are going to see that he is properly immersed. Mr. Smith is a Quaker, who has been practicing law in Adrian, his home, since 1880. He has been a conspicuous stump orator in every Republican campaign for the past twenty years. He attended the Republican convention at St. Louis in 1896 as alternate, and was elected to Congress two years ago as a Republican. Mr. Smith is in favor of postponing his baptism until the water is less chilly than it is at present.

The Shah of Persia left behind him, at Buda-Pesth, 1,500 cases filled with his purchases in Europe, and 106 cycles, which are to be sent on to Persia. The cycles are intended for his courtiers. Before leaving Hungary a check for \$500,000, issued by the Imperial Bank of Teheran, was cashed in Buda-Pesth. This is the fourth check of the same amount which his majesty cashed. It is estimated that apart from the jewels brought from Persia for presents, the journey will have cost the Shah's private purse \$2,500,000. The Shah bought a quantity of false jewelry in Vienna for presentation to the ladies of his household.

Stephen Phillips, whose poetic tragedy, "Herod," has just been pronounced a success in London, has been an actor himself in the past. He was the son of the precentor of Peterborough Cathedral, and was born near Oxford. It was more by force of circumstances than of set purpose that he adopted the literary career. He had been reading for some time for the civil service, when on an impulse he turned actor, attaching himself to the dramatic company of Frank Benson, who is his cousin. His first verse was published in the *Spectator*, and in the desire to 'devote himself as freely as possible to his new muse he abandoned the stage, and earned bread and butter as an army tutor.

The wedding of Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has been fixed for January 17th. The queen's wedding-dress will be embroidered at the School for Art Needlework at Amsterdam, where the coronation gown was also made. For three months the best pupils of that school worked at the coronation dress. The material was stretched on a frame, and half of the girls stooped over it and pushed in the needles, while the other half, reclining on a mattress below the dress, pulled the needles through and worked them upward again. The head of the school has been invited to design the embroidery for the wedding dress, and to have the work executed under her personal direction.

Helen Gould's philanthropy is the cause of much annoyance to her in the form of thousands of letters received from persons in all parts of the United States who have schemes, charitable and otherwise, to promote. At first she replied to them, but since the Spanish war the number of letters has been overwhelming. Miss Gould devised a plan to save the writing of a special letter to each person soliciting her aid, which would show them why she could not comply with their requests. She had prepared a circular giving an itemized list of requests made of her, which shows that she received 1,303 letters in a single week, asking her to contribute \$1,548,502. A copy of this circular has been inclosed by her secretary to all persons asking favors of Miss Gould which she felt compelled to deny. Since she has adopted this scheme the number of appeals to her has fallen off.

Harry Vardon, the world's greatest golfer, has decided to take up his abode in the United States. Vardon will tour the California resorts this winter, although reports thus far have had him returning to his green at Ganton, England, for the holidays, and suggesting that his return to this country next summer is doubtful. He will spend three months in California, and on his return East will probably appear in matches on courses there, and then leave for England for the purpose of closing up his affairs there. Vardon's decision is not surprising. His tour of the Florida resorts last winter, his matches played in the East, followed by his visit to Chicago in July, and finally his victory in the open championship of the United States at Wheaton over a field which included J. H. Taylor, the British champion, as well as the best Scotch-American experts, is a record of which he has reason to be proud.

The cabled news of the secret marriage of the Duke of Manchester and Miss Helen Zimmerman, an heiress of Cincinnati, was a surprise, although anything startling could be expected of the young duke, who has been before the public more than one occasion. His mother, the Duchess of Manchester, who henceforth will be known as "Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester," was in London at the time of the wedding, but did not attend the ceremony, or even know about it until it became public news. A quarter of a century ago the duke's father, as Viscount Mandeville, was well known in New York society. There he met and married the beautiful Consuelo Yznaga, daughter of Señor Antonio Yznaga del Valle, of Louisiana and Cuba, and three children were the result of the union—Lady Alice Montagu, her twin sister, Lady Jaqueline Montagu, who died of consumption, and the present Duke.

LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

Eight good short stories by W. E. Norris have been collected in the volume bearing the title "Ao Octave." All are European in setting (\$1.50). "Among the Mushrooms," by Ellen M. Dallas and Caroline A. Burgio, is entitled "A Guide for Beginners." It is scientific, yet made clear for all readers, and is arranged with method and well illustrated by photographs and drawings (\$2.00). Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

Almost the last work of Stephen Crane was done for his volume, "Great Battles of the World," and the subjects of the nine studies that make up the book were of his own choosing for their picturesque qualities. They range from Bunker Hill to Plevna, and they are history, but history done with vigor and an eye for artistic effect (\$1.50). "Literary

Rambles," by Theodore F. Wolfe, takes the reader to the homes of many authors, at home and abroad, and gives details of interest concerning their surroundings and work (\$1.25). "Madame Bohemia," by Francis Neilson, is a story of upper and lower life in New York, told with power (\$1.50). "Marr'd in Making," by Baroess von Hutten, is a worthy successor to "Miss Carmichael's Conscience" (\$1.25). "Ray's Daughter," by General Charles Klog, is the soldier-author's latest novel, and as might have been expected its scene is Maaila (\$1.25). Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

There is danger of a surfeit of historical novels, but so long as the standard of excellence is maintained as it is in "The Head of a Hundred," by Maud Wilder Goodwin, the reading public will not revolt. This is a story of the colony of Virginia in 1622, told by a sturdy adventurer who wore a star sapphire ring, and who charmed and spirited Betty

Romney after many perils (\$1.50). "The Hidden Servants," by Francesca Alexander, author of "The Story of Ida," is a collection of twelve ballads made of Florentine legends. The rhymes flow smoothly, and the stories are worth the telling (\$1.50). "James Martineau," by A. W. Jackson, is a biography and a study, and of real value to all students of ethics (\$3.00). "Historic Massachusetts and Highways Around Boston," by Samuel Adams Drake, is a new and revised edition of "Old Landmarks and Historic Fields of Middlesex," first brought out in 1873. It is a handsomely illustrated volume, prepared by an appreciative historian and antiquarian (\$2.50). Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"Little Lords of Creation," by H. A. Keays, is a story of a child that will entertain older people (\$1.25). "The Idle Born," by H. C. Chatfield. Taylor in collaboration with Reginald de Koveo, is a comedy of manners in story-form. It appeared

first in the *Smart Set*, and its humor and satire attracted so little attention (\$1.00). "A Soul in Brooze," by Coostance Goddard du Bois, is a novel of Southern California, and has an Indian for its hero. The book is inscribed to the memory of Helen Huot Jackson, and in text as well as in spirit it recalls the interest of that author (\$1.25). "The Fortune of a Day," by Grace Ellery Channing-Stetson, is a collection of short stories of Italian peasant life, each possessing a moving interest and told with poetic grace (\$1.25). "Loog Live the King," by Guy Boothby, is a romance of Pannonia, a kingdom to which there is no happier in Europe (\$1.25). "More Fables," by George Ade, is not as fresh or as pointed work as the volume that preceded it, but it will be received with pleasure by those who accept the author's unconventional standards and appreciate his gift of picturesque description (\$1.25). Published by Herbert S. Stoeck & Co., Chicago.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

FOR 1901



GEN. FRANCIS V. GREENE.

THE REGULAR ARMY, by GEN. FRANCIS V. GREENE.

Few invented stories of adventure contain more deeds of personal heroism or more incidents of thrilling interest than the actual history of the career of the American Army during the hundred years of its existence. It is a story that has long needed telling, and a better narrator could hardly be found than General Greene, one of the army's foremost representatives in military and civil life, and a writer of known brilliancy. The story will be covered in several articles, and it will be richly illustrated by F. C. Yohn, H. C. Christy, and others especially fitted for the work.



Mrs. A. H. Gilbert

MRS. GILBERT'S STAGE REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Daly, James Lewis and many other figures of yesterday appear in Mrs. Gilbert's entertaining pages, while of the older leaders of the stage there is a fund of anecdote. The articles are among the most vivacious and interesting of their kind, and will contain a wealth of illustrations.



W. A. Wyckoff

WALTER A. WYCKOFF, author of "The Workers," will have several new articles in the same field, giving an account of "A Day With a Tramp," "On an Iowa Farm" and other experiences.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT will, from time to time during 1901, contribute to *Scribner's* articles on public topics.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, in "The Diary of a Goose Girl," has written the most charming of her stories, and it will appear in *Scribner's* in three parts, with very attractive illustrations.

NEW STORIES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN. A new series of Cracksman stories, by E. W. Hornung, of baffling ingenuity in plot and thrilling interest. The incomparable Raffles is introduced to his many reader admirers in a wonderful succession of adventures and hair-breadth escapes. The stories will be illustrated.

SHORTER FICTION. ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON will contribute several of his charming animal stories, illustrated by himself; there will also be short stories by Octave Thanet, Frank R. Stockton,



Ernest Seton-Thompson

Henry James, Thomas Nelson Page, F. J. Stimson, Henry van Dyke, A. T. Quiller-Couch, and other well-known writers.



RUSSIA OF TO-DAY, by HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

This notable and timely series of articles, begun in October, will be continued. They are the result of a journey and investigations made especially on behalf of *Scribner's*, and Mr. Norman's comments on present conditions in Russia and her probable future are made in the light of the latest events. The many illustrations from the author's photographs and other sources are a noteworthy feature of the articles.



HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

EVENTS IN CHINA AND THE EAST will be covered in articles by special correspondents.



Reduced illustration from "Russia of To-Day."

J. M. BARRIE'S NEW STORY. The magazine will later in the year make an important announcement concerning a new story by J. M. Barrie.



J. M. Barrie

THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEER, by JOHN FOX, Jr.

Several articles in the early part of 1901 will portray this romantic and fast-diminishing type of American character. Mr. Fox knows his subject by experience and special observation, and illustrates his articles from photographs.

NEW YORK LIFE AND SCENES. The studies of New York, which have proved so attractive in the magazine, are to be resumed at intervals during the year.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS will contribute several articles and stories, the first, to appear during the winter, being a travel sketch in a new field to him and one of the best of his vivid narratives.



R. H. Davis

ART FEATURES will include, beside the notable illustrations for "The Regular Army" and other pictorial plans of special importance, noteworthy papers on art subjects by John La Farge, W. C. Brownell, and other distinguished writers, while the Field of Art will continue to be the most important critical department of its kind, edited by Mr. Russell Sturgis, and contributed to by leading authorities in art matters.

A list of the illustrators for next year includes Walter Appleton Clark, F. C. Yohn, H. C. Christy, Maxfield Parrish, Henry McCarter, A. I. Keller, A. B. Frost, E. C. Peixotto, W. Glackens, Henry Hutt, and many others. There will be new and original schemes of illustration in colors as well as in black and white, and colored covers.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Short Stories by Henry James.

There are twelve stories in "The Soft Side," the latest volume from the pen of Henry James, and one of these alone, "The Great Condition," makes amends for all the real shortcomings of its companion tales, or the faults which many readers will find in them. It is not always the subtlety of thought distinguishing Mr. James's work that makes it more tantalizing than pleasurable, but the deliberateness, the slow advance even when the action is most showy, that weakens the interest aroused in most instances in his opening paragraphs. But the story mentioned—and which could have furnished a better and more meaning title for the volume than the one chosen—does not hesitate too long or too often. It is unique in plot, situation, and ending, as many of Mr. James's stories have been, but it sticks in the memory longer than most of them. The theme it elaborates is the need for absolute trust in the heart of a man who asks a woman to marry him, whatever secret her past may hold. Of the two lovers in this story, one who trusts wildly, but with the condition that the secret shall be kept from him only a year after his marriage.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Romance of Friendship.

Even to those who read "Dr. North and His Friends" as it appeared month by month in the *Century Magazine*, the story in book-form will bring new pleasure, as more than one-third has been added by the author, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Those who first make acquaintance with the work in the new volume will only regret that they did not know of it earlier. Though there is a thread of romance running through its chapters, and though some little space is given to analysis of its characters, the figures are not as real as the author may have desired to make them. But the reader will not complain of this. The sound philosophy, the wit, the new discoveries in science as well as literature, the air of cultured leisure, the tenderness of mutual esteem and good-fellowship—these are the attractive qualities of this story of a physician and the friends among whom he spent his hours of recreation. The ripeness of experience and wisdom is in the work, but there is no lack of vigor where force is required. It is one of the most delightful of Dr. Mitchell's books.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Mountain and Forest Stories.

A Kentucky story of love and war by one who has written well in earlier romances of the people of the South is "Crittenden," by John Fox, Jr. Its incidents bring up recollections of the struggle closed only a few months ago, and its romantic interest is strong (\$1.25). "Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries," by W. A. Fraser, is a romance in which the furred dwellers of the Northern forests are the characters, and it is written by one who loves the creatures of the wilderness and can describe their words and actions with poetic art. Its illustrations, by Arthur Heming, are full of life and spirit, and picture worthily some of the author's most striking descriptions (\$2.00). "Oliver Cromwell," by Theodore Roosevelt, is an independent view of the great reformer. Its forty illustrations include reproductions of many rare and valuable portraits (\$2.00). "Short Rails," by Cy Warman, is a collection of nineteen short stories of railroad experiences by one who writes with exact knowledge and never fails to be entertaining (\$1.25). "The Friendly Year" is a volume of extracts from the writings of Henry Van Dyke, chosen and arranged by George Sidney Webster, one for each day of the twelve months (\$1.25).

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

When the Duke of Anjou Ruled in Holland.

The time of Albert Lee's story, "King Stork of the Netherlands," is the closing years of the sixteenth century and the early days of the Dutch republic, but the art of the novelist has brought it near to the reader. The first chapter describes the nailing on the door of St. Peter's Church in Leyden of the paper signed by Philip, King of Spain, declaring William of Nassau an outlaw, and promising twenty-five thousand crowns in gold and ennoblement to the one who would deliver him up, alive or dead. The story is told in the words of one Master Blomberg, a loyal subject of the Prince of Orange, and his adventures in aid of his royal master, and the romance of his life and that of his sister Barbara, make a stirring record. There is much of history in the novel, but it is none the less an entertaining work, holding its interest to the end.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Notable Novels and Bright Sketches of Travel.

A novel of character study and analysis rather than of incident, "The Last Refuge," by Henry B. Fuller, deserves more than casual regard. Its subtitle, "A Sicilian Romance," indicates its scenery, but no brief review can even outline its interests or suggest its charm (\$1.50). Two volumes of travel, wit, and romance, not just like any others that have been written about journeys and happenings among

these familiar and unfamiliar scenes, are "Penelope's English Experiences" and "Penelope's Experiences in Scotland," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. There are more than a hundred engravings of spirited drawings by Charles E. Brock in the two books, and they illustrate the text as they should (\$4.00). "The Black Gown," by Ruth Hall, is a dainty story of the times when the Dutch burghers owned Albany, and there was a force of soldiers at the fort on the hill (\$1.50). "Friend or Foe," by Frank Samuel Child, is a swift-moving story of adventure and love, with its scenes taken from the history of Connecticut during the War of 1812 (\$1.50). "Fortune's Boats," by Barbara Yechton, is a quiet story of family life in modern New York (\$1.50). Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The original of Miss Alcott's character of Laurie, in "Little Women," turns out to be an American boy who lived in Concord, and was Miss Alcott's playmate. When he moved out to Kansas she wrote regularly some of the most delightful letters that ever came from her pen, and in one of her last she acknowledges to him that he is the original Laurie. All of these letters will now be published for the first time. They will be edited by Laurie himself, who is Mr. Alfred Whitman, now a successful and prominent lawyer in Kansas.

During the past two weeks the Macmillan Company has published four noteworthy novels: "In the Palace of the King," by F. Marion Crawford; "Richard Yea and Nay," by Maurice Hewlett; "Who Goes There?" by B. K. Benson; and "The Hosts of the Lord," by Flora Annie Steel.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose "Eleanor" has just been published in book-form, is one of the few modern English women who have deliberately prepared themselves for a literary life. She spent eight years in study in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have just brought out "The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley," by his son, Leonard Huxley.

Ralph Conner, whose "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot" have gained wide popularity, is the *nom de plume* of Rev. Charles W. Gordon, pastor of the Church of St. Stephen in Winnipeg.

A memorial to William Black, the English novelist, has just been designed by William Leiper, R. S. A. It is to be a heacon in the form of a stone tower, and will be set up on Duart Point, in the Sound of Mull, near Ohan. It will cost five thousand dollars, and when it is completed it will be cared for by the Northern Light-House Board. It was first proposed to establish a life-saving station in Black's memory, as Duart Point is a very dangerous spot, but a heacon seemed simpler and better.

An attractive collection of songs for children, composed by Addison Fletcher Andrews, has been brought out by the Dodge Publishing Company under the title of "Tiny Tunes for Tiny People." The words are by Albert Bigelow Paine and others.

An artistic find of more than usual merit will form the leading feature of the December *Camera Craft*. After lying hidden for over twenty years, an old sketch-book by Charles Nahl has been found, containing hundreds of original India ink drawings depicting life in early days. The drawings, which are almost priceless, have never before been reproduced, and their interest to old Californians is great. The first installment of the drawings will be reproduced in color.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers are the publishers of the Wessex edition of Thomas Hardy's novels, illustrated with thirteen photogravure frontispieces.

Peter Dunne, author of the Dooley papers, is now a resident of New York, and is associated with the Russells in the publishing business. Mr. Dunne's ability is not confined, by any means, to the writing of Irish dialect. He is considered by newspaper men in Chicago to be one of the leading editorial writers in the country.

Dolby's book, called "Charles Dickens as I Knew Him," is to be reprinted at once, his death having inspired some public interest in the work.

Two new volumes of prose and verse by Eugene Field are soon coming from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons. They consist of gleanings from that once noted column of his in the *Chicago Record*, headed "Sharps and Flats," which is also the title of the books.

Justin McCarthy is completing a story, which will appear during the winter. It is devoted to Irish life and character, and was begun in his youth. Its title is "Mononia."

A Christmas edition of Edward Noyes Westcott's popular novel, "David Harum," has been published by D. Appleton & Co. It contains seventy illustrations by B. West Clinedinst.

Still another book about Italian painters is to appear soon, this time from the house of E. P. Dutton & Co., "The Patriots of Florence from the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Century," by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady).

Rear-Admiral Bradford, chief of the Bureau of Equipment of the United States Navy, has just

ordered the libraries of naval stations and United States ships to be provided with Augustus C. Buell's "Life of Paul Jones, Founder of the United States Navy." Up to this time Commodore Mackenzie's life of Jones, published half a century and more ago, has been the standard work on the subject for the use of the navy.

An *edition de luxe* of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D. C. L., Pembroke College, Oxford, has been brought out by Harper & Brothers.

Commenting on H. A. Vachell's new book, "John Charity," a writer in the London *Sketch* says: "I am always at a loss to know why novelists persist in sprinkling their pages with foreign words where a translation is quite possible. Of course, exclamations such as 'Virgen Santissima!' 'Madre de Dios!' 'Ojala! Ay de Mi!' are hest left alone; but what excuse can there be for 'You Englishmeo lack of fighting as if it were a merienda'?"

An English translation of the love-letters of Balzac is being prepared. In the midst of his fame the author received an epistle from a perfect stranger, a Polish lady, Mme. Hanska. He replied, and a correspondence began which led to a meeting of the two and their eventual marriage. Most of this book consists of Balzac's letters to the lady.

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THE DAYS OF COACHES AND TAVERNS.

The Cheerless "Ordinary" of the Puritan and the Tavern of Cheer that Succeeded It—Introduction of Pleasure-Driving.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle has added another interesting volume to her research studies of Colonial days, which she calls "Stage Coach and Tavern Days." It contains a wealth of excellent photographic illustrations of old inns and old tavern signboards, gives queer tavern stories itemized in pounds, shillings, and pence, old bills of fare, recipes for strange drink abominations in vogue at different remote times, and scraps from old letters and diaries telling of individual experiences in stage-coaches and inns, and of the ofttime queer company met therein.

The first tavern, says Mrs. Earle, was an "ordinary"—a fine old English name that passed out of use with the close of the seventeenth century in favor of "public house" and "tavern." The universal "inn" of English speech never became familiar here. The necessity of public houses was so keenly recognized that in Massachusetts each town was required by law to open one, and was fined for neglecting to do so. The result was sometimes embarrassing. While inducements were offered to prospective landlords, the restrictions were often such as to interfere seriously with their profits. Suspicious strangers were to be warned off; the price of beer and its quality were constantly being regulated by law; as late as 1729 the selectmen of Salem, N. J., enacted legal prices for rum, wine, beer, and mixed drinks—charges for the last name varying as the sugar was "double" or "single" refined or "Muscovado." Sometimes even the prices of meals were thus fixed. The "sports of the inn-yard" were frowned upon, and not only "carding" and dicing, but even the innocuous bowls, shuffleboards, and quoits were sometimes forbidden.

The landlord's trade was also, of course, limited by the efforts made to prevent drunkenness. There must be no tipping after nine o'clock at night; as we read in the license of one Seabury, of Duxbury, selling was to be only to "such sober-minded neighbours as hee shall thinke meet; soe as hee sell not lesse than the quantitie of a gallon att a tyme to one person, and not in small quantities by retale to the occasioning of drunkenesse." Both the "victualler" and "the party that takes it" were at one time to be fined in Massachusetts for the use of tobacco in taverns, or anywhere "publickly." This latter ordinance had a long lease of life, and Mr. Drake, writing in 1886, knew men then living who had been tried in Boston for smoking in the streets.

It is strange in these days to read that there was a time when the tavern was required to be "neare the meeting-house," instead of distant from it, as present laws provide. The reason for it was an eminently practical one:

In winter gladly and eagerly did all troop from the meeting-house to the cheerful tavern to thaw out before the afternoon service, and to warm up before the ride or walk home in the late afternoon. It was a scandal in many a town that godly church members partook too freely of tavern cheer at the nooning. . . . In midsummer the tap-room of the tavern and the green trees in its door-yard offered a pleasant shade to tired church-goers.

In some of the old taverns still extant in New England there are some fine specimens of the tap-room as it existed in the olden time. The Wayside Inn, at Sudbury, Mass., has one of these, and the Woodworth Inn, three miles from Hartford, Conn., has another. It had always a great fire-place, this old-time tap-room, with bare, sanded floor and ample seats and chairs. Usually there was a tall writing-desk at which a traveler might write a letter, and where the landlord made out his bills and kept his books. But the central object of interest in the tap-room naturally was the bar. It was commonly made with a sort of portcullis or grated gate, which could be raised or lowered at pleasure. Sometimes the tap-room was decorated with broad hints to dilatory customers. As, for instance:

I've trusted many to my sorrow.
Pay to-day. I'll trust to-morrow.

Another ran:

My liquor's good, my measure just;
But, honest sirs, I will not trust.

Still another showed a dead cat with this motto:

Care killed this cat.
Trust kills the landlord.

Here is still another:

If trust
I must
My ale
Will pale.

Mrs. Earle says that the study of tavern history often brings to light much evidence of sad domestic changes:

Many a cherished and beautiful home, rich in annals of family prosperity and private hospitality, ended its days in a tavern. Many a stately building of historic note was turned into an inn in its later career. The Indian Queen, in Philadelphia, had been at various times the home of Sir Richard Penn, the head-quarters of General Howe, and the home of Robert Morris and of Presidents Washington and Adams. Benjamin Franklin's home became a tavern; so did the splendid Bingham mansion, which was built in 1790 by the richest man of his day. Governor Lloyd's house became the Cross Tree Inn. Boston mansions had the same fate,

That historic building, the Province House, served its term as a tavern.

Turtle feasts, or "turtle frolics," as they were called, were very popular in New York in the middle of the eighteenth century, and a traveling clergyman named Burnaby wrote, in 1759, about them as follows:

"There are several taverns pleasantly situated upon East River, near New York, where it is common to have these turtle feasts. These happen once or twice a week. Thirty or forty gentlemen and ladies meet and dine together, drink tea in the afternoon, fish and amuse themselves till evening, and then return home in Italian chaises, a gentleman and lady to each chaise. On the way there is a bridge, about three miles distant from New York, which you always pass over as you return, called the 'Kissing Bridge,' where it is part of the etiquette to salute the lady who has put herself under your protection."

In Philadelphia, catfish instead of turtle dinners were in vogue one hundred and fifty years ago, and a famous place for catfish dinners in those days was the Mendenhall Ferry Tavern on the Schuylkill River, about two miles below the falls. Waffles were served with the catfish, and this is only another instance, which the reproduced bills of fare show in such abundance, of the astonishing digestive powers of our venerable forefathers.

Among the awful abominations which they drank were flip and "toddy," "mimbo," "black strap," "scotchmen," and the delectable brew known as "whip-belly vengeance." Mimbo was a combination of rum and loaf-sugar. Black strap was rum and molasses and was always kept on free tap in the groceries with a salt codfish hanging near the keg for the drinkers to wet their thirst upon. Scotchmen was made of applejack, boiling water, and a liberal dash of mustard, and "whip-belly vengeance," a horror which goes back to England for its origin, was sour domestic beer simmered in a kettle, sweetened with molasses, sprinkled with bread-crumbs, and drunk piping hot. Flip was a diabolical compound of eggs, ale, rum, ginger, nutmeg, and lemon peel, the whole heated by plunging into the mess a red-hot iron called a "logger-head."

Mrs. Earle in her enthusiasm for the mellow past, made a bowl of flip after a Revolutionary War recipe—a recipe recommended, recorded, and used by General Putnam—and she furthermore stirred the stuff with a genuine ante-Revolutionary "loggerhead," and here is what she said of the distressing consequences:

Alas, I had neither the tastes nor the digestion of my Revolutionary sires, and the indescribable scorched and puckering bitterness of taste and pungency of smell of that rank compound which was flip, will serve for some time in my memory as an antidote for any overweening longing for the good old times.

But punch became the great drink of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and there were scores of kinds of punch and many scores of ways of making it. "Charles Lamb," says Mrs. Earle, "tells in his 'Popular Fallacies' of 'Bully Dawson' kicked by half the town and half the town kicked by Bully Dawson.' This Bully Dawson was a famous punch-brewer; his rule was precisely like that of a New England landlord, and is worth choosing among a score of rules:

"The man," says Bully Dawson, "who sees, does, or thinks of anything while he is making punch may as well look for the North-West Passage on Mutton Hill. A man can never make good punch unless he is satisfied, nay positive, that no man breathing can make better. I can and do make good punch, because I do nothing else, and this is my way of doing it. I retire to a solitary corner with my ingredients ready sorted. They are as follows, and I mix them in the order they are here written: Sugar, twelve tolerable lumps; hot water, one pint; lemons, two, the juice and peel; old Jamaica rum, two gills; brandy, one gill; porter or stout, half a gill; arrack, a slight dash. I allow myself five minutes to make a bowl in the foregoing proportions, carefully stirring the mixture as I furnish the ingredients until it actually foams, and then, kangaroos! how beautiful it is!"

The heyday of the tavern was at the height of the coaching days, which reached their climax just as the railroad was introduced to wipe them out of existence. Coaching in America reached advanced development. One reason for this—or perhaps a result of it—was the excellent roads. Many will be surprised to learn from Mrs. Earle how many good roads there were. They led to the introduction of pleasure driving, a custom purely American in its origin, that was noted with approval by both the French and English officers serving here in Revolutionary times and carried back by them to their respective countries.

The system of Macadam, who went to England from America in 1783, had been in use in Pennsylvania long before macadamized roads were introduced into England, and the famous road-maker doubtless simply followed methods he had observed here. In 1818 all the coaching lines in Eastern New England were formed into a trust, the Eastern Stage Company, whose operations were enormous, with corresponding profits. The people had not yet learned to know an octopus when they saw it, and the great company continued its operations unhampered till, one fine day, the railroads came, and it disappeared almost overnight. With it went the prosperity of the taverns and much of the picturesque of the country.

Of the attractiveness of the coach in its palmy

days Mrs. Earle has much to say. The Conestoga wagon and the Concord coach were "the most perfect vehicles of their kind," and both were distinctively American products. The drivers were men of mark; one, at least, Ginery Twichell, reached the distinction of a seat in Congress. Chapters on "Tavern Ghosts" and "Knights of the Road" end the book with truthful romance.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.50.

New Publications.

"Where Dwells the Soul Serene," by Stanton Kirkham Davis, a volume of essays on ideals, has been published by the Alliance Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Professors David Starr Jordan and Vernon L. Kellogg, of Leland Stanford Junior University, have collaborated in producing "Animal Life: A First Book of Zoölogy," which is made one of the Twentieth Century Series of Text-Books. The methods and style of the authors commend the work, and the numerous fine engravings make it specially at-

tractive. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.20.

Two new books for young readers that have varied attractions are "A Little American Girl in India," by Harriet H. Cheever, and "Doris and Her Dog Rodney," by Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50 each.

Aubertine Woodward Moore, better known by her pen-name, "Auber Forestier," has written a series of practical essays on music and musical culture, which is presented in a volume entitled "For My Musical Friend." It will appeal to all piano-players, and prove of value to many. Published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Josiah Strong has taken up a question of timely interest and written ably concerning it in "Expansion under New World-Conditions." Public lands, manufactures, foreign markets, the isthmian canal, and the new China, are among the topics to which he has given separate chapters. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

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I never thought before to feel a profound and heartfelt compassion for the possessor of a diamond necklace. I have known little sober-plumaged wrens of domesticity who thought humbly that all the joys of life, the splendor and glory thereof, was compassed in the possession of a pair of diamond ear-rings and a sealskin coat. And when it comes to diamond necklaces, the plain, every-day, homespun imagination fairly reels at the dazzling thought. And yet, in a San Francisco winter, and a San Francisco theatre, there is certainly something suggestive of the snuffles and pneumonia in living up to a diamond necklace. But how gallantly the women do the brave deed. With what a smiling front they expose themselves to the pleurisy-laden breezes of the corridors, when they promenade between acts.

I saw on "The Huguenots" night, when there was a sudden fall in the temperature, a pretty woman, dressed beautifully, sit heroically through the entire performance with her exquisite neck and shoulders wrapped only in loveliness and a string of diamonds. Around her were numbers of low-gowned women, who weakly threw up the sponge, and muffled themselves in furs and silks. Men kept on their overcoats, or, in sheer desperation, erected them as wind-breaks on the backs of their seats. A saturnine-looking individual near me, who was evidently a singer, pulled his collar to his ears, and cast such red-hot looks of protest at each door-opener as almost moderated the temperature. And still the bediamonded neck smiled the cheerful, sun-shiny smile of the society Spartan. Presently, the neck, still on duty, went forth to promenade. I watched with curiosity to see whether the opera-cloak went, too. No, its mission was not to cover diamond necklaces. The lady presently returned. The countenance of her overcoated husband was striped with prismatic blue and purple dyes from the cold—but the plucky little martyr wore the look of one who had faithfully fulfilled a sacred duty. She had discharged her obligation to the diamond necklace.

It is to be hoped that if ever we have a first-class opera-house built here, due recognition will be made of the fact that if we expect to have gala-looking audiences, a climate to match should be provided. Short and comparatively mild as is our season of winter chill, it is inevitable, and while it lasts, theatres and the corridors of the same should be flooded with heated fresh air.

They say that it is the stage excitement and habit combined which enables actresses to resist the disastrous effects from icy draughts in their stage costumes. Certain it is, that while the audience shivers under furs, it never thinks of the same chill extending to the stage, and the singers in "The Huguenots" looked perfectly comfortable in their picturesque dress.

The appearance of Suzanne Adams formed the interesting feature of that performance. She is a handsome woman of positive brunette tints, but with a slight New England severity still lingering both in expression and pose despite her stage experience. It is odd how American birth generally betrays itself in operatic singers by a slight constraint which frequently controls the free flow of their dramatic action. They have not the abandon which marks the Latin, nor a certain antique simplicity of self-surrender to histrionic requirements which characterizes those who are of the northern races. Bismpan is one of the few who has triumphed over the intense modernness of the American spirit, for he assumes with apparent ease and naturalness the physical and mental characteristics which appertain to many widely varying rôles. This apparent simplicity, however, is in reality the result of close and enthusiastic study. Suzanne Adams is a young woman, and has many years before her in which to trim off a few of those slightly aggressive angles which at present lend severity to her expression and constraint to her pose. She has every incentive to do so in the possession of a high and brilliant voice, with a very remarkable quality of graceful, vocal dexterity, considering the youth of the singer.

Scotti is an animated and expressive actor, with a baritone of truly delicious quality, not so great as it is charming, and coming forth with the easy, bountiful flow of a broad, smooth stream.

What an imposing collection of men is that comprised in the male part of the company! There are nearly a dozen men, aside from the world-famous singers such as Van Dyck and De Reszké, each of whom has a voice of extraordinary merit, and all, or nearly all, have a handsome and impressive stage presence. When we hear Plançon, Scotti, Dippel, De Reszké, and Masiero all uniting their voices in one

great number, we just begin to realize what an extraordinarily great combination this is. And then, pile on top of that experience the sensation we enjoyed on Tuesday night of hearing six *prima donnas* line up on one stage and sing the wild chant of the Valkyries, and we ask ourselves in amazement: "How dared Gran take the risk?"

An odd thing about the season has been the slow but sure spread of excitement concerning it, which finally culminates in a universal determination to go or die. At first, it was only the Somebodies that either felt the desire or the necessity to assert themselves as Somebodies and go. Then the Anybodies began to rouse up, and finally, during this last week, the Nobodies have been assaulting the place in a tumultuous swarm. Standing, sitting on the floor, squeezing in corners, or, in some cases, entirely cut off from the glittering sight, some have stood in the outer corridors that they might gather what they could of the wonderful revelations of the music of the century.

Through a wall of wild-eyed, determined people, guarding every vantage step of precious space from which they might best view the presentation of "Lohengrin," we struggled. Through the dark aisles, packed with a breathless and enrapt multitude, conscious even in our interrupted progress of the mingling of rich, low harmonies from a mighty chorus and orchestra, and then—Elysium!—a wonderful blending of poetry, beauty, and delicious music that held the senses in a subjugation of powerful enchantment. The vision came like a great wave of oblivion, and time was no more. The querulous and exacting self that always dogs our steps was overcome and cast aside into some dust-heap of forgetfulness. The problems of life fell away like worn-out garments. In this rare and exalted atmosphere nothing that was base and sordid could flourish, and the hot and fetid passions of men were as remote and cool as the heights of the far Himalayas.

For there we beheld the beauty of form, the blaze and dusk of rich and sombre coloring, the solemn stateliness of antique ceremonial, the grace and dignity of motion, the glow and gorgeousness of pageantry, and over all the pure white light of a searching spirituality. And above this exquisite union of all those beauties which charm the senses, the heavenly harmonies formed the crowning adornment to the perfected temple of art.

Saw you ever before such a Lohengrin as this of Van Dyck's? A man who in bearing, mien, expression, and feature was the very incarnation of stainless knighthood, and with that soul-thrilling strain of exaltation ringing through his voice like a silver-tongued challenge to mere earthliness. What a perfect dignity, a superb command of movement he has, as he steps with kingly stride about the ground of combat. How perfectly his features give expression to the steadfast faith of the heaven-sent knight, to his deep, human tenderness for his bride, and finally to his knightly resignation to a destiny of high, celestial solitude.

Beautiful as was Gadske's portrait of Elizabeth, it does not seem possible that she could exceed in any of her portrayals the poetic sympathy with which she invested the character of Elsa. Against a background of garlanded palace walls, of richly dight figures of knights and ladies of the reed-fringed shores of the Scheldt, one's gaze could scarcely be withdrawn for a moment from these two royal figures.

In this bewilderingly beautiful production the senses are so steeped in a haze of exquisite pleasure that one is scarcely conscious of separating sound from sight. It is all viewed as a marvelously perfect whole, centering around the royal maid and the silver-clad knight. Was it of mortals that the tale was told? Something there was in these two figures, clothed in primeval splendor and animated with the intense humanism and spiritual longing of the ancients, that carried the thoughts back to the biblical personages and the old verse rose to mind: "And it came to pass that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took their wives of all which they chose." Why need one particularize in trying to give an idea of the beautifully wrought details which united to form a harmonious and perfect whole? The stage was a vast mingled gleam and flow and flutter of jeweled weapons, splendid robes, embroidered banners. Vain to attempt to describe the rich stuffs which robed in folds of perfect grace the figures of the wedded pair, so delicately was gleaming of traceries wrought into the pale splendors of brocades, and so richly were gold and jewels sewn on the costly textures of Elsa's bridal-robe, with its prismatic gleams,

"Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue
Played into green, and thicker down the front
With jewels than the sward with drops of dew."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

In the agricultural portions of Belgium the work performed by women includes going to the fields to help the horses pull the plow, or aiding the dogs in hauling carts. In the mines they work as hard and receive the same wages as the men.

The Highest Standard

Of excellence is demanded from the beginning to the end of the production of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—a system maintained for forty years. Never buy unknown brands.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Cute Little Johnny.

Johnny with his little axe
Delt his brother orful whacks.
He don't care if Mama kicks;
Ain't he cute, he's only six.

—Cornell Widow.

A Michigan Maid.

I knew a young lady from Michigan
To meet her I never should wichigan.
She'd eat of ice cream
Till with pain she would scream,
And she'd order another high dicigan.

—Ex.

Ballade of the Modern Play.

When folk in this enlightened age
Fare gayly forth to view the play.
They see, adapted for the stage,
The book they finished yesterday.
Beneath the dramatizer's sway
Its characters to being spring,
They speak and move in life-like way—
The acted novel is the thing.

"Revivals" now lack patronage.

And dead is that romantic day
When melodrama was the rage
And heavy villains sought to slay;
But villainy is in decay.
And melodrama's had its fling,
Its reign is o'er, the critics say.
The acted novel is the thing.

The enterprising author sage
Evolves a taking theme which may
The minds of managers engage,
And lead to contracts sure to pay—
A hero, skeptic or blasé,
Perchance may fame and fortune bring
When advertised with much display.
The acted novel is the thing.

ENVOI.

Oh, Shade of Shakespeare, wisely stay
Where Avon's stream goes wandering,
Lest you discover with dismay
The acted novel is the thing.

—Jennie Belts Hartwick in Life.

Maid on the Links.

Maid Muller, in the summer sun,
Golfed like sixty and called it fun.
"Oh, judge," demurely faltered she,
"Will you kindly make a tee for me?"
But the judge replied, with manner bland,
"My dear Miss Muller, I haven't the sand!"
And Maid concealed her wounded heart,
Laughed and said, "You think you're smart!"

—Detroit Journal.

Robert Graham Dun, head of the mercantile agency firm of R. G. Dun & Co., died in New York November 10th of cirrhosis of the liver. Mr. Dun was born of Scotch parentage in Chillicothe, O., in 1826, and began his business career at the age of sixteen in a country store at a salary of two dollars a week. Early in life he came to New York and entered the employ of the mercantile agency then conducted by Tappan & Douglass. In 1854, six years after he first entered the employ of the firm, he became a partner, and in 1859 purchased the business and was the senior partner of the firm of R. G. Dun & Co. up to the time of his death. The growth of the mercantile agency under Mr. Dun is one of the most phenomenal developments in connection with American business history. It has over one hundred and fifty offices in cities throughout the United States and in the chief centres in other parts of the world, reporting credits in all lines of trade.

Mary Ellen Lease is suing for a divorce at Wichita, Kas., on the grounds of incompatibility and failure to provide. For the last three years Mr. and Mrs. Lease have not lived together. Mrs. Lease has lived in New York, where she practices law, while her husband has conducted a drug store in Wichita. When Lease was questioned regarding the divorce he admitted it was true. "I will not contest the suit," he said; "in fact, am glad it has come. I regard Mrs. Lease as a smart woman, but as a wife she does not suit me."

Germany sends out a postal-card on which is printed a red strawberry. When the strawberry is exposed to heat the color of the fruit blanches and disappears. It can be brought back to its original red color by blowing upon it.

Most of the fruit consumed in the queen's household is grown in the royal gardens at Windsor. Apples, grapes, strawberries, red and white currants, cherries, peaches, pineapples, and melons are produced in abundance.

A wireless telegraph service has been opened between the German island of Borkum and the Borkum Reef light-ship, in the North Sea. Ships are reported by this means between the hours of 6 A. M. and 8 P. M.

Editor—"Is there any of that sauce you made for the cabinet pudding left?" Wife—"I believe so, dear. Why?" Editor—"I'm all out of mucilage." —Ex.

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★TIVOLI★

Next Monday, December 3d, Begins the Third Week of the Superb Comic-Opera Triumph,

—THE JOLLY MUSKETEER—
Mirthful. Melodious. Gorgeous. Artistic. Watch for "Cinderella's" Arrival.

Evenings at 8. Matinée Saturdays at 2.
Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone, Bush 9.

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Beginning Next Monday. Second Week of Alice Nielsen and the Alice Nielsen Opera Company, and First Time Here of Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith's Success,

—THE FORTUNE TELLER—

Direction of Frank L. Perley.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

Starting with Matinée, To-Morrow (Sunday).

—Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels—
Will Enter Upon the Second and Final Week of their Tremendously Successful Engagement at this Popular House. It is Announced that New Jokes, New Songs, New Specialties, and New Gags will be Presented.

Next..... "A Bell Boy."

Opheum

Patrice, Robertus, and Wilfredo; May de Sousa; Pantzer Trio; Julius P. Witmark; Dnpont & Lothian; Mallory Brothers and Brooks; Anna Kenwick; and Powers.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinée Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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Will give a unique and attractive entertainment and sale at the

Sunday-School Rooms of St. Luke's New Church, Van Ness Ave. and Clay St.,

—ON—

TUESDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING

December 4th,

And WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 5th

The names of officers and members of the Advisory Board insure the charming originality of cultured and tasteful women. The generous patronage of the public will serve two ends: Assist the Twenty-Minute Workers in the objects in view, furnishing of much-needed churchly furnishings; and supply patrons many beautiful and useful Christmas gifts from the variety of articles offered for sale. There will be delicious refreshments and fun for young and old in the Birthday Party, the Orange Tree, and that always interesting science, Palmistry, the latter conducted by real, not make-believe students. One rule of this society is that no visitor is urged to buy, and no exorbitant prices asked.

On Wednesday Afternoon, at 3 o'clock, December 5th, will be given a delightful Musical and Literary Recital of forty minutes, followed by a Social Dish of Tea and the Winding-up Sale of Articles.

Officers—Mrs. Philip Caduc, President. Mrs. George W. Kline, Treasurer. Miss Eleanor Wood, Recording Secretary. Mrs. E. A. Belcher, Corresponding Secretary.

Active Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Sydney M. Smith, Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mrs. Louis Parrott.

Honorary Vice-Presidents—Mrs. A. N. Brown, Mrs. R. W. Heath, Mrs. J. G. Clark—and a large Advisory Board.

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OR MORE RACES EACH DAY.

5 Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M., and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, and 3:00 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts; no smoking. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue cars at 14th and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M. and immediately after the last race.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Alice Nielsen in "The Singing Girl."

Dainty little Alice Nielsen can well feel proud of the enthusiastic reception which she has received during the first week of her engagement at the Columbia Theatre, in "The Singing Girl." Her rise since she left the Tivoli Opera House, a few years ago, has been little short of phenomenal, and yet success does not seem to have spoiled her. She does not rely on her own attractions altogether, but has wisely surrounded herself with a first-class comic-opera company, which even the Bostonians in their heyday could not surpass.

As for "The Singing Girl," it is the result of the labors of three well-known workers in the field of operatic entertainment—the libretto is by Stanislaus Stange, the lyrics by Harry B. Smith, and the music by the prolific Victor Herbert, who seems to possess an apparently inexhaustible fund of pretty melody to draw upon. There are a score of numbers which would make the reputation of a new-comer in this field of composition, but after giving us such favorites as "The Amerée," "The Idol's Eye," "The Wizard of the Nile," and "The Servant," we accept them as a matter of course from Mr. Herbert. Among the most notable of these may be mentioned the first number of Greta, "The Song of the Danube," a solo with *exquisite*; "Love is a Tyrant," a difficult waltz song in the second act, which is archly rendered by Miss Nielsen and with a simplicity which is quite captivating; an effective "Good-Night" concerned piece in the second act; "The Great Magician," a solo by Eugene Cowles; and "Do You Follow Me," a topical song for the three comedians.

With the possible exception of Viola Gillette, the contralto, who has a fine stage presence but little voice, the performance is charming. Miss Nielsen's voice is as sweet and fresh as ever, and a great improvement is to be noted in her acting. Her touch is lighter, and there is no escaping from the infection of her graceful gaiety. She has learned the art of make-up, too, since her last visit here with the Bostonians. In the first act she is a boydenish, little peasant maid, with long, golden braids hanging over her shoulders, shuffling around in her wooden shoes. Next she masquerades as her brother, in a light-green suit that few women on the stage could wear with the grace and beauty that Miss Nielsen shows. And then we see her as a bridegroom, in a gorgeous white satin suit, which shows off her trim, little figure to perfection.

Second in interest comes Eugene Cowles, the popular basso, who secured from the Bostonians with Miss Nielsen and has since been prominent in her support. He has lost some of his surplus flesh and makes a striking Duke Rudolf, Governor of Lina. His voice grows smoother as the years roll by, and his rendition of "Love is a Great Magician" alone is well worth going a long way to hear.

The comedy element is furnished by Joseph Herbert as Prince Pumpernickle, one whom age can not wither nor custom stale; Joseph Cawthorn as Aufpassen, minister of police; and John C. Slavin as Stephen, brother of the singing girl. They go through a dancing specialty in the second act which is one of the hits of the production, and has to be repeated again and again. Slavin is especially agile, and introduces a number of original and surprising antics never seen here before. Their song, "Do You Follow Me," with an amusing chair dance, in the third act, is also a great success.

The large chorus is composed of an array of pretty girls that even surpasses the bevy of beauties with which Frank Daniels dazzled us a week ago; the opera is staged in a most sumptuous fashion, the groupings and color schemes are rich and effective, and the stage management of Julian Mitchell is admirable.

Next week the company will be seen in Victor Herbert's "The Fortune Teller," the opera in which Miss Nielsen was successfully launched as a star. Two of the musical gems of this opera are a stirring Hungarian *marcia*, sung in the first act, and the *zesty* of the second act, a rhythmic, martial *ensemble* which is said to have been made very effective by the introduction of a band of trumpeters and a trained drum corps.

Third Week of "The Jolly Musketeer."

"The Jolly Musketeer" has settled down to a prosperous run at the Tivoli Opera House, and will be continued indefinitely. It possesses all the qualifications for popularity—catchy music, humorous situations, witty dialogue, stirring choruses, and an elaborate stage-setting—and gives Ferris Hargman, Tom Greene, Edward Webb, Annie Meyers, Julie Cotte, and Mand Williams excellent opportunities to make individual hits. The chorus, which has been thoroughly wooed and brightened with new recruits, is especially worthy of mention, and sings with a dash and spirit which is refreshing.

Preparations are already being made for the Christmas spectacle, "Cinderella," which is to follow "The Jolly Musketeer."

The Minstrels at the California.

Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels will begin the second and last week of their engagement at the California Theatre on Sunday afternoon. George Wilson, the star of the company, still gives his

amazing heart-to-heart talk on love, and his ballads are encored nightly. Master and Cooley, the black-face singing and talking comedians, and Baker and Teal, the eccentric acrobatic and dancing comedians, and Garden and Hunt, pleasing musical teams, are deserving of special praise. The entertainment closes with a black pantomime, presented by the Big Four, containing some rough-and-tumble comedy and horseplay which seem to please the audience, if applause counts for approval.

The programme for the coming week will be practically new, only the brightest bits of the present bill being retained. A comedy entitled "A Bell Boy," will follow.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Patricia, the charming comedienne, will head the bill at the Orpheum next week. Supported by her own company she will present George Totten Smith's "The Girl in the Moon." Other notable new-comers are Robertus and Wilfredo, the noted equilibrist and jugglers; May de Souza, a pretty singer; the Painter Trio, assisted by Mrs. Carl Painter, in their comedy acrobatic act entitled "A Gymnast's Parlor Amusements"; and Powers, who calls himself "The English Comique."

Those who are retained from this week's bill are Julius P. Whitmark, who has scored a great success with his "The Great Beyond," "Ma Blushin' Posy," "Since Then There's Been No Light About the Place," and "The One I Love"; Dupont and Lothian, in a new sketch; Mallory Brothers and Brooks, clever musical artists; and Anne Kenwick, a *chic* singer and dancer.

The Bernhardt-Coquelin Tour.

According to the dispatches Sarah Bernhardt made her first appearance in Rostand's "L'Aiglon" at the Garden Theatre in New York on Monday before one of the largest and most representative audiences ever seen in the metropolis.

Aside from the fact that Bernhardt has just returned to this country after an absence of five years, the tour was made notable by her appearance with Constant Coquelin, who was seen in the part of Zephyrin Flambeau, the faithful old Grenadier of the Guard, which was created by M. Guity in Paris. This is the first time that these two great artists have appeared together since 1881, when they left the Comedie-Française and made their first appearance in the United States.

After a five weeks' engagement in New York, they will make a tour of the United States, reaching San Francisco in February. Among the other plays in their repertoire are "Cyrano de Bergerac," in which for the first time Bernhardt will play Roxane to Coquelin's Cyprien; "Hamlet," with the actress as Hamlet and Coquelin as Polonius; "La Tosca," Bernhardt as Floria Tosca and Coquelin as Scarpia; "La Dame aux Camélias," Bernhardt as Marguerite Gauthier and Coquelin as Duval *pare*; "Froufrou," Bernhardt as Gilberte and Coquelin as Brigid; and last, but not least interesting, "Tartuffe," in which the actress will play Elmire to Coquelin's Tartuffe.

Golf Notes.

Mr. S. L. Boardman won the handicap bogey contest, which was played on the Presidio golf links on Thanksgiving Day, November 29th, with a score of five strokes down. Seventeen players entered the contest over 18 holes against bogey, each receiving a handicap. The complete scores were as follows:

Handicap.	Score.	Result.
S. L. Boardman.....	26	5 down
L. O. Kellogg.....	2	6 down
S. L. Abbot, Jr.....	2	6 down
Captain D. J. Rumbough.....	12	7 down
Andrew Carrigan.....	12	8 down
C. P. Ellis.....	12	8 down
H. Blackman.....	8	8 down
W. H. La Boyette.....	12	9 down
R. H. Gaylord.....	4	9 down
J. W. Byrne.....	2	9 down
Washington Ames.....	5	11 down
L. F. Montcastle.....	10	12 down
H. Goldner.....	4	12 down
J. S. Tobin.....	12	12 down
Dr. Spencer.....	14	14 down
R. G. Brown.....	4	14 down

On the Oakland links P. E. Bowles and W. P. Johnson captured two teams, which played over 18 holes, match play.

At Sausalito, play was continued in the men's and women's championship events and in the mixed foursomes.

The membership committee of the Sacramento Golf Club reported a list of one hundred and seventeen applicants at the meeting recently held in the office of Judge Post. The charter list closed on the twenty-first ult. The committee appointed to secure ground for a links reported that they had been unsuccessful in obtaining the location desired, and will continue their search. The following were appointed a committee on permanent organization and election of officers: Mrs. Adolph Scheid, Mrs. S. E. Simmons, Mrs. O. Stevens, L. S. Upson, Frank Miller, W. F. George, and Dr. E. C. Deuel. There was a members' handicap tournament on the links of the Los Angeles Country Club on Thanksgiving Day.

—HAS IT EVER STRUCK YOU THAT YOU CAN buy Jesse Moore "AA" whisky for almost the same price that is paid for ordinary whisky? Your dealer has it.

COMMUNICATIONS.

She Can't Squelch the Press.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 17, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I would like extremely to see one of your well-written and most meaty editorials in vigorous protest against the nauseating malice of such articles as have appeared recently in the daily papers, regarding the birth of a daughter to Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. The facts of this most piteous and not unusual incident were recorded with a minuteness of detail worthy of a medical journal, while the social aspects of the case were dwelt upon to an alarming and awe-struck public. Granting that the newspapers are correct, that Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., *did* have a baby—what of it? It was only a girl after all.

H. H. G.

"Sleep after Toil, Port after Stormy Seas."

[The authorship of lines quoted by a subscriber in a request to the *Argonaut*, published in the issue of November 28, 1900, has kindly been given by J. N. Odell and several other correspondents. The stanza is which they occur is printed below.—Eps.]

"He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave.

And further from it daily wanderest;
What if some little payee the passage have,
That makes frailty flesh to fear the *sea* wave;
Is not short payee well borne, that brings long ease.

And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please."

—Spenser's "Faery Queen," Book I., Canto ix., Stanza 47.

The Races.

The California Jockey Club has arranged an excellent programme for next week's races at the Oakland Track. On Monday the fourth race will be the Monday Handicap for a purse of \$500. It is for two-year-olds and upward, over a mile and a sixteenth course. On Thursday, December 6th, the Shasta Water Handicap, for a purse of \$500, will be run for. It is also for two-year-olds and upward, the distance being one mile. Great interest is centered in the Emeryville Handicap for two-year-olds and upward, which is to be run on Saturday, December 8th. The purse is \$1,000, the distance one mile, and, as there are some fifty-five entries, there will doubtless be a large field.

The foot-ball game Thanksgiving Day between Stanford and the University of California resulted in a victory for the Stanford boys by a score of 3 to 0. It was a fiercely contested game, one of the best ever seen here, but the cardinal could not be overcome by the blue and gold, and for the fifth time the triumph is with the players from the shades of Palo Alto. Of the ten games played Berkeley has won two, three being drawn. The day was an ideal one, and the game was witnessed by an immense crowd.

Abergeldie Castle, which Queen Victoria has lent to the Empress Eugénie for some months, occupies a rather exposed position close to the high road near Balmoral. For some years it was the Scotch home of the Duchess of Kent, and later on was for a while occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The castle does not belong to the queen, but is rented by her from the Gordon family. In the square tower of the castle there still remains the iron ring to which the last witch burned on Dee side was chained for some time before her execution.

Smuggled tobacco confiscated by the British customs authorities was formerly burned in the huge furnace known as the queen's pipe, but for some years past this has not been done. Instead the tobacco is sent to the criminal lunatic asylums for the benefit of the inmates.

The next concert at Byron Maury Hall will be under the direction of Professor Ernest Werper, and will be given on Thursday evening, December 6th.

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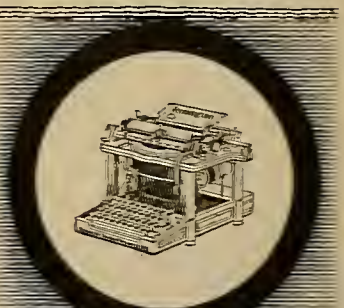
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VANITY FAIR.

The people of Washington are in favor of making the inauguration next March an occasion of unprecedented display. They would celebrate the grandeur of the nation, the progress and prosperity of the people, and the results of the census as well as the election of a President. No plans have as yet been formed. According to custom, Mr. Hanna, chairman of the national committee of the successful party, will designate some citizen of appropriate character and distinction to take the lead in making arrangements. Four years ago Charles J. Bell, a banker, was the chairman, and proved to be the most competent we have ever had. There would be universal satisfaction if Mr. Bell were again intrusted with the inauguration arrangements, although other gentlemen are more anxious to assume the responsibility than he (writes the Washington correspondent of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*). The expenses of the inauguration are usually paid by the sale of tickets to a social function improperly called a "ball," for nobody was ever known to dance of recent years. In olden times, when Washington was a small town, and the difficulties of travel prevented a large attendance at inauguration ceremonies, it was customary to give a banquet in honor of the President-elect, and a ball in honor of his wife. The outgoing President would lead the entourage with the wife of his successor, and the President-elect would follow with the lady of the White House. Time and multitudes have changed this ceremony, until now the President is only expected to walk through the mazes accompanied by his wife and other gentlemen and ladies of distinction. For the last twenty years the assembly has been held in the brick-paved court of the pension office, which in many respects is well adapted for the purpose, although it is so small that those who wish to attend can not be comfortably accommodated. Four years ago there was such a crush that women fainted. Others had their gowns half torn off them. In fact, nobody familiar with inauguration balls wears anything but old garments. This year it is proposed to erect a special building for the hall or reception, or whatever it may be called, large enough to accommodate every person who desires to attend. It is also proposed to have a military parade unprecedented in numbers and in gorgeousness.

M. Pint, a member of the French parliament, whose fears have been aroused by the depopulation of France, has just introduced a bill which is directed against bachelors. Ninty satisfied with propounding rewards for large families, this honorable deputy desires to levy fines in the shape of special taxes on those married people whose union has remained barren, and upon the single of both sexes. Skeptics, however, have little faith in its efficacy (says the *New York Herald's* Paris correspondent). The nuisance of paying twenty, or even fifty francs in an annual tax will not, according to their theory, be held by ingrained bachelors to counterbalance the expenses of a household or the inconveniences of a short-tempered mother-in-law. Should the increasing number of divorces be regarded as an argument in favor of marriage, the fragility of which tie it demonstrates; or, on the other hand, militate against unions which so frequently turn out badly? The question may well be asked, in view of the fact that divorces are increasing in France. While in former years the number of suits entered before the Seine courts did not exceed 245 or 250 a month, the monthly average this year is 300; and the proportion shows a tendency still further to increase. Out of this total about one-third of the cases belong to the aristocracy, the world of finance, and the middle classes; the two-thirds to the small tradespeople and the working classes.

Villa Malta, which is announced as the prospective home of the Dowager Queen Margherita, in Rome, where she will probably spend the greater part of each year, was originally a possession of the royal family of Bavaria. It has been transformed and beautified by the taste and lavish expenditure of a Russian nobleman, and no one who has not had the privilege of seeing more of the Villa Malta than is visible through the secluded entrance in the Via Porta Pinciana can imagine its extent, completeness, and beauty. The grounds are completely sheltered from public view by high, ivy-covered walls and by hedges of roses. Yet from terraces built on each floor all around the house, and still more from the tower, the whole of Rome, the whole of the Campagna, the Albane and Sabine Hills, and even the sea, are visible. The gardens, nearly three acres in extent, are planted with gigantic palms, bamboos, orange, and mandarin-trees, but their chief feature is the profusion of climbing roses, of which there are more than fifteen hundred varieties. At every angle of the villa large pillars of climbing roses ascend around an iron support in the roof. From the month of May until the middle of July the whole place is a centre of color and fragrance.

At the entrance stands a porter's lodge, from which a circuitous carriage-drive leads under palm, orange, and pomegranate-trees to the chief gate. This opens into a comparatively narrow entrance hall, from which a massive marble doorway leads into a large hall, somewhat similar in shape and

style to those existing in English Elizabethan houses. But no manor house possesses such a mantle-piece in massive sculptured marble as the one which Count Bobrinski, the former owner, transported from the Palazzo Altieri and placed to the left of the doorway (says the *New York Tribune*). The floor repeats in polished marbles the scheme of the Italian Renaissance ceiling, which possesses the peculiarity of being adjustable to any height preferred by the occupant of the villa, an ingenious mechanism in the tower allowing it to be raised or lowered at will. Opposite the doorway a staircase of English design and construction, made of solid, polished walnut, starts and runs at right angles round a part of the hall to the gallery above. The space under the staircase is filled with old Dutch and Italian cabinets in perfect preservation, containing choice collections of old Nankin blue and Delft ware. Above the hall is a gallery richly furnished, and to the right lies a room hung in old red damask and decorated with a striking collection of Oriental weapons, and with hook-cases mostly of old Florentine workmanship. To the left is the gun-room, hung with chintz and decorated with old English prints. Beyond the gun-room stretches a vast *salon*, of which each piece of furniture is in itself a work of art. The chimney-piece, in sculptured marble, is a reproduction of the famous original in the Doge's Palace at Venice. The floors throughout the villa, when not of marble, are made of majolica tiles of various designs.

The new chrysanthemums in New York this year are named chiefly after the popular novels of recent months, and the actresses, politicians, and society beauties are slighted as they never were before. The fact that the same Presidential candidates were in the field prevented any new varieties from being called after them, and Governor Roosevelt had already been honored by the flower-growers. Most of the well-known actresses had blossoms named after them, and Maude Adams was the only one who is this year recalled by the title of a new species. The banks have it practically all their own way. "Richard Carvel" is the name of a striking new species, dark claret color and flecked with silver gray stripes along each petal, while "Ehen Holden" is the title by which a brilliant blue-white chrysanthemum is called. More unusual is the "David Harum," an anemone with a yellowish centre and reddish petals. It is about the most striking blossom of the year, but what may be the popular success of such an unconventional feature of these flowers remains to be seen. Most of the personalities in the Anglo-Boer war were used last year to designate the new varieties, and the only new suggestion of that event this year is a flower called the "Ladysmith." It has feathery petals, and its color is a tawny yellow, which makes the bloom rather more striking than beautiful.

The Missouri supreme court has ruled that divorce does not carry with it the right for the wife to divulge the husband's secrets at any subsequent legal action. The decision is, in effect, that separation by law does not also free wives' tongues. The case is that of the State versus Kndat, appealed from St. Louis, which hinged principally upon the admissibility of the wife's testimony against her husband, where he is charged with the commission of crime against another party, when the wife has been divorced and separated from her husband and is no longer living with him. Judge Gantt said, speaking of Kodat's wife: "Was she competent to testify in a fact which directly showed the husband was guilty of the crime charged in the indictment, in wit: That he shot at the prosecutrix? Most clearly not. The law assumes that a husband will not commit a crime in the presence of his wife, except in the confidence induced by the marital relation. It is the policy of the law that these things which are privileged through the marriage relation shall remain forever inviolable, whether the relation has ceased by reason of death or divorce, and the divorced wife, from reasons of public policy, is incompetent to testify against her husband to the same extent she would have been had the marriage relation never been dissolved."

According to the *New York Sun*, the bachelor who entertains his friends after the theatre at a supper cooked and served in his own rooms is the popular man this season. Hotel repasts have become an old story, and the queer eating-places have all been visited so often that they have grown commonplace. The man who can cook offers a novelty in the way of entertaining that appeals to his guests, especially to those of the feminine gender who enjoy the highly seasoned, odd dishes that some amateur cooks learn to prepare cleverly. Many men have an instinctive talent for cooking and a genuine liking for it, while nine women out of ten regard it as drudgery. Some brilliant and interesting men have been adepts in the art, among them Brillat Savarin, Dumas, Thackeray, Sala, Du Maurier, Ingersoll, Buiucault, and W. J. Florence. Of modern men there are any number who are noted in the clubs and among their friends as being admirable chefs. George Augustus Sala admitted that the kitchen had a peculiar fascination for him. He taught his wife to cook when both were young, and years afterward when they had grown rich and entertained celebrities they had a

wonderfully fitted room where they personally prepared the dinners they served to their guests, dinners that were famous for their excellence. Men are apt to make a specialty of one particular dish and to take a vast amount of pride in the excellence with which they can prepare it. Frederic Remington, the artist, has as a specialty the broiling of steaks, which was also an accomplishment of the late Colonel Ingersoll. His cooking savors of the camp, as he acquired his proficiency with the gridiron on Western ranches. Richard Harding Davis, Chandos Fulton, and Edgar Fawcett are among the literary men who can prepare certain dishes of foreign flavor deliciously. Hermann Oelrichs has invented several dishes. His innovation in terrapin cooking caused a revolution in the methods previously favored in Philadelphia and Maryland. Henry Guy Carleton, the dramatist, is a gifted cook, being proficient in making curried dishes of all sorts. J. E. Dodson, the actor, is master of the Welsh rarebit, a dish usually must abused in its preparation by amateur cooks.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 28th, on 11.30 A. M. call, were as follows:

BONDS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra C. Water 5%.	1,000	@ 108 1/4	108 1/4	
Los An. Ry. 5%.	2,000	@ 110 1/4	110 1/4	111 1/4
Los An. & Pac. Ry.				
5%.	1,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 5%.	5,000	@ 120 1/2	120 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.	17,000	@ 119 1/4	119 1/4	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.	3,000	@ 108	108	108 1/2
Oakland Transit 6%.	2,000	@ 118	118 1/2	119
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.	3,000	@ 111	110 1/2	111
Omnibus C. R. 6%.	15,000	@ 128 1/2	128	129 1/2
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%.	10,000	@ 100 1/2-100 1/4	100	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.	11,000	@ 119 1/4	119 1/4	120
S. P. & Branch 6%.	2,000	@ 131 3/4	131	
S. V. Water 6%.	30,000	@ 114 1/2-114 1/4	114 1/2	114 1/4
S. V. Water 4%.	55,000	@ 102 1/2-102 1/4	102 1/2	
S. V. Water 4% gds.	5,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2	
Stockton G. & E. 6%.	5,000	@ 101	100	

STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Spring Valley Water.	165	@ 93 1/2-94	93 1/2	93 3/4
Gas and Electric.				
Equitable Gaslight.	310	@ 3-3 3/4	3	
Oakland Gas.	50	@ 50	49 1/2	50 1/2
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	50	@ 47-51	48 1/2	49
S. F. Gas & Electric.	3,130	@ 46 1/2-49	46 1/2	47 1/2
Banks.				
Bank of Cal.	6	@ 410		
London P. & A.	10	@ 140 1/2	142	
First National Bank	10	@ 300	299	305
Street R. R.				
Market St.	205	@ 70	69 1/2	70
Powders.				
Giant Con.	405	@ 83 1/2-85	84 1/2	85
Vigor.	800	@ 3 1/4-3 3/4	3 1/4	3 3/4
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.	610	@ 7-7 1/2	6 1/2	7 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S.	180	@ 84 1/2-85	85	
Honokaa S. Co.	935	@ 31-32	32	
Hutchinson.	160	@ 25 1/2	25 1/2	
Kilauea S. Co.	90	@ 20 1/2-21	20 1/2	
Makawell S. Co.	80	@ 41-42	41	41 1/2
Pauahau S. P. Co.	750	@ 31 1/2-32	32	
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.	135	@ 124 1/2-125	124 1/2	125
Oceanic S. Co.	915	@ 98 1/2-100	100	100 1/2

The lighting stocks were weak on rumors of further opposition in the field, it being said that the Independent Electric Company will build gas-works, but so far there has been no confirmation of the rumor. On sales of 3,500 shares the bear element sold San Francisco Gas and Electric down four points to 46 1/2 seller, Pacific Gas Improvement Company down three points to 49, and Equitable Gas was sold off one-half point to 53, but at the close San Francisco Gas and Electric was 47 sales and hid, with very little stock offering of any of the lighting companies. The sugar stocks are in good demand and at better prices, notably Honokaa, Pauahau, and Hutchinson, with very small offerings.

There is a better demand for Giant Powder, and the stock sold up one point to 85 on sales of about 400 shares.

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Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
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CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... \$3,514,068.82
October 1st, 1900.

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Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus in Policyholders, \$2,068,839.71.

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411 California Street

STORYTELLERS.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One day Tom Corwin, a prominent figure in legal and political circles years ago, met a political opponent with whom he promptly fell into a discussion, in the course of which he constantly referred to the Whig party as if it were still in existence. "Don't you know the old Whig party is dead?" at last exclaimed his acquaintance, with evident irritation; "Horace Greeley killed it, and it's dead and buried." "Certainly," said Mr. Corwin, with much solemnity, "and I am one of its graves, sir, and not to be trampled on!"

On one occasion the zeal of Lord Wolseley, the retiring commander-in-chief of the British army, for the welfare of his men got the better of his discretion. Dinner was being served to the soldiers, and orderlies hurried backward and forward with steaming pails of soup. Lord Wolseley stopped one of them. The man was at attention in a moment. "Remove the lid." No sooner said than done. "Let me taste it." "But, plaze yer—" "Let me taste it, I say." And taste it he did. "Disgraceful! Tastes like nothing in the world but dish-water." "Plaze, yer honor," gasped the man, "and so it is."

James Kent, whose famous "Commentaries on American Law" is classed with Blackstone as the greatest text-book on law, was a great admirer of Alexander Hamilton, and when the great Federalist was killed by Aaron Burr in a duel he became the implacable enemy of the latter. One day long afterward, when in New York, the judge saw Burr on the opposite side of Nassau Street; he went across as fast as his years would permit, and brandishing his cane in Burr's face, shouted: "You're a scoundrel, sir—a scoundrel! a scoundrel!" Burr proved equal to the emergency. He raised his hat, and bowed to the ground, and then said, in his calmest professional tone: "The opinions of the learned chancellor are always entitled to the highest consideration."

In relating some of the mishaps which befell him during his travels in Germany, Justice Garoutte said: "In Nuremberg we ordered the cahman to take us to the Strauss Hotel. He drove us to a hotel where it said in big letters 'Ostrich Hotel.' I insisted on being taken to the Strauss. The cahman became angry; we refused to alight. High words ensued. Thereupon a gentleman stepped up and informed me that 'Strauss' was German for 'Ostrich.' We quietly alighted and the storm was over. At Frankfurt we desired to go to the Swan Hotel. The driver insisted upon our alighting at the 'Cygne Hotel.' Arguments again took place, and finally it came upon me that 'Cygne' was French for that noble bird, the swan. All this occurred, too, in the presence of the female members of the family, all of whom spoke French, but cygne was too much for them."

M. D. Johnson, a seaman from the United States steamer *Albatross*, who was one of the passengers on the "Owl" train from Los Angeles which was wrecked near Antioch last week, thus described his experience: "It was a little after two bells this morning, and I was smoking my pipe in the 'Owl's' stern galley. The first thing I knew of any happening was when I was thrown violently from my seat. After the pitching and jumping had stopped, I crawled out and saw that the steering-gear of the 'Owl' had been carried away, causing her to part amidship. The after end listed badly to starboard and went aground, throwing all hands in a heap to the listed side. No lives were lost, however, though all were badly shaken up and somewhat damaged. One unlucky passenger bunted the glass out of a port-hole, cutting her head and face quite badly. After wigwagging the craft coming up behind to change her course, the forward end of our craft picked up the passengers and crew and continued her voyage. As for me, I will be glad when I am safe aboard the *Albatross* again. This cruising overland is too rough and choppy for me."

"Making a photograph of James Harper was the most startling experience of my life," says George G. Rockwood, the New York photographer. "In the year 1869 it transpired that no good picture existed of the four Harper brothers, and it was determined that they should sit to the same photographer and have a uniform series of pictures made. A very successful photograph of Fletcher brought them all. James Harper was the second to sit for me, and, as he was passing out of the door of my studio, he saw a portrait of Rev. Dr. Muhlenburgh, the founder of St. Luke's Hospital. We entered into a brief discussion of the mighty results of the well and wisely directed efforts of one man as illustrated in the establishment of this beneficent institution. He said: 'If anything should happen to me, I believe I should like to be taken to St. Luke's Hospital, for there organized, practiced skill would perhaps be paramount to even the tender care and love one gets at home.' His words were prophetic. After declining his warm invitation for me to ride with him, he left the gallery, I think, near two o'clock in the afternoon. About five

o'clock a gentleman rushed into the reception-room and asked: 'Was James Harper here to-day?' 'Yes.' 'Did he sit for a photograph?' 'Yes, and here is the negative—a superb one.' 'Thank God! He was thrown from his carriage this afternoon, and now lies dying in St. Luke's Hospital.'"

ANOTHER DOOLEY BOOK.

The Philosopher's Views on the War Expert, Modern Explosives, Whisky, and the Education of the Young.

F. Peter Dunne has collected the sketches which he has contributed to various papers during the past year in a volume entitled "Mr. Dooley's Philosophy," which he dedicates "To the Hennessys of the world who suffer and are silent." Despite the fact that they deal with subjects "that have pressed hard upon the minds of newspaper readers, statesmen, and tax-payers" during the year, they have by no means lost their freshness, but bristle with spontaneous humor, which improves with every reading. Mr. Dunne says that in some cases the sketches have been remodeled and care has been taken to correct typographical blunders, except where they seemed to improve the text. In this connection he offers his profound gratitude "to the industrious typographer, who often makes two jokes grow where only one grew before, and has added generously to the distress of amateur elocutionists."

The volume opens with a review of Governor Roosevelt's book on the Cuban war, which Dooley says should be called "Alone in Cuba." Then follow chapters on "Americans Abroad," "Servant-Girl Problem," "The Transvaal," and "War and War Makers."

Of the experts and special correspondents who figure so prominently in modern warfare, Mr. Dooley says:

"A war expert is a man ye niver heerd iv before. If ye can think iv anny war whose face is unfamiliar to ye an' ye don't raynember his name an' he's got a job on a paper ye didn't know was published, he's a war expert. 'Tis a har-d office to fill. Whin a war begins th' temptation is strong fr ivry man to grab hold iv a gun an' go to th' fr-front. But th' war expert has to subjoos his cravin' fr blood. He says to himself: 'Lave others seek th' luxuries iv life in camp,' he says. 'Fr thim th' boat-races across the Tugela, th' romp over th' kopje, an' th' game iv laager, laager, who's got th' laager,' he says. 'I will stand by me country,' he says, 'close,' he says. 'An' if it falls,' he says, 'it'll fall on me,' he says. An' he buys himself a map made by a fortune-teller in a d'ream, a box iv pencils an' a field-glass an' goes an' looks fr a job as a war expert. Says th' editor iv a pa-per, 'I don't know ye. Ye must be a war expert,' he says. 'I am,' says th' la-ad. 'Was ye ivver in a war?' says th' editor. 'I've been in nawthin' else,' says th' la-ad. 'Durin' th' Spanish-American War I held a good job as a dramatic critic in Dedham, Matsachusetts,' he says. 'Whin th' bullets flew thickest in th' Soodan I was sportin' editor iv th' *Christian Advocate*,' he says. 'I passed through th' Franco-Prooshan War an' held me place, an' whin th' Turks and Rooshans was at each others' throats I used to lay out th' campaign ivry day on a checker-board,' he says. 'War,' he says, 'has no terrors fr me,' he says. 'Ye're th' man fr th' money,' says the editor. An' he gets th' job."

"Thin th' war breaks out in earnest. No matter how manny is kilt, annything that happens befre th' war expert gets to wurruk is on'y what ye might call a preliminary skirmish. He sets down an' hites th' end iv his pencil an' looks acrost th' sheet an' waches a man paintin' a sign. Whin th' man gets through he goes to th' window an' waits to see whether th' polisman that wint into th' saloon is afther a drink or sarvin' a warrant. If he comes r-right out 'tis a warrant. Thin he sets back in a chair an' figures out that th' pitchers on th' wall pa-per ar-re all alike ivry third row. Whin his mind is thurly tuned up he these intricate problems, he dashes to his desk an' writes what ye an' I r-read th' nex' day in th' pa-pers."

Dooley thinks that if we continue to introduce still more destructive explosives than are now used, it will be impossible to get men to fight. He adds:

"'Twas had enough in th' ol' days whin all that happened to a sojer was bein' pinithrated he a large r-round gob iv solder or stuck up on th' end iv a baynet he a careless inimy. But nowadays they have th' bullet that whin it enthers ye tu-rns around like th' screw iv a propeller, an' another war that ye might say goes in he a keyhole an' comes out through a window, an' another that has a time fuse in it an' it doesn't come out at all, but stays in ye, an' mehbe twenty years afther, whin ye've f'got all about it an' ar-re settin' at home with ye'er family, hang! away it goes, an' ye with it, carryin' away half iv th' roof. Thin they have guns as long as fr'm here to th' rollin' mills that fires shells as big as a trunk. Th' shells ar-re loaded like a doctor's bag an' have all kinds iv things in thim that won't do a bit iv good to man or beast. If a sojer has a weak back there's something in th' shell that removes a weak back; if his head troubles him, he can lose it; if th' other iv v'lets is distasteful to him th' shell smothers him in v'let powder. They have guns that anny boy or girl who knows th' type-writer can wurruk, an' they have other guns on th' music-box plan, that ye wind up an' go away an' lave, an' they annoy anny wan that comes along. They have guns that bounces up out iv a hole in th' groun', fires a millyon shells a minyit, an' drops back fr another load. They have guns that fire dinnynite, an' guns that fire th' hateful, sickly green lyddite, that makes th' inimy look like fat money, an' guns that fire canned beef fr th' inimy, an' distemper

powder fr th' inimy's horses. An' they have some guns that shoot straight."

Concerning the uses and abuses of whisky, the philosopher says:

"'Whisky is called th' divle, because 'tis wan iv th' fallen angels,' he says. 'It has its place,' he says, 'but its place is not in a man's head,' says he. 'It ought to be th' reward iv action, not th' cause iv it,' he says. 'It's fr th' end iv th' day, not th' beginnin',' he says. 'Hot whisky is good fr a cold heart, an' no whisky's good fr a hot head,' he says. 'Th' minyit a man relies on it fr a crutch he loses th' use iv his legs. 'Tis a bad thing to stand on, a good thing to sleep on, a good thing to talk on, a bad thing to think on. If it's in th' head in th' mornin' it ought not to be in th' mouth at night. If it laughs in ye, drink; if it weeps, swear off. It makes some men talk like good women an' some women talk like bad men. It is a livin' fr orators an' th' death iv book-keepers. It doesn't sustain life, but when taken hot with water, a lump iv sugar, a piece iv lemon peel, an' just th' dustin' iv a nutmeg-grater, it makes life sustainable.'"

Dooley has great respect for the bachelor:

"Be r-readin' th' pa-pers you'd think a bachelor was a man bor-n with a depraved an' parvarse hatched iv wan iv our most cherished institutions, an anti-expansionist, d'ye mind. But 'tis no such thing. A bachelor's a man that wud extind his beneficent rule over all th' female wurrudd, fr'm th' snow-capped girls iv Alaska to th' sunny eliens iv th' Passyfic. A married man's a person with a limited affliction—a protectionist an' anti-expansionist, a Mugwump, be hivins. 'Tis th' bachelor that's keepin' alive th' r'ivrence fr th' sect."

The present method of educating the young does not meet his approval. He says:

"To my mind, Hinnessy, we're wastin' too much time thinkin' iv th' future iv our young, an' thryin' to larn thim in school what they oughtn't to know till they've growed up. We send th' childer to school as if 'twas a summer garden where they go to be amused instead iv a pininfchry where they're sint fr th' original sin. Whin I was a la-ad I was put at me ah-bee, abs, th' first day I set fut in th' school behind th' hedge, an' me head was sore inside an' out befre I wint home. Now th' first thing we larn th' future Mark Hannas an' Jawn D. Gaseses iv our naytion is waitin', singin', an' cuttin' pitchers out iv a book. We'd be much better teachin' thim th' strangle hold, fr that's what they need in life."

The volume closes with a chapter of "Casual Observations," from which we quote a few striking extracts:

"A vote on th' tally-sheet is worth two in th' box."

"All th' wurrudd loves a lover—except sometimes th' wan that's all th' wurrudd to him."

"An autocrat's a ruler that does what th' people wants an' takes th' blame fr it. A constitutional ixicutive, Hinnessy, is a ruler that does as he dam pleases an' blames th' people."

"Ivry man has his superstitions. If I look at a new moon over me shoulder I get a crick in me neck."

"Thrust ivrybody—but cut th' ca ards."

Of the many illustrations which supplement the volume, F. Opper's drawings enter more in the spirit of the text than those of E. W. Kemble. The frontispiece, William Nicholson's conception of Dooley, can hardly be called happy, although, like everything he does, it is unique and introduces Peter Dunne himself in an original manner.

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SOCIETY.

The Kerr-Macleav Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Macleay, sister of Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Mr. Roderick Macleay, to Mr. Thomas Kerr, took place in Portland, Or., on Thursday afternoon, November 22d, at the First Presbyterian Church. The marriage ceremony was performed at two o'clock by the Rev. Edgar P. Hill. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother, Mr. Roderick Macleay; Miss Louise Flanders was maid of honor; Miss Minor, of Seattle, and Miss King, of Portland, were the bridesmaids; Mr. Peter Kerr, the groom's brother, acted as best man; and Mr. John Ainsworth, Mr. Scott Brooke, and Mr. T. B. Gifford, of Portland, and Mr. Best, of Seattle, served as ushers.

The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the Macleays, on Lownsdale Street, and later in the day the newly wedded couple departed for a honeymoon trip in Southern California. Upon their return to Portland they will occupy a house on Hoyt Street.

The Rothschild-Jackson Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Lucy May Jackson to Dr. Max Rothschild took place at the home of the bride's mother, 720 Sutter Street, on Tuesday afternoon, November 27th. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Rev. John Heniphill. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father, the late collector of the port, Colonel John P. Jackson, the wedding was very quiet, only the relatives and a few intimate friends being present.

After the ceremony Dr. and Mrs. Rothschild left for Monterey, where the honeymoon will be spent. On their return they will make their home at the Hotel Richelieu.

A Supper-Party in the Red Room.

One of the prettiest supper-parties of the opera season was given in honor of Miss Fritz Scheff, of the Grau Opera Company, on Wednesday evening, November 28th, in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club. The four tables were handsomely decorated, each one in a different color, the ladies' name-cards were all hand-painted, and an orchestra discoursed music.

Those invited to meet the guest of the evening were:

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Dillon, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Mamie Josselyn, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Caro Crockett, Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. Torplitz, of Paris, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Major James McL. Wood, of Portland, Mr. Nat N. Wilson, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Samuel G. Boardman, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. R. McKee Duperu, Mr. Willard N. Drown, Mr. Theodore Wores, Mr. Orrin Peck, Mr. A. B. Costigan, Mr. Walter S. Martin, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

At the Horse Show.

Among the San Franciscans who attended the opening of the Horse Show in New York on Monday, November 19th, were Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Miss Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. John Dolbeer, Miss Dolbeer, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Laurence Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Miss Jennie Blair, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mrs. John W. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. James Brett Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bunker, Mr. John R. Follansbee, Mrs. John P. Jones, the Misses Jones, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, General John T. Cutting, Mr. George Whitte, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Whittell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith, Mr. Peter D. Martin, and Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins.

Yale Alumni Dinner.

The Yale Alumni Association of California gave its annual dinner Saturday evening, November 24th, in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel. Among others present were: Professor E. B. Clapp, of Berkeley, Mr. Eugene V. Baker, Professor Thomas R. Bacon, Dr. Manahan, of Harvard, Dr. W. H. Murphy, ex-President Martin Kellogg, Mr. W. H. Crocker, Mr. E. E. Goodrich, Mr. Charles Page, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone, Mr. George Cadwalader, Mr. B. L. Cadwalader, Mr. W. N. Drown, Mr. W. B. Goodwin, Mr. W. H. Jordan, Mr. J. M. Allen, Mr. W. B. Bosley, Mr. W. M. Wilson, Mr. C. H. Royce, Mr. A. H. Whitney, Mr. Joseph Roschild, Mr. William G. Cooke, Mr. Thomas Breeze, Mr. F. F. Thomas, Mr. M. E. Lombardi, Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. Benjamin Romaine, Mr. James P. Booth, Mr. B. V. Sargent, Mr. H. D. Pillsbury, and Mr. William Mayo Newhall.

The Doctor's Daughters' Doll Show.

The fourth annual Model Doll Show, held under the auspices of the Doctor's Daughters, in aid of their charities, will be opened to the public in the

Maple Room of the Palace Hotel next Thursday morning, December 6th, at ten o'clock, remaining open until ten o'clock that evening, and again during the same hours on Saturday.

The dolls, which are exhibited by amateur as well as professional dressmakers, will be gowned in the height of the *modiste's* art. The exhibits will be arranged in ten classes, and in each class prizes will be offered. The judging will take place on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock, so that the prize-winners will be ticketed when the show opens. Most of the dolls will be for sale, although none are to be removed until the show closes, and those that remain on Saturday night will be disposed of at public auction. The miniature doll-house with Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, Miss Bruce, and Mrs. John Flournoy have given is expected to bring a handsome sum. Miss Katharine Dillon has contributed a hamper, finely fitted up, with a dainty dolly to go with it, and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann has given a baby doll. Both will be raffled. Mr. W. R. Hearst sent from Chicago a beautifully dressed doll, and several local fancy-goods houses have also donated handsome dolls. Each afternoon and evening there will be an orchestral concert, and tea, coffee, ice-cream, and lemonade will be served, champagne-punch being added on Saturday evening.

Among the patronesses of the show are:

Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Clarke Crocker, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. William P. Fuller, Mrs. Henry Payot, and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin.

The show is open to the public, an admission fee of fifty cents for adults and twenty-five cents for children being charged.

Notes and Gossip.

Mayor James D. Phelan gave a dinner complimentary to Professor E. A. Ross, of Stanford, on Saturday, November 24th, in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club. Others at table were Dr. Aldrich, of Stanford, Professors Gayley and Babcock, of the University of California, Hon. J. M. Seawell, president of the University Club, Rabbi Voorsanger, Rev. D. Rader, Mr. J. B. Casserly, and Mr. Franklin K. Lane.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Beauchamp and Dr. C. A. Trenholtz, U. S. A., took place at St. John's Episcopal Church on Tuesday morning, November 27th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. L. C. Sanford. Later in the morning, Dr. and Mrs. Trenholtz sailed for Seattle, and after a few days' stay in that city, will proceed to Fort Egbert, Alaska, to which place the doctor has been ordered.

The wedding of Miss Mary Eloise Castle, daughter of Mrs. Eloise Williams, to Mr. Benjamin Lodge Marx, formerly of Oakland, took place at Kailana, Waikiki, Hawaiian Islands, on Wednesday evening, November 28th.

Miss Maud E. Pope gave a luncheon on Wednesday, November 21st, at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Florence Hayden and Miss Christie Taft, two recent debutantes of Oakland. Others at table were the Misses Pauline and Ione Fore, Miss Irene Baker, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Ethel Kittredge, Miss Pauline Lohse, Miss Ethel Valentine, and Miss Lucy Moffitt.

Mrs. Emily V. Cutts gave a reception at her home at Mare Island on Saturday, November 24th, from three to six o'clock, complimentary to Captain John T. Myers, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Myers, formerly Miss Alice Cutts—who arrived from the Orient on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Doric* on Thursday, November 22d—and to Lieutenant Richard M. Cutts, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Cutts (née Pitts).

Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson and Miss Robinson are at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter, and will be at home the first and second Mondays in January.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander Lange have sent out cards for a reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Giselman on Saturday evening, December 8th, at the Lange residence, 1710 Golden Gate Avenue.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a luncheon at the University Club on Friday, November 23d, in honor of Miss Eleanor Wood. Those at table were Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. Stewart, of Quebec, Mrs. Homer King, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Pillsbury, Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, and Mrs. W. S. Wood.

The wedding of Miss Mary C. Randol and Mr. Charles Carroll, of Baltimore, took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Randol, in New York, on Tuesday, November 20th.

Miss Jennie Blair was maid of honor at the marriage of Miss Isabella Barton and Mr. Telanon Cuyler, which took place in New York last week.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid recently entertained a house-party at her country home, "Ophir Farm," at White Plains, New York. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, Mr. D. O. Mills, and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Miss Grace Sanborn, of Fruitvale, will be one of the receiving party at the coming-out tea of Miss Hildegarde McKenna, daughter of Justice and Mrs. Stephen McKenna, at their home in Washington, D. C., on Saturday afternoon, December 8th.

Mrs. John Dempster McKee will receive on the

first Thursday during the winter months at her residence, north-east corner of Washington and Laurel Streets.

Mrs. Orville Dwight Baldwin gave two card-parties last week, one on Thursday, November 22d, and one on Saturday, November 24th. About thirty persons were present on each occasion.

The Pacific Union Club, reviving a custom of former years, entertained its members at luncheon on Thanksgiving Day.

The Fruit and Flower Mission.

The *Argonaut* has for many years received through the mail, a few days before Thanksgiving, the sum of fifty dollars, to be forwarded to the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission. It is always accompanied by a few pleasant lines, signed only by the initials, "M. R.—M. F." This year the note reads:

NEW YORK, November 21, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The inclosed draft for fifty dollars is a Thanksgiving donation to the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission. The undersigned would appreciate your kindness in sending it to the Flower Mission in good season.

Very respectfully, M. R.—M. F.

The money was at once forwarded to the treasurer of the mission, who, in acknowledging its receipt, inclosed a note of thanks to the generous donor. Inasmuch as we have no idea of the identity or address of "M. R.—M. F.," the mysterious friend of the Fruit and Flower Mission who never fails to remember this worthy charity each year, we know no better way of delivering the message than by printing it, which we do herewith:

SAN FRANCISCO FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION,
631 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,
November 27, 1900.

To "M. R.—M. F.": It is with no little feeling of gratitude that the Fruit and Flower Mission acknowledges your remembrance of their poor again this year. The arrival of a certain fifty-dollar-check each Thanksgiving, from one who chooses to remain our mysterious benefactor, gives delight to the members of the mission, for with it we are enabled to bring sunshine to many. The good-will of the mission is with you all of the year, and we are glad to have this opportunity of sending greetings of the holiday season and warmest acknowledgments.

SAN FRANCISCO FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION,
Per HANNAH L. LESZYNSKY, Treasurer.

Concert at Hopkins Institute of Art.

The regular weekly concert given at the Hopkins Institute of Art during the progress of the forty-second exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association took place on Wednesday evening, November 28th. The programme, under the direction of Henry Heyman, comprised songs by William J. O'Brien, the tenor, and soprano solos by Mme. Elizabeth Regina Mowry, both of whom were enthusiastically encored. Miss Ethel Ibbotson sang a couple of contralto solos. Emil Cruells gave four organ numbers—the overture from "Olympia," Spontini; "Pastorale," Meyerbeer; Schumann's "Traumerel"; and Gounod's "Festival March."

The next concert of the series will take place on Thursday evening, December 6th, beginning at eight o'clock.

— BEAUTIFUL NEW THINGS OF THIS YEAR'S importation are just beginning to arrive at S. & G. Gump Co.'s Art Store, No. 113 Geary Street. The paintings, bronzes, vases, and novelties so far unpacked are well worthy of inspection.

The football team of the State University had its headquarters at the California Hotel on Thanksgiving Day, and gave a banquet in the evening.

— BE SURE AND SEE NEIL MITCHELL'S GREAT marine, "Calm Day," in Wm. Morris's Gallery, 248 Sutter Street.



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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have returned from Portland, Or., where they went to attend the wedding of Miss Macleay, Mrs. Grant's sister.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Mary Scott, and Miss Georgia Hopkins left on Wednesday last for a short visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee leave next week for New York, where they will spend a couple of months.

Mr. Harry M. Gillig arrived here early in the week from the East, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mitchell Bunker, who arrived in New York last week after having completed their trip around the world, via the trans-Siberian railroad, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Townsend, of New York. They are expected home soon.

Mrs. Edward Barron will spend the winter in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Barbour T. Lathrop, after a long absence, has returned to San Francisco. He will remain here until after the holidays.

Colonel Alexander G. Hawes, who has been traveling in the Southern States, has returned to this city.

Mme. Julie Rusewald, after an absence abroad of three years, will sail for the United States on December 6th. She will spend the winter in the East.

Customs Surveyor Joseph S. Spear, Jr., and Mrs. Spear left on Tuesday for the East, where they will spend the holidays, dividing their time between New York and Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald C. Gunter left for New York last Wednesday. They will return to California in May.

Mr. Latham McMullin, who went East several weeks ago, is now in New York City.

Mrs. John W. Mackay arrived in New York last week on a visit to her son, Mr. Clarence Mackay. Mrs. Mackay will remain in the United States until early spring.

Mr. J. A. Fillmore started for Syracuse, N. Y., on Monday to visit his father, who is in feeble health. He is accompanied by Miss Fillmore and Miss Foster, who will spend the winter in St. Paul. Mrs. Fillmore, who has been East for some time, will accompany Mr. Fillmore on his return to the coast.

Mr. Walter E. Dean will rejoin Mrs. Dean in New York about the middle of December. They will spend the holidays there with Miss Helen Dean, who has been placed at the Dnbs Ferry School.

Miss Genevieve Peters, of Stockton, has been here for the past week as a guest of Mrs. George G. Carr.

Mrs. George D. Tny and her daughter, Miss Mabel Tny, have returned from their eight months' trip abroad, and will spend the winter in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Raum were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Anspacher, after almost a year's visit in Europe, have returned and are at the Palace Hotel. Their son, Mr. Philip Anspacher, remained in New York to take the course in law at Columbia University.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing came over from San Rafael during the week and were at the California Hotel.

Mrs. John M. Burnett has returned from an extended European trip, and is again at her home, 1713 Larkin Street.

Mrs. George C. Perkins and her daughter, Miss Mae Perkins, were at Del Monte last week. Senator Perkins and his sister, Mrs. Maling, left for Washington, D. C., on Tuesday. They will be joined later by Mrs. Perkins and Miss Perkins.

Mr. Valentine Hush and his daughter, Mrs. Thomas Magee, are in New York, and will be joined shortly by Mr. Magee.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs left for Washington, D. C., on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott have returned after an absence of several months in Europe, and will spend the winter at their home, 305 Buchanan Street.

Dr. and Mrs. Barton J. Powell, of Stockton, were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. John Sanborn has returned to his home in Fruitvale, after a two-months' visit to New York, Washington, and Chicago.

The Misses Morrison came up from San José early in the week to attend the grand opera, and were at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. S. E. Simmons, of Sacramento, are at the California Hotel for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schweitzer and their daughter, Miss Albertine, have returned from their European and Eastern tour.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. N. C. Kendall, Mrs. H. M. Wetherbee, and Mr. G. W. Percy, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Trainer, of Trainer, Penn., and Mrs. A. G. Eanis, of Chico, Mr. Robert J. Dunlap and Miss Mary L. Dunlap, of Glasgow, Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Phipps, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Cupid, of Watsonville, Mr. C. Kirkpatrick, of Chicago, Mr. Henry C. Parke, Jr., of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Garratt, Mrs. W. T. Little, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Green, Miss Alice S. Bufford, and Mr. John Caffrey.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Applegate, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Somerville, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hudson, of Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schmidt, of Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Hill, of Victoria, Mr. A. R. Denike, of San José, Mr. J. F. Stein, of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Smith, of

Portland, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Nickerson, of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hoyt, of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Munkhuse and Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Veuve, of Los Gatos, Mrs. E. Walden, of Geyersville, Mr. W. G. Wilson, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. E. Jones, of Brooklyn, Mr. T. F. McGovern, of Sonora, Mr. E. F. Finlay, of Santa Rosa, and Mr. R. G. Morrison, of Bakersfield.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral R. B. Bradford, U. S. N., chief of the naval bureau of equipment, arrived here from the East on Sunday last, by way of Puget Sound, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel. Admiral Bradford has come West in pursuance of orders of the Navy Department, and before he returns East he will have inspected the naval stations at Puget Sound and Mare Island, and made investigations looking to the establishment of naval coaling stations in the harbors of San Francisco and San Diego.

Commander Franklin J. Drake, U. S. N., and Mrs. Drake came down from Mare Island early in the week, and were at the Occidental Hotel.

First-Lieutenant Charles McK. Saltzman, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been appointed aid-de-camp to Brigadier-General Henry C. Merriam, U. S. A., commanding the departments of the Colorado and the Missouri.

Corporal Emory T. Smith, of Company I, Fourteenth Infantry, has been appointed by President McKinley a lieutenant of the Ninth Regiment, U. S. A. Lieutenant Smith, who is a son of Mrs. W. H. Smith, of this city, was a student at Berkeley, and enlisted as a private in the Fourteenth Infantry, and saw active service in the Philippines. He was promoted to corporal for bravery. Lieutenant Smith will sail to-day (Saturday) on the transport *Meade*, to join his regiment in Pekin, China.

Mrs. Randall, wife of Colonel George M. Randall, U. S. A., will reside at Fort Logan, Colo., during her husband's absence in Alaska, where he is on duty at Fort St. Michael.

Captain F. Curtis, U. S. N., who has been on waiting orders at Washington, D. C., is in this city on sick leave for three months.

Colonel James E. Montgomery, U. S. A., who has been passing a few days in San Francisco, left early in the week for Pasadena, where he will spend the winter.

Captain Richmond Schfield, U. S. A., a son of Lieutenant-General John M. Schofield, U. S. A., retired, was at the Occidental Hotel early in the week. With him are Mrs. Schfield and their three children. Captain Schfield is chief quartermaster on the transport *Meade*, and will sail on that vessel to-day (Saturday) for Manila.

Lieutenant Albert R. Dillingham, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., whose marriage to Miss Charlotte Dangerfield took place last month, has been ordered to join his regiment in the Philippine Islands. Mrs. Dillingham will remain for the winter with Lieutenant-Commander Albert C. Dillingham, U. S. N., and Mrs. Dillingham, at Memphis, Tenn.

Captain Ralph E. Walker, U. S. M. C., who has been under treatment at the naval hospital at Mare Island, is now on sick leave at Orleans, Ind.

Captain Albert S. McLemore, U. S. M. C., who was recently detached from command of the marine barracks at Mare Island, is now on duty in charge of the marine recruiting district of California, with headquarters in this city at 40 Ellis Street.

Paymaster Walter L. Wilson, U. S. N., was at the California Hotel a few days ago.

The St. Luke's Twenty-Minute Society.

A unique and attractive entertainment and sale will be given at the Sunday-school rooms of St. Luke's new church on Tuesday afternoon and evening, December 4th, and Wednesday afternoon, December 5th, by the St. Luke's Twenty-Minute Society. The officers are:

Mrs. Philip Caduc, president; Mrs. George W. Kline, treasurer; Miss Eleanor Wood, recording secretary; Mrs. E. A. Belcher, corresponding secretary. Active vice-presidents—Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Sydney M. Smith, Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mrs. Louis Parrott. Honorary vice-presidents—Mrs. A. N. Drown, Mrs. R. W. Heath, Mrs. J. G. Clark—and a large advisory board.

There will be a sale of articles beautiful and useful on Tuesday, and on Wednesday afternoon an interesting musical and literary recital will be followed by a social dish of tea and the winding-up sale of articles.

—A STYLE WHICH IS COMING INTO VOGUE again for visiting cards is the "Old English" engraving. This is receiving a hearty welcome—as never has there been so handsome an idea. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, are devoting special attention to this branch, and are meeting with much success in introducing it.

Lundberg & Lee.

Jewelers and silversmiths, 232 Post Street, are showing exclusive designs in white and colored applique leather table mats, frames, kodak books, and portfolios.

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—THE CHOICEST CLUB WHISKY IS JESSE Moore "AA," and in club life it is in great demand.

—DO YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS CAMERA? You can obtain one free. Read our offer on page 16.

RECENT VERSE.

Good-Night.

Good-night my burden. Rest you there,
The working-hours are over;
Poor weight, that had to be my care,
—And why, let time discover!
The Evening Star sheds down on me
The dearer look than laughter,
At whose clear call I put by all
Fetters me follow after,
Free, free—in breathe First Breath again,
The breath of all Hereafter!

Good-night, heart's grief; and rest you there
Until your sure to-morrow;
Here's only place for that wide Air
More old, more young, than sorrow.
And though I hear, from far without,
These caging winds keep revel,
Oh, yet I must bestow some trust
Where Water seeks her level—
Where wise-heart Water seeks and sings,
until she reach the level.

—Josephine Preston Peabody in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Motives.

Some that seem trivial or harped with spite
Are strong and true could we but read aright,—
And others seemingly benign and fair
Are black as hate that meets us unaware.
—William Hamilton Hayne in *Harper's Magazine*.

When I Was a Child.

When I was a child the moon to me
Through the nursery curtains seemed to be
A thing of marvel and witchery.
The slim white crescent fining high
In the lucid green of the western sky
Was a fairy boat, and the evening star,
A light on the land where the fairies are.

When I was a woman the moon to me
(Whose life was a pledge of what life might be)
Was a thing of promise and prophecy.
When from my window I saw it set,
In the twilight my lashes with tears were wet;
Yet my heart sang ever because I knew
That from your window you watched it too.

And now, O my Love, the moon to me
(Who think of what was, and was not to be)
Is a thing of heartbreak and memory.
When I see its crescent white and slim,
The empty present of life grows dim;
And its pale young gold is the hoop of troth
That, stronger than Death is, binds us both.
—A. E. F. in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

A Love Lyric from the Greek.

THE FIRST KISS—AFTER STRATO.

At the hour the long day ends, when our friends we
hid good night,
Moeris kissed me, if, ah I me, it was she and not her
sprite.
For most clearly all the rest thrills my breast through
and through,
All she told me and besought, when I thought she
kissed me, too.
But when, golden link on link, I would think re-
membrance out,
Now I'm sure she kissed me then, now again I'm
sore in doubt—
Since if into Paradise in such wise I'er was borne,
How is this that here below still I go with steps for-
lorn?—A. P. G. in the *Spectator*.

Everybody knows there is no North Pole, yet think of the money and lives that have been thrown away in trying to reach it. A ride of less than two hours will take you to the top of Mt. Tamalpais, from which you behold some of the grandest scenery in the State, enjoy a trip across the bay, and a rest at the best-equipped mountain tavern in America. This is the time of year to take this trip, as the atmosphere is clear after the rains.

After Theatre Refreshments

THE completeness of the arrangements made for your entertainment in the Supper Room can be estimated when it is known that the attributes responsible for the popularity of the Grill Rooms are in evidence here. Delightful music, prompt service, moderate prices.

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LEAVE	From Oct. 1, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*7.45 P
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*7.45 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Cortes, Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*7.45 P
*9.00 A	Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.45 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*7.45 P
*10.00 A	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*7.45 P
*11.00 A	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*7.45 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations Sacramento River Steamers.....	*7.45 P
*1.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*7.45 P
*1.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*7.45 P
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Willand, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.45 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanger for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*7.45 P
*5.00 P	Stockton.....	*7.45 P
*5.00 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 P
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*7.45 P
*6.00 P	Oregon Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*7.45 P
*6.00 P	Oregon Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*7.45 P
*8.05 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*11.00 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).
(Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A
*11.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	*12.20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 12.00 2.00 3.00
*4.00	15.00 16.00

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

10.00 A. M., 12.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.	
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COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).
(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*16.30 P
*17.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.35 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*15.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
* Saturday only.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Her sole support: "Miss Stagestruck is starring now," said Collingwood to Throckmorton. "Who is supporting her?" "Her father."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Minister—"So you saw some boys fishing on the Sabbath, my young man. Did you do anything to discourage them?" "Small boy—" "Yes, sir. I stole their bait."—*Ex*.

Pirate captain—"By the beard of Captain Kidd, this will be a hot fight!" "Cabin-boy—" "Particularly, sir, if we put a stove in the side of that vessel."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Reward of merit: Nellie—"Gracious! How do you manage to knit so much in so short a time?" "Ninette—" "Every time I do ten rows, I give myself a chocolate cream."—*Chicago Tribune*.

In the census: *New Yorker*—"It is estimated that China has a population of about four hundred millions." *Chicagoan*—"By cracky I wouldn't that make a scrumptious suburb?"—*Bazar*.

Casey—"So the boss fired Cassidy for being drunk? And how did he know he was drunk?" "Costigan—" "Whoy, th' dom fool wint and fell six stories widout hurting himself."—*Judge*.

Josh Hayrake—"I've got one smart son up in the Klondike." *Reuben Glue*—"Gettin' rich fast, I s'pose?" *Josh Hayrake*—"Oh, yes; he writes that he'll soon have enough tew git home with."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Bill—"Do you believe that story about Cleveland going duck-shooting on election day?" *Jill*—"Yes; and there were a good many more went with him. The 'duck' they killed is out in Lincoln, Neb."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"And you say you have made a fortune by your pen?" "I said the earnest young man with the literary look. "Yes, sir," replied the comfortable person; "and I deserved it; it is one of the best fountain pens ever put on the market."—*Washington Star*.

We all wonder: *Little Clarence* (who has an inquiring mind)—"Pa!" *Mr. Callipers*—"Uh?" *Little Clarence*—"Pa, how does it come that Mr. Windhagger, who declares that there is no freedom of speech in this country, talks all the time?"—*Puck*.

"Cook," said Mrs. Hostess, solemnly, at the eleventh hour, "we have forgotten all but the entrées." And cook, in her excitement, responded with: "Lor', mum, so we have! If we ain't a couple of blunder-headed idiots, may I never."—*Tit-Bits*.

Von Blumer—"What's the matter? You look sad." *Dimpleton*—"I feel sad. This morning I deceived my wife for the first time." *Von Blumer*—"Oh, is that all? Pooh! You'll recover. Don't let that worry you." *Dimpleton*—"But it does, old man. She caught me at it."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A choice of terms: "Here's another man who got away with some money that didn't belong to him," said the young woman who was reading the paper. "How much?" inquired Miss Cayenne. "It doesn't state." "That's too bad! I wanted to determine whether he is a plain thief, a misguided embezzler, or a bold financier."—*Washington Star*.

Self-interest: *Mother* (reading telegram)—"Henry telegraphs that the game is over, and he came out of it with three broken ribs, a broken nose, and four teeth out." *Father* (eagerly)—"And who won?" *Mother*—"He don't say." *Father* (impatiently)—"Confound it all! That boy never thinks of anybody but himself! Now I'll have to wait until I get the morning paper."—*Puck*.

"Excuse me," said Senator Sorghum to the leader of the band, "I don't pose as a musical critic or anything of that kind, but as a political financier I desire to make one request." "What is that?" "I wish you would arrange your programmes so that whenever I appear on the platform the orchestra won't play 'When you ain't got no money you needn't come around.'"—*Washington Star*.

A sad prospect: "Let's see, Bryan is now about forty years old, isn't he?" "Yes, I believe he's somewhere along there." "Ah, too bad! Too bad!" "Why! Forty isn't a bad age; a man is supposed to have just reached his prime at forty." "I know; but there will be seven more campaigns before he passes the three-score-and-ten mark, which is supposed to be the age limit for Presidential candidates."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Any remedy that will relieve a teething baby or a feverish child is invaluable. *Steedman's Soothing Powders* have done this for fifty years.

Valuable information: "Here's a magazine article that will just suit you." "What is it entitled?" "Home-Made Christmas Presents, and How to Slide Out of Them."—*Chicago Record*.

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With the opening days of Congress have come the usual reports in the daily papers of the prospects of various important measures of legislation. Prominent among these reports is the announcement that the bill providing for the construction of the Nicaragua Canal is likely to be found among the mass of unfinished business at the end of the session. The difficulty over the ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is the principal basis for this opinion, but supplementing it is the fact that this is to be a short session, which expires by limitation on March 4th, and the shipping subsidy bill is to be pushed at the expense of all other legislation. It has come to be the fashion, particularly here in California, to regard the Nicaragua Canal as the one thing that is needed

to insure prosperity. It is not so clear, however, that this is a wise view to take of the matter. The Argonaut is not prepared to say whether or not it would be a good thing for California and the Pacific Coast.

The project of an inter-oceanic canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans has commanded support in this State because it would afford relief to the merchants from the exactions of the railroad. Heretofore the routes by way of the Isthmus of Panama and around the Horn have not offered effective competition owing to the length of time consumed in transportation; the railroad has had it all its own way and has been able to charge what it pleased, which was all the traffic would bear, leaving practically no profit for local merchants for handling the goods. There is little room for doubt that the completion of the canal would have the result of reducing freight rates between this port and the Atlantic seaboard. This would naturally reduce the cost of those goods for which the Pacific Coast is now dependent upon Eastern markets, and would also enable local producers to market their goods in the East under more favorable conditions than they now enjoy. There are other considerations that will readily suggest themselves in favor of the canal.

In any enterprise of the magnitude of this, however, the factor of the unexpected enters to a very considerable extent. The construction of the canal will work changes in the conditions of the world's commerce that will be little short of revolutionary, and it is practically impossible to determine in advance the resultant of the interaction of forces. It is not the purpose of this article to argue that the canal would not be a benefit to California and to the Pacific Coast, or to urge that its construction would not be advisable. The Argonaut is by no means convinced that such is the fact. The purpose is rather to suggest certain questions that persist in presenting themselves. San Francisco is now the great distributing centre for the through trade between Atlantic ports and the countries of the Pacific. Goods are brought here by rail to be shipped to Japan, China, Australia, Hawaii, and the Oriental countries; they are brought here by ship from these countries to be sent to the East by rail. As Pacific commerce develops, this trade would naturally increase. Would Eastern importers and exporters find it more economical to ship directly by way of the Nicaragua Canal? Or would the railroad companies find it to their advantage to reduce rates sufficiently to meet this competition? This is one of the elements of uncertainty that enter into the question. Should an extensive trade between Atlantic ports and the Orient by way of the canal develop, would the vessels engaged in this trade be likely to call at San Francisco or other Pacific Coast ports? They might call for coal, but San Francisco would have to import the coal to supply them, and could not any other port from Townsend on the north to Brito on the south be able to import it as cheaply?

These are but some of the considerations that arise from the element of the unexpected. They apply to California and the Pacific Coast. Yet it must be remembered that the canal project is one of national scope. If it would be beneficial to seventy-five millions of people in this country, its construction should not be delayed, even though it might be of slight benefit to one and one-half millions of people on the Pacific Coast.

The condition of affairs in South Africa wears a gloomy aspect. It is months now since the English troops succeeded in sweeping Boer opposition out of Natal, occupying the capital of the Free State, and receiving the surrender of Pretoria, and yet the outcome of that struggle to conquer a free people by overwhelming force is an unsolved problem. There is serious discontent and disquiet in England over the management of the war, added to which there is alarm over the recent success of Boer operations under the leadership of the indomitable De Wet. The difficulties still before the British are apparent in their recent moves. It is now known that President Kruger's departure partook more of a definite pur-

pose than of a flight for safety. He is abroad seeking help from the sympathies of Continental nations, and on the soil of welcoming France declares that his people "will fight to the last extremity." In the meantime, De Wet continues his guerrilla warfare with marked success, winning in pitched battles, and striking southward to arouse the Dutch of Cape Colony and arm them with weapons captured from the British.

The policy of England in the emergency shows no sign of that conciliation of a defeated foe which should mark the close of civilized warfare. There is no such assurance of good will and fair intentions as the North exhibited when Southern leaders taken in flagrant acts of treason were assured of immunity from prosecution or persecution, and when Southern soldiers were given back their horses and property and told to go back and till their lands in peace. English authorities appear to demand either complete submission or extermination.

Wolseley has been removed from the war office to make a place of reward for the successful Lord Roberts, who is returning to England, and the latter's place as commander-in-chief in South Africa has been given to Lord Kitchener, of Khartum. While Lord Salisbury is talking conciliation in London, and expressing the hope that the Transvaal and Free State may soon have representatives in the imperial Parliament, Lord Kitchener is inaugurating in South Africa the harsh measures of reconcentration originated by Weyler and made odious through his acts in Cuba. Weyerism is not popular in England, but the war office is determined on an unyielding policy. Left to herself England must succeed by mere force, but at a terrible expense of Anglo-Saxon ideals—an expense which will not end with any present accounting.

An eloquent French *abbé* once delivered a warning sermon, the text being, "Beware of Civilization." The burden of his warning was that the life of a modern civilized community has become so complex that it is highly dangerous; that there is danger in the water we drink, in the air we breathe; that there is danger in the subterranean passages beneath our feet; danger in the crowded streets upon which we walk; danger in the deadly wires intertangling over our heads. He was right. Civilized man has gained much by leaving the natural life of the nomad, the mountaineer, and the dweller by the sea. But he has gained it at the expense of appalling dangers. Every now and again some unlooked for horror shocks the world. The complexity of civilization has made possible hideous happenings which would have been a revelation to the mind of Dante Alighieri. In the Middle Age, when Dante wrote, life was still so simple that the horrors conceived of by the gloomy Florentine were commonplace horrors. Nowadays, the terrors of civilization could furnish him with an infinitely larger supply of material for his Inferno.

The dreadful accident which happened in San Francisco at the Thanksgiving foot-hall game is of such a nature that it could not be made comprehensible to a savage man, dwelling near to nature's heart. That twenty-two young men should be engaged in a savage struggle over a ball is something that a savage man could understand. But that to witness this struggle there should be gathered together some fifteen thousand people would be beyond his ken. These people paid large sums to gain admission to the inclosure. Around this inclosure there were many other thousands endeavoring to witness the struggle from any coign of vantage. One of the buildings adjacent to the inclosure is a glass-works. Upon the roof of this building swarmed over a hundred men and boys. To the long ventilator on its apex they climbed. On the floor of the factory, forty or fifty feet below, was a glass furnace; for many days the workmen had been heating this great retort until they had brought it to a temperature of three thousand degrees Fahrenheit. In it were fifteen tons of molten glass. When the foot-hall game had been in progress some twenty minutes, one of its exciting incidents suddenly swayed the crowd upon the glass-works roof. The frail

ventilator gave way, and like a flash its load of human flesh was precipitated upon the white-hot furnaces below. Some of the more fortunate victims fell to the floor outside of the furnaces, only fracturing their skulls and breaking their bones. Others clung to beams and rafters. But many fell upon the furnaces and were roasted alive. The workmen had great difficulty in rescuing them, as even heavy planks went up in smoke before the fiery heat, and pieces of sheet iron had to be used for bridges over which the burning bodies were hauled with pokers. Even then the workmen were badly burned.

Fourteen of those who fell from the roof were killed instantly; in not many hours there was a total of twenty-one deaths; nearly a hundred were injured—most of them seriously.

Here is the narrative of Mark Lee, a youth who fell with two companions, but whose coat caught on a projecting timber, and who thus was saved: "It was the most horrible sight I ever witnessed," said Lee, as he was waiting to be treated. "I felt the roof sinking, but before anything could be done the whole place seemed to drop from under us, and I found myself hanging in the air over what appeared to be a burning pit. My two companions fell upon the top of the oven, and were simply roasted before my eyes. I reached down and tried to pull one of the boys off, but could not do it, and had to hang there over them while they roasted to death."

This unparalleled disaster was, of course, totally unforeseen. No one could provide against it, says the community. No one is to blame, say the authorities. An attempt has been made to show that the glass-works people were responsible for allowing the crowd to mount upon their roof. They proved, however, that they had attempted ineffectually to keep the crowd off. Another attempt has been made to show that the glass-works employees had admitted spectators for a fee. Even had they done so, the glass-works proprietors were still not responsible, as their employees were not "agents acting within the scope of their own employment," as a certain famous and very peculiar decision of the California supreme court holds. Therefore it would seem to the superficial observer as if the authorities were right—as if there were no responsibility—as if it were the old story of "nobody to blame."

But there is somebody to blame. Let us see who is responsible. One of the dangers of civilization is the herding of human beings in vast masses. Man is the only animal who so pollutes the air and the soil as to render it poisonous to himself and his fellows. Civilization provides for that danger. Pipes bring pure water, drains carry away polluted water. In a state of nature man is exposed to attacks from ferocious animals and ferocious men. Civilization provides for that danger also. The natural right of defense which man retains in a state of nature he surrenders when he becomes a part of a civilized community; he deposes that right to the officers of the law. Even in civilized communities there are thugs, garroters, burglars. The civilized man does not go perpetually armed against these enemies of society, as does the savage man against his natural enemies. The community protects the civilized man.

But there are other dangers of civilization—dangers from the massing of large numbers of people in theatres, churches, and other buildings, at celebrations, reviews, and at athletic sports like the one which has just been clouded by the appalling accident in San Francisco. These are dangers which are inadequately provided against in our American scheme of civilization.

In American civilization the theory of individualism is carried to its extreme. The old frontier days, first in the Atlantic States, then in the Prairie States, and lastly in the Pacific States, made it necessary for every man to protect himself and his family against savage beasts and still more savage Indians. The traditions of these frontier days have made American men prone to look out for themselves. The extreme self-reliance and independence of both men and women in pioneer communities is an admirable trait. But in the complex conditions of life in crowded cities it has its drawbacks. As civilized man in cities must surrender his rights of defense against criminals to the officers of the law, so must he surrender some of his extreme independence of action and freedom of movement. But this does not appeal to the American mind. Protection to the American is irksome. He dislikes to be taken care of. All over the United States express trains dash through large towns on grade crossings. In New Jersey the curious spectacle is presented of trains running at fifty miles an hour through the main streets of cities larger than Oakland or Sacramento. When foreigners speak to Americans about this remarkable indifference to human safety, the cynical answer is that "people must keep on the track." In the Old World, railways are carried

through towns either by depressed or elevated ways—never on the grade of the street or turnpike. To such an extreme does European paternalism go that the people are protected in spite of themselves. To cross a railway track at other than the permitted places means to be arrested and fined. At a large station near London, like Clapham Junction, for example, if you are on the east side of the track and wish to cross to the west side for an up-train, it is not so simple as it would be in America. In this country the way to cross the track is to cross the track. In England you must walk down the line some distance, climb a flight of stairs, cross a lofty bridge, descend another flight of stairs, and walk up the line on the west side of the track to a point opposite where you started from. Similar methods prevail in most European stations. Impatient Americans frequently try to evade the prohibition and take a short cut. It generally results in their taking a short cut to jail, particularly in Germany. In the great cities of the United States there are now, of course, stations where similar regulations are enforced. They have to be. Were it otherwise there would be great loss of life. But the fact remains that throughout most of the United States the old careless fashions prevail of maintaining no safeguards about railway tracks and throwing the responsibility of protection entirely on the individual.

This theory of the ability of the individual to protect himself will not hold good in conditions of high civilization. The individual in a great city is in many respects like a child. If a parent permits an infant to wander upon a railway track and the child is injured by a passing train, the law holds that the parent is responsible for the injury to the child by the doctrine of "contributory negligence"—that the child being unable to take care of himself, the parent should take care of him. Large crowds in large cities are like children. They must be handled as such. When a community, through its police department, permits crowds of men and boys to go to such horrible deaths as those at the Thanksgiving game, that community, like the negligent parent with its child, is guilty of contributory negligence.

To sum up—to the lax ideas of personal freedom which tinge our American civilization is due the appalling death-list of Thanksgiving Day. The American youth is taught by implication to believe that he may go wherever he can climb; that the owner of buildings or fences has only a theoretical control over his own premises; that a policeman or "cop" can not arrest anybody unless it is for a specific act and with a specific paper called a warrant; that the prevention by a police officer of absolute freedom of movement in any direction is an outrage on the individual. The American police officer, having imbibed similar views in youth, implicitly believes in them himself; the American police officer therefore rarely attempts to restrain anybody from doing anything; he too believes that such restraint would be an un-American attack upon individual freedom; the American police officer believes that his duty is not to prevent violations of the law, but to allow the law-breaker to go on and do something and then arrest him after he has done it.

The police officers at the foot-ball game knew that the crowd had no business on the glass-works roof. Even if they had the permission of the proprietors, they still would have had no business there. As it was, they were there against the protest of the proprietors, who sent an appeal to the police for their removal, but too late. Had the police prevented them from invading these premises they might possibly have struck a blow at the extreme freedom of the individual, but they would have saved some scores of human beings from being mangled, crushed, and roasted to death.

There is sufficient evidence in events of the late campaign and in the tentative squabbles over the re-organization of the Democracy to lead impartial observers to the belief that the final dissolution of the Democratic party, as it has been known for a century, may be a feature of national politics in the near future. The outlook now for the continuance of the organization is particularly hopeless, and fears for its fate can not be dissipated by merely referring to its own history and that of other parties. It is true that the Democratic party unexpectedly survived a signal discomfiture in 1840; that it came quickly back to the surface after being submerged in a flood of belligerent factions in 1860; that four years after an overwhelming defeat, in 1872, it came within one electoral vote of placing its candidate in the Presidential chair. But it must be remembered that the present troubles of the party differ from those of its previous history, and can not be diagnosed by precedent.

The character of the Democratic party has always been that of negation. It never originated and completed constructive legislation. Its sphere has been that of opposi-

tion, and its aims destructive of the achievements of its opponents. What is new in its position is that the party has fallen into the hands of political visionaries. Whatever its former failings may have had for their root, this is an experience wholly unprecedented. The men in control of its machinery are closely allied with socialistic and populist elements, and depend upon fusion with them and on the party name for its strength at the polls. That fusion can not last. The leaders must steer the party on one course or the other, if it survives, and that is where the trouble lies. It will be found impossible to decide upon the course. On the one hand is Bryanism with its followers, having a firm hold on the organization, contending that the party is theirs and that all the old and disgusted elements must return meekly to their fold. This faction, represented by two or three leaders, makes a vain show of continuing a hopeless struggle for a thoroughly discredited cause. On the other side are the old-line Democrats, many of whom supported Bryan solely to be in at the re-organization which they hoped would follow defeat. These now say, in effect, that Bryanism, typified by free coinage, hostility to the supreme court, alliance with experimental politics, and appeals to class hatred, must cease; that the old party must return to its early principles, which consist in lying low and watching for a chance to take advantage of any blunders on the part of a Republican administration. In short, it must again become the party of negation and opportunism. They recognize that its attempts under Bryan to become a party of construction have ended in disaster.

There is no sign of conciliation between these factions. Conservative Democrats will not again follow Bryan under the banners of populism and socialism, and the Bryan wing declines to admit them to the councils of the party until they clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes. The name and the party is in danger of dwindling away into oblivion or of finding itself wholly engulfed in socialism, while a new party may arise to take the place of opposition vacated by the defunct Democracy.

The message of the President, presented at the opening of the last session of the Fifty-Sixth Congress last Monday, is an extended statement of present conditions and the development during the past year of issues concerning the government, with recommendations for legislation on some important questions. In spite of its length, it is a clear and interesting summary.

The paper opens with a congratulatory reference to our individual and national prosperity, and takes up as a leading topic the complications in China. The causes of the Boxer uprising against foreign residents and influence are noted, the history of the military operations recited briefly, and the contention of the United States said to be for the redress of wrongs, and for concessions that shall insure permanent peace and safety, with the preservation of the territorial entity of the Chinese Empire. The good-will of France and Germany is assumed, the Alaska boundary question is given two short paragraphs, the development of Japan, the ratification of The Hague convention by sixteen powers, the progress of a general treaty of friendship with Spain, and the special commercial agreements with several governments, on the lines of our policy of reciprocity, referred to with satisfaction. The progress of efforts looking to the construction of an isthmian canal is called to the attention of Congress, and the Senate is asked to consider the convention with Great Britain to facilitate such construction and remove any objection that might arise out of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

For the six years preceding, annual deficits were reported by the Treasury Department, but this year the receipts have exceeded the expenditures nearly eighty millions of dollars. A reduction in the government expenses is noted, and it is recommended that the revenues be reduced through remission of the most burdensome taxes to the amount of thirty millions. As a means of placing in the front rank of maritime powers the American merchant marine, which last year carried only nine per cent. of our exports and imports, the policy of government aid is commended. The beneficial results of the financial act are recognized, and the duty of Congress to preserve parity between all our forms of money is stated. Restraint upon such combinations of capital as are injurious and within federal jurisdiction is urged upon Congress.

The history of the Philippine Commission and the instructions given the commissioners are quoted from the message to Congress a year ago, and later developments are sketched in outline. Encouragement is found in the advices concerning the establishment of good government in the islands, and it is suggested that any legislation in respect to this subject should be on generous lines. The elections in Cuba, and the framing of the constitution there, are noted, and the results awaited. Reference is made to the surveys

for the Hawaiian cable, with an extension to Manila, and the earlier recommendation for action renewed.

Present conditions in Cuba and the Philippines make it apparent that we need an army of 60,000 or more, and it is suggested that the President be given authority to increase the force to 100,000. The increase of the pension roll is given attention, and the figures quoted—an expenditure of \$138,462,130, which is \$107,077 more than for the preceding year. The good work of the census bureau is commended, and additional aid to the Civil Service Commission is asked.

One of the most striking features of recent industrial development in this State is the growth of the oil industry. No less an authority than Mr. Cooper, the State mineralogist, who has devoted considerable time lately to a study of this industry, has ventured the prophecy that within a short time the oil product will equal in value the gold output of this State. Should this prophecy come true, it is difficult to over-estimate the benefit that would accrue to the State. California's manufacturing development has always been retarded by a lack of coal for fuel. Electrical transmission has given promise of a utilization of the water power in the rivers of the State, but this source of power has its limits. Experiments have established the fact that three barrels of oil, costing one dollar a barrel, are equal as steam-producers to one ton of coal, which costs in this State seven dollars. When the economy of handling is considered, the profit is still further increased.

How much oil can be produced in this State is a question that nobody is yet able to solve. It has been found along the Coast Range and in the great central valley of the State as far south as San Diego County and as far north as Humboldt, and in all the intervening country. Almost daily new discoveries are reported, and new districts are continually being developed. One of the most interesting features of the development is the fact that oil deposits are being found in sections of the State that were heretofore considered valueless, and land that was sold for four or five dollars an acre, when a purchaser could be found, is now worth four and five thousand dollars an acre. Though oil deposits have been known to exist in this State for many years, and the first attempts to exploit these deposits commercially date back more than forty years, it is only recently that the industry has assumed any proportions. Lack of knowledge of the proper methods of working, which differ from those employed in the Eastern States, has been the cause of this. In 1891 the petroleum production of this State amounted to only 323,600 barrels. In 1895 it had increased to 1,245,399; in 1899 it was 2,677,875, and though it is yet too early this year to obtain any accurate figures as to the output, it is estimated at 6,000,000 barrels, for this has been a year of extreme activity. During the month of September 200 new wells were completed, with a product of 5,000 barrels, and about 375 wells were reported as being drilled.

The value of oil produced in this State may be placed at one dollar a barrel. The oil produced in Eastern States ranges higher in value than this, but it is on a paraffine basis and can be refined for illuminating purposes. Nearly all the oil discovered in this State has been on an asphalt basis and is useful principally for fuel. This, however, is the use most needed here. Nor can the company that develops the property count upon receiving one dollar for each barrel produced. Many wells are located far away from the lines of railways, and there is a payment to be made for the use of pipe-lines and tanking facilities. Nevertheless, the pipe-line companies furnish an investment for local capital, and one dollar may be accepted as the increment to the wealth of the State coming from each barrel produced. It is not probable that the price will be reduced for many years to come. Both the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé railroad companies are changing their engines to oil-burners as rapidly as they can be guaranteed a sufficiency of oil. Manufacturing concerns in all parts of the State are waiting only for the development of the industry to make a similar change. When a sufficient quantity of this cheap fuel can be depended upon, manufacturing industries will receive an impetus that will create a demand for all the oil that can be produced. Allowing for all these considerations, however, it is evident that it will be many years before the oil industry will rival gold mining in the total value of its output. If the estimated product for this year is correct, it will amount in value to only \$6,000,000. The output would have to be increased at least three-fold to equal the gold product.

There is in London a Bureau for the Detection of Fraudulent Mendicants which is very useful. A similar institution exists in San Francisco, in the shape of the Associated Charities. In its office at 601 Commercial Street, corner of Montgomery, the Associated Charities have already records of twenty-two

thousand cases of persons seeking charity, and these records are placed at the disposal of all churches, societies, and individuals. If any frauds are developed among those seeking aid, the Associated Charities officers expose them. There are many people who desire to give aid to the deserving, but dislike to help clever swindlers. Let such place themselves in touch with the Associated Charities, and they can see that their alms go where it is deserved, and can also thwart the ends of fraudulent beggars. The business man who is hard pressed for time might place a card upon his door stating that he referred all calls for aid to the Associated Charities, and he would save time and money.

The following questions touch upon subjects that are by some deemed unimportant, but none the less they are frequently discussed with more earnestness than graver ones:

CLEVELAND, O., November 26, 1900.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: A controversy regarding the correct form for addressing letters to a widow, as well as to the form on her visiting-card, has arisen. Will you answer the following questions?

A says that legally and in business transactions a widow must use her own name—i. e., Mary Smith; but that socially it is correct and proper to have her visiting-card engraved with her husband's name—i. e., Mrs. John Smith, even though Mr. Smith were dead; and that it is also optional with her and correct form, should she so desire, to continue to have her letters so directed. Otherwise, how distinguish a widow from a divorcee?

B says that a widow must use her given name to be correct, and that all women prefer it so, and do not wish to continue using their husband's name on cards, nor to have their envelopes so directed to them.

Which is right, speaking from a social standpoint only—the legal side of the question is not in dispute. By answering in your valued paper you will oblige
A. C. S.

When Mary Brown marries John Doe Smith her name is Mary Brown (Smith), although for reasons of conventionality and convenience she will be called "Mrs. John Doe Smith." When John Doe Smith dies, her name will continue to be Mary Brown Smith, although for reasons of conventionality, convenience, and sentiment she may be called "Mrs. John Doe Smith." But although this may be her style or title it is not her name. A widow who is old or elderly is loath to lay aside her dead husband's name. Use has so bred a habit in her that she often hears it until she joins him in the other world. The community sympathizes with her in her attachment to her dead partner's name, and uses it because she does. Such a survival of a dead man's name often survives even a subsequent marriage—Mrs. Mark Hopkins was often spoken of as "Mrs. Hopkins-Searles." This again was for convenience: the community desired to differentiate in Hopkinses, and indicate clearly which Mrs. Hopkins and which Mrs. Searles was meant.

On the other hand, a widow who is not elderly has often borne her dead husband's name so short a time that insensibly it drops from her rounded shoulders with her widow's weeds. People often forget an old widow's maiden name. They always remember a young widow's maiden name. Even in her husband's life-time the young wife is often spoken of by her girlhood's name. Therefore, when John Doe Smith dies leaving a young widow she speedily becomes known as Mary Brown Smith.

All this is matter of usage, based upon conventionality and convenience. But there is another and more decisive phase to the matter—entirely omitting, as our correspondent requests, the legal side. It is this: There are instances where the widow can no longer bear her husband's full name, style, and title, because it is no longer hers. When a man dies he ceases to own anything—even his name. His name goes to his son, if he leaves one, not to his widow. If John Doe Smith dies leaving a married son named John Doe Smith, the title "Mrs. John Doe Smith" belongs to the son's wife, and not to the father's widow. This contingency may not often arise, but when it does it settles at once the question of ownership.

But all these questions are matters of usage, and not of law. Therefore, in reply to our correspondent's first question, we will say: That whether a widow calls herself on her cards "Mary Brown Smith" or "Mrs. John Doe Smith," her friends must accede to her wishes in addressing letters, and must call her what she calls herself.

In speaking of the recent decision of the superior court holding that certain offices in the consolidated government of this city and county are county offices, and therefore controlled by the State laws governing county offices, Superintendent of Schools Webster made a very pithy remark when he said that many people seem to have forgotten that this city is still a portion of the State of California. This particular form of forgetfulness seems to have afflicted the committee of one hundred and the subsequent board of freeholders that prepared the charter for this city. Under the theory of government that obtains in this country, the county is a branch of the State government, and its functions are essentially a part of the governmental activities of the State. It is immaterial that the territorial limits of the

city are practically coterminous with the boundaries of the county. There are two distinct sets of governmental functions and two distinct sets of officers to administer them. The sheriff, for instance, is the county officer corresponding to the chief of police in a municipality. It is his duty to execute the orders of the superior court, which is recognized as a branch of the State government, just as it is the duty of the police department to enforce the municipal ordinances. The county clerk, in the same way, is the clerical officer of the superior court. The duties of the recorder and the assessor are essentially the performance of State rather than municipal functions. The charter that was adopted for the government of this city two years ago was undoubtedly a well-meaning instrument, but it was not well conceived, and experience with it is bringing out many defects. Home rule for cities in regard to their local and purely municipal affairs may be well enough, but it does not involve absolute divorce from and independence of the State government, of which San Francisco always has been and always must remain a part.

A committee of twenty-two has recently visited the Big Basin in Santa Cruz County with a view to determining its value as a government forest reserve, and the price at which title to it can be obtained. They report that twenty-three hundred acres can be obtained for one hundred dollars an acre, and this in two bodies about two and one-half miles apart. The Big Basin includes an area of some thirteen thousand acres, and unless the entire property were included, a forest reserve would be of very little value. There are about forty owners of the entire property, and the committee has evidently negotiated with only one or two of the larger holders. The original idea of the Sempervirens Club, which has had this proposition in hand, was to include in the reserve not only the Big Basin, which contains practically the only primeval forest of the Sempervirens that remains, but also a considerable tract of land in San Mateo County, covering the water-shed of the Pescadero and other creeks to which San Francisco is liable to have to look for its water supply in the near future. The proposition of securing this land piecemeal is not likely to command support. In the first place, one hundred dollars an acre is an exorbitant price. No timber land, particularly when it is located as this is, at a distance from the railroad, will command any such price. In the second place, anything less than the entire water-shed is practically valueless as a reserve. The federal government can not be counted upon for any assistance. It has been the policy of Congress to reserve from sale considerable tracts of the public domain as national parks, but it has never yet purchased lands, the title to which has passed to private persons, for governmental reserves. Should the Calaveras grove be purchased, it will be the one exception to the rule; but many Congressmen feel that the preservation of the Calaveras grove, as well as of the Big Basin forest, is a matter in which California is directly interested, and in which it should act without asking assistance. Nor can much assistance be looked for from the State government. The purchase of this reserve would stand as a precedent for all sorts of raids upon the treasury in favor of any proposition that could offer an excuse or present a motive. If the Big Basin reserve is to become a reality, private subscription must at least furnish the initiative.

READY December 12th.—"ARGONAUT LETTERS," by Jerome A. Harl, is a collection of gossip sketches written from abroad in the spring and summer of 1900. The sketches make a volume of about five hundred pages, handsomely printed in large type, on heavy paper. There are over sixty illustrations from photographs. The book is richly bound, with a unique cover design in crimson, black, and gold, by L. M. Upton, of the San Francisco School of Design. As the volume is printed only in response to requests for these letters in permanent form, the edition is a limited one. No plates have been made. It is printed from new type and the type distributed. Those desiring it should therefore order at once. Price, \$2.00. Orders received by mail or telephone. (Telephone No. James 2537.) Address the Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

The annual report of the International Sleeping Car Company, which monopolizes business in Europe, confesses a clear loss of one million dollars on its Paris Exposition enterprises, mainly hotels, restaurants, and special trains. In consequence many big hostels patronized by Englishmen and Americans will probably change hands.

General von Gossler recently declared in the Reichstag that what the German troops were now doing in China was "merely retaliation for what the Huns did to us for centuries."

CONTRA PORRAZO.

The Colonel's Ruse and Its Unexpected Result.

The winter climate of California is very delightful, especially at the great Hotel Balboa, but even there clouds are not unknown and storms occur at times. Similarly the relationship between Colonel Talbot and his daughter Josephine was said by their sentimental friends to be a beautiful one—for they loved each other devotedly, and were seldom separated—nevertheless, it had its periods of disturbance, when they failed to agree, and when each spoke freely according to the family custom.

The colonel was a man of large means, whose home was in an Eastern city. He had taken a suite of rooms in the Balboa for the winter, for a party which consisted of himself, his daughter, aged twenty-three, and his sister, a matron of about his own age. There was also a maid.

The season was about half-over when the trouble between the colonel and Miss Josephine began. The storm centre at the outset was a certain Harry Grandin. Some time later, a second area of disturbance was created around a widow, a Mrs. Bronson, but this was declared by the colonel not to be a genuine *causa belli*, but merely a counter-irritant—and an attempt to get up a side-issue.

According to the material provided at that time on which to base a judgment, Harry Grandin was either a handsome fellow with exquisite manners, who could talk to your very soul, and whom all the other girls wanted; or he was a pestiferous nuisance, that no one knew anything about, a fortune-hunter, most likely, who should he run off the place, if the colonel had his way about it. And the widow, from the same sources, was either a sly, designing creature that penciled her eyelashes and pretended not to know that she was flirting; or she was an estimable person, who minded her own affairs, and was nothing to the colonel, nor he to her, and who ought not to be dragged into this matter.

"It seems very strange," said Josephine, "that the person I love best in all the world, my own father, is the only one that thinks I am a perfect fright."

"I don't think anything of the kind!" cried the colonel, indignantly. "You are an exceptionally handsome woman, as your mother was before you, and I know it, as well as—as you do." He finished with a grin.

"Then why do you always assume that every man that pays me the slightest attention does so merely because of your money?" She heamed on him, as one does who has scored.

"I don't assume it of every one—" began the colonel. "That is not rich and bald and stupid."

"My dear," said the colonel, solemnly, "there are some things in this world that your old dad knows a little more about than you do, and money is one of them. There are two parts to getting rich. One is to make money, and the other is to hold on to it. The first of these is easy enough, but the second is deadly hard. Who was the Englishman who said that whenever he woke up in the morning in the city of Paris and suddenly remembered that the place contained, according to police statistics, over sixty thousand people who would rob him if they got a chance, it threw him into a blue funk? Now I have some money, I admit; there is enough to allow us to take life easily, and to do pretty much as we please, within reason. I have put it in the best possible shape to leave to you when I pass out. But how long do you think it will all last, if some rascally young spendthrift should have a chance at it, as your husband? So I would rather suspect ninety-nine innocent ones than have you caught on the hundredth one who would play the mischief with your happiness."

"You must be pretty well through with the ninety-nine," said Josephine.

"Like enough," said her father. "In that case, our young friend Grandin must be the hundredth that is specially to be looked out for."

"Now to go back to the point from which this talk started," said Josephine, "I believe I told you that there was to be a fishing-party to-morrow, and that Mr. Grandin asked Aunt Harriet and me to go. What do you think?"

"Do just as you please about it," said the colonel. "You can't lure me into forbidding things, so as to make it interesting. I am merely giving you a little tip, Dodie, my dear, because I love you."

Miss Josephine flung herself over the arm of the colonel's chair, and put her arms about his neck. "Oh, dad, I love you, too. Sometimes I almost wish that there wasn't any money for us to get all mixed up about."

"Stick to that 'almost,' Dodie."

"And, say, dad; you don't mind me giving you a tip, do you?"

The colonel looked a little uncomfortable.

"It's about the widow, you know."

"Whom do you mean?" he asked with dignity; "Mrs. Bronson?"

"Who else? You are not interested in more than one widow, are you? I heard the other day that her first was a butcher. Think of it—the poor little lamb!"

"He was a Kansas City meat-man," said the colonel, indignantly; "and I should think you and your aunt might find something better to spend your time in than gossip."

Whenever the conversation shifted to the subject of the widow, Colonel Talbot felt himself at a great disadvantage, as is always the case with simple innocence, when it is called upon to face adroit insinuation and the suspicion that lurks in a tone rather than in the spoken words. It is true that he admired Mrs. Bronson, for she was pretty, and dressed in modest, becoming style, and she was a bright and entertaining talker. Yes, he must admit that he liked her best of all the women at the Balboa; the others, who were of suitable age for companionship, were too dull, or were taken up with daughters, or devoted to complaining husbands. Her father had been a Loyal Legion man, as he was, and she could remember something of the war—just enough for him

to fix her age as fifteen years less than his own—and this gave one fruitful topic of conversation. She admired Scott and Dickens, and disdained the "new stuff," as he did. Longfellow was her favorite poet—and his. Her tastes and interests were simple and domestic, yet she was greatly diverted by the colonel's experiences in business and politics. The other women were civil to her, but a little distant. This may have been due to the suspicious hints let fall by Josephine and her aunt, or it may have arisen simply from the fact that she was a widow. All single women and most married ones think that the widow should take her place on the funeral pyre, beside the body of the husband, after the Indian fashion.

When the fishing-party had departed, the next morning, the colonel betook himself to the howling-alley, whither none but a few old enthusiasts ever came. At one end of the long room, in a little alcove, there was a window that looked out over the ocean. The widow was fond of this quiet, secluded spot, and on days when Josephine and her aunt were away, the colonel usually found her there. She had a soft crêpe shawl over her rounded shoulders, and she was hushy over a headed purse.

She scarcely looked up from her work as he approached and seated himself by her side. "Are you going to play?" she asked; and he replied, according to the regular formula: "Presently. May I sit here?"

"Certainly." She looked innocently beyond him, toward the alley. "Did your daughter come down with you?" Miss Josephine never played.

"She has gone fishing with her aunt and the rest of them. Why didn't you go, too?"

As a matter of fact, the widow had not been asked. "I do not care for fishing," she said, and as she did so, she baited her hook with a sweet smile and threw it out toward him. The colonel's old heart gave a youthful jump, and his hand trembled a little, as he re-adjusted his eye-glasses.

"I took pains to find out whether you were to be of the party," said he; "and when I found you were not going, I decided that I did not care for fishing, myself."

This was nibbling at rather close range, but the widow pretended not to notice it. She did not lift her long eyelashes even the hundredth part of an inch, which gave the colonel all the better opportunity to admire them. And through the whole morning he circled round and round the bait, but he did not bite, perhaps by reason of an instinct that had come down to him from the gay days of his youth, and perhaps because she was not ready to land him yet.

It is about a half a mile from the boat-landing to the entrance of the Balboa. As the fishing-party walked this distance one small detachment, consisting of Miss Josephine and Mr. Grandin, fell so far behind and moved so slowly that even the sympathetic Aunt Harriet glared fiercely at them as they came upon the steps.

Mr. Grandin was another who did not care much for fishing. He was saying: "People were altogether too thick in that heastly little boat. I have not had a word alone with you all day."

"Anything to say?"

"Only the same thing."

"You may say it just once."

"I love you."

"Walk faster; I can see my father looking at us from the corner of the piazza."

"And the widow is with him—your step-mamma that is to be."

"Don't you dare to say it. If I thought so, I would marry the first man that asked me."

"I will be the first."

"Oh, Mrs. Fuller, we have had such a lovely day. Mr. Grandin and I stopped to see if we could arrange to have all the fish we caught sent to the poor people."

Next morning a letter and a newspaper lay beside the colonel's plate when he came down to breakfast a little in advance of his daughter and sister. He recognized the same address on both—that of his attorney in the Eastern city where he resided—and he broke the seal of the letter with some eagerness:

"MY DEAR COLONEL: I got the stuff printed in the *Times*, just as you asked, though they would not use your name. It points to you plainly enough, however. I don't understand the game, but you probably know what you are doing. Is there a hen on in the Blue Elephant? Should I buy or sell? Sounds funny to read that the failure of the mine will affect your fortunes, remembering, as I do, how cleverly you sneaked out of it unscathed a year ago."

"As you requested, I have started an inquiry about the young man Grandin, and will be ready to report on him in a few days. What is the matter? Another moth at Josephine's flame? My dear fellow, I have told you a thousand times that you are too suspicious."

"Yours, A. G. W."

Then the colonel unfolded the newspaper and, finding the marked passage, read as follows:

"POLITICS IS MONEY.—It is rumored that the true reason for the sudden withdrawal of a well-known citizen from the senatorial race, and his departure for California, was not at all his friendship for the governor, as was alleged at the time, but the disastrous failure of an enterprise in which he was financially involved to a very considerable extent. When the Blue Elephant went to pieces, the event was not supposed to have any political significance, but its largest owner was known to be a certain colonel who is now suddenly out of politics. It costs money to be made a senator in this State, and the pastime is well enough for millionaires. But a fortune that is reduced to bare bones, and which perhaps scarcely exists at all, will not stand such a strain."

The colonel smiled grimly as he read the article, and several times during the course of the breakfast, which he ate by himself, without waiting for the ladies, he chuckled, as though something on his mind was affording him great amusement.

When Miss Josephine and her aunt came into the room, he drew a long face, and, handing his daughter the paper with the marked portion exposed, he said: "It is out at last. Excuse me, but I must go over to the city to be gone all day. Don't worry, my daughter; there is enough for us to live on, in a way." Then he hurried out of the room.

The two women eagerly read the article, and then re-read it to find out what it meant.

"Oh," said Josephine, "it was only yesterday that I said to father that I almost wished he would lose all his money."

"How could you wish such a wicked thing," cried her aunt, reproachfully. "Now you see what has happened."

They were just beginning to read the article through for the third time, when Josephine looked up and said: "Here comes Mr. Grandin."

"Hide it," said her aunt.

"Indeed, I shall not. I intend that he shall see it first of all."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Blake; good-morning, Miss Talbot. May I sit here? I did not see you ladies anywhere last evening."

"We played 'porrazo' in our rooms with the colonel and Mr. Edmunds. Do you play 'porrazo,' Mr. Grandin?"

"I tried it once, Mrs. Blake; but I do not approve of a game where you lay down a card and say 'porrazo,' with great triumph, only to have the next person to you lay down another card and say 'contra porrazo,' and take it all away from you. Where is the colonel, by the way?"

"He has gone to the city for the day."

"There is something here that I wish you to read, Mr. Grandin," said Josephine, handing him the paper.

The young man read the article, and brought his lips together in a hunch.

"This refers to Colonel Talbot, I take it," said he.

Josephine nodded.

"And it means that he has lost his money?"

Josephine nodded again, and her aunt looked sadly into her coffee-cup.

"Does this involve you in any way, Mrs. Blake?"

"Not at all."

Mr. Grandin smiled cheerfully.

"I suppose I ought to be decently sympathetic," said he, "but it is desperately hard work. This affects no one, it appears, but Colonel Talbot, and my regard for him is entirely by proxy. I am ready to take his loving daughter's word for it that he is a delightful character, but he has never shown that side of himself to me."

"But it affects me," cried Josephine. "Don't you see that?"

"Not a hit of it," said Mr. Grandin. "I am going to take care of you, and I have a great plenty." Mrs. Blake looked up in surprise, and he addressed himself to her. "This is a matter which I would have taken up with Colonel Talbot, if he had ever given me a chance, but his manner toward me during the last week or so has been such as to make it impossible for me to address him on any subject. I don't blame him. I am sure that if I had such a precious object to guard, I should be a Cerberus, too."

He took a card from his pocket and wrote some names upon it. "Here is a hank," said he, "and a firm of attorneys, and a well-known business house, all of them located in the city where I live. Now if the colonel wishes to make inquiry of any of these he will find out, I think, all that he needs to know about me as a son-in-law."

Mrs. Blake picked the card up doubtfully and placed it in the bag that hung at her side. She stood a good deal in awe of her brother.

When the young people were alone a few minutes later, Josephine said: "I heard where you were last evening."

Grandin shook his head sadly. "What a small place a big hotel is," he said.

"Are you anxious to make yourself still more unpopular with my father?"

"I wanted to see what sort of a step-mother-in-law I was likely to have—that was all."

"What do you think of her?"

"I agree with you. She won't do at all. Something must be—by Jove! Where is that paper? Let me have it for a while, will you? I have an idea."

He took the paper and went off in search of the widow, whom he presently found sitting alone. She liked attentions from young men, and Grandin was a delightful talker.

A second letter from "A. G. W.," which arrived a day or two later, conveyed to the colonel some information about Mr. Grandin that caused him to open wide his eyes and whistle softly to himself. The colonel was not exactly a worshiper of wealth, but he found it easy to respect a man who was worth several times as much money as he was, and he started out immediately to apologize, and make amends. In his search he came upon the widow, honneted and cloaked and accompanied by her maid.

"Good-by," she cried, airily, "I am off."

"Off!" exclaimed the colonel, in astonishment. "He had seen but little of her during the last few days, but had supposed that was due to accident."

"Yes, to the Pizarro and then back East," she said.

"Thank you and your dear daughter and sister for being so kind to me." Her manner was patronizing, not to say contemptuous, and the colonel, who had grown accustomed to her soft, confiding ways, was too astounded to do anything except stare at her as she vanished down the corridor.

Mr. Grandin would listen to no apologies or explanations, but grasped the colonel's hand and shook it warmly. Then they had a brandy and soda together.

"That newspaper story," said the colonel, "was a fake. I did not lose anything in the Blue Elephant."

"You didn't," cried Mr. Grandin; and he laughed.

"No," said the colonel; and he explained how and why he had secured its publication. At this Mr. Grandin laughed a good deal more.

"You see," said the colonel, "I have always had a horror of a marriage in my family with any kind of a mercenary element in it. If such a marriage could be avoided by a little ruse like that, I thought I would be justified in resorting to it. Don't you agree with me?"

Mr. Grandin laughed again, but he said that he entirely agreed with the colonel. He had heard of the widow's departure, a little while before, and he knew that that danger was passed. He reserved his part of the confession however until some other occasion when it might be needed.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1900. PHILIP FIRMIN.

ANECDOTES OF HENRY GEORGE.

Courtship and Runaway Marriage—Personal Danger He Encountered as Editor of the San Francisco Evening Post—Humorous Incidents of His Lecture Tours.

Henry George, Jr., was especially fitted to write "The Life of Henry George," for his father's journals and unpublished autobiographic writings were extremely full, and he himself was intimately associated with the elder George's work during the latter years of his life. The volume is divided into three periods, the first dealing with Henry George's boyhood and life at sea, during which his character began to take shape, and his fierce struggle with poverty in California during his early married life; the second telling how he came to write and publish the book which first made him known throughout the country; and the third showing what he accomplished as an author and lecturer and in the field of politics, which taxed his great energies to the utmost till his sudden death during the New York mayoralty campaign of 1897.

Perhaps the most interesting chapters of Mr. George's biography are those which deal with his father's early life in California, especially his romantic wooing of Miss Annie Fox, who was left under the practical guardianship of her uncle, Matthew McCloskey. When young George first met Miss Fox she was engaged to a gifted and handsome young man, who had promise of a competency; but, under his ardent courtship a change of feeling came over her. This was in 1861, when George was in his twenty-second year.

One day Henry George said he had just heard his rival's love-story, and that he thought the other man ought to have the right to press his suit, and that he himself ought to withdraw. The lady intimated that the other gentleman had few friends at court, whereas Mr. George was well represented. The young printer needed no further word of encouragement, and at all hours, early in the morning, at midday, or late at night, he came dropping in at the Flintoff's, on Twelfth Street, near Polson, until unexpectedly the storm broke, and Matthew McCloskey, who came out that night to his brother-in-law's, told Mr. George that until he could show more evidence of prosperity—he was now out of the *Evening Journal*, and, indeed, of all regular employment—he should make his visits less frequent. The young fellow replied with spirit, and the two quick, hot-tempered men would have come to blows had not Miss Fox, who had been the terrified spectator of the quarrel, rushed between them. Her uncle, forgetting that his brother-in-law and not he was master there, ordered the young man from the house, and forbade him ever again to enter it.

Much of that night Miss Fox spent praying, and next morning, December 3, 1861—a stormy, rainy morning—when Henry George came out, she said that she would no longer remain under the roof of either of her uncles, and had resolved to go to Los Angeles and accept a position as teacher in the school of the Sisters of Charity.

The young man said: "If you go, I'll not see you." To which the girl replied that since she could not stay with her relatives in San Francisco, she saw nothing else to do. The young man drew from his pocket a single coin. "Annie," said he, solemnly, "that is all the money I have in the world. Will you marry me?"

She gravely answered: "If you are willing to undertake the responsibilities of marriage, I will marry you."

Mr. George told her, when he came later in the day, that at nightfall he would send a carriage for her to the door inquiring for "Mrs. Brown," and that she should be ready at once to leave.

All day long she sat in the parlor of Joseph Flintoff's house waiting for night and the carriage, while Henry George was off telling some of his friends of the matter, getting credit for two weeks' board for two persons, borrowing a little money and some better-appearing clothes than his own, and hiring a carriage. There was some difficulty about the carriage, for when the driver grasped the fact that he was about to take part in a runaway marriage, and that he was to get into the very thick of it by inquiring at the door for "Mrs. Brown," he declined, saying that he already had "a bullet in one leg" for participating in another just such affair. But he agreed to hold his conveyance in readiness at a discreet distance from the residence. Isaac Trump, one of George's Sturbridge friends, with coat-collar turned up and soft-felt hat drawn down, went to Mr. Flintoff's residence and asked for "Mrs. Brown." Miss Fox was ready, and followed him out, handing him a heavy cloth-covered package, which from its form and feeling he afterward said he thought must be boxes of jewels, but which to his astonishment turned out to be the "Household Book of Poetry," and all the other volumes that Henry George had given the young lady, she preferring to take these to any other of her personal possessions. Presently Mr. George joined them and they proceeded to the carriage where the lady that Isaac Trump was engaged to marry was awaiting them. Rev. S. D. Simonds, the Methodist clergyman whom Henry George had been going to hear the year before, was to perform the ceremony. But he was out of town at that hour and would not be back until nine that night. The party, therefore, went to a restaurant to supper. After the repast they walked to Mr. Simonds's little Methodist church, called the "Bethel." The night was bright with moonlight, but wet under foot from the day's storm, and when they came to a pool, Henry George lifted his bride-elect over it—a babble which the young man continued, at night at least, for many years. Charles Coddington and Mrs. Simonds, the wife of the clergyman, were waiting at the church. James George could not get there, but his newly wedded wife, Sophia George, came and brought his hearty good wishes.

Miss Fox, a Catholic in good standing, would have preferred her own church for the place of the marriage.

Fearing the delay that that seemed to present, she was willing to have Mr. George's Methodist friend, Rev. Mr. Simonds, perform the ceremony, though soon afterward in Sacramento she had Rev. Nathaniel Gallagher, of St. Rose's Church, give the Catholic sanction. Broad-minded man that the Rev. Mr. Simonds was, he voluntarily read the service of the Episcopal Church, in which the bridegroom had been bred, and which, as he said, "more nearly approached the Catholic" than his own short Methodist service. And in this way Henry George and Annie Fox—the one twenty-two, the other eighteen—became husband and wife, the ring being the one used at the wedding of Miss Fox's grandmother. When the ceremony was over, Mr. George wrote out and sent advertisements to all the newspapers; and the clergyman took down Charles Coddington's name as one of the witnesses. He then turned to Mr. Trump, who was to be second witness, but whom he did not know. "I. Trump," the witness responded. "I perceive that you do," said the clergyman, "but what is your name?" and it was several minutes before the reverend gentleman could be made to believe that the witness was not joking, and that "I" stood for "Isaac."

There was no honeymoon trip for this bridal pair; indeed, the young groom arose at five o'clock next morning to go out and look for work. This he found as a "sub" type-setter, and worked all day; and in the evening getting another chance, he worked that night until the small hours next morning. By irregular "subbing" of this kind he was able to earn enough to pay their board bills. After a few days, learning of an opening in Sacramento, he went up and got "subbing" work on the *Union*, a morning daily, and earned good wages. He at once sent for his wife, and for a time at least felt some sense of security, though adversity was soon again upon him.

That personal danger attended the editing of an aggressive Western newspaper in the early 'seventies has been often attested, and Mr. George had his share. Ex-Judge Robert

Ferral, one of the editorial writers on the San Francisco *Evening Post*, which was then enjoying a large circulation and was noted for its independence, says of one of these cases:

"I went with Henry George to attend an investigation of the House of Correction, or Industrial School, which was in charge of a brute named George F. Harris. At the gate stood the redoubtable Harris, with his hand on his pistol, looking more like a pirate than the superintendent of a public institution. Without the least hesitation Mr. George walked right up to him, looked the burly ruffian in the eyes, and passed into the yard without a word. All through that investigation Harris avoided the steady, indignant gaze of the brave little man who pressed his charges of brutality and drove him from his position and out of the city."

Another instance of personal danger arose out of the Tarpey case in the beginning of 1873:

Matthew Tarpey, a brutal but affluent land-owner in Monterey County, quarreled with an unoffending woman named Nicholson about a tract of land. He dug a pit, lay in it for hours waiting for her, and shot her in the back and killed her when she took alarm and tried to run away. The country around became fiercely excited, and more so when it was rumored that Tarpey's wealth would clear him as others had been cleared of late, and that the first step would be to move him to another locality for trial. Word went out at once that the citizens would stop that and take the matter in hand themselves, and dispatches came to San Francisco that Tarpey would be lynched. John V. George, Henry's brother, was engaged in the business office of the *Post* and was a witness of what followed. Tarpey money and political influence were strong enough to hush the matter up in the other newspapers, but the *Post* published the news of the intended lynching, and an editorial saying that there would be no regrets if the people should deal out to him the same measure he had meted out to others, and hang him to the nearest tree, as a "ghastly evidence" that there was "still a sense of justice in California." Tarpey's relatives in San Francisco and others of influence came to the office to implore the editor to say no more, and several anonymous letters were received threatening violence if he did not stop, but he would not change his course, and next day, following news of Tarpey's death, he published as a leader an editorial a column and a quarter long, denouncing Tarpey's deed and justifying the lynching. The effect of this was lost by the buying up of a large part of the edition of the paper by the Tarpey partisans. Next day a man, I think named Donally, came to the office inquiring for the editor. My brother was out, and Donally hung around on the sidewalk. When my brother returned, Donally approached and asked him if the article of the day represented his sentiments. My brother answered that it not only represented his sentiments, but that he himself wrote it, whereupon Donally impeached the article, and called its author a liar. My brother struck him in the face, though Donally was a much larger and heavier man. The bystanders interfered, and Donally left. Nothing came of this, although there was talk for a time of violence to the editor of the *Post*. But the paper did not change its front, and short editorials on the Tarpey matter kept appearing.

The dislike of his younger manhood to social forms Mr. George never conquered:

He could not endure the accompanying rapid, small talk. Moreover, he found the necessity of giving special attention to his raiment particularly irksome, a dress-coat and its adjuncts amounting to an affliction; but he nevertheless tried to bear these ills with tranquility, because, as he reasoned, to conform to the small, polite usages tended to disarm antagonism to his crusade against giant wrongs in the vast body politic and body social. Yet a preoccupied mind often interfered with the carrying out of his good intentions, as for instance, when he appeared at a reception at his home in Nineteenth Street with the studs of his shirt-bosom wrong-side out, the ladies of the family being busy with the guests. At a later period, when residing at suburban Fort Hamilton, he spent a whole day in the business portion of New York and the night at the somewhat formal Hotel Waldorf with Tom L. Johnson without discovering that he had been going about with very dusty boots, but he made amends by having them polished before starting back for Fort Hamilton.

This carelessness about dress led to many minor adventures, one of which was in a sleeping-car, of which Mr. George was the sole occupant:

The colored porter, whose livelihood largely depended upon fees from passengers, lamented to him the "po'ness of business." He made out such a deplorable case that Mr. George was inspired to surprise him with a large tip, mentally resolving to give him all the change to his pocket. This proved to be much more than Mr. George expected, and four or five times the customary fee, but he offered it nevertheless. "Dat all fo' me?" exclaimed the man, incredulously, looking from the money to Mr. George's not over-fastidious clothes, and then back to the money. And when Mr. George assured him that all the money was for him, the porter accepted it with a burst of thanks, adding: "I o'fen beard it said, but I never could believe it; yo' never can tell about a frog until yo' see him jump!"

Forgetfulness from preoccupation brought many petty losses:

Once, on a lecturing trip, with mock gravity, he upbraided his wife, who traveled some of the way with him, for forgetting her umbrella at one of the stops. "And what have you to report, sir?" she retorted. A smile swept his gravity aside. "Only that I left my night apparel in one place, my tooth-brush in another, and my overboots with the governor of Missouri." Half an hour later he might have added the loss of his watch, which he left in a hotel at the first stopping-place, though this was speedily recovered. So common were losses of this kind with him that he was positively relieved when he found that other members of the family could lose things, too. Returning with one of his sons from a Western journey, he saluted Mrs. George on reaching home with: "I can see that your children grow more like you every day." "In what way?" asked Mrs. George. "Why, in losing things. Your son here lost our tickets from St. Louis back to New York." Neither Mrs. George nor the son saw much in the loss of two one-thousand-mile tickets to smile at, but to Mr. George the incident had something of humor, because, while the tickets were lost, he himself was not this time the culprit.

Abstraction not uncommonly carried him into a wrong street, took him to a wrong house, and gave a wrong direction to a letter, but perhaps his most surprising experience was while traveling with one of his sons in a sleeping-car from Cincinnati to Cleveland, O.:

They went to bed in opposite, lower berths. Unable to sleep part of the night, Mr. George arose, put on some of his clothes, went to the smoking-section, and enjoyed a cigar. Drowsiness at length creeping upon him, he returned to bed, and slept until the breakfast-call of the porter awoke him in the morning. Reaching across the passage-way, he gave the curtains of the berth opposite a vigorous shake, calling out: "Do you hear the joyful cry?" But instead of his son's voice, a feminine voice replied: "I think you have made some mistake." Mr. George drew back in confusion. He looked about him to get his "bearings," only to find that on returning from his smoke during the night he had taken the berth that some one else had apparently vacated, and so had foisted his night's sleep in wrong quarters.

The volume is supplemented with an elaborate index and some eight well-chosen illustrations, showing Mr. George at five years of age; at about fourteen, when he left school and went to work; two years later, before going to sea; at twenty-six, just after his printing-office experience; and an excellent photograph taken October, 1897, a month before his death.

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ENGLAND'S SURFEIT OF HEROES.

The Host of Returning Generals, Subalterns, and Soldiers in the Ranks—Lord Roberts Still the Popular Favorite—Springs of Sympathy and Joy Ruooig Dry.

England is beginning to feel in a slight measure what it is going to be "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." That is to say "Tommy," not "Johnny"; for the good old song which did such long service during the American Civil War in the 'sixties will have to be altered to suit the requirements of Mr. Atkins. The return of the C. I. V.'s a few weeks ago gave some idea of what it will be when Lord Roberts comes back, although it is to be hoped that London will never again descend to indulgence in such scenes of rowdiness as then occurred. But it is not of a lot of men altogether, like one regiment, or one brigade, for example, that I speak. It is in the individual instances of returned heroes who have come singly or in groups, invalided home from the front, either suffering from wounds or in the convalescent stage of enteric.

Ever since the year began the incapacitated and invalid have been literally pouring into the military hospitals or going to their homes on sick-leave. To hear said of this mao or that: "Oh, he's just home from the front," has grown so stale as no longer to excite any interest in non-hysterical people. That is the worst of it all. There is such a lot of them. You can't go on pumping up sympathy forever. The fund must get exhausted, some time, the well dry up sooner or later. Besides, you can't help thinking after all he's only been working at his trade; what else are soldiers made for but to fight when called upon and get killed or wounded if necessary? Why make such a fuss over it? They ought to be glad, these invalided chaps, that they are alive at all, when one thinks of the thousands killed or dead from fever. I dare say the first half hundred or so who came back to Netley in the first days of the war had the cream of interest and pity showered upon them. But now—well, it is much too old a story.

But what will it be when the entire army returns with Roberts at its head? I imagine, if the truth were honestly told by the English people at large, they would say they dreaded to think about it. Yet, stay. Not about Roberts. I exclude him. He is different. He is the one great hero of the war. The one unqualified success. You have to make no mental reservations when you praise him, to consider no allowances when you add up his achievements. Of course he had an army of three or four to one. But so had Grant. And so had Kitchener at Khartum. It is the way Roberts has done it all, without hitch, or mistake, or set-back. And, withal, his gentle modesty has had much to do with the way he has wound himself round the English heart. And everybody has felt for him in the loss of his only son, just as the father was called upon to take command of the British forces in South Africa, and his having to go right out to the spot where his son was killed and see his new-made grave. And now comes his daughter's serious illness to add more care and anxiety to the brave heart. It is things like these, as well as his splendid military genius, which make "Bohs" the one truly and genuinely popular hero of the war. Nothing short of a dukedom, with a grant of half a million to keep it up, will satisfy his friends and admirers—and that means the English people.

As for Sir Redvers Buller, well, a big effort was made to give him a popular reception the other day when he landed at Southampton. But the English people haven't forgotten Colenso yet, let alone Spion Kop. Besides, Buller's dogged face and surly manner are not the sort of helps a soldier needs to make him liked—at all events, to encourage his countrymen to overlook what they read in those Spion Kop dispatches. Poor Gatacre came home the other day, like a naughty hoy. Yet, for one, can not see why. He was certainly no worse than a lot of others. Yes, it quite bewilders one when one begins to think merely of the generals there will be to have pointed out to one wherever one goes—"that's Hunter!" or "that's Lyttelton!" or "there's French!" or "there's Clerly!" or "look at Kelly-Kenny!" or "isn't that Methuen?"

But, no, it won't do to include Methuen. But there's plenty without him. Then think of the colonels and majors and captains and lieutenants. One almost pities the poor subalterns as being dreadfully small potatoes in the returned-hero line of business, until one recollects the non-coms. and privates. It is indeed bewildering, and it is a matter of genuine concern as to how the chaps who didn't go to the front are going to survive it. Perhaps they may find their plight not so bad, as a sort of antidote to and pleasant relief from the returned-hero surfeit.

LONDON, November 16, 1900.

COCKAIGNE.

Within two years the quantity of cigarettes smoked has decreased ninety-five per cent. (says a prominent tobacco manufacturer). Public sentiment is against cigarettes. The laws forbidding their sale to boys or prohibiting their sale entirely in so many cities of the country have had much to do with it. One cause of the decline of the cigarette is the universal condemnation of the physicians. The injury is said to be in the inhaling. It took almost sixteen years for cigarettes to become of general use, and it has taken only two years to undo the accumulated practice of sixteen years. The diminution in the sale of cigarettes is greater in the cheap brands than in the high priced. But the foreign consumption of American cigarettes has increased almost as fast as the home consumption has diminished. Millions of cigarettes from the United States are sent every year to China, France, and Turkey.

Rotterdam, from its favorable situation, has gradually pulled ahead of Amsterdam, and is now the most prosperous harbor in Holland. It has captured most of the German trade, and does an immense business with the United States.

PASSING OF SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Career of the Famous Composer Who Created the First English School of Comic-Opera—His Collaboration with Gilbert—Anecdotes of "Patience" and "Iolanthe."

Within a few weeks England has lost both her most popular singer and her most popular composer of the present generation. Hardly had Sims Reeves been laid in the grave when Sir Arthur Sullivan suddenly passed away at his home in London, of heart failure, on November 22d. He was born in London on May 13, 1842, and was the younger of the two sons of Thomas Sullivan, an Irish musician, who was handmaster at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, from 1845 to 1856, inclusive, and from 1857 until his death connected with the Military School of Music at Kneller Hall; his mother, Mary Coghler, being the descendant of an old Italian family, the Righis. It is strange that from this mixture of Irish and Italian blood should have resulted the most thoroughly English of England's operatic composers since Purcell.

Thomas Sullivan, who conducted a small but extremely efficient band, was an excellent musician and devoted to his profession. His eldest son, Frederick, was fond of music, but was educated as an architect, but Arthur showed from his earliest days that his tastes were all in the direction of music. At eight years of age he had written his first composition, an anthem, which was, of course, very immature; and, what was decidedly the most important bearing on his after life, had learned to play almost every wind instrument in his father's band with considerable facility. In this way (says the New York *Evening Post*) the boy gained a life-long and intimate knowledge of the various instruments, which proved of great use when he became a composer of operettas.

The father's watchful eye soon detected the signs of his son's exceptional talent, and he secured for him a place in the Chapel Royal in 1854. The master, the Rev. Thomas Helmore, found his voice, as he afterward declared, "very sweet, and his style of singing far more sympathetic than that of most boys." During the three years Arthur remained here he wrote some anthems and short pieces. His first anthem was sung in chapel, on which occasion Bishop Blomfield gave him half a sovereign, with an affectionate pat on the back and some kind words of encouragement. In 1856 the Mendelssohn scholarship came into active existence, and Sullivan was elected the first scholar. He now for two years studied harmony and counterpoint with Goss, and the pianoforte with Sterndale Bennett and O'Leary. After that time his voice broke, and it was then decided that he should go to Leipzig. Here he entered the Conservatory, and his masters were Hauptmann, Rietz, Moscheles, and Plaidy. Here he learned to like the music of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Schubert, as well as "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser." Among his colleagues at the Conservatory were Carl Rosa, Franklin Taylor, J. F. Barnett, and Edward Grieg. Before leaving Leipzig he composed his music to Shakespeare's "Tempest," which, on his return to London, in 1862, made a sensation at the Crystal Palace concerts, and launched him into the musical society of the city.

Among those who were particularly pleased with this music was Rossini. He repeatedly played it with the composer, who had arranged several of the numbers as pianoforte duets. Speaking of Rossini, Sullivan remarked one day:

"I think that he first inspired me with a love for the stage and things operatic, and this feeling and departure led to my undertaking the duties of organist at the Royal Italian Opera, under the conductorship of my friend Sir (then Signor) Michael Costa. At his request I wrote a ballet, entitled 'L'Île Enchantée,' and my necessary intercourse with the stage employees, dancers, and others gave me much insight into the blending of music and stage management, which became very valuable to me as time progressed."

It was in 1866 that Sir Arthur Sullivan produced, together with Mr. Frank Burnand, an adaptation of J. Madison Morton's farce, "Box & Cox," under the title of "Cox & Box":

"This was quick work, for the operetta was announced for public production one Saturday, while upon the previous Monday evening I had not yet written one note for the orchestra. 'Cox & Box' had been performed several times in private, and I had generally extemporized the accompaniments when they were required on those occasions. But we had arranged to give a performance at the Adelphi Theatre for the benefit of a fund organized by the staff of *Punch*, and I was to conduct a full orchestra on the afternoon of the Saturday in question. Where there's a will there's a way, however, and I made up my mind to complete the orchestration in good time. I succeeded by dint of perseverance, and, having completed the score by 11 A. M., at 12 the dress-rehearsal took place, followed two hours later by the performance."

"The Contrabandista," which followed next, was composed, scored, and rehearsed within sixteen days. "Thespis, or the Gods Grown Old," and "The Zoo, an Original Musical Folly," did not take the public; but on March 25, 1875, a great success was won with "Trial by Jury," which Sullivan had written in collaboration with W. S. Gilbert. A more important work, musically speaking, was "The Sorcerer," which first established Sullivan's national career, and which, in New York, first brought Lillian Russell into prominence. It had a run of 175 nights at the Opera Comique, Strand, in London. But this was nothing compared to the popularity of "H. M. S. *Pinafore*," produced on May 25, 1878. It ran in London 700 consecutive nights, and its vogue throughout England and the United States vied with the most popular of Offenbach's operettas in France in their day. To protect their interests, Gilbert and Sullivan visited the United States in 1879, and remained several months. "The Pirates of Penzance" (1880) had a run in London of 350 nights; while "Patience" (1881), a satire on the æsthetic craze of the time, ran for 578 nights.

Walter Browne thus describes in the *Saturday Evening Post* how he came to be engaged to play the part of Colonel Calveley in the opera of "Patience," during its first production:

"I had been told to go to Mr. D'Oyly Carte's office, in the Beaufort Building, which overlooked the site where the new Savoy Theatre was

then being built, at a certain hour, to meet Mr. Sullivan and have him 'try my voice.' On my arrival, twenty minutes before time, I was ushered into an elegantly furnished room. Mr. Carte was not there, but seated, at a piano, humming a plaintive melody, was a man little older than myself, a plump, rosy-cheeked fellow, with black hair, side-whiskers and mustache, and dark-brown eyes, twinkling with kindness and good nature. He stopped singing when I entered and asked me if I wanted to see Mr. Carte.

"I have come to sing to Mr. Sullivan," I replied, a little proudly. "Really!" he said, elevating his bushy eyebrows. "Well, I hope, for your own sake, that you are in good voice." And he turned again to the piano with a pleasant little laugh.

Sudden fear of failure made my heart sink. "Have you ever sung before him?" I asked, a little huskily, for the thought of the ordeal before me already gave me a tickling sensation in my throat, and I was mentally resolved to make an excuse and an appointment for the following day.

"Oh! yes. He's heard me sing," chuckled the provoking young man at the piano, thumping out an amazing sequence of chords. Then he suddenly wheeled around and said, abruptly:

"Look here, young man. Take my advice. Sing a song or two now to get your voice into trim and see what sort of form you are in. Got any music? I'll play your accompaniments for you. Come along."

"Taking the roll from my hand, he selected Pinsuti's 'Bedouin Love Song' and Ardit's 'Stirrup Cup.' I felt so nervous while singing to this stranger. Only a little annoyance that he 'vamped' or glossed over the more difficult parts of the accompaniment to the first song. I probably never sang better in my life. But I felt like an awful fool when, immediately on the termination of my second song, Mr. Carte stalked into the room, saying:

"Hello, Sullivan! 'Fraid I'm a little late. This is Mr. Browne, the young man I wanted you to hear. What do you think of him?"

"He's all right, Carte," said the composer, laughing; and, rising from the piano, he extended his little fat hand to me. "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Browne," he continued. "You have a nice voice, but you must let me show you how to make the break half a note higher. I think you will find it to your advantage."

"Sir Arthur Sullivan played no trick on me. The fact that he induced me to sing to him without my being aware of his identity was purely accidental, but it saved me a terrible amount of nervousness, and I was very thankful that the ordeal was past."

During the long run of "Patience," Sir Arthur conducted the orchestra only on special occasions, says Mr. Browne:

"One of these was in September, 1882, when the Egyptian War had just been brought to a successful conclusion by Sir Garnet Wolsley, and it had been announced that he was elevated to the peerage. William Ewart Gladstone, then premier, with Lord Rosebery and Lord Granville occupied stalls that night. A few minutes before the overture began Mr. W. H. Seymour, the stage-manager, came to me with a note he had just received from Mr. Gilbert, which read as follows:

"Will you please ask Mr. Browne to sing 'Skill of Lord Wolsley' in Thrashing a Cannibal' instead of 'Sir Garnet.' He has just been created a peer, and the alteration is sure of a round of applause. Yours truly, W. S. GILBERT."

"Mr. Sullivan was in my room when I received the note, which considerably worried me, for the song in which Gilbert wanted the interpolation was of that rapid 'patter' order which required to be rattled off by instinct, so to speak, and did not give much time for thought."

"Why, Browne, let me congratulate you," said Sir Arthur. "For heaven's sake, what for?" I asked. "I shall trip up in the words, as sure as fate."

"What does it matter when you have just been created a peer?" laughed Mr. Sullivan. Then he read the letter aloud and thoroughly enjoyed what he claimed was a gross imperfection in Mr. Gilbert's much-valued English composition.

"I sang the lines as altered, and a terrific burst of patriotic applause followed. This was lucky for me, for the interpolation threw all the succeeding words of the verse out of my head. The cheering drowned my voice, Sir Arthur kept the band going right along, and the audience never knew that I was singing wholly unintelligible gibberish."

Both Gilbert and Sullivan had the greatest horror of the titles of their operas becoming known until the very night of their first production, and when their next opera, "Iolanthe" (1882), was being prepared, Mr. Browne says there was much speculation in the public press as to what it would be called:

"The dramatic writers prophesied that as 'Pinafore,' 'The Pirates of Penzance,' and 'Patience' had all been so successful, the sequence would not be broken, and the name of the next work would begin with the letter 'P.' Possibly, in deference to this notion, and to aid in preserving the mystery, the opera was rehearsed for weeks under the title of 'Perola.' It was only at the eleventh hour—at the last dress rehearsal, in fact—that the company was instructed to substitute the name Iolanthe for that of Perola wherever it occurred in the text or in the songs."

"Constitution seized upon the company. Amid the nervous excitement of a first night it was no light task to replace, vocally and in the dialogue, a name of three syllables which had already become familiar, by one of four which had rarely, if ever, been heard before. I well remember Mr. Sullivan taking two or three very much scared vocalists aside, and whispering, in a joking manner:

"Never mind so long as you sing the music. Use any old name that happens to come first to you. Nobody in the audience, except Mr. Gilbert, will be any wiser, and he won't be there."

"Mr. Gilbert never attended the first production of one of his works. He was of such a nervous temperament that he dared not. He walked up and down the Thames Embankment, within easy distance of the theatre, and was fetched by an attendant just as the opera terminated, barely in time to take his complimentary call before the curtain. As a matter of fact, the name Perola was spoken two or three times during the initial performance of 'Iolanthe,' but even the newspaper critics gave no hint of ever having noticed the error."

"Iolanthe" was followed in 1884 by "Princess Ida," and in 1885 came "The Mikado," which rivaled "Pinafore" in popularity, and has shown more vitality than any of the other operettas. It was succeeded by "Ruddigore" (1887), "The Yeomen of the Guard" (1888), "The Gondoliers" (1889), "Haddon Hall" (1892), "Utopia (Limited)" (1893), "The Grand Duke" (1896), "The Beauty Stone" (with Arthur Pinero, 1898), "The Rose of Persia" (with Basil Hood), and at the time of his death he was putting the finishing touches to an Irish opera of which Hood was the librettist.

Sullivan's genius was essentially of the operetta type, not the operatic type, for he was not sufficiently deep and dramatic for grand opera, as the fate of his opera, "Ivanhoe" (1891), both in London and Berlin, proved. But in the line of light comic opera, or operetta—whichever we choose to call it—he was a master who must be placed on a level with Offenbach and Strauss. Like them, he helped to create a new style of stage music; and while Offenbach's is peculiarly Parisian, and Strauss's thoroughly Austrian, Sullivan's is entirely English. To him belongs the honor of having, since the days of Purcell, who died in 1695, created the first genuinely English school of opera, or theatrical music. Much of his enormous success was due doubtless to the fact that his music strongly betrayed the influence of England's two musical idols, Handel and Mendelssohn. But he had a vein of his own which a number of imitators have exploited, while none has equaled him. If he was extremely lucky in having so clever and witty a librettist as

Gilbert, Gilbert was equally lucky in having so fertile and tuneful a collaborator as Sullivan. It was an ideal combination, and the quarrel of the two men was greatly deplored by all lovers of harmless amusement.

As a song-writer Sir Arthur has been quite as popular as in the realm of operetta. "The Lost Chord" has had almost as great a vogue as "Home, Sweet Home," and many of his other songs are sung the world over. Here is his own account of how he came to write "The Lost Chord":

"I was nursing my brother through a severe illness, and had hardly left his bedside for several days and nights. Finding one evening that he had fallen into a doze, I crept away into a room adjoining his, and tried to snatch a few minutes' rest. I found this impossible, however, so I roused myself to work, and made one more of my many attempts during four years to set music to Adelaide Proctor's interesting words. This time I felt that the right inspiration had come to me at last, and there and then I composed 'The Lost Chord.' That song was evolved under the most trying circumstances, and was the outcome of a very unhappy and troubled state of mind."

Although, after the extraordinary success of "Pinafore," any work from his pen was sure of a certain degree of popularity, he confessed that on a first night he always suffered tortures ere the moment arrived for him to take his seat at the conductor's desk:

"For an hour before the curtain rises," he said, "I shut myself up in the little room adjoining the orchestra, and refuse to see any one. The suspense is horrible, I assure you. It is not because I fear that the work will not please the public, for they are so kind to me that perhaps even if this were the case they would not tell me so; but it is the reflex of the mental excitement I have undergone during the elaboration of the opera. Then I am so overcome by the kind welcome and warm reception accorded to me when I appear at the orchestra door that I feel as though I must hurt myself to tears. But from the moment I am seated, and have taken the *bâton* in my hand, my nervousness vanishes like a dream. I am no longer the composer, but a part of the orchestra, aiming to pull the work successfully through before the most critical and important public in the world."

In Arthur Lawrence's recent volume, "Sir Arthur Sullivan; Life Story, Letters, and Reminiscences," a book written with the composer's cooperation, there is an amusing account of the strategic move by which Gilbert and Sullivan outwitted a New York manager who was preparing to pirate one of the operas in the anti-copyright days, and an anecdote illustrative of Gilbert's first impression of the manners of the American theatrical young man:

"On the occasion of our visit to America, Gilbert discovered that some of the dresses were out of order, and told the American assistant that they were to be shortened in time for the next morning's rehearsal. 'That can't be done,' he exclaimed. 'But it must be done,' Gilbert replied. The young man expected with great vehemence and we sprang aside hastily. The young man was sent out of the theatre directly, and we called for his superior, who afterward said to us: 'All right, the work shall be done, and, by the way, you don't seem to like that young man I sent up to you this morning?' 'I don't object to the young man,' Gilbert said, 'he may possess every virtue imaginable, but I do object to his spitting on my boots.' 'Well,' replied the man, 'his manner is fresh.'"

Sullivan also relates this curious case of mistaken identity in which he was involved during a visit to America:

"I was traveling on a stage in a rather wild part of California and arrived at a mining camp, where we had to get down for refreshments. As we drove up the driver said: 'They are expecting you here, Mr. Sullivan.' I was much pleased, and when I reached the place I came across a knot of prominent citizens at the whisky store. The foremost of them came up to a big hulky man by my side and said: 'Are you Mr. Sullivan?' The man said 'No!' and pointed to me. The citizen looked at me rather contemptuously, and after a while said: 'Why, how much do you weigh?' I thought this was a curious method of testing the power of a composer, but I at once answered: 'About one hundred and sixty-two pounds.' 'Well,' said the man, 'that's odd to me, anyhow. Do you mean to say that you gave fits to John S. Blackmore down in Kansas City?' I said, 'No, I did not give him fits.' He then said, 'Well, who are you?' I replied, 'My name is Sullivan.' 'Ain't you John L. Sullivan, the slugger?' I disclaimed all title to that and told him that I was Arthur Sullivan. 'Oh, Arthur Sullivan,' he said, 'are you the man as put "Pinafore" together?'—rather a gratifying way of describing my composition. I said, 'Yes.' 'Well, returned the citizen, 'I'm sorry you ain't John L. Sullivan. But, still, I am glad to see you, anyway. Let's have a drink.'"

Sir Arthur had a disinclination to teaching, yet he was persuaded to accept the post of principal to the National Training-School of Music (1875). The National Training-School became, in 1883, the Royal College of Music, on which occasion the queen conferred the honor of knighthood upon the composer simultaneously with Professor Macfarren:

"When Sir Arthur was knighted, his collaborator, who had been overlooked, asked the composer why her majesty had chosen to honor with a handle to his name a man who furnished music for the street organs. Mr. Sullivan promptly turned aside possible ill-humor by quoting, in reply, one of Mr. Gilbert's own lines, from the song of the Mikado. 'I don't know exactly, Gilbert,' he said, 'but I suppose she did it' to make the punishment fit the crime.'"

In the days of their greatest prosperity Gilbert and Sullivan are said to have divided between them \$200,000 a year, but their successors have not yet been found, in spite of this great reward for work so well done. In view of the composer's death, the following account of the recent revival of "Patience" in London is interesting:

"It was, of course," writes Percy Betts, "a thousand pities that the merry Savoyards, who have for so many years contributed to the gaiety of nations and of individuals, were not able once more to come hand in hand before the curtain. Two of them, it is true, turned up, but neither could walk more than a few steps, and both had to be supported to the wings. Sir Arthur Sullivan, from his sick-bed wrote, I believe, a cheery letter, sarcastically suggesting that he, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte should cross before the foot-lights in bath-chairs. It was certain enough that they could not take the call in any other way. As a matter of fact, Sir Arthur, still suffering from a chill, was between the blankets; Mr. Gilbert was drawn up to the theatre in an invalid chair, out of which he crawled on to foot-stools, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte has for a long time been deprived of the free use of his legs. The situation seemed almost Gilbertian, for, although the merriment in the theatre was as great and as enforced as when 'Patience' was first produced at the old Opera Comique, in 1881, the jesters themselves were very lame ducks, indeed."

Sir Arthur Sullivan was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday, November 27th, with all the pomp and ceremony that might have attended the obsequies of a member of the royal family. The vault containing his body is situated in the extreme eastern corner of the crypt, close to the tomb of Dr. Boyce, the writer of church music of the last century. Near by lies the remains of Sir John Millais, the president of the Royal Academy, who died in 1896.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Love of Richard of the Lion Heart.

Even to those who felt all the charm of "Earth-wor Out of Tuscany," who acknowledged the strength and beauty of "The Forest Lovers," and who found the glow and passion still nearer in "Little Novels of Italy," there is new pleasure and fresh impulses of praise in Maurice Hewlett's latest work, "The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay." It is the greatest of historical romances in this day of historical novels. Its hero, Richard of the Lion Heart, one of the proudest figures in the chronicles of days long past, is pictured as few have had the art to present their heroes. Its heroine, Jehane Saint-Pol, is only a creation of the novelist's fancy, was a fit mate for the Count of Anjou, the King of England, or the dauntless leader of the Crusaders. And the story of the love of this woman, who was his wife yet not his queen, is as tragic, as moving as anything in recent literature. There is little misplacing of historical facts for the purposes of the romance. Rather is its interest a bringing into the light of some hidden causes, some deeper studies, some clearer expositions of character and motives than the historians of that age have left in one connected recital. In no other volume is there so perfect an understanding of that knight and soldier who succeeded to England's crown when he could not speak the language of his kingdom, who spent but six months of his reign among his own people, who led his victorious army to within a day's march of the Holy Sepulchre yet never looked upon the city that held it, and who died with one of his great desires accomplished.

The story purports to be a transcription in part of the record of the Abbot Milo, a Carthusian monk of the cloister of St. Mary-of-the-Pine by Poitiers, the life-long friend of Richard, and in simplicity and straightforwardness of statement and vigor and picturesqueness of phrase it vies with the most lasting of those writings made when the words were new colored and neither marred nor tarnished by much usage. It opens with a night ride of Richard, then Count of Poitou, to see again, and for the last time if the girl's desire were to be granted, Jehane of the Fair Girdle, daughter of the Count of Saint-Pol. King Henry was even then at Louviers, and had summoned the son to whom he put little trust to meet him there, but the price was too deeply in love with the beauty, grace, and dignity of Jehane to obey at once. Though the girl loved the knight who would not be denied, she knew that his royal father had promised he should marry Alois, the sister of Philip, King of France, and she summoned all strength and wisdom of counsel to her aid in bidding her lover go to keep that promise. How Richard went at last, to quarrel with the king and later to meet him in anger and see him struck down and die, is soon told. To save Jehane from a wedding to which she had consented in the vain hope of putting a bar between them, Richard with three friends dashes into the church and carries her off, and a little later weds her himself. Then comes the succession to the throne and the journey to England for the coronation. Jehane goes with her royal consort, but treats him for his own sake to ignore her claims and the wedding that has joined them. Richard weakly complies, for he has sworn to lead a crusade to the Holy Land, and there is but one way in which he can secure the means for the project—a way that is not open to him in honor. He accepts the offer of the King of Navarre to give him his daughter Berengere with a rich dowry, and goes to France to make her his mate. After many strange accidents by land and sea Berengere becomes his queen but is never his wife; and Jehane, his wife but not his queen, goes with the wedding pageant and invading army to Palestine.

There are many reminiscences of earlier romances in the chapters that tell of Richard's prowess in the land of the Saracens, but with them there is more that is new, and the record is as strong in interest as it is notable in manner. The disastrous end of the crusade and Jehane's last great sacrifice are described in these pages, but there are many scenes of importance to follow. How the end came to the king and conqueror, who was leopard as well as lion, true and false strangely mingled, Richard Yea-and-Nay, is shown here in a new light. And how his love and passion, strong as they were, differed from the passion and love of the ever-loyal Jehane, who could find her greatest joy in the deepest sorrow, is made clear. In the years to come the author may equal this work; he is not likely to surpass it.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Scribner's Magazine for December.

Among the short stories which form a notable feature of Scribner's Magazine for December are "The Vice-Consul," by Frank R. Stockton; "The Lion's Mouth," by Alice Duer and Henry Wise Miller; "Pichou," by Henry Van Dyke; "An Untold Story," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; and "The Woman that Understood," by Octave Thanet. Ernest Seton-Thompson contributes an entertaining story in the style of his "Wild Animals I Have Known," which is entitled "Johnny Bear." It is illustrated with eight drawings by the author and a number of page decorations, showing cunning little cubs in various characteristic poses. There are also

articles on "Puvis de Chavannes," by John La Farge; "George Eliot," by W. C. Browell; "The Crane," by Francis Churchill Williams; and "The Emigrant East," by Arthur Colton. The verse includes "The Child," by Bertha Gerneaux Woods; two sonnets by Richard Hovey; "Immen-gard," by Gertrude Hall; and "Gloucester Moors," by William Vaughn Moody.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Rev. W. C. Jones, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Sharon, Pa., has resigned, alleging as the reason that some members of his church slept during the services. He charges Deacon John S. Williams with sleeping fifteen out of the last sixteen Sundays. A few weeks ago the Rev. Mr. Jones detected Mr. Williams napping while he was preaching. The pastor at once cut his sermon short and dismissed his congregation.

Señor Mendez Capote, who was elected president of the Cuban Constitutional Convention, which is now in session at Havana, received seventeen votes, against eleven cast for Señor Eudaldo Tamayo. Señor Capote was secretary of state under Major-General Brooks's administration, and was also vice-president of the revolutionary government. He was the candidate of the Republican party of Havana. Señor Tamayo was the candidate of the Santiago delegates, and was supported by the National party of Havana.

Count Ademar Castellane, a cousin of Count Boni de Castellane, arrived in New York a fortnight ago from abroad incognito. To the newspaper reporters who have hounded his steps he claims to be an agent for a French brand of champagne, but it is said that his real object in visiting America is to marry Miss Lucille Bacon, the beautiful daughter of Daniel Bacon, a wealthy New Yorker. Her parents deny that any engagement exists. It is feared that his chances in this country have been spoiled by the recent notoriety which his spendthrift cousin has achieved. Count Ademar claims to belong to the real Castellane family—the elder branch—and does not hesitate to brand Count Boni as "an outsider, and a rank lobster."

Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, has abandoned his contemplated hunt of the five or six lions now left in the Gir forest. "There are few instances of extinction," says the *Saturday Review*, "more remarkable than the rapid and complete disappearance of the lion, which not long ago overran most of India. There are probably none alive still who have seen or slain scores of them. It is not forty years since the last lion was killed in Upper India. The arid deserts of Kathiawar were probably at all times their chief stronghold, and in those parts a doomed remnant still lingers by virtue of careful preservation. The viceroy has gracefully decided to leave them undisturbed, and thus set an example which will add years to the existence of the race."

Robert W. Wilcox, who has been elected as the Congressional representative from Hawaii, is the son of William S. Wilcox, of Newport, R. I., by a wife of native birth, said to have been a member of the Hawaiian royal family. The elder Wilcox left Newport about 1830 on the whaling-ship *Mencar*, of which Joseph Sherman was captain. Wilcox was first mate. The ship made the Hawaiian Islands, as Captain Sherman, who had a number of trinkets on board, desired to stop there for trading. Wilcox objected, saying he had come out for whales and not as a trader. The result was the parting of the captain and the first mate. Wilcox was told he might go ashore if he did not like the way the ship was run, and when he went ashore he declined to return. He married within a short time, and remained on the island until about 1882, when he returned to Newport.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Story of San Francisco.

The incidents of Mary Hallock Foote's new story, "The Prudigal," have fitting accessories in San Francisco, where the scenes are laid, and they are characteristic of some phases of life in the city by the Golden Gate. No port of East or West receives a greater drift of aimless, needy humanity, brought in by the tide from all parts of the world. And here the human driftwood, caught in an eddy, secures a lodgment by fortunate happening, or circles helplessly for a time, and then is carried away by some hidden current. The hero of "The Prudigal" is the ne'er-do-well son of a New Zealand capitalist, sent away from home to reform him, and before he reaches San Francisco he has seen shipwreck, danger of starvation, slavery under unfeeling taskmasters, and other adventures equally perilous, yet free from physical suffering. He appeals for aid to the shipping firm that acts as the agent of his father, as he has landed without clothing or money, but for a time his standing is denied. When a scanty allowance is at last given him, the opportunity to indulge his appetite overcomes him, and in spite of his education and good breeding he goes nearly to the depths. His reformation is accomplished and made sure by a plain-faced but loving woman is told with art, and there is no effort to make the moral obvious. The story has attractive and enduring qualities beyond its faithful pictures of water-front life, and is a worthy successor of the Western romances that have preceded it from the same pen.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Illustrated Sketches of Travel.

The travel sketches by Jerome A. Hart which have been appearing in the *Argonaut* for the past six months have now been collected and issued in book-form under the title "Argonaut Letters." As the sketches are probably familiar to a majority of our readers it is unnecessary to review them here, further than to say that they have been revised and rewritten, some new matter added, and the "dead" news happenings omitted. The book contains over five hundred pages, and is made up of some twenty-five chapters, taking in a wide range of topics and places. The volume is illustrated, containing some sixty half-tone engravings from photographs. Among these are many which are evidently snap-shots, illustrating incidents in the letters—such as an Arab clinging to the Sphinx's face, a group of flunkies at a garden-party in Rome, a bevy of guests gathered around a booth at the same garden-party, some four-in-hand equipages at a horse show in the Villa Borghese, several views in the Vatican gardens, some scenes in Savoy during the harvest time, a group of Italian golf-caddies on the golf links in Florence, and numerous other photographic memorabilia. The frontispiece is a fine monochrome half-tone of a monument erected by the city of Turin in honor of the engineers who bored the great Alpine tunnels. This monument is a remarkable piece of work, and is a type of the daring ideas of Italy's modern school of sculptors. This curious memorial is evidently not so much be-photographed as are many monuments in the Old World—few will have seen it in print before.

"Argonaut Letters" has a rubricated title-page, in one panel of which appears a miniature vignette of the ship *Argo*. The same symbol is the dominant idea in the cover design, and it is also found in silhouette on the back of the book. This design, by the way, was the result of a competition in the San Francisco School of Design, in which some twenty sketches were submitted. The successful artist was L. M. Upton, and he has certainly been happy in the conception and execution of his idea. The design represents the ship *Argo* sailing toward a rising sun, with Vesuvius looming upon the horizon. The color-scheme is crimson, gold, and black, and the broad handling is effective. The book is a handsome one, and in appearance will not suffer by comparison with those from Eastern presses. As the artist, the engravers, the printers, and the binders are all Californians, its production is highly creditable to San Francisco, both from an artistic and a typographical point of view.

Published by Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco; price, \$2.00.

Personat and Miscellaneous Gossip.

There is not a copy of "L'Aiglon" in French to be had in France or in the United States. Only a few copies of the book in print were originally put on sale in this country. M. Rostand is still engaged upon the final reading and revision of his proofs, which he is expected to take some months in get ready, and until he completes them there will be no more French copies to be obtained either here or abroad. Unlike "Cyrano," "L'Aiglon" is copyrighted in this country.

General George A. Forsyth in his new book, "Thrilling Days in Army Life," which is to be brought out immediately by D. Appleton & Co., gives an interesting account of Sheridan's ride to Winchester, of which he was a witness.

Students and even more the general reading public will welcome the abridgment of Sidney Lee's authoritative life of Shakespeare which the

Macmillan Company now offers, in a volume of some two hundred pages, fully indexed, under the changed title, "Shakespeare's Life and Work."

In a letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, Hubert H. Bancroft says: "In a late issue you kindly speak of the Bancroft library as a collection which 'will never be permitted to go outside the State, and which must eventually become public property.' It is but fair in me to state that negotiations are now pending for placing the library in the East, where my efforts as author and collector have always been better appreciated than here. Nevertheless, my hope has been that the collection would be secured to the land of my adoption, where a life and a fortune have been spent in the work, but there appears to be no reasonable prospect of such a consummation."

Richard Whiteing, author of "No. 5 John Street" and "Paris of To-Day," who fell ill immediately after writing the latter work, is gradually recovering his strength. Although able to work again, he finds himself easily fatigued, and has to lay down his pen at frequent intervals. His recent breakdown had its origin in overwork.

Joseph A. Altscheler has just completed a new novel dealing with the life of Indian days in Kentucky, which will be entitled "The Wilderness Road."

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have brought out another Golliwogg book, with illustrations by Florence K. Upton and verses by Bertha Upton, which is called "The Golliwogg's Polar Adventures."

American authors, it seems, are helplessly exposed to the depredations of Russian publishers. An illustration of the pillage which constantly goes on is seen in the fact that President Benjamin Ide Wheeler's "Life of Alexander the Great" is now being reprinted in the *Neva*, a Russian magazine published in St. Petersburg. The biography first appeared in the *Century Magazine*, and then was published as a book by G. P. Putnam's Sons, with drawings by André Castaigne, which are also being pirated by the Russian magazine.

Mme. Sarah Grand says that in her youth she wrote fiction, verse, and essays. "The essays," she declares, "are very funny, chiefly marked by the commonplaces of the theory of life which are now associated with the Old Woman. They are almost as ridiculous as Schopenhauer. Then," adds Mme. Grand, "I began to think."

"The Influence of Christ in Modern Life" will be the title of the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis's new book, which will be published this month by the Macmillan Company.

"The Christmas Story," as the Widow Culom episode in "David Harum" has been aptly called, is to be published by itself in a novel form by D. Appleton & Co., illustrated with striking pictures of William H. Crane in the character of David Harum and stage photographs.

Max Beerbohm has dramatized the popular fairy tale for tired men called "The Happy Hypocrites." It is to be produced in London by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, but it has not yet been settled who will be the actor to take the part of the hero, Lord George Hell, who is proud of being horrid and whose appearance resembles that of Caligula, with a dash of Falstaff.

"In the Days of Jefferson" is the title of Hezekiah Butterworth's new historical story for young readers, which is published by D. Appleton & Co.

"Armenia: Travels and Studies," by H. F. B. Lynch, which Longmans, Green & Co. have in active preparation, is said to contain a lucid, dispassionate account of the people and political and social conditions in Armenia, which has never before been fully set forth.

"The Transit of Civilization," by Dr. Edward Eggleston, which pictures the quality and variations of the civilization brought from England to America in the seventeenth century, is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

Punch announces the immediate publication of a three-part serial by Frank R. Stockton. It is entitled "The Gilded Idol and the Conch Shell," and deals with American life on the side of politics.

Frederick Palmer, the well-known war correspondent in the Philippines and in China, is about to bring out through *Collier's Weekly* a collection of short stories based upon his own impressions and observations while with the American army in the Philippines.

A new edition of Charles Kingsley's works is in course of preparation by his daughter, Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet). Her introductions to the various volumes will contain much interesting unpublished matter.

The London *Academy* does not like Mr. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel." Says the critic:

"When it is true it is dull; when it is not dull it is either flippant or unconvincing; and it is marred throughout by a constitutional sentimentality. Here and there is a delightful page. The idyl of the lark is a bit of sheer loveliness—a perfect trifle. If a last proof were needed, 'Tommy and Grizel' proves for the third time that, though Mr. Barrie may be

able to make a miraculous use of material which is ready prepared for him, he can do nothing great without such material. He can not of himself convert normal life into material, and the reason is that he has neither the visual nor the lyric gift necessary to the transmuting of life into elevated art. He has succeeded twice, but only by chance; he is not, in the strict significance of the term, a literary artist."

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LITERARY NOTES.

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This, among her "Soogs," has a tender wistfulness, and the charm of a smile breaking through tears:

PLAY UP, PIPER!

Play up, play up, my Piper,
And play the timely song,
The soog that oever a worker hears,
Although his heart may loog.
It's we are glad to listen here
Who have but Yea and Nay;
But would you ooly pipe to us
The word we waot to-day!

We heard your heart-break, Piper;
And oh, but it was like!
'Tis so—'tis so, the ill winds blow,
'Tis so the sorrows strike,
But would you ooly pipe to us
The turning of the way,
And how it is you come, at last,
To pipe agalo, to-day!

The broken hopes of harvest,
The wearing of the rain,
The ailing of a little cheek,
You make us weep agalo.
But tell us of the wage, man,
You had for this hard day;
Play up, play up, dear Piper,
Aod tell us why you play!

Here is a radiant thought that will sing itself, over and over:

THE COMFORT.

As I came along the height
I saw the Evening Star,
Benignant, near, the oarest lamp
Among the worlds afar.
Oh, kiodly close it looked on me
To keep us children company
With all love-looks that are!

As I came down along the moor
I saw the window-light,
Clear shining out across the dark,
A welcome to the night:
And these two glories, home and star,
The very oear and very far,
Were like to ooe delight.

As I came by the valley brook
The fire-flies hovered there,
They shed a slow, unanxious glow,
Poising in quiet air:
So constant and so near at hand
That aoy eyes could understand
Their starlight unaware.

Some kinship here I cao not read
Because it lies too deep:
But these three stary things I saw,
And mroe they are to keep.
How like they were, some happy way,—
It shies through all the troubled day,
It shines on me through sleep.

Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

William Henry Hudson's literary essays give evidence of his critical ability and happy turn of thought, and a little volume of verse from his pen, entitled "The Sphinx, and Other Poems," will be welcomed for its associations, but ooe less for its real worth when its pages have given consideration. From the poems this is chosen as ao earnest of his lyrical gift:

LIMITATIONS.

Could we grasp Life in all its stark and stern
Reality,
How could we live? Or, living, whither turn
For remedy?

Not to ourselves dare we in silence breathe
What things are dooe,
Makiog each day's dark history, beneath
The puoctual sun!

'Tis well we can oot see them all-compact,
Or we might fall,
Brain-dazed, heart-sick, before the awful Fact,
Blaspheming all

That Love has dream'd of Faith, and Faith has
sought
To Love to fioo.
So were the larger visioo dearly bought!
The gods are kind.

They laid their limits oo our mortal powers;
Aod, this confess'd,
To live our life as best we may is ours—
Be theirs the rest!

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Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr's poems have woo for her a place among the favored siogers of to-day, and her latest volume, "Afterglow," contains some of the most finished expressions of her art. The sonnet is

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THY SONGS AND MINE.

Sing thou my songs for me when I am dead!
Soul of my soul, some day thou wilt awake
To see the morning oo the hilltops break,
And the far summits flame with rosy red—
But I shall wake not, though above my head
Armies should thunder; oor for Love's sweet sake,
Though he the tenderest pilgrimage should make
Where I am lying in my grassy bed.
I shall be silent, with my soog half sung;
I shall be dumb, with the half the story told;
I shall be mote, leaving the half unsaid.
Take thou the harp ere yet it be unstrung—
Wake thou the lyre ere yet its chords be cold—
Siog thou my soogs, and thine, when I am
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New Publications.

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"The War in South Africa: A Narrative of the Anglo-Boer War from the beginoing of hostilities to the fall of Pretoria," by Captain A. T. Mahan, is a large oblong folio volume, illustrated with many eogravings from photographs. It is ooe of the

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LITERARY NOTES.

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Of graver interest are "The Struggle on the Pekin Wall," by W. N. Pethick, private secretary to Li Hung Chang; "With the Pekin Relief Column," by Frederick Palmer; "Paths of Hope for the Negro," by Jerome Dowd; and "What More Than Wages?" a study of recent efforts by employers to admit their "hands" to a share in the profits of their business. There are a number of excellent poems, the most significant being one by Paul Dunbar, entitled "The Haunted Oak," a ballad of lynching, inspired by recent experiences of members of the poet's race. Sir Walter Besant's "East London Types" includes, this month, the "submerged" Englishman of gentle birth.

Death of Oscar Wilde.

Oscar Wilde, who, since his release from Woking Prison some three years ago, has been living quietly in Paris under an assumed name, died at the Maisoo du Pierrier, an obscure hotel in the Latin quarter, on Friday, November 30th.

Wilde was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1856, and was the son of Sir William Wilde, the oculist. He was educated at Oxford, where he won the Newdigate prize in 1878 with a poem entitled "Ravens." He developed the aesthetic fad, which was practically oiled in its bud by the ridicule cast upon it by Gilbert and Sullivan's successful comic opera, "Patience," and Du Maurier's caricatures in Punch. His poems were published in 1881, and "The Happy Prince, and Other Tales" in 1883. During his lecture tour in the United States in 1882, he visited San Francisco, and received many social attentions here. His only novel of importance was "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1890). Among the notable plays which he wrote were "Vera" (1882), "The Duchess of Padua" (1891), "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1892), "Salome" (1893, in French, written for Sarah Bernhardt), and "A Woman of No Importance" (1893). He wedded Miss Constance Lloyd in 1884, and leaves two children—Cyril, fifteen years old, and Vivian, fourteen. Mrs. Wilde died in France in April, 1898.

When "Mr. and Mrs. Davenport" was brought out by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in London, some weeks ago, the authorship was generally ascribed to Wilde, although it appeared under another drama-

tist's name, as it abounded in witty epigrams, and showed strong traces of his style. Wilde, it is declared, was receiving one-fourth of the profits of the piece.

The brilliant author, critic, and writer, Charles Dudley Warner, who passed away recently, felt deeply interested in the literature which helps. Probably the last work of his pen was the following answer to the question, "The most successful man—who is he?" "A man who has made the most of his opportunities, and who, in addition, has cultivated every faculty with which he is endowed, has won success. It is the duty of every one to make the greatest possible progress, and to become as perfectly developed as ability permits. I am afraid there are few men who can say that they have made the most of their talents."

The Races.

Great interest is centered in the Emeryville Handicap for two-year-olds and upward, which is to be the big event at the Oakland track to-day (Saturday). The purse is \$1,000, the distance one mile, and, as there are some fifty-five entries, there will doubtless be a large field. There will be three special features in next week's programme, which are sure to draw large crowds. They include the bandicap for horses that were entered in the Golden Gate Selling Stakes, which will be run on Monday, December 10th; the December Handicap for three-year-olds and upward on Thursday, December 13th; and the Burlingame Selling Stakes for three-year-olds and upward on Saturday.

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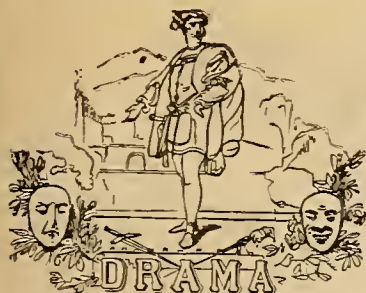
Beautifully Illustrated—thoroughly artistic.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Glimpses of the old mission churches are here, ancient gateways under the palms which seem like the spiritual language of the crosses they overshadow. The faces of Ramona and Alessandro singing to Felipe move like shadows through the dusk of some half-remembered twilight.—Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The Ramona Introduction

A beautiful edition. A charming biographical sketch by Susan Coolidge brings the reader in touch with a rarely gracious and lovable personality.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The informative and sympathetic introduction is indeed welcome, as are the notes which Mr. Sandham publishes concerning his genuinely illustrative illustrations.—The Outlook.



The public is as shrewd and far-seeing in its investments for pleasure as for profit. It wants all that it can get for its money, and selects with considerable discretion. This was evidenced in the relative size of the audiences that attended the operas of the "Ring." "Das Rheingold" is the duller of the four, and, consequently, had the lightest house. On the night of the production of "Die Walküre" there was an exceptional cast—in fact, the most remarkable we have ever had in San Francisco—and, consequently, a remarkable house. On the "Siegfried" night the burden of the opera fell to Dippel, the young Wagnerian tenor, whose shoulders were too slender to carry it. The vast mass of the public were distinctly aware of that fact, and many stayed home, with the consequent result of a comfortably full house. On Friday night, when "Götterdämmerung" was given, there was a larger and more interesting cast; in the orchestral score many of the most beautiful features of the three preceding operas are revived; and, to be added to these, there was unusual beauty of setting. Of all these facts an attentive public had full cognizance, and again there was a remarkably large house.

We are accustomed to thinking of Wagner's operas, particularly those of the Nibelungen Ring, as being a very perceptible distance above the heads of common mortals. But a noticeable feature in the presentation of these operas has been the close attention paid by the audience. Many have stood for nearly four hours, unwilling to move for fear their foothold would be snapped up by some eager listener in the rear. We would probably find, if we analyzed the motives which drew the crowd, that nineteen-twentieths of these present were crassly ignorant of what are the component elements of good music; that a vast admixture came from love of novelty, as well as a determination to hear the famous singers; a tolerable proportion from an itching desire to be in the same place as the great world; more than half from an overwhelming impulse that is liable to suddenly sweep over us like a whirlwind to join in the rush for the latest sensation; and nearly all from an innate and ineradicable longing to partake, however humbly and ignorantly, of the rarest and ripest fruits of musical and dramatic art that civilization can offer.

For let us but stop to think what a diversity of talent, training, and material have been brought together to form this immense operatic organization that has crossed a continent for our delectation. Here is the genius of the composer, developed and ripened by centuries of musical progress and wedded to stories culled from the earliest myths and human tragedies of a gray old world. Here are the leading singers of the day to interpret to our ravished ears emotions that rouse the spirit or touch the heart. And, to sustain them in their vocal flights, we have an immense orchestra of magnificently trained musicians, presided over by the leading musical director of the United States. Then there is the chorus, of which each unit must possess musical ability, vocal cultivation, and the gift of song. The ballet adds a final touch of life and animation. To place a proper background to all this human complexity of organized artistic ability comes the scene-painter and stage-manager. No slight province theirs, for all the operas have been mounted with much scenic beauty, lavishness of outlay, and considerable attention to detail. And, finally, comes the keen business instinct, the genius for organization which combines, controls, guides, and directs all these heterogeneous elements into a smooth-running whole.

What is this Titanic stream of music which has in this last half-century flowed vigorously past all the high-walled citadels of musical form, and washed away with its giant floods the most deeply sunken standards of operatic tradition? It is a broad, ever-flowing, majestic river of harmony. From its deep heart rises a tremendous diapason like a giant murmur from the ceaseless stream of human passions. In the flux and reflux of its dim depths, we hear the careless laughing-song of the water nixies, as they guard the virgin gold, whose possession brings a curse of desolating power to the despoiler. Borne on the milling of its waves are echoes from a dim, remote past, where gods and goddesses rode the clouds, earth-gnomes trailed in deep caves, and wood-nymphs in bird-forms peopled the forest glades.

On yonder bank above the harmonious flood which ceaselessly surges on, we see a dim, dim forest, whose shadows are as dark and impenetrable as the heart of mystery. A ray of light pierces the black gloom, and Wotan wanders, a sad, majestic figure, seeking to avert the doom of the gods. The

dimness lightens, brightens, and sunshine plays over the leafy arcades. Over the broad bosom of the musical tide ripples lightly curl themselves into a delicate foam of melody. We hear the myriad hum of forest life, the piping of hundreds of birds, and a sweet single bird-note warbles a message to the god-begotten hero, winner of the sword for the strongest, and slayer of the great dragon. The hero seeks his fire-girt bride, and the waves of harmony rear themselves into great flames, that hiss, and roar, and flutter, and die. Love makes human the heart of the subdued goddess, and those wonderful myriad tones soar upward with hers, and voice the passion and the ecstasy of new-born love.

From wild, rock-strewn forests, whose lofty trees wind their knotted roots around giant boulders, we are transported to the rude but stately hall of one who is chief among the wild hunters and warriors around him. The hero and the warrior chief swear blood-brotherhood. But a traitorous death-blow is dealt to the mighty hero who knew no fear. These wild, primeval foresters, who lived in the twilight of the world's earliest history, most heroic courage and strength. They raise the body of the dead hero on his shield, and, in a majestic and thrilling death-march, we hear a mingling of grief for the mighty dead, and a psalm of praise and exultation for the hero who takes his place among the immortals. Then from the funeral-pyre, whose towering flames bear destruction to the assembled hosts in Valhalla, there soars a wonderful strain of exaltation. A goddess immolates herself upon the hier, and through her expiation for the sins of others, the curse pronounced by the spirit of evil is removed from the world.

While we listen, the tremendous ethical significance which underlies the workings of the drama, concerns us not. The mind is taking in so much that its revelation must perforce be postponed. Let socialists and moralists dispute over the inner meaning of the lofty symbolism, but the listener, after the first hearing, bears away with him the memory of marvelous harmonies that the gods might well descend from high Valhalla to hear.

And now—whisper; very softly, lest that fierce old German, who hisses the most softly breathed comment with a stunted silence, may hear us. For fear that these enthusiasts, who takes all her emotions at white heat, may scorn us. For fear that posture, who gets all her enthusiasms at second hand, may give us away. And let the white light of truth inform our discourse in its last syllable. Were their godships ever dull? M—yes—sometimes. Were they not over-long speaking their minds to each other? Y—yes, sometimes. Were you in a dream of ecstasy during all that long, uninterrupted "Rheingold" setting? N—yes, sometimes. Do you want to hear the cycle all over again? Yes, a hundred and a hundred times, yes! But never, unless that glorious flow of orchestration is given by musicians equally worthy of the task, and, again, never unless these imposing rôles are assumed only by singers of towering talent.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Third Week of Alice Nielsen.

Alice Nielsen still looks like a baby-faced little school-girl who ran away from a seminary a day or so ago to try a stage career for the fun of it. Photographs of Lillian Russell, taken at the beginning of her career, reveal her to have been equally sweet and ingenuous looking, although much more of a beauty than Alice Nielsen, pretty as she is in face, and with her slender girl's figure finished off as daintily as a Dresden statuette. Her singing voice, too, has a fresh, sweet, thrush-like quality, although her speech has a simple, homely Missouri flavor to it. But it is preferable to that monotonous, factitious elegance which often and wearisomely clothes the accents of the mass of stage-struck girls one sees, and which is as alike in all as each green sphere in a hush of peace.

There are two good voices among the male principals, if we count Eugene Cowles, for his fine, bass voice has sadly gone off. The strength is there, but the youthful roundness and clear, ringing resonance are gone, and he can no longer stir his audience to its old enthusiasm, although his fine stage presence made of him a striking-looking gypsy in "The Fortune Teller." The three funny men in the Nielsen troupe are each in their way good, although Cawthorn's is the most twinkling light. Slavin is a comical puff of thistle-down, and Herbert is several yards of wire, with a countenance of absurd gravity at the upper end. Cawthorn's facile tongue has a natural patent on the indefinite rolling of the letter r, which he can extend to the length of a belated alarm-clock's signal. He is a thoroughly amusing comedian, and in "The Fortune Teller," as in "The Singing Girl," shows an astonishing knack for fluently twisting a word into all kinds of amusingly similar caricatures of its grave, respectful self.

The production as a whole is, to those who like comic opera, musically pretty and finished, tastefully and handsomely mounted and costumed, and thoroughly amusing and entertaining.

Next week, the third and last of Miss Nielsen's engagement, will be devoted to "The Singing Girl" and "The Fortune Teller," and on Monday night, December 17th, Frederick Warde, supported by a

stroog company, including Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Spencer, will follow. Warde has a new romantic comedy drama by Esby Williams entitled "The Duke's Jester," which has been well received on tour.

Farce-Comedy at the California.

Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels will be seen for the last time at the California Theatre this (Saturday) evening, and on Sunday afternoon "A Bell Boy" will enter on a week's engagement. It is a merry farce-comedy, by James D. Flynn, and abounds in humorous situations, witty dialogue, and some tuneful and catchy choruses. The company includes John M. Welch, Lou Harvey, Harry Hughes, George Gale, Bessie Marlowe, the Young Sisters, and several other fun-makers of repute.

"Ole Olson," with Ben Heodricks in the title rôle, will be the next attraction.

Last Week of "The Jolly Musketeeer."

Despite the fact that "The Jolly Musketeeer" is in the height of its success at the Tivoli Opera House, next week will be the fourth and last of its run, as it will have to make way for the annual Christmas spectacle, which this year is to be "Cinderella." Ferris Hartman, Tom Greene, Edward Wehh, Annie Myers, Julie Cotte, Maud Williams, and Gracie Orr are all at home in their respective rôles, the chorus enters into the spirit of the opera with marked zest, and, as a result, the performance is a smooth and pleasing one. On Wednesday night a benefit will be given in aid of the Odd Fellows Relief Fund. Already so large is the advance sale that a tidy sum is sure to be realized for this worthy cause.

At the Orpheum.

The bill at the Orpheum next week will be headed by Hal Davis and Inez Macaulay, who will present Will M. Cressy's latest success, "Ole Christmas Eve." This is said to be one of the best sketches which Cressy has written, and, in such hands, should prove a great drawing card. Among the other newcomers are the Harmony Four, a clever singing combination, who have a well-selected repertoire of popular ballads; Spencer Kelly, the well-known baritone; Ahern and Patrick, Irish singing comedians, who are also noted for their eccentric dancing; and the American Biograph, which will present some new pictures, among others, interesting views recently taken in China.

Among these retained from this week's bill are Patrice, who has made a big hit in George Tatten Smith's "The Girl in the Moon"; Robertus and Wilfreda, the remarkable equilibrists and jugglers; May de Sousa, a chic singer; and the famous Pantzer Troupe.

A large number of invited guests were received aboard the Oceanic Company's new steamer *Sierra* on Wednesday afternoon and evening, when the handsome vessel was thrown open for formal inspection. As all the furnishings had been replaced since the *Sierra* arrived from Philadelphia a few days ago, the vessel's interior was very attractive, and was highly praised for its up-to-date features. The *Sierra* sails next Wednesday for Sydney.

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Evenings at 8. Matinée Saturdays at 2.
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Beginning Next Monday, Third and Last Week, Frank L. Perley Presents Alice Nielsen and the Alice Nielsen Opera Company, in the Two Great Successes, "THE FORTUNE TELLER" and "THE SINGING GIRL," By Herbert, Smith, and Stange.

Monday, December 17th Frederick Warde

California THE POPULAR HOUSE
Commencing Sunday Afternoon, December 9th, and For One Week Only, that Funny Fellow, John M. Welch, in the Comedy Cycloos.

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New Songs, Dances, and Specialties. Costumes Elaborate, Comedians Clever, and a Bery of Pretty Girls. Popular Prices.

Next....."Ole Olson."

Orpheum

Hal Davis and Inez Macaulay; the Harmony Four; Spencer Kelly, Ahern, and Patrick; Patrice and Company; Robertus & Wilfreda; Pantzer Troupe; May de Sousa; and the Great American Biograph.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 11 a. m., and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, and 3:00 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts; no smoking. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue cars at 14th and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Empress Club of London, which owns its handsome quarters in Dover Street, valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is the most exclusive woman's club in England. It was founded three years ago, in commemoration of the sixtieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, and as a rendezvous for the smart set is curious in comparison with the "mixed" clubs which are so popular in London (writes Bertha Damaris Knohe in the *Basar*). These clubs, most of them with a fashionable membership, are apt to have some specific *raison d'être*. The Alhambra, however, is a mixed club, with purely social aims. The Bath Club, one of the ultra-swell, has athletic aims. The Denison Club has charitable aspirations, the Sesame Club literary purposes, and so one might, like Tennyson's brook, run on forever in a *résumé* of the mixed clubs that mark London as conspicuous. When it comes to the Empress Club comparing notes with a club exclusively of men, there are absolutely no points of distinction. In this connection it is noteworthy that the Empress Club is second in membership only to one man's club, the Constitutional Club of London, which has the exceptional enrollment of five thousand members. From these cursory comparisons it will be seen that in this strenuous day the Empress Club offers peculiar advantages to the society woman. It is not only an attractive abiding-place for the country woman who may come to town over-night for a function, but it is a convenient social centre for the in-town member. Certainly nothing could be more alluring to the woman who dotes on social chit-chat than to indulge over a companionable little tea-table in one of the elegant corners, or to have a cozy half-hour in the privacy of her own apartment. For the hostess who entertains much it is quite "the thing" for her to give her functions at the club. As mentioned, one of the large reception-rooms may be rented for this purpose. This relieves the hostess of the distress of having her home disarranged, and at the same time frees her from responsibility of directing the affair, as she simply gives an order at the office and is sure to have every detail attended to perfectly. There are times, moreover, when the club unites in giving a big affair, as the brilliant reception on the opening evening in its new quarters last October.

The rare Madeiras, sherries, clarets, Rheinweins, brandies, and cigars which belonged to the late Judge Henry Hilton were sold at auction in New York last week to a gathering of appreciative buyers. They brought prices that would have been high if paid for any other collection of wines and cigars, but were thought by the connoisseurs at the sale to have brought sums that were no more than fair when it was taken into consideration that the entire collection bore the stamp of Judge Hilton's taste (remarks the *New York Sun*). The judge let himself live while he lived, and anything that was good enough for his cellars is held to be good enough for any of the good fivers who outlived him. The highest price paid for any of the wines was \$11 a bottle paid for a Johannisberger cabinet of 1874, from D. Leiden, of Cologne, blue label. The lowest price was 60 cents a bottle for a part of 32r bottles of Malmsey private stock of 1845. The rest of the lot sold for higher prices. Most of the students of fine and rare wines in New York were at the sale. Justice Truax was there, and George C. De Witt, J. J. Van Allen, John J. Wyson, Buchanan Winthrop, Montgomery Ward, George R. Read, J. Cass Ledyard, and Peter Marie, and a host of buyers for fine wine brokers and importers. Only a few of the well-known connoisseurs did their own bidding. Many of them made their bids through agents and brokers, but could not resist the temptation to see the sale. Nearly all the cigars were sold at prices ranging from \$7 to \$24.50 a hundred. There were 123 lots of liquors and cigars altogether to be sold. One bottle from each case was exposed and stood on top of the case. Carafes of the brandies and sherries were exposed on top of most of the cases of those wines, so that the intending buyers might investigate for themselves the qualities of the wines. Now and then one of the audience would approach a carafe and pour out a tablespoonful into a glass, and sniff at it, and taste it, and hold it to the light. But there was very little of such testing. As one of the heavier buyers said: "Henry Hilton did all that work for me."

In an editorial on "The Metropolitan and Provincial City," the *Springfield Republican* thus comments on the Horse Show, which was recently held in New York: "It is to New York and the country what the agricultural fair is to a county-seat and the sight-seers of its vicinage. As horse-show enthusiasm has taken hold of society folks in Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, and other cities not necessary to catalogue, who flock to New York to distantly share in the social titillations of the Four Hundred, the ardor of the local elect has waned, we are told. Due warning has been served on provincial dressmakers, who have adopted the practice of studying the gowns displayed at horse-shows, that this year they will be copying the fashions of lesser cities, but not of New York's inner circle of fashion. Exclusiveness has learned to protect itself, and the best coiffures will

not be lavished on the predatory sight of the horse-show audiences. One of the newspapers warns outsiders that they will not be seeing and copying fashions that are fashions. This is well, of course, and yet is not Pittsburg and Chicago money able to command the services of Parisian artists quite as well as the money of New Yorkers? Somehow, the note of provincialism runs through it all, from the Four Hundred down to Jenkins. The rural dress-makers will not go amiss if they copy this year's costumes, secure in the thought that so they will at least satisfy their Four Hundred."

"True is it that outsiders have become a great part of the show," continues the *Springfield Republican*. "The Waldorf-Astoria affords quite as interesting a spectacle as the Madison Square Garden. It is the accepted thing among those who can afford the luxury and are interested in horses, fashion, and the brilliant spectacle which masses therein, to dine at this gilded hotel before and to take supper there after the night's performance at the garden. To do this gives the warming consciousness of being 'in it,' and there are many who partake of it. The crush of carriages at the hotel is so great as to block Thirty-Fourth Street, while at dinner-time the capacity of the hotel is tested to the utmost to supply the demand for room at the tables. The judicious, to whom a good dinner is important, look elsewhere, but all through that part of the city the fine hotels and restaurants are overrun. Their proprietors might well endow the Horse Show, so long as it retains the flavor of fashion that gives it its present lavish popularity."

The South Side Woman's Club of Chicago has been discussing the question "Why do club and society women walk so ungracefully?" "Only one woman in twenty-five walks well," declared one fair critic, adding: "They stand at such dreadful angles." Another member ventured the opinion that Chicago women are lazy and walk "with sunken chests and stomachs thrown out because they think they are more comfortable." Still another vigorously assailed "the golf or kangaroo walk" adopted by young women, alleging that the women do not use the right muscles in walking. "It seems as if they are propelled by windmill gestures with their arms, and their necks are craned and their chests extended," said this critic. The golf walk is said to be a female modification of the "under-graduate walk" which was popular in Eastern colleges last spring. The walker bends forward from the hips, swings his arms and body, and puts each foot down with a stamp as if it were destined to stay in that particular spot for a long time. With this walk went the broad, square shoulders, and if nature had not provided them the tailor did. Every under-graduate had this swing.

The silk hat, which has come to be regarded as the customary head-gear of well-dressed Londoners, has withstood repeated attacks and managed to retain its popularity, although it looks now as if it was doomed. Its decline in favor at present is regarded as one of the results of the recent Transvaal war. The comfort of the khaki hat is so great that men who enjoyed it in service are continuing to wear it in London. According to the *London Court Journal*, the Duke of Norfolk recently appeared in a large, soft, black hat, which is said to have not more than a suspicion of militarism in it, and enough men have followed his example to make a vogue for this new substitute for the silk hat. With so distinguished a supporter of the new fashion, it is highly probable that its favor will increase, and make it the most formidable rival that the silk hat has ever had. This new style of head-gear is worn on occasions honored exclusively in the past by the silk hat; whether or not it is to become a regular substitute for the silk hat remains to be seen.

An important discussion, affecting lady lawyers, took place in the French senate, on November 13th (says the Paris correspondent of the *London Telegraph*). A proposition due to M. Tillaye was presented, tending to permit ladies who have obtained the diplomas of licentiate-in-law to take oaths as advocates and to practice in open court. By a decree of the Paris appeal court, in 1897, this right was denied to ladies like Mlle. Chauvin, who had passed a brilliant examination for a law degree. The lady, by the way, was present in the senate during the discussion on the proposition of M. Tillaye, who a few days ago logically argued that if the liberal careers were opened to women in the universities, and if they were permitted to practice medicine and to take law degrees, they should also be authorized to act as advocates or harristars in courts of justice. M. Goujon opposed the proposition in the senate, his remarks evoking occasional laughter from the serious legislators of the upper house. He said that they were wanted to do what the English Parliament had admitted its inability to effect, namely, to transform women into men. Each sex had its own duties to perform, and should stick to them, and one sex was just as good as the other. Here a voice uttered the words, "Is that quite true?" and M. Goujon, without elaborating his theory, went on to say that women were not fitted for the struggles and the deceptions of the lawyer's calling. They were aspiring to enter an enviable and lucra-

tive profession, but in it they would soon find that they had but a shadow, beyond which were illusions, misery, fatigue, and a premature end. The worthy senator for the Rhone department further affirmed that in countries where lady advocates were permitted to practice in court, few of them availed themselves of the privilege. Switzerland, for instance, had only two, and in the United States the female lawyers did not plead. M. Tillaye next spoke, and backed his proposition with some energy, reminding the senate that the admission of women as pleading advocates would not qualify them for judgeships or for the higher political rights. M. Monis, the minister of justice, supported M. Tillaye's proposition, which, although not down on the programme of the cabinet, was favorably regarded by the government. He thought that the courts should be thrown open to women, who would bring human sympathy and pity into the methods of justice. The proposition was then carried in the senate by 172 votes against 34. The lady advocates have, therefore, the satisfaction of knowing that the government and the senatorial majority are on their side, in spite of the opposition of so many other politicians and lawyers.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, December 4th, were as follows:

BONDS.	Shares.		Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
Bay Counties Co. 5%	3,000	@ 104	104	105
Los An. Ry. 5%	10,000	@ 110 1/2	110 1/2	111
Los An. & Pac. Ry. 5%	5,000	@ 103 1/2	103 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	1,000	@ 119 1/2	119	
Oakland Transit 6%	5,000	@ 118 1/2	118 1/2	120
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	2,000	@ 111	110 1/2	111 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%	2,000	@ 119 1/2	119 1/2	
S. V. Water 6%	3,000	@ 114 1/2	114	114 1/2
S. V. Water 4%	2,000	@ 103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 3ds.	310,000	@ 101 1/2	101 1/2	
STOCKS.	Shares.		Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
Water.				
Spring Valley Water.	236	@ 93 1/2 - 94	93 1/2	94
Gas and Electric.				
Equitable Gaslight	10	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Oakland Gas	5	@ 50 1/2	50	50 1/2
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	10	@ 48		49
S. F. Gas & Electric.	1,050	@ 46 1/2 - 47	46 1/2	
S. F. Gas	100	@ 4 1/2	4 1/2	4 1/2
Banks.				
Bank of Cal.	5	@ 410	409	
First National Bank	10	@ 300	299	300
London P. & A.	25	@ 143 1/2	143	
Street R. R.				
Market St.	530	@ 70 1/2 - 72 1/2	70 1/2	71
Flour.				
Giant Con.	145	@ 85 - 85 1/2	85	85 1/2
Vigorit	250	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.	20	@ 7 1/2	7 1/2	7 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S.	560	@ 86 - 89 1/2	89 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.	675	@ 31 1/2 - 32	31 1/2	
Hutchinson	175	@ 25 1/2	25 1/2	25 1/2
Kilauea S. Co.	155	@ 20 1/2 - 21	20 1/2	21 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.	330	@ 41 1/2 - 41 1/2	41 1/2	41 1/2
Onoua S. Co.	610	@ 29 1/2 - 29 1/2	29	
Pauhaulu S. P. Co.	375	@ 32 1/2 - 32 1/2	32 1/2	32 1/2
Miscellaneous.				
Oceanic S. Co.	215	@ 99 1/2 - 100 1/2	103 1/2	105
Pac. C. Borax	20	@ 152	151	152

The sugar stocks were strong and about 2,000 shares were traded in. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company advanced five points to 89 1/2 bid and sales on transactions of 600 shares, and the balance of the companies held their own in price and were in good demand.

Giant Powder was strong and advanced one-half point on small sales.

The stock of the Oceanic Steamship Company advanced three and one-half points on small sales, and closed three-quarters of a point bid above last sale, at 103 1/2 bid, 105 asked. The advance was made on the strong probability of the passage of the subsidy bill and the large and increasing business of the company.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,238,372.45
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1900..... 25,938,395.12

OFFICERS—President, E. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWNY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and L. N. Walter.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1900..... \$26,952,875
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 218,593
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... \$3,514,068.82
October 1st, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD, President
CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN, Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH, Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOUTON, Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY, Secretary

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St. Louis..... Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev..... Agency of the Bank of California
London..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris..... Messrs. de Rothschild Freres
Berlin..... Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan, and East Indies..... Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
Australia and New Zealand..... The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus..... \$8,176,896.63
Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier;
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christeson, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Berningham, Dudley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Cows, it appears, have most accommodating appetites and digestions. When, in the 'sixties, an Oxford cow was credited with swallowing a mackintosh, it drew from Osborn Gordon, then the well-known witty censor of Christ Church, London, the expression of a hope that its milk would now be waterproof.

At one of the railway-construction works in Glasgow, the other day, a Roman Catholic clergyman, who takes a great interest in the members of his flock engaged at the cutting, saw one of them entering a "pub." He hailed him, but Pat simply looked, and walked in. Waiting till he came out, the reverend gentleman accosted him thus: "Pat, didn't you hear me calling?" "Yes, your ravinne, I did, but—but I had only the price of one."

One day, at a large family dinner, Pasteur called the attention of those present to the danger of imbibing germs while eating fruit, and to impress the necessity of caution upon his hearers washed his bunch of grapes in a glass of water. After he had finished the grapes and had forgotten his little speech, being thirsty, he drank from the glass in which the grapes had been washed, thereby arousing much merriment among the irreverent youngsters present.

The other day a newly appointed warden was taken by the prison chaplain into the chapel, where the prisoners were assembled in a body. The chaplain presented him to the company with the remark that he would say a few words. The warden was a bashful man, and unaccustomed to speech-making. He stammered, stuttered, blushed, and faltered: "Ladies and—er—no—no—gentle—that is, men and fellow-prisoners—er—I can't make a speech; I don't know how to make a speech. In fact, all—er—all I can say is—er—that I'm very glad indeed to see so many of you here!"

On one occasion, during a visit to America, Michael Gunn, who assisted Gilbert and Sullivan in bringing out many of their operas, was trying the voices of some candidates for the chorus. One of them sang in a sort of affected Italian-broken-English. The stage-manager interrupted. "Look here," he said, "that accent won't do for sailors or pirates. Give us a little less Mediterranean, and a little more Whitechapel." Here Gunn turned and said, "Of what nationality are you? You don't sound Italian." The other suddenly dropped his Italian accent, and in Irish said, "Shure, Mr. Gunn, I'm from the same country as yourself."

Robert Barr relates that once, speaking with Bret Harte, he related the rigid life Henry Thoreau had led at Walden Pond, as compared with the luxurious surroundings of many modern authors. Barr advocated a return to the simpler habits of our ancestors. "Yes," Harte replied, "living on parched peas sounds very fine in a book. When I visited Emerson, I was astonished to find how close Walden Pond was to the Emerson homestead, and I commented on this. I had imagined that the pond was away out in the wilderness, miles from any human habitation. Before Emerson could reply, Mrs. Emerson spoke up in the tone of a woman exposing a humbug: 'Oh, yes, Henry took good care not to get out of hearing of our dinner hour.'"

An anecdote of Gladstone is set down by Sir Wemyss Reid in the new *Anglo-Saxon*. Reid tells how, on one occasion, about ten years ago, he sat opposite Mr. Gladstone at dinner, and noticed that the side of his face was severely bruised and cut. The explanation was interesting. Mr. Gladstone had been to call, a few evenings before, upon Lord Granville, who was then very ill. In returning he took a short cut through some of the alleys of Mayfair, and in passing along one narrow street he slipped off the pavement and, losing his balance, fell at full length upon the road. "I lay there stunned for a minute at least," he added, in his deep, sonorous voice, "and though a great many people passed no one came to my assistance or took the slightest notice of me. I suppose they thought that I was drunk."

Benjamin West's picture of the "Death of Nelson" is closely connected with an anecdote of the great sailor. Just before he went to sea for the last time, he was present at a dinner, during which he sat between the artist and Sir William Hamilton. Nelson was expressing to Hamilton his regret that he had not, in his youth, acquired some taste for art and some discrimination in judging it. "But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel, I never pass a shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it." West made some gracious answer to the compliment, and Nelson went on: "Why have you painted no more like it?" "Because, my lord," West replied, "there are no more subjects." "Ah," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that." "But, my lord," continued West, "I am afraid your intrepidity will yet furnish me with another such scene; and if it should, I shall certainly

avail myself of it." "Will you?" said Nelson—"will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battle!" A few days later he sailed; his strangely expressed aspiration was realized, and the scene lives upon canvas.

When Pinero's "The Gay Lord Quex," which is now being produced in New York by John Hare, was first brought out in London, the attention of the audience was drawn to a certain brand of champagne which was several times referred to by one of the characters, the Duchess of Strood. It sounded singularly like a real name, but even the greatest diner-out could not exactly remember having seen it. In about a month, however, people began to discover that there was a brand of that name, of the vintage of '93. But this is really only a proof that business acuteness flourishes in steady-going London as elsewhere. Two young men, one of whom, curiously enough, had been an actor, had bought some champagne of the '93 vintage on speculation, but it was from unknown vineyards and had no name. When Mr. Pinero's play became the talk of London these shrewd young gentlemen hurriedly had labels printed and launched the brand.

Russell Sage, who owns several houses in the little Long Island village of Lawrence, recently engaged a plumber named Holler to make some repairs. When the work was done the plumber presented his bill, amounting to \$22, to Sage personally. The Wall Street financier looked the account over carefully and remarked, decisively: "I'll give you \$18 cash." "All right," said Holler, "I need the money." The other day Sage asked him for an estimate on another job. Holler spent considerable time figuring, and then said: "Mr. Sage, I'll do that job for \$54." When it was completed, Sage examined the work and professed his satisfaction. Again the plumber presented his bill in person for \$54. "It's worth \$50 cash," said the financier. Meekly the plumber took his check. Then, so the villagers say, Holler took his revenge also. "Sage," he said, "I could have done that job for \$25 and made a profit of \$5, but I expected you to beat me down. I guess I'm about \$25 ahead of you."

TOM TACKLE.

Tom Tackle was a foot-ball man,
Who never thought of fear,
A quarter-back came rushing by
And tore from him an ear.

A full-back stopped him in a spurt,
Before he could dodge by,
And ere they separated there
Poor Tom had lost an eye.

And after one more sprint he was
Of his left arm bereft,
But cheerfully he murmured: "Now,
My good right arm is left."

A centre-rush approached him with:
"Your pardon, sir, I beg."
And in the tussle for the ball
He pulled off Tom's right leg.

"Twas then his sweetheart said to him:
"With sorrow do I scan"
The remnants of your handsome self—
You are but half a man.

"And though I pity you, indeed,"
The charming creature said,
"I fear that we must say farewell,
For we can never wed."

Now, Tackle was a wise young man.
"Though I have lost an ear,"
He said, "I'll have a double charm
When your sweet voice I hear."

"And though my left eye's gone to rest,
Yet it is very nice,
For where I looked at you but once
I'll now look at you twice."

"And though one arm is in its grave,
The other's strong as two.
Then, since one leg is gone, I can
Ne'er run away from you."

So, they were wed, and Tackle thanked
What he called lucky fates;
For when he paid the marriage fee
It cost him but half rates.

His wife declared: "I'll take no chance,
There's none of you to spare."
To keep him from more foot-ball games
She cut off all his hair.

Tom Tackle is a happy man,
Yet sometimes says: "I'd would be
Much better had my hair been lost
Before the rest of me."

—Baltimore American.

Seeds that Surely Grow.

The cost of seeds compared with the value of the crop is so small that a few cents saved by buying second-rate seeds will amount to many dollars lost when the harvest is gathered. Farmers have found out by many costly failures what a risky thing it is to buy seeds without being pretty sure that they are reliable and true to name. The latest catalogue of the seed house of D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich., is a reminder that thousands of farmers in the United States and Canada have pinned their faith to the reputation of this great firm. During a business career approaching half a century in time Ferry's seeds have won an annual increase in popularity, which is perhaps the best evidence that they grow and give satisfaction. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1901 is a useful guide in selecting seeds for the farm, the truck garden, and the flower garden. It is sent free on application.

Mark Twain in Schools.

In the course of a speech at the annual meeting of the Public Education Association in New York last week, Mark Twain said:

"Your president has said that the society had a large credit mark given when the committee on revision of school legislation asked for its suggestions and recommendations to assist it. She spoke also of the fact that the school exhibit which was in Paris, and which she had hoped might be displayed to you, has been loaned to the Russian Government at its request, and as she mentioned that, I was struck by the remembrance of a cable dispatch I had read a day or two ago. It began by saying that Russia was going to retrench, and there I paused to feel glad over it—glad to think, for the sake of the world, that she was going to recall her troops from China, for in that case other nations—even we—might follow her example. After all, the only trouble in China is that they don't want foreigners. We arrogated the right to object to foreigners, and a few years ago excluded the Chinese. All they want to do is to exclude us. The Boxers are the Chinese patriots. The newspapers call them hard names, but all they are after is to get the foreigners out of their country, and I hope they may have all success in doing so. If I am opposed to the Chinaman being here then I am a Boxer, and the only difference between us Boxers here and the China Boxers is that we carried our point and the Chinese didn't."

"When I read a cablegram headline in the paper this afternoon that Russia was going to retrench, and that that perhaps meant the end of the war out there in China, and the leaving of China to the Chinese, why I felt rejoiced. And yet there seemed to be something not quite right about it. It didn't seem quite possible, somehow. And then I read down into the cablegram, and I saw that Russia's expenses had become so great that she had decided to retrench, and that the way she was going to retrench was by cutting off the appropriation for public schools. Now, I never expected to see a humorous telegram come from Russia. And it is just as likely as not those Russians don't know that telegram is humorous. Here with us, where we regard the schools as the foundation of all things, the idea of retrenching by cutting off the appropriation for the public schools naturally strikes us as humorous."

"It is a joke we know, but it is a joke that in its practical application we would not understand. It reminds me of what I saw myself once down in the Mississippi Valley when I was a boy. There was an occasion in the little community when the finances were at a low ebb. There were expenses of all kinds and little money to meet them. It was a case when the expenses had got to be cut down in some way, and there was a proposition made to save money by shutting down the public schools. It was discussed in public meeting, and there was one old farmer who got up and said he did not believe it would work. 'It will be just as broad as it is long,' he said, 'in the long run. You will not save anything by it. For every school-house you shut up you will have to build a jail, and it was not from jails, he argued, that the community drew its sustenance. The saving would be fiction rather than fact. What was saved at one end would be lost at the other. It would be like feeding a dog on its own tail. You could never fatten that dog. Well, the old farmer convinced them and they did not shut down the schools."

"This society is much wiser than the Emperor of Russia and his advisers. That is not much of a compliment, but it is the best I have in stock."

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.VVO
Scotch Whisky

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In cases of
Indigestion, Cramps
or intestinal disorders, such as
Cholera, Diarrhoea, etc.,

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RICQLÈS
Alcool de Menthe

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STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,
at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamers From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900

Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, December 22

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Wed., Jan. 16, 1901

Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, Feb. 9

Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, March 7

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.

America Maru. Saturday, December 29

Hongkong Maru. Thursday, Jan. 24, 1901

Nippon Maru. Tuesday, February 19

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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Sierra, 6000 Tons

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S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,
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S. S. Zealandia, for Honolulu, Dec. 26, 1900, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Australia, for Papeete, Tahiti, Tuesday,
Jan. 6, 1901, at 4 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 613 Market
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Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:

For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Dec. 2, 7,

12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, change to com-
pany's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11

A. M., Dec. 3, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1,

and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,

Dec. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Jan. 3, and

every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port

Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles): Queen—Wed-

nesdays, 9 A. M. Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.

For Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port

Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara,

Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro, East San Pedro, and

Newport (Los Angeles). Corona—Fridays, 9 A. M. Bo-

rita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers,

sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

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AMERICAN LINE.

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Southark. December 19

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STEPHEN D. IVES, General Agent

SOCIETY.

The Friday Fortnightly.

The first dance of the Friday Fortnightly Club during the present season took place at Cotillion Hall on Friday evening, December 7th. The members and guests were received by Mrs. Monroe Salishbury, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. James Robinson, and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, and at ten o'clock the cotillion was begun. It was led by Miss Olive Holbrook and Miss Bernice Drown, assisted by Mr. Percy King and Mr. Burhank Somers. Among the young ladies in the first set were Miss Mary Nichols, Miss Margaret Salishbury, Miss Elena Robinson, the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels, Miss Marion Eels, Mrs. A. D. Keyes, Mrs. Albert Russell, Miss Lucy King, Miss Pearl Sahin, Miss Margery Gibbons, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Dunham, and Miss Mahel Harrison.

At the next dance of the Friday Fortnightly Club, December 21st, the cotillion will be led by Miss Josselyn and Miss Thérèse Morgan.

The Doll Show.

The model doll show held under the auspices of the Doctor's Daughters was opened to the public in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Friday, December 7th, and will be open all Saturday until eleven o'clock in the evening. The proceeds of the exhibition will be used by the Doctor's Daughters in their charitable work.

The exhibition of model dolls is even handsomer than it has been in previous years. The little figures are exquisitely gowned in the most modish garments, some being in half-gowns, others in afternoon toilets, others again in outing costume, and so on through the gamut of the feminine wardrobe. Among the dolls which are attracting the most attention are those which have been contributed by Miss Katharine Dillon, Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Julia Mau, Miss Agnes Simpson, and Mr. W. R. Hearst. Many of the dolls are for sale and some are being raffled.

An orchestra discourses music during the afternoon and evening, and light refreshments—tea, coffee, ice-cream and cakes, lemonade, and punch—are served at all hours by a heavy of young society women.

The dolls that remain unsold on Saturday evening are to be disposed of at public auction, Mr. Arthur Spear and several other gentlemen having promised to act as auctioneers.

The St. Luke's Reception.

The reception and sale held in the parlors of St. Luke's Church on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon by the St. Luke's Twenty-Minute Society was a great success socially and financially. The tables were in charge of the following ladies:

Mrs. Louis Monteagle, Mrs. John Simpson, Mrs. William Morrow, Mrs. Sidney Smith, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. A. N. Drown, Mrs. Richard Heath, Mrs. Edward Belcher, Mrs. Samuel McMurtrie, Miss Kate Gunn, Mrs. George Buckingham, Mrs. J. Langhorn, Miss Ida Bourne, Mrs. H. Gray, and Mrs. Arthur Moore.

Their assistants were:

Miss Bernice Drown, the Misses Carolan, the Misses Smith, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Gertrude Eels, the Misses Agnes and Maude Simpson, Miss Ella Bender, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss May Colburn, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Margaret Cole, Miss Van Wyck, and Miss Charlotte Ellinwood.

The Oakland Cotillion Club.

The Oakland Cotillion Club gave its initial party on Tuesday evening, December 4th, in Reed Hall. Four pretty figures were danced during the evening, Miss Agnes Duff and Miss Coralie Selby leading with Mr. Jordan and Mr. Edward Sessions. The young ladies in the first set were Miss Florence Hayden, Miss Leslie Green, Miss Ruth Knowles,

Miss Ada Havens, Miss Helen Shafter, Miss Crissie Taft, Miss Hess Pringle, Miss Lucy Moffitt, Miss Anita Lohse, Miss Florence Selby, Miss Ruth Dunham, Miss Sue de Fremery, Miss Pauline Fore, and Miss Jacks.

The patronesses were Mrs. George McNear, Jr., Mrs. H. C. Taft, Mrs. William Duff, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Prentiss Selby, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Fred Stratton, Mrs. Charles Havens, and Mrs. Charles Palmer.

The Forum Club Anniversary.

The ladies of the Forum Club of California celebrated the fifth anniversary of the club with a banquet in the California Hotel drawing-rooms on Saturday afternoon, December 1st. The guests of honor were the following retiring officers:

President, Mrs. Martin Regensberger; first vice-president, Mrs. L. A. Kelley; second vice-president, Mrs. J. H. Frick; third vice-president, Mrs. E. G. Denniston; recording secretary, Mrs. J. W. Pew; corresponding secretary, Miss Mahel A. Ayer; treasurer, Miss Louise Elliott; directors—Mrs. J. P. Young, Mrs. H. S. Welch, Mrs. F. A. Robbins, Mrs. J. L. Flood, Mrs. W. H. Brown, and Miss Jennie H. McFarland.

The following officers were installed for the ensuing year:

President, Mrs. Edward Gere Denniston; first vice-president, Mrs. J. Homer Frick; second vice-president, Miss Jennie McFarland; third vice-president, Mrs. John P. Young; recording secretary, Mrs. S. E. Knowles; corresponding secretary, Miss Ivy Bauer; treasurer, Miss Louise Elliott; directors—Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Mrs. J. I. Sahin, Mrs. Charles Mann, Mrs. Frederick Kellogg, Mrs. S. J. Hendy, and Mrs. J. L. Flood.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Isabelle Preston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, to Mr. Len Douglas Owens, will take place at St. Luke's Church on Wednesday afternoon, December 12th. The ceremony will be performed at three o'clock by Bishop Nichols; Miss Edith Preston, the bride's sister will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Norma Preston, the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels, Miss Ida Gibbons, and Miss Florence Josselyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hohart entertained Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Casserly at supper after the opera on Friday evening, November 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young were among the guests at President McKinley's banquet to the members of the Paris Commission in Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, December 5th.

Judge and Mrs. W. H. Morrow, Miss Eleanor Morrow, and Lieutenant Roosevelt were entertained by Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her Broadway home on Thursday, November 29th, and in the evening accompanied her to the opera. Mrs. Martin's guests on Saturday afternoon at Melba's farewell performance were Mrs. Ashburner, Mrs. Horace Hill, and Mrs. Wells Field.

Mrs. Joseph Crockett gave a luncheon at her home, 2029 California Street, on Thursday, December 6th, in honor of Miss Elena Robinson.

The dinner that Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Lawrence Regua and Colonel and Mrs. Oscar F. Long were to give at Highlands Monday evening, November 26th, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells (née Hush), did not take place on account of the injuries Mrs. Wells received in the Owl train accident near Antioch.

Mrs. George A. Crux gave a luncheon in the private dining-room of the Hotel Richelieu on Tuesday, December 4th, in honor of Mrs. William C. Peyton. Covers were laid for fourteen.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will be at home on the first and second Fridays in December.

Miss Maud Mullins gave a card-party at her home on Friday, December 7th, at which she entertained some eighty friends.

Mrs. George A. Martin (née Hamilton) has sent out cards for days at home at 1138 Jackson Street, on Tuesday, December 11th, and second and third Tuesdays in January.

Recent Wills and Successions.

Final distribution of the Alexander P. More estate was ordered on Tuesday by Judge Coffey, all the heirs agreeing to a close of the litigation. The estate was worth about \$1,250,000 when it was brought into the superior court eight years ago. It is stated that the value is now fully up to that amount, but the many eminent attorneys in the case have not yet received their fees. The signing of the distribution decree has been withheld until the close of this month, in order that the executors may raise money for the payment of the minor legacies. In order to obtain the needed funds, the managers of the estate will sell 30,000 head of sheep now on Santa Rosa Island, off the coast of Santa Barbara, which is a part of the estate.

George A. Newhall and Walter S. Newhall, sons and only heirs of Margaret J. Newhall, have applied for letters of administration on her estate, the value of which is not stated.

Willie Campbell, the well-known golf player of Scotland, died in Boston, November 25th, of a complication of diseases, thirty-eight years old.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Concert at the Art Institute.

A promenade concert was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, under the direction of Henry Heyman, on Thursday evening, December 6th. Mr. Heyman's orchestra had the assistance of Miss Marie Partridge, soprano; Miss Stella R. Schwabacher, soprano; Miss Rebecca Delvalle, contralto; Miss Edna Smart, contralto; Mrs. W. J. Bachelder, vocal accompanist; and Emil Cruells, organist and accompanist, in presenting the following programme:

Organ overture, "Jessonda," Spohr, Emil Cruells; songs, (a) "Show Me Thy Ways," Torrente, (b) "The Fisher Maiden," Meyerheer, Miss Rebecca Delvalle; violin (a) "Idylle," Otto Florestheim, (b) "Mazurka," Hubay (both first time in San Francisco), Henry Heyman; two songs with violin obligato, (a) "Heaven Hath Shed a Tear," Kücken, (b) "Barcarolle," Gounod, Miss Stella R. Schwabacher; organ, selections, "La Bohème," Puccini, Emil Cruells; songs (a) "Vainka's Song," Stutzman, (b) "The Bird and the Rose," Horrocks, Miss Edna Smart; violin, "Reverie," Adolph Locher, Henry Heyman (accompanied by the composer); songs (a) "Give My Love Good-Morrow," Macfarren (with violin), (b) "The Sweetest Flower That Blows," Hawley, Miss Marie Partridge; organ, march, "Tannhäuser," Wagner, Emil Cruells.

The next and last concert will take place on Thursday evening, December 13th.

A Musicale by Graduates of Mills College.

A musicale was given at Century Hall, Wednesday evening, December 5th, by Miss Beulah George and Miss Zuleta Geery, who recently graduated from Mills College, and H. B. Pasmore. They were assisted by Miss Edith Cruzan, accompanist, and Mary, Susan, and Dorothy Pasmore. The programme presented was as follows:

Trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, Op. 1, No. 1 (first movement), Beethoven, Mary, Susan, and Dorothy Pasmore; song-cycle, "Eliland," Von Felitz, Miss Zuleta Geery; songs, Saint-Saëns, H. B. Pasmore; aria, "With Verdure Clad" (from "The Creation"), Haydn, Miss Beulah George; trio, "Petite Suite," H. B. Pasmore, (a) allegro (Work), (b) andante (Sorrow and Hope), (c) vivace (Play), Mary, Susan, and Dorothy Pasmore; songs, "Dear Love, When in Thy Arms," Chadwick, "A Maid Sings Light," MacDowell, "Slumber Sea," Chisholm, Miss Geery; songs, Schubert, H. B. Pasmore; trio, "Serenade," "Moment Musicale" (arranged by H. B. Pasmore), Schubert, Mary, Susan, and Dorothy Pasmore; songs, (a) "O Where Do Fairies Hide Their Heads," Bishop-Bedford, (b) "O That We Two Were Maying" ('cello obligato), Nevin, (c) "Spring," Weil, Miss George; trio in G, (a) andante, (b) adagio, (c) rondo (Hungarian), Haydn, Mary, Susan, and Dorothy Pasmore; duets, Dvorak, Miss George and Miss Geery.

The next concert by the Loring Club will be the second of their twenty-fourth season, and will be given in the Native Sons' Hall, on Tuesday evening, December 11th. Their programme will include a number of compositions new to San Francisco, notably, Franz Behr's "Spring Matins," for tenor solo and male voice chorus, the soloist in this being Mr. J. F. Veaco. Miss Anna Virginia Metcalf, a soprano who comes with strong indorsement from the principal London and European critics, will make her debut in this city, and Mr. Loring, the conductor of the club, will direct the concert.

The next musical event of importance in San Francisco will be Eduard Strauss and his Vienna orchestra, which has been meeting with such success in the East. They will come to the California Theatre the latter part of this month. The famous waltzes by Johann Strauss form an important feature of their repertoire.

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel, the distinguished vocalists, are to give a series of recitals at Metropolitan Temple during the month of January.

—BE SURE AND SEE NEIL MITCHELL'S GREAT marine, "Calm Day," in Wm. Morris's Gallery, 248 Sutter Street.

—VERY PRETTY ARE THE NEW DESIGNS IN Christmas cards this season at Cooper's, 746 Market.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *resumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fletcher are at present residing in Venice, in the Saibante Palace, on the Grand Canal. Mr. Fletcher is an ex-resident of San Francisco, and will be well remembered as a former president of the Olympic Club and a prominent member of the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst will spend the winter in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. H. T. Scott, Miss Mary Scott, and Miss Georgia Hopkins are in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwern will remain in New York until after the holidays, the guests of Mrs. C. P. Huntington.

Mr. H. E. Huntington has gone to New York.

Mrs. A. P. Whittell and Miss Whittell, after living abroad for several years, have returned to San Francisco, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. J. P. Jones and the Misses Alice, Marion, and Georgiana Jones, of Santa Monica, who have returned from abroad, will remain in Washington, D. C., during the winter.

Lady Canard, formerly Miss Maud Burke, of Oakland, arrived in New York last week on a visit to her mother.

Mr. Clinton E. Worden was in Washington, D. C., on Saturday last.

Mr. Robert J. Tohin sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Zealandia* on Monday, December 3d. Mr. Tobin expects to make a stay of some duration on the islands, as his visit is made for the benefit of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles James Welch (nee Livingstone) have returned to New York from their Southern honeymoon trip, and opened their home on West Forty-Seventh Street. In the spring they will be in San Francisco, en route to Honolulu.

Mr. Charles Holbrook was at Paso Robles last week.

Among the San Franciscans who were in New York last week were Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Luggdin, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Miss Susie Blanding, Mrs. J. Curtis, Miss M. Oxnard, Mrs. N. B. Eyster, Mrs. Loughborough, Mr. W. F. Herrin, Mr. J. S. Oyster, and Mr. L. E. Van Winkle.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., returned from Europe on Sunday last.

Mr. A. B. Spreckels was in Sacramento last week.

Mrs. J. Allen Parsons has returned from Belvedere and will be at home on Tuesdays at 605 O'Farrell Street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Black Ryan and their daughter, Miss Daisy Ryan, have taken apartments at the Occidental Hotel, having closed their country residence at Menlo Park for the winter.

Mr. Charles M. Hays, the new president of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, will visit California during the month of January.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Fulton, of Portland, Or., are in town for a short stay and are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Professor David Starr Jordan came up from Stanford University early in the week and was at the California Hotel.

Mrs. A. H. Boomer will visit her son in Auburn during the absence of Mr. Boomer in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip returned last Saturday from Redlands, where Rev. William Kip is sojourning.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adams have returned from their trip to Tahiti, and are residing at the Hotel Granada. Mrs. Adams will be at home on the first and third Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Luhrs, of Sacramento, were at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Rinaldo, of San José, are residing at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Russell were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Roth have taken apartments at the Hotel Granada for the winter.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Anderson, Miss Osborne, and Mr. W. A. Fortescue, of Ben Lomond, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schmidt, of Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Cumberley, of Stanford, Mr. H. W. Harris, of Portland, Or., Mr. E. H. Hudson, of Marysville, Mr. G. E. Lawrence, of Bakersfield, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Brey, of Piedmont, Mr. C. T. Stevenson, of Oroville, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smith and Miss Smith, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Salisbury, of Syracuse, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Nally, of Denver, Mr. T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, Mr. J. G. Scott, of Agnew, and Mr. G. W. Dickie, of San Mateo.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Carnahan, of Portland, Mrs. A. D. Whittaker and Mr. Alan D. Whittaker, Jr., of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Page, of Eureka, Mrs. Barton J. Powell and Dr. Barton J. Powell, of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Woodward, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Govan, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. S. Benjamin, of Melbourne, Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Nelson, of London, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lamb, of Belvedere, Mr. R. W. Gray, of Oakland, Mr. A. L. Alexander, of Virginia City, Mr. Thomas J. Stewart, Mr. Edward Cahill, Mr. W. M. Adam, Mr. Richard G. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Nash, Miss Myrtle Hudson, and Mr. Arthur H. Cole.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major J. A. Hull, U. S. A., who returned to San Francisco on the transport *Thomas* on Saturday last,

has been appointed advocate-general under General Shafter, U. S. A. He succeeds Major Grosbeck, U. S. A., who is now in the Philippines. Major Hull is the son of Congressman Hull, chairman of the Military Committee of the House of Representatives.

Brigadier-General Marcus P. Miller, U. S. A., retired, is at 725 Twentieth Street north-west, Washington, D. C. Until recently, he was at Stockbridge, Mass.

Major Alexander Rodgers, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain William H. Bean, U. S. A., and General James H. Wilson, U. S. V., who returned from Manila on the transport *Thomas* on Saturday last, were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mrs. Rodman, wife of Lieutenant Hugh Rodman, U. S. N., accompanied by her niece, Miss Ruth Rodman, has rejoined her husband at Sausalito, where they will spend the winter.

Assistant-Paymaster F. K. Perkins, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island Navy Yard and ordered to the *Adams*.

Major John O. Skinner, U. S. A., retired, recently returned from Manila, P. I., is at Chambersburg, Pa.

Captain Harry D. Humphrey, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the Presidio, and granted a leave of absence for one month, owing to disability.

Commander J. D. J. Kelley, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Asiatic station to command the *Glacier*, sailing from San Francisco, December 22d; Lieutenant-Commander F. H. Holmes from the *Mohican* at Mare Island to the *Independence* as executive officer; and Lieutenant-Commander A. McCrackin from the *Independence* to Mare Island as ordnance officer.

Mrs. J. L. Garrard, wife of Captain Garrard, U. S. A., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Guilfoyle, at 1722 Pacific Avenue, while the latter's husband is in the Philippines.

Major Alfred C. Sharpe, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., who has recently returned from Cuba, is on duty as inspector-general of the department of Colorado.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas M. K. Smith, U. S. A., retired, has left San Diego, and is at Portland, Or., where his address is 30 North Twentieth Street.

Captain William Biddle, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to take temporary charge of the recruiting offices at Detroit, Mich., and Toledo, O., while Captain Samuel W. Dunning, U. S. A., is on leave.

Colonel Edwin M. Coates, U. S. A., retired, who was recently at the Occidental Hotel, is now at Burlington, Vt.

Captain William M. Wright, Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed aide-de-camp to Major-General John C. Bates, U. S. A., commanding the Department of Southern Luzon, with headquarters at Manila, P. I.

Dr. W. L. Whittington, U. S. A., Chaplain W. G. Isaacs, U. S. N., and Lieutenant R. F. Gardner, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gardner were at the California Hotel during the week.

The Bohemian Club Exhibition.

The fourth annual exhibition of paintings and sculpture by the artist members of the Bohemian Club was opened in the jinks-room of the club on Wednesday afternoon from two o'clock until five, and a large number of ladies availed themselves of the members' invitations to inspect the pictures. There were some two hundred and twenty-four canvases exhibited and three pieces of sculpture by R. I. Aitken, entitled "Kismet" (Fate molding the heads of men), "Ambition," and "Destiny." The twenty-one exhibiting members are Mr. H. R. Bloomer, Mr. H. J. Breuer, Mr. F. S. Butler, Mr. G. Cadenasso, Mr. J. W. Clawson, Mr. C. J. Dickman, Mr. Willis E. Davis, Mr. Harry Stuart Fonda, Mr. John M. Gamble, Mr. Thomas Hill, Mr. Chris A. Jorgensen, Mr. C. Chapel Judson, Mr. L. P. Latimer, Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, Mr. Orrin Peck, Mr. Julian Rix, Mr. C. D. Robinson, Mr. John A. Stanton, Mr. Meyer Straus, Mr. Thaddeus Welch, and Mr. Theodore Wores.

The exhibition will continue until December 20th, and the public will be admitted upon presentation of cards issued by members to-day, December 8th; Saturday, December 15th; and Thursday, December 20th, from 2 until 5 P. M.

In a trip up Mt. Tamalpais is afforded a pleasant day's outing, full of enjoyment and devoid of tedium, for there is an ever-changing panorama presented as you make the ascent. The accommodations at the Tavern of Tamalpais for remaining over night are excellent.

M. Carre, manager of the Paris Opéra-Comique, announces that Sibyl Sanderson Terry has finally concluded not to fetter herself longer with the prejudices of her dead husband's aristocratic family, and will soon return to the operatic stage.

— MONOGRAMMED STATIONERY IN DAINTY boxes makes exquisite holiday gifts. Messrs. Cooper & Co., at 746 Market Street, are making some very pleasing effects.

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— AUGUSTA W. DUISENBERG, NOTARY PUBLIC, has removed to 238 Montgomery Street, near Pine. Telephone Bush 45.

The Result of a Visit.

One who had spent a week in a careful study of the attractions found at this holiday season in the business district of San Francisco, was asked where the most artistic and thoroughly pleasing exhibit was to be found, and the answer was given without a moment's hesitation—"At S. & G. Gump's, on Geary Street."

The questioner at once proceeded to verify the statement, and at the end of an hour was willing to add his testimony to that of his friend. He visited the art store, hesitated at the entrance to glance at the quaint Old Dutch ware and the array of Kayserzinn ware that is an improvement on the pewter dishes of Colonial days, then through the maze of tables and pedestals bearing marbles and bronzes, past the groups of electric-light figures and ornaments, with their opal globes all in a glow, he approached the display of French china, in a dozen carefully arranged collections, that eclipses any show of the kind ever made in the city: There are beautiful dinner-sets, fish-sets, game-sets, and separate pieces without number. At one side are shelves of glittering, prismatic cut glass, the product of the leading houses, and beyond these French and Bohemian creations in colored and gilded glass, almost too fragile-looking for any but the daintiest handling. These were but a part of what he saw in the first department.

On the next floor, in a room crowded with rare cabinets and exhibition-stands and pedestals, were many fine chiseled bronzes, marble statuettes, and ivory and enamel miniatures, the work of distinguished artists and cunning artisans. Carved ivory figures, onyx and inlaid tables, cabinet clocks with Westminster chimes, and scores of costly foreign ornaments brought from the art centres of Europe. In front, on this floor, are hundreds of portfolios filled with the choicest engravings, etchings, and photographs, from the catalogues of all the great publishers.

The art galleries of the house are on the third floor, and here the visitor found a larger and finer collection of good pictures than can be seen in most of the famous houses of the East. Few in San Francisco realize the extent and value of the art treasures on exhibition here. There are two large rooms filled with oil paintings, purchased in Paris, Rome, Florence, Munich, Antwerp, and Brussels, for the Messrs. Gump buy their pictures outright, and handle none on commission. A number of the paintings still bear the numbers which were attached to them in the Paris Salon. There is also a large gallery of water colors, and in this room may be seen some of the best work of the modern schools. Had the visitor seen only the exhibition of pictures he would have been content, but the treasures on the lower floors were not to be forgotten. As a whole, the display can not be equaled in San Francisco, and in but few houses in America.

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LEAVE	From Oct. 1, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*12.45 P
*8.00 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*9.45 A
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Jones, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carters.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations. Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*11.45 A
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*7.15 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*5.45 P
*11.00 A	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*6.45 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations Sacramento River Steamers.....	*2.45 P
*1.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*15.00 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*9.15 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Traktion.....	*10.45 A
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Stockton, Bakersfield, Sanger for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	Stockton.....	*9.15 A
*5.00 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*10.15 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.15 P
*7.00 P	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.45 A
*8.05 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*12.00 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, Felton, Los Gatos, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*8.50 A
*11.45 P	Hunter's Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	*17.20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 1.00 2.00 13.00
*4.00	15.00 6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00
10.00 A. M., 12.00 *1.00 12.00 *3.00 14.00 *5.00 P. M.	

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco, San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*19.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Maisie—"Did you have a nice time at the valley-party?" Daisy—"Oh, lovely! We ran across ever so many people I knew."—Smart Set.

His total eclipse: *The cynic*—"Ah! poor man, he's gone over to the silent majority!" Jones—"Dead?" *The cynic*—"No. Married."—Smart Set.

Mrs. Jones—"Don't trouble yourself to see me to the door, Mrs. Smith." Mrs. Smith—"No trouble. Quite a pleasure, I assure you."—Tit-Bits.

Guide (referring to the Egyptian pyramids)—"It took hundreds of years to build them." O'Brien (the wealthy contractor)—"Thin it wor a gover'mint job—eh?"—Tit-Bits.

Teacher—"And why should we endeavor to rise by our own efforts?" Johnnie Wise—"Cause there's no tellin' when the alarm clock will go wrong."—Baltimore American.

A great joke: "I heard a joke at the theatre last night." "What was it?" "Oh, I can't remember, but it was a corker; I have to laugh every time I think of it."—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

Field for an anti-cruelty society: *The wife*—"I do believe I would fall dead if you were to come home early some evening." *The brute*—"You will have to offer a bigger bribe than that."—Indianapolis Press.

Nell (excitedly)—"Here's a telegram from Jack Punter of the 'varsity team." Belle—"What's it say!" Nell—"It says: 'Nose broken. How do you prefer it set—Greek or Roman?'"—Philadelphia Record.

Brothers in misery: *Wife*—"Strange how many great men have been married to shrews. Now there's Socrates, Dürer, Luther, and—" Husband (with a sigh)—"What a genius I must be then!"—Jugend.

Probably correct: Tess (who has wandered into the sporting page by accident)—"Boston has a phenomenal pitcher recently discovered in the West. What is a phenomenal pitcher?" Jess—"Oh! I suppose it's one that can hold an awful lot."—Philadelphia Press.

Evidence of truthfulness: Judge (to female witness)—"Your name, madam?" Witness—"Matilda Murphy, sir; aged forty-six." Judge—"Well, really!" (To the jury): "Gentlemen, you will be kind enough to believe everything Miss Murphy has to say."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man in the next seat, "but your cigar is burning a hole in your paper." "That is all right," responded the other; "I am just burning out the price of those electric seals at to-morrow's bargain sale. You see, I take this paper home."—Philadelphia Record.

"I have heard some doubts expressed as to whether you really loved your country." "I don't see how anybody could express such a doubt," answered Senator Sorghum; "not after all the money I have spent on my country in elections at one time or another."—Washington Star.

Precautions: "Talk about absent-mindedness! Jenkins is the most absent-minded beggar I know." "What's he done now?" "Why, he wrote the combination of the safe on a piece of paper to keep from forgetting it, and then locked the paper in the safe to keep from losing it."—Denver Times.

Fatality of total: She had been reading the health officer's monthly report, when, turning around to her husband, she said—"What an awful malignant disease 'total' must be; why, just look here—quite as many people have died from that disease as from all of the rest put together."—Boston Journal.

In his sober senses: *Watts*—"What makes you look so glum?" *Potts*—"Why—er—I'm mixed up in one of those fool wheelbarrow election bets." *Watts*—"You don't mean to tell me you bet on Bryan?" *Potts*—"Nope. But, say, won't I look beautiful, now, riding in a wheelbarrow?"—Indianapolis Press.

His little game: *She*—"You know that check for one hundred dollars you gave me? Well, they refused to cash it. The teller said that you only had seventy-five dollars in the bank." He—"By jove, I'm awfully sorry, dear." *She*—"Oh, it was all right; I deposited twenty-five dollars, and then they gave me the money."—Life.

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Mrs. Neurych (bidding good-by to her guests after her first reception)—"I'm so sorry that the rain kept all our best people away!"—Tit-Bits.

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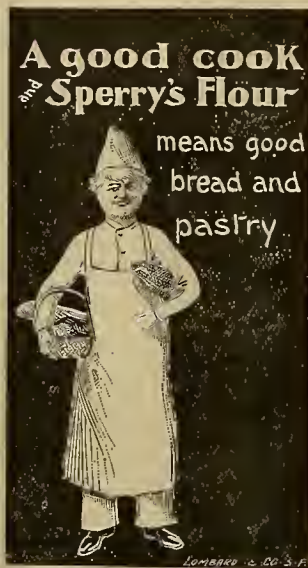
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It is significant of the present trend of public opinion that the Merchants' Association devoted the more serious part of its third annual banquet to a discussion of the comparative advantages of public control and public ownership of those natural monopolies usually classed under the name of public utilities. The principal speakers were four in number, all of whom have made this question a matter of special study. Dr. Babcock, of the State university, who spoke in favor of ownership, argued that the question had long since passed the stage where unlimited private ownership could be defended. It is no longer a theory that is to be discussed, but a study of fact and experience. Control avoids the details of administration, but it involves the retaining of a staff of experts requiring heavy expenses and

demanding absolute integrity. Control has too often proved a failure, and many of the more progressive mayors of prominent cities have been converted to the doctrine of municipal ownership. Frank J. Symmes, one of the directors of the association, was the next speaker, and he took the opposite side. "The question," he said, "is one of business expediency, and public ownership is not a business proposition." Municipal activity is expensive activity, and true economy will be found in the line of control rather than development. Many of our larger cities have succeeded along this line, and San Francisco can do likewise. "You must not go abroad," he said, wisely, "to find comparisons for our American cities, for the surrounding conditions are too divergent." Colonel Henry Weinstock was in favor of municipal ownership, and he considered the objections to that policy. To the objection that it would increase taxation, he cited the experience of Sacramento, where the surplus received for water rates was turned into the treasury to decrease the taxes. In answer to the argument that it restricted private enterprise, he cited the railroad and type-setting machines as examples of restricted private initiative that worked for the public good. To the objection that employees in municipal works are deprived of ambition to become owners, he replied that those who lacked initiative to develop private enterprises deserve to remain as underlings. Professor E. A. Ross closed the debate, arguing generally in favor of the ownership of water and lighting plants, but questioning the expediency of the ownership of street railroads. The entire discussion was a most suggestive one, and can not fail to bear good results.

The political campaign that succeeded the recent dissolution of Parliament was unusually brief, and though the majority of the government was somewhat diminished, the result was clearly a vindication of the policy that led to the war in South Africa. The Liberals made but half-hearted opposition to the war itself, confining their criticisms to the manner in which affairs had been conducted. The new Parliament has been convened, and, judging by the opening sessions, its meetings are likely to be marked by an animosity and partisan bitterness that were lacking in the elections. The queen's speech was distinctly brief and pointed. Parliament was convened for the purpose of voting money, and was positively requested to consider no other matters. In spite of this, the conduct of the war and the policy of the government came in for severe censure. The principal point of attack was a demand on the part of the Liberals for a definite statement of policy in regard to the future of South Africa. It was a notable fact that even the most extreme of the Liberals made no demand for the independence of the South African republics. Lord Salisbury, as the head of the government, defended its policy in the House of Lords. He declared that all the world understood that there could be no deviation from the policy of the government as already outlined. There must be left the feeling that no one, "by the issue of an insolent and audacious ultimatum, could force the British Government to humble itself and abandon its rights." How soon the Free Staters and Transvaalers would have anything like self-governing powers depended upon themselves. It might be years, and it might be generations. In the House of Commons, Joseph Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, was the centre of attack, and a stormy scene ensued.

The situation has brought Lord Rosebery to the front once more as an aspirant for the leadership of the Liberals. Since his withdrawal from public activity that party has been like the Democratic party in this country, merely an organized opposition; but, unlike the Democratic party, which seems to be a leader without followers, it consists of followers without any recognized head. Lord Rosebery made a savage attack upon the government, criticising the sudden dissolution of Parliament, the policy of the government toward China, and, in fact, everything that it had done. The Liberal party, however, has always concerned itself with internal affairs rather than international relations, and Lord Rosebery recently suggested a new issue along these lines.

He declares that the United States has forged to the front in international trade because of the high grade of average intelligence among the masses. America gives free education to every person between the ages of six and twenty-five years. Great Britain is excelled in the matter of educating children by many comparatively insignificant nations. He would therefore make a more general and more thorough education of the young a central feature of the Liberal policy. The people of England show some signs of a revolt against the war policy of the government, and a political revolution is not among the impossibilities. There is room for doubt, however, whether the Rosebery policy will arouse sufficient enthusiasm to bring about this revolution. At the same time, he is likely to meet opposition in the ranks of his own party. Sir William Vernon Harcourt and John Morley have already refused to pledge themselves to his policy, and without their support he can not hope to prevail. Under present conditions the prospects of the Liberal party are not bright.

The State Educational Commission, at its annual session held in this city, has condemned the use of the State text-books, and recommends immediate legislation for the introduction of a better system. This action of the commission will be warmly approved by all interested in education, and it is to be hoped they will accomplish the abolition of these books through the legislature.

It has long been recognized that the plan of the State printing its own text-books is a complete failure. Parents and teachers alike have condemned the books, and held up their many shortcomings to view. But year after year has gone by, until it seemed as if this colossal blunder were never to be corrected. The books are badly put together and go to pieces in a short time, the printing in many of them is poor, and the prices higher than of books of superior merit. Of greater importance is the poor character of the text. While the market is flooded with readers containing choice selections of the best literature, carefully chosen for the different grades, our children are fed on husks—dull and trashy reading matter, in many cases beyond the comprehension of the pupil.

It would be easy to point out the deficiencies of most of these books. The poorly arranged columns of words in the spelling-book, with useless puzzles in sentence-building that would tax many a mature mind; the prolix and unnecessary details of the grammar; the conundrums in the book on physiology that no one except a physician could ever possibly need to guess at—all these are well known to educators throughout the State. But of all the series, it is the State history that may claim the distinction of being the greatest failure. The topics are poorly arranged and badly handled, and the text is entirely devoid of that brilliancy of description and literary style that makes many a history more fascinating than a novel. In these days, when school histories have reached a high point of excellence in their explanation of historical events and their causes, our children have in their hands a book that is lacking in everything calculated to make the study clear and interesting. Many children whose school life is limited to the elementary school have had their only taste of the fascinating study of history from the dull pages of this book, and have therefore carried away a lasting dislike for that study.

The prospect of a change in our text-books will be hailed with satisfaction by many who have long worked unsuccessfully against the present defective system. With the advent of President Wheeler of the State University on our coast, a fresh impetus seems to have been given to the movement against it. From the first he has condemned the books, and has done good work in the cause. It does not seem possible that the legislature can ignore the recommendation of a body of men like that of which the educational commission is composed—prominent educators, legislators, jurists, and journalists from different parts of the State. They advise that school-books shall be purchased in the open market, giving all publishers a chance to compete.

This is right. The school-books of to-day are vastly superior to those of a dozen years ago. Some of the brightest minds in the country have given of their best to this kind of work. Let the children of California have a chance to select from these treasures of school literature. Let them no longer be starved on the poor pabulum of the State text-books.

The House of Representatives took up and promptly passed the army reorganization bill, with only minor changes from the draft upon which we have heretofore commented, which fixes the force of the army at 50,000 in times of peace, and gives the Executive power to increase it to 100,000 upon an emergency. An amendment, which passed with the bill, abolishes the present canteen system in the army, and prohibits "the sale of intoxicating liquors by any person in any post, army transport, or upon any premises used for military purposes." The amendment carried by a vote of 159 to 51. The bill also provides for the appointment of fifty volunteer surgeons and one hundred and fifty assistant-surgeons for service in the Philippines; for thirty dental surgeons; and for a veterinary corps, with military rank. The sections of the bill by which General Shafter was to be retired as a major-general, and Generals Lee and Wilson as brigadiers, were stricken out. The bill finally passed by a vote of 166 to 133, three Democrats voting for it and one Republican against it.

The Senate spent much time on the canal question as affected by the proposed treaty with England. The difficulties arose in trying to harmonize the provisions of the treaty, which prohibit fortification, with the popular demand for independent and untrammelled action by the United States. If the treaty fails, it is proposed to ask England to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer convention, and give this country a free hand. With the treaty subject settled, canal legislation would be in a promising condition.

The Ways and Means Committee of the House were busy with the bill for reducing the war taxes which still stands as originally framed by the Republicans, except that the final section was changed so that the measure will take effect immediately upon its passage. Democratic members favored striking off all war taxes placed on beer, which would be a reduction from two dollars to one per barrel. The effort failed, and the rebate remains fixed at 20 per cent. Motions were made in committee directing a measure to be prepared making a total reduction of \$60,000,000; to eliminate all war taxes imposed on tobacco dealers; to repeal the entire war-revenue act and substitute a tax on incomes exceeding \$2,000; to restore the taxes on telephone and telegraph messages, but requiring the companies to pay the tax; and to strike out the exemption of charitable institutions in the tax on inheritances. All of these were lost. As the bill stands, the total reduction will be \$40,000,000.

A letter was recently published in a Kansas City journal, from a Kansas man traveling in California. Among other things he said: "I like California pretty well. I would like it better if they would keep some of their good things at home. Almost all their fine fruit is sent to Chicago, and I am told that the best of their wines also are shipped away. I do not care about the wines, but I do want fruit. Yet in puddings and cakes I find cheap currants in place of high-tariff raisins, and poor fruit generally, both fresh or dry." It would be comfortable if one could say that the Kansas man is a liar. But he is not. It is a melancholy fact that it is difficult to find good fruit, fresh or dried, on sale in California. Not long ago the San Jose *Mercury* contained a bitter complaint about California's prunes; its editor remarked that in the Santa Clara Valley, in the heart of the prune district, it was impossible to buy decent prunes at any shop, and good prunes were not served in any restaurant or hotel of which he had knowledge. While there may be better prunes on sale in San Francisco than in the Santa Clara Valley, they are none too good. The curious California plan of handling things "in bulk" is pursued with prunes. The individual shipper does not put his name upon his prunes, and they come in a mass from every prune orchard, with the result that there are quantities of sour, musty, and inferior prunes among them.

In the leading grocery stores of San Francisco one may find fine French and Italian prunes on sale in handsome packages at prices that seem ridiculous in a prune-growing country like California. But people pay the price, or the grocers would not keep them. Why do they keep them? Because the California prunes are not selected, because people will pay fifty cents a pound for good French prunes, carefully selected and well-packed, rather than twenty cents a pound for poor California prunes, not selected, carelessly graded, and musty and sour. While the prune trust in California is so intent on raising price we would recommend to its leaders that they should

also attempt to raise grades. As for fresh fruits, it is a remarkable fact that you can buy better California fruit in New York, or Chicago than you can in San Francisco. This seems incredible, but none the less it is true. As for wine, not long ago there were three kinds of California Zinfandel on the wine-list of the Union Club of New York, all of them good, sound wines, and sold at varying and reasonable prices. There was only one kind of Zinfandel in San Francisco's leading club, and it was sold at a high price and had become "sick," as wine-makers say, and was unfit to drink.

The ministers of the powers interested in the settlement of the Chinese troubles reached an agreement last week in which the United States has joined. The serious points were those which dealt with the questions of indemnity and punishment. On these—the differences of opinion between the vindictive attitude of Germany and the milder policy of this country—the result is a compromise. The agreement requires from China an acknowledgment of injuries to governments, corporations, and individuals, and an agreement to pay thereafter such actual and exemplary damages as may be hereafter fixed by the peace plenipotentiaries. As to punishments, a demand that China execute twelve of the principal offenders, including Prince Tuan, father of the heir-apparent, was defeated by the insistence of the United States that the demand was beyond the power of the Chinese Government. The punishment now claimed is to be "the severest which the imperial authorities are able to inflict."

The powers will also insist on certain honors to be paid to the memory of the German minister and apologies for his murder; on the replacement of the Chinese foreign board by a single minister; on proper intercourse between diplomats and the emperor; permanent foreign guards at Peking and the razing of various forts; on the suppression of the Boxers, and the negotiation of new treaties for trade and navigation.

It is reported that the governor of Shan-si has already begun the punishments by publicly executing more than eighty rebel leaders. Whether this move means the termination of the Chinese troubles or the beginning of more is problematical. It is already pointed out in London that the agreement reached is rather in the nature of a postponement than a settlement. The punishments demanded are not only vague but are left to the decision of the Chinese authorities, including the empress-dowager and her *entourage*, who are themselves the arch-conspirators. Neither are the indemnities fixed nor the manner of their payment agreed upon. On the basis of exemplary damages the injured powers are liable to roll up an enormous sum, which, even if within the power of Chinese resources to meet, would probably require a war to collect.

In all future negotiations the allied nations are weakened by the disgraceful license to which revenge and cupidity prompted the soldiers of all the relief columns except those of America. The English, Germans, French, and Russians all vied with Chinese atrocity in looting villages and murdering prisoners, and in doing so lost the moral effect of civilization over heathendom. The United States wants peace and trade, not land or war, but it is now evident to many that the drift of negotiation implies that dismemberment of the empire may yet be found the only practical settlement of Oriental turbulence and complications.

Bicycling and golf have been the emancipators of women in more ways than one. Besides taking them from the lounge and the novel, and giving them the exhilaration and solid pleasure that come with healthful outdoor exercise, the requirements of these sports have necessitated the relinquishment of the tight corset and trailing skirts. After women had once experienced the comfort of light short skirts, it was natural that the heavy trailing garment should be relegated to its rightful place—the drawing-room. Since the wearing of short skirts on the street is now dictated by fashion, economy, and comfort, it is rather a matter of wonder to see the number of women who still cling to the crippling, impeding, old-fashioned dress. Scores of them still promenade the streets of San Francisco clutching their draperies in the awkward way that is so familiar.

Is it not astonishing that these foolish followers of a foolish custom, though they have in the past violated the laws of cleanliness and health by trailing their draperies through the filth of the streets, now refuse to accept the relief offered them, even though it is done with the sacred sanction of Fashion? When one sees the neat skirt that clears the ground two, three, or six inches, according to the age, figure, or taste of the wearer, and contrasts the light, quick step of the owner with the weary walk of those impeded alike in hand and foot, one wonders indeed. It would seem as if these misguided creatures should be made comfortable in spite of themselves, and that it would be well could a law be

passed banishing forever from our streets the long skirt that bears dirt and disease in its wake.

The only important real-estate auction sale that has taken place in San Francisco for a number of years occurred on December 12th, when the real property of the late Eugene Kelly was disposed of under the hammer. There were also a number of pieces offered by the Hibernia Bank, but as some of these were withdrawn their offering can scarcely be called a genuine auction sale. No auction sale can be called genuine unless it be without reserve, and such was the Eugene Kelly sale. This auction was notable not only by reason of its being without reserve, but also because it included several pieces of down-town property in a district where there have been no auction sales for a number of years. As a result, values there have been undetermined. That district in twenty years has much declined. The late Senator Fair did something to check its decline by erecting fine buildings between Montgomery Street and the waterfront. He was not seconded in his efforts, and the decline continued. It has been checked in a measure by the turning of the old horse-car lines into an electric system.

This week's sale shows firmness of values, and the agents state that the sum realized was \$50,000 more than they expected. The Kelly property included seven choice pieces—corner Sansome and Sacramento, corner Sansome and Commercial, corner Montgomery and Sacramento, corner Fillmore and Turk, corner Beale and Bryant, corner Fillmore and Eddy, corner Spear and Howard. These seven pieces brought \$379,725 cash. About \$100,000 worth of property was sold by the Hibernia Bank, but as it was not cash, and as the Hibernia sale was not without reserve, it may as well be dismissed without discussion. Into the detailed figures of this sale we will not enter; they may be found in the dailies. Generally speaking, however, it is a matter of congratulation that such a sale has taken place. As we have remarked, it will definitely determine values, and it is the only way in which they can be determined. About the transfer of real property through agents there is usually such a chance for chicanery, such a horde of hangers-on, such a mass of wool-pulling, and such mountains of lies that it is almost impossible ever to ascertain in that way what a piece of property is really worth. When such a transaction has been completed, both buyer and seller breathe more freely and examine themselves like a man who has fallen out of a balloon, to see where they have been hurt. On the other hand, an auction sale without reserve is at least open. There is no hole-and-corner business, no skull-duggery. There is no swelling of incomes by fictitious tenants or factitious rentals. There is no selling of a poor piece of property at a good price because a man of straw is going to pay a thumping rental for a few months and then absquatulate. In short, an open and honest auction sale with all its faults does at least determine values. Of course by this we do not mean Peter Funk auction sales with their usual concomitants of cappers and steers.

Everything in this world is worth what it will bring. San Francisco knew that in the 'fifties. When there was a tobacco famine, "plug-cut" was worth its weight in gold. When a tobacco-laden ship arrived there was a tobacco glut, and boxes of "plug-cut" were used to pave the muddy streets. The present-day timidity which characterizes San Francisco's business men, merchants as well as real-estate speculators, is remarkable, when we consider that the business of this city was built up by the pioneer auctioneers. All of the great mercantile fortunes here were practically reared upon the auction-block. In the old days a merchant did not hesitate to knock down half a hundred thousand dollars' worth of unmerchandise goods under the hammer, pick his flint, and try again. He did not waste his time weeping over what his goods might bring next Fourth of July, or next Christmas, but he bought other goods and sold them. In the light of these historic facts, it is pitiful as well as ludicrous nowadays to see two elderly San Franciscans haggling and heckling over the transfer of a piece of real property, lying awake o' nights, getting nervous prostration, and finally locking horns and calling it off on a difference of a thousand dollars on a quarter-of-a-million-dollar purchase.

The law recognizes that everything is worth what it will bring in open market. When a dead man's property is to be sold, the probate court sells it at auction, and it takes plenty of time for accepting raised bids. When a man's property is to be assessed, the law says that it must not be taxed for more than it will bring at forced sale. The only way to find out what property will bring is to offer it in open market.

Close markets prove nothing. When the Bank of California failed in 1875, the stock boards closed. For days there were no transactions in stocks except in a little tuppenny concern known as the "Hoodlum Board," at the end of Pauper

Alley. This little concern haggled, dickered, and swapped jackknives for days, and the prices of bonanza stocks actually rose. The kerb-stone brokers and the mud-hens rejoiced exceedingly. But there came a day when the big stock boards re-opened and the factitious quotations of the little Pauper Alley board were wiped out by the terrible slump of the declining Comstocks. This was an open market. As it was with mining stocks, as it is with railway stocks and bonds, with horses, carriages, jewels, and every commodity, fragile or durable, perishable or permanent, so it is with real estate. Everything in this world is worth what it will bring. And an open market settles it.

The suggestion of Miss Gould of a temple of fame as an adjunct to the University of New York is surprising, coming as it does from an up-to-date young woman, in that it ignores the fact that modern civilization knows no sex. The New York temple of fame is to be peopled only with illustrious men. But what of America's long list of illustrious women? Are they to be ignored when we turn the pages of history to dwell upon the deeds of the great who have passed away? George Washington naturally leads the list of the men who have left an everlasting impress upon the history of the country. But is Martha Washington, who was his companion and helpmate, to be passed over without a thought? What American can run over the great names of the past and forget that of Dolly Madison? Senator Benton played an important part in shaping the development of the country's history, but so also did Jessie Benton Fremont, the wife of the pathfinder. Who can tell how much General Logan owed to the diplomacy and executive power of his wife? How many of the great men whom the world knows and honors can measure the debt they owe to the women who sustained and inspired them in their trials? The New York temple of fame is now inaugurated; the preliminary steps have been taken. One hundred of the most prominent men who are still counted among the living have voted upon the question, and have decided upon those who are to be passed down to succeeding generations as the American immortals. They are all men, and men who have left their impress upon the world. It is perhaps too late to amend the original plan of the temple in order to do justice to America's famous women. But why should not a companion temple be established to round out the original project. Until that is done, the idea will remain incomplete.

Among the amendments to the State constitution proposed and voted on at the last election was one intended to exempt from taxation all State and local bonds issued by California or any of the political divisions of the State. Under the law these bonds have heretofore been exempted when held outside of the State, and the provision amounted to a discrimination against the holders of these bonds when they lived here and contributed to the prosperity of the community. It is poor policy for any political community to tax its own bonds. The purchaser of bonds under these circumstances figures the tax as one of the expenses limiting the income of the bonds, and, as the rate of taxation is uncertain, reduces the amount he is willing to pay sufficiently to cover any probable tax levy. When the tax rate is low the State loses the difference between the two amounts, and has nothing to show for it. These considerations seemed so obvious that little argument was advanced in favor of the amendment, but the people evidently did not consider them, for it was defeated. The only argument that was raised against it was that it would encourage the issue of bonds. This was advanced only by those who oppose all bond issues, and they are not sufficiently numerous to have produced the result. Whatever the cause, the outcome is unfortunate.

A cynical philosopher once remarked that if vice were abolished in the world, great trouble would ensue; that modern civilization is so complex that vice is necessary; that the abolition of liquor saloons, houses of ill-fame, and criminal resorts generally, would throw out of employment many deserving police officers and worthy police judges, and would lower the rents of many wealthy widows and rich and pious deacons. These remarks seem to be verified by the curious turn Tammany has given to the Potter crusade against vice in New York. Tammany has been investigating the assessment list of property-owners in the evil portion of New York known as the "Red Light District." The police publish a list showing that the owners of property in that district include William Astor and wife, John Jacob Astor, Pierre Lorillard, Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore, Hamilton Fish, Jr., Estate of Rutherford Stuyvesant, and other prominent New Yorkers. This is really too bad. No one can deny that the taking of money earned by women of ill-fame is

an extremely nasty business. Whether the money be taken directly by panders and procuresses, or whether it be taken indirectly, by owners of property accepting rentals from loose women, it is none the less a very nasty business. We do not know what the result of the Tammany crusade may be. The result of such crusades usually is the driving of the women from one part of a town to some other part, with the sequel of their subsequent return. But we sincerely hope that it may at least result in decent people ceasing to use their property for indecent purposes.

Discussion over the "end of the century" has raged throughout the year, but has finally died away. The consensus of opinion seems to be that nineteen hundred is the last year of the nineteenth instead of the first of the twentieth century. This belief seems to prevail everywhere except in Rome. There the Pope calls this the first year of the twentieth century. As Leo is infallible, probably that statement goes—in Rome. Elsewhere, we may believe what we will.

But regardless of religion or mathematics, there is evidently going to be a high old time on New-Year's Eve, 1900-1901. It will be a particularly hot time in San Francisco. In this city, of late years, there has arisen a spirit of wild revelry on certain holiday times which should be checked. In Los Angeles, during the so-called "Fiesta," also in smaller towns with their "carnivals," and in San Francisco on New-Year's Eve and other nights, unmitigated license has been given to the lawless, the lewd, and the criminal class. These debauches are becoming a trifle tiresome to the law-abiding class. When a man is walking with a lady and sees her insultingly accosted by young ruffians flushed with steam beer, his first impulse is to hit the leader in the jaw, regardless of the fact that it is New-Year's Eve. He generally does it. If there are three ruffians he probably gets the worst of it, and the police do not interfere. On the occasion of the celebration over the returning California Volunteers, San Francisco's streets were scenes of wild drunkenness, open debauchery, and almost continual fighting. We sincerely hope that the city authorities will stop this sort of thing, and the present New-Year's Eve is a good time to begin. We hear many fair words about the present police department—principally, by the way, from its friends. If the chief of police and his policemen can keep the peace and maintain order on the coming New-Year's Eve, he will hear commendatory words of the police department not only from its friends but from its enemies as well.

The first of the new fleet of the Oceanic Steamship Company to ply between this port and Australia was thrown open to the inspection of the public a few days ago. This is one of three vessels that are being built for this company combining every modern improvement for the convenience of passengers. This inaugurates a new era in Pacific Ocean travel of the greatest importance to San Francisco. The relations between Australia and Great Britain have been growing continually closer of recent years, and travel from the continent of Europe has been increasing. The route for this travel heretofore has been by way of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company's line. By way of San Francisco a saving of ten days is effected in the trip to Auckland, and seven days in that to Sydney. Moreover, the trip is far more pleasant. At the best of times travel through the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean is not pleasant, and at times becomes unbearably hot. The extended ocean voyage where passengers are cramped up on shipboard is made extremely monotonous. By the San Francisco route there is a pleasing variation from this monotony. More than three thousand miles of the trip is on land. The sea voyage from San Francisco to Australia is most pleasant. The Oceanic Company has shown enterprise in its timely preparations to meet the new conditions, but it is not alone in its activity. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company has a new steamer that will shortly be placed in commission, and is planning the construction of several others. The Pacific Mail is having two large steamers built. The Great Northern has two mammoth vessels built in Connecticut. The Oregon Railway & Navigation Co. has secured two large steamers for the Northern trade, and so the development continues. The near future should see an immense impetus in Pacific Coast commerce.

The San Francisco park commissioners, after waiting many months, have at last adopted rules for the admission of automobiles to the park. These rules are most minute; they prescribe certain driveways and certain hours, and exclude entirely from the park all machines operated otherwise than by electricity. We have no doubt that the park commissioners mean well, but we can assure them that their rules are not

worth the paper on which they are printed. An automobile is a vehicle and is entitled to the rights of other vehicles. If the owners of these machines choose to take the matter into the courts, they will be granted the same rights on the park highways that other vehicles have on park highways. We do not deny to the park commissioners the right to regulate the movements of vehicles in the park, but we do deny the right of park commissioners to make distinction between vehicles propelled by human legs, horses' legs, electricity, or gasoline.

The remarkable action at law between William T. Wallace, former chief justice of the supreme court of California, and Drury Melone, former secretary of state of California, has come to an end. The two men had business relations extending over some forty years. As is not uncommon with men who have grown old and rich together, a coolness came, then dissensions, then quarrels. Such things often happen, even between business partners. The famous bonanza firm had their differences, which resulted at the end in bitter quarrels. The partnership between Haggin and Tevis, after enduring for half a century, at last was dissolved wherever dissolution was possible. The relations between Judge Wallace and Mr. Melone were not those of business partners, but there had been close, friendly, and business relations. They grew cooler. At last their differences reached such a pitch that they resulted in a suit against Melone by Wallace for an accounting. Wallace demanded his share of the proceeds in a suit against the city of Placerville to recover on some repudiated bonds. Melone demurred, and interposed a counter-claim for commissions for bringing legal business to Wallace. A vast amount of irrelevant matter was dragged into the suit, and more was attempted to be dragged in, but excluded by the court. Wallace denied all of Melone's allegations, and the jury backed him up, giving him a verdict for all of his original claims.

The suit was not without its humor. Not the least amusing thing in it was the testimony of Daniel Meyer. This long-headed financier wished to retain Wallace as attorney in a certain suit, and Wallace demanded \$10,000 as a fee. Meyer hesitated, but accepted. Later, Wallace stated that he could not take the case for less than \$15,000. Meyer then made this unique proposition—that he would agree to pay Wallace \$15,000 if Wallace should win the case, but, that if Wallace lost it, the attorney was to forfeit \$3,000, which Meyer required him to deposit in advance. To this Wallace demurred. The matter was finally adjusted in this way: Judge Lake, who was one of the attorneys, agreed to accept \$5,000, contingent on success. Wallace was offered the same amount, but preferred to take \$2,500 cash, which he did. The case went against Meyer. Judge Lake got nothing and Wallace got \$2,500. This anecdote speaks volumes for Judge Wallace's thrift, foresight, and perspicuity. It is given to few Gentiles to get away with a Jewish financier.

Emperor William has decreed that henceforth the English language shall be made equal with Greek in the high schools of the German Empire, and that it shall displace French as an obligatory study in the three upper classes. This is highly significant. The Germans are a very practical nation, and William, under all his nonsense, is a very practical potentate. English for commercial purposes is now of very much greater value than French. French is ceasing to be even a diplomatic language, and now serves only social purposes. As our readers know, the *Argonaut* has always opposed the teaching of French and German in our common schools. We believe that the State owes to its children a practical grammar-school education. But as there have been added to the United States some twelve or fifteen millions of people—about one-sixth the population of the mainland—who speak the Spanish tongue, why would it not be well to add courses in Spanish to the public-school curriculum? For some generations to come, Spanish will be the language in our new possessions. The American generation to come should therefore learn to speak, write, and read this language of the Spanish part of the United States.

The Chinese exclusion bill will be submitted on the first day of the new Congress. This course has been decided upon after a conference with Treasury officials and the California delegation. Representative Kahn has received assurances from the Treasury officials of hearty accord with the measure.

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THE HOODWINKING OF FERNANDO.

How an Ancient Mexican Lover Played the Bear.

When rich old Don Antonio Jesus Maria del Valle, the wealthiest mine-owner in Morelos, reluctantly departed this life, being assisted thereto by most of the physicians in the State, and all of the prominent bishops and priests, his only child and heiress, pretty Ynez, was left to the guardianship of her aunt, grim Doña Antonia.

Heartbroken as she was at being thus left an orphan, for her pretty American mother had died years before, Ynez felt that being thus left to the untender mercies of her aunt was the very unkindest cut of all. Every one else thought so, too; every one, from John Ward down, pitied the girl, and so for that matter would you, did you happen to have the extreme ill-luck of knowing that belligerent dame, Doña Antonia del Valle.

Tall and masculine in port, heavily mustached, as regards face, and made up, as to mental powers, of a combination of three parts utter intolerance and another part fanaticism and bigotry, Doña Antonia knew two ruling passions, an intense love of money, and an overpowering hatred of Americans. Had you given the *doña* her choice between going to Hell and consorting there with the Devil and his tribe, or to America and the Americans, she would have cheerfully selected the former sulphurous place. People said there was a reason for the old woman's detestation for foreigners. As a very young and beautiful girl, she had been engaged to, and deeply in love with, a young lieutenant. He was killed afterward in that very unequal and unjust war between Mexico and America. The shock of his death had left Doña Antonia a totally different woman, and her love for Lieutenant Coronado had straightway changed into a terrible hatred toward the nation at whose door her lover's death lay.

Such being the case, imagine Doña Antonia's feelings when her only brother took unto himself as wife a pretty, fair-haired American woman. She neither forgave nor spoke to the couple during the short years of their married life, though living in the same town with them. Only upon the death of her sister-in-law did Doña Antonia condescend to even notice her brother, and only when he lay upon his dying bed did she so far unbend as to enter his house. Once there, however, so effectively did she work upon his feelings as to induce him to appoint her Ynez's sole guardian. Not that Doña Antonia loved the daughter of the American woman—far from it. She merely wished to direct the life and fate of the girl, who, after all, was a Del Valle and the last of the name. "There will be no more hated *Americanos* now," thought the *doña*, grimly. She would see to it that the last of the Del Valles made a fitting marriage with one of her own class and race, an old man—an *hombre serio*—preferably. As for that vile *gringo* at the "Mina de Buena Vista" (for so did she designate John Ward, manager of the big Buena Vista Mine), she would far rather see Ynez dead or in a convent than married to the American.

Which you will agree was certainly hard lines on poor Ynez, who had received a half-American education, and was at heart far more American than Mexican. Also was it hard on young Ward, who had never loved before he met the Mexican miner's lovely daughter, and who therefore had all the harder attack. Neither of the young people was very tractable, nor inclined to give in to the bigoted old woman, whose only objection to Ward was that he belonged to a race she hated. For they continued to meet, as of yore, while Doña Antonia was settling several of her departed brother's affairs. When she discovered that the two were still seeing each other daily, in spite of her commands to the contrary, her rage was something terrible. Young Ward was forbidden the house, and poor Ynez, struggling and in tears, was forcibly dragged to her room, where she was kept captive on bread and water until her better senses returned, and she gave her oath to see no more of the *gringo*, and to marry, instead, the husband selected for her by her Aunt Antonia.

This latter dignity had already been fixed upon by the overbearing aunt, and if anything more could have been possible for the discomfiture of hapless Ynez, this choice would have settled it. For Don Fernando Casanueva, a dyed-in-the-wool old reprobate, owned to at least sixty years of age. He had twice been married, both luckless spouses dying from the pure misery of being wived to him. A life of absolute profligacy had left him a wreck, both morally and physically, and, worst of all, he was really desperately in love with the pretty heiress of his old *compañero*. So ugly, yellow, and wrinkled was he that even Doña Antonia perforce had to admit that Fernando was not very good-looking; but, after all, women did not marry for that. Rather should a modest, sensible *muchacha* select for her husband and the guardian of her fortune an experienced man of certain age. Was not "el buen Fernando" a devoted Romanist, who weekly confessed to no less a person than the bishop himself? Was he not of noble birth, own cousin to the great house of Del Valle? Was he not said to have great influence with the president himself, and was he not worth at least half a million pesos? All these things being true, what more, in the name of Dios and the Virgin, could any woman desire or expect? And, at any rate, willing or not, her niece, la *señorita* Ynez del Valle, might as well make up her mind to either marry Don Fernando Casanueva or betake herself to a nunnery.

Tears, prayers, expostulations—nothing, in fact—had any effect on the hard-hearted aunt. No, there was not another word to be said. Her niece would marry according to her guardian's desire, or enter a convent. Meanwhile, until a choice was made, confinement in her room, on a very slim diet, would be in order. So, as *Señorita* del Valle could not and would not hear reason, or be guided thereby, in her room did she remain for several days, weeping a great deal, and storming at her implacable aunt a great deal more. For *Señorita* Ynez had a good, hot temper, and a strong American will of her own, and she was determined that

only by force would she be dragged to the altar with old Casanueva.

Her room, locked and barred as to doors and grated as to windows, was on the second floor, and even if her balconies were so strongly grated that she herself could not escape through them, small notes to John—her John—could. Wherefore many *billets-doux* fluttered down by night to the raging lover beneath, and the situation, in all its exasperating hopelessness, was laid before him. What was to be done?

One unfortunate night, however, the *Señorita* Ynez was discovered in the very act of letting down a note to her *gringo* lover—she had first drawn one up from him on a cord which they used for the purpose. Of this latter, Doña Antonia knew nothing; enough to realize that this shameless, American-hearted girl had once more defied and gotten the best of her. Wild and furious were the words of the *doña*, who swore that her niece, since she would not consent to marriage with that good *caballero*, Don Fernando, should be sent without delay to a nunnery which she had in view—a place where shameless girls were soon brought to a realizing sense of their own thanklessness and wickedness, where, above all, there would be no fortune-seeking *gringos* hanging around.

Doña Antonia's tirade necessarily interrupted, on account of a momentary lack of breath, gave her niece an opportunity to put in a few calm and contemptuous words: "It is not necessary, my aunt. For I have decided already to accept Don Fernando. This prison life is no longer endurable."

For a time, Doña Antonia could hardly believe her ears. Was it possible that the girl could mean what she said? After all her objections, was she at last consenting, and in good faith, to marry Don Fernando? As a realization of what it meant—for her dead brother's fortune was strictly tied up in the hands of the executors, and Don Fernando had offered a good sum in cash for Ynez's consent to his suit—came over the *doña*, she could have wept with relief. All the same she was careful to let Ynez know that until her marriage day itself was over with, she would be strictly watched and guarded. There was to be, as she expressed it, no *gringo*-like games played, no deceiving of Don Fernando. Therefore it behooved the *señorita* to be particularly circumspect.

So that Ynez, being off with the old love could now afford to be on with the new. And the enraptured old Fernando lost no time in "playing the bear" to his pretty young *inamorata*, who, even as her aunt had threatened, was as strictly looked after and guarded as ever. Every afternoon, at the time of the Angelus, the old don would appear tottering up the street, his servant accompanying him so as to direct the half-blind suitor to the right house. Then, this naturally somewhat weighty matter settled, the servant would retire, leaving Don Fernando to his own devices.

Any one who knows Mexico will remember that very quaint custom of Mexican lovers—"playing the bear." In her balcony stands the adored, half or wholly sheltered by vines or curtains, while below in the street, on the pavement directly under her or across from her (according to circumstances), paces the adorer. No word is spoken. She stands in the shadow, moving or fluttering a handkerchief occasionally, her face hidden by her lace *mantilla*, while the don below, pacing up and down, gazes upward with amorous mien, saying more with his eyes, perhaps, than he could with his tongue had he the chance.

In this manner did rheumatic old Don Fernando disport himself, evening after evening, until his poor old bones must have creaked, and his poor stiff old neck must have had innumerable "cricks" in it. But he kept it up nobly; it would not last very much longer, anyway, and the pleasure of seeing his lady-love on her balcony, motionless in her white gown and black lace *mantilla*, was quite enough to repay him. After he got her safely, she should be amply repaid for the long delay and the manner in which she had denied his suit.

Ynez, meanwhile, took things quietly, sewing a little in her own room, and trying on patiently the magnificent *trousseau* which Doña Antonia was having made for her, and for which Don Fernando—as per the usual Mexican custom—would foot the bills. Some of the Mexican customs are beyond improvement; this is one of them.

To see that her bird did not escape, Doña Antonia kept the room locked invariably, and on the rare occasions that the girl went to mass, escorted her in person, with a guard of two servants. She had dealt with refractory Spanish girls before, but this one was half-American; one had to be extraordinarily careful. As time went on, however, the old woman grew a little less cautious. For example, at the hour when Don Fernando appeared to "play bear," and she had seen Ynez safely stationed in the barred balcony, with both doors locked, Doña Antonia would go across the street to have a chocolate and gossip with an old friend of hers. From the place where she sat with her friend she could see the girl's dim form and fluttering draperies out on the balcony, and could watch Don Fernando, as he tottered up and down beneath her, now mopping his tired face and now and then casting up amorous glances at his bride-elect above. Knowing full well whom she had to deal with, and even in spite of the fact that the keys of Ynez's room were in her pocket, the *doña* never removed her eyes from the white figure in the balcony. So long as it was there, things were all right.

One day—one fatal day—Doña Antonia left her niece a little earlier than usual, having to see a certain *modiste*; later, she would go to see her crony, as usual. Ynez, at the time of her departure, was busily trying a new white gown on a new-fangled American dress-form. So occupied was she with her work that she did not even seem to hear her aunt as she withdrew, closing and locking the door, taking the heavy keys in her hand. Three minutes later the girl did hear the heavy Spanish street-door swing to below, and knew that she had at least five minutes' respite before Don

Fernando arrived on the street below, for his "bear-playing" act.

With trembling hands she dragged the white-robed dress-form close to the balcony, twisting a heavy, black *mantilla* about the neck and pinning a fluttering handkerchief to the waist. Then, watching carefully, she slid the cleverly made-up form into the very corner of the heavily grated balcony, pulling down the curtains and vines so as to conceal the fact that the body had no head. For that matter, she knew well that in the gray dusk neither the dim eyes of her aunt across the street nor the bleary ones of old Fernando below the balcony could see more than the white outline of the figure's skirt.

Then she set to work, hurriedly, with a file that she had guarded carefully in her bag of bicycle tools. It was a *fiesta*-day; not a servant remained in the great house; her aunt was safe for more than an hour in the house opposite, and down in the street paced Don Fernando, leering at the dim white figure on the balcony, and thinking fondly of how he would tame the pretty vixen, once she was safely his. Ten minutes' filing did the work; and shortly thereafter, Ynez, with her money and jewels hidden safely in a big purse, made a quick flight from the room, down the servants' stairway, and out of the back of the house. There, running hurriedly down a back street, she was met by John Ward, who had with him a couple of fleet horses. In half an hour they were "over the border and awa'," and next morning were safely married.

The scene upon Doña Antonia's return I leave you to imagine. The open door and young Ward's file told the story, and she promptly went into violent hysterics. As for Don Fernando, he had an attack of fury when he heard the news that finished his career. And a good riddance of bad rubbish at that, you will doubtless say.

MRS. L. M. TERRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1900.

THE AGNOSTIC TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

O God! O Father of all things! O Lord and giver of life!
O fountain of peace and blessing! O centre of storm and strife!
The waves of Thy will roll onward: I stand alone on Thy shore:
I veil mine eyes in Thy presence: I seal my lips—and adore.

Art Thou not Force and Matter? Art Thou not Time and Space?
Art Thou not Life and Spirit? Art Thou not Love and Grace?
Do not Thy wings o'ershadow the whole and the humblest part?
Are not the world's pulsations the ebb and flow of Thy heart?

O God! O Father of all men! O Lord of Heaven and Earth!
Shall we, who are dust before Thee, exalt Thy wisdom and worth?
Shall we, whom Thy life embraces, set forth Thy life in our creeds?
While the smoke of thy battle blinds us shall we read the scroll of Thy deeds?

We spin the threads of our fancy; we weave the webs of our words;
But nearer to truth and knowledge are the songs of the quivering birds.

The rays of Thy golden glory fall free through our nets of thought:
And all that we seek is hidden, and all that we know is naught.

How shall I kneel before Thee who hast no visible shrine?
Is not the soul Thy temple? Is not the world divine?
Will tower or transept tell me what the snow-clad mountains hide?
Is the surging anthem holier than the murmur of ocean's tide?

To whom hast Thou told Thy secret? On whom is Thy grace poured out?
Whose lamp will direct my goings? Whose word will resolve my doubt?

Shall I turn to the sects and churches that teach Mankind in Thy name?
But the best is a mote in Thy sunshine, a spark flung out from Thy flame.

Slowly through all my being streams up from each hidden root
The sap of Thy life eternal—streams up into flower and fruit.
Is this the truth that we dream of? We seek what we ne'er shall know;
But the stress of thy truth constrains us when the springs of Thy love o'erflow.

At night, when the veil of darkness is drawn o'er the sunlit blue,
The stars come out in the heavens, the world grows wide on my view.

At night, when the earth is silent and the life-waves cease to roll,
The strains of a deeper music begin to wake in my soul.

Is it then, O God! that we know Thee—when the darkness comes—
is it then?

When the surges of thought and passion die down in the hearts of men?

Is it then that we hear Thy message? Is it then that we see Thy light?

Is the sound of Thy voice our silence? Is the sheen of Thy face our night?—Edmond Holmes in the Spectator.

"The celebration of the centenary of the capital city of the United States, on Wednesday last, had a vast amount of interest for the whole people," remarks the Springfield *Republican*. "The greatest man of America determined its place, personally superintended the first survey of the site, appointed the commission which took possession of the tract ceded by Maryland and Virginia, and laid it out according to Major L'Enfant's plans, and it was his name that was rightly given to the federal city. At that time the federal district was really central to the new nation, and though there have been movements in the Middle West for a removal of the capital of the nation nearer to the geographical centre of the country, these never took hold of the people, even in the West. And Washington, long satirically described as 'the city of magnificent distances,' has grown, thanks to the imagination of L'Enfant, one of the most beautiful cities of the world, with the most magnificent public building in the world as its crowning glory."

Among the French reserves called up to Amiens recently for the periodical training (according to the *Daily Messenger* of Paris), was a man named Thieffry, who is father of a family of five little children, and who recently had the misfortune to lose his wife. Thieffry has no friends, and he therefore presented himself at the barracks with his five children. The colonel of the regiment to which the man belongs has given orders for the little ones to be looked after in the barracks while the father is fulfilling his military duties.

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS HUXLEY.

The Professor's Comments on the Difficulty of Living by Science
—Extracts from His Correspondence with Kingsley, Darwin,
and Tyndall—His Great Capacity for Work.

One of the most important works of the year is "The Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley," by his son, Leonard Huxley. The life of Professor Huxley is practically told in the letters contained in the two volumes, which, with the connecting and purely biographical text, present an interesting narrative, and show clearly the wit, the literary gifts, the fierce energy, the debating skill, and even the personal charm which made the famous biologist and physiologist so notable a personage. Huxley was born at Ealing, in 1825, and was physically so much the son of his mother that he says, "I can hardly find any trace of my father in myself except an inborn faculty for drawing, a hot temper, and that amount of tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy." Devoted as a boy to the study of medicine, he had the misfortune to be poisoned by a post-mortem experiment, and, partly on his health's account, determined to go to sea. A fortunate chance caused his appointment to the *Rattlesnake*, then commissioned for a charting expedition in Australian and Pacific waters, and Huxley made the most of his opportunities to carry out elaborate researches on the rare animalculæ that fell to his dredge. On his return he found himself poor but famous. The Royal Society printed his papers, and leading biologists welcomed him as a colleague. The one thorn in his flesh was the Admiralty, which stingily declined him the funds to publish his work, and which finally blotted his name from its rolls. He was compensated by being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society at the early age of twenty-six, by the award of a royal medal in the following year, and by a professional appointment at the Royal School of Mines in 1854.

During his Australian voyage he had become engaged to be married, and how much he needed this settled income may be gauged by the bitterness of some of his comments on the difficulty of living by science. "I could," he says, in one of the many outbursts of his three lean years, "get anything I write into any of the journals or any of the transactions, but I know no means of thereby earning five shillings. A man who chooses a life of science chooses not a life of poverty, but, so far as I can see, a life of nothing, and the art of living upon nothing at all has yet to be discovered." Fortunately for every one concerned, and greatly to the credit of his fiancée, who preferred to wait rather than he should abandon his ideals, Huxley clung to the thornier path, and lived to reap his reward.

We shall make no attempt to follow Huxley's career, but confine our extracts to some of the most characteristic letters, which are of great autobiographical interest. Witness the following, at the age of twenty-five, to his sister:

I don't know and I don't care whether I shall ever be what is called a great man. I will leave my mark somewhere, and it shall be clear and distinct (T. H. H., his mark) and free from the abominable blur of cant, humbug, and self-seeking which surrounds everything in this present world; that is to say, supposing that I am not already unconsciously tainted myself, a result of which I have a morbid dread.

Ten years later he wrote to Charles Kingsley, in reply to the latter's well-meant attempts at consolation on the death of Huxley's first child, a fascinating boy of four years old, a letter which expressed his working scheme of regeneration:

Kicked into the world a boy without guide or training, or with worse than none, I confess to my shame that few men have drunk deeper of all kinds of sin than I. Happily, my course was arrested in time—before I had earned absolute destruction—and for long years I have been slowly and painfully climbing, with many a fall, toward better things. And when I look back, what do I find to have been the agents of my redemption? The hope of immortality or of future reward? I can honestly say that for these fourteen years such a consideration has not entered my head. No, I can tell you exactly what has been at work. "Sartor Resartus" led me to know that a deep sense of religion was compatible with the entire absence of theology. Secondly, science and her methods gave me a resting-place independent of authority and tradition. Thirdly, love opened up to me a view of the sanctity of human nature, and impressed me with a deep sense of responsibility.

In subsequent letters to Kingsley he recurred to the matters upon which they had such very different views, like materialism and spiritualism, and, as might be expected, Huxley wrote with absolute frankness, but at the same time with that courtesy and tenderness which characterized him throughout all his controversies. For example, on May 22, 1863, he writes:

I don't know whether Matter is anything distinct from Force. I don't know that atoms are anything but pure myths. "Cogito ergo sum" is to my mind a ridiculous piece of bad logic, all I can say at any time being "Cogito." The Latin form I hold to be preferable to the English "I think," because the latter asserts the existence of an Ego—about which the bundle of phenomena at present addressing you knows nothing. In fact, if I am pushed, metaphysical speculation lands me exactly where your friend Raphael was when his bitch pupped. In other words, I believe in Hamilton, Mansell, and Herbert Spencer, so long as they are destructive, and I laugh at their beads as soon as they try to spin their own cobwebs.

Is this basis of ignorance broad enough for you? If you, theologian, can find as firm footing as I, man of science, do on this foundation of minus naught—there will be naught to fear for our ever diverging. For, you see, I am quite as ready to admit your doctrine that souls secrete bodies as I am the opposite one that bodies secrete souls—simply because I deny the possibility of obtaining any evidence as to the truth and falsehood of either hypothesis. My fundamental axiom of speculative philosophy is that materialism and spiritualism are opposite poles of the same absurdity—the absurdity of imagining that we know anything about either spirit or matter.

Cabanis and Berkeley (I speak of them simply as types of schools) are both asses, the only difference being that one is a black donkey and the other a white one.

This universe is, I conceive, like to a great game being played out, and we poor mortals are allowed to take a hand. By great good fortune the wiser among us have made out some few of the rules of the game, as at present played. We call them "Laws of Nature," and honor them because we find that if we obey them we win something for our pains. The cards are our theories and hypotheses, the tricks our experimental verifications. But what sane man would endeavor to solve this problem; given the rules of a game and the winnings, to find whether the cards are made of pasteboard or gold-leaf? Yet the problem of the metaphysicians is to my mind no saner.

Of great interest is the unfolding of Huxley's relations with Darwin and the doctrine of evolution. His corre-

spondence with Darwin, his reception of the revolutionary thesis, his examination and comments, and his convinced championship, form a valuable part of the century's scientific history. His capacity for work was enormous, but not nearly enough to cope with the deluge of things showered upon him once his personality became well known. Here is a specimen of his normal state, outlined in a letter to Darwin:

MY DEAR DARWIN: I am horribly loath to say that I can not do anything you want done, and partly for that reason I did not reply at once to your note. I am afraid, however, I can not undertake any sort of new work. In spite of working like a horse—or if you prefer it, like an ass—I find myself scandalously in arrears. . . . and wake up in the morning with somebody saying in my ear, "A. is not done, and B. is not done, and C. is not done, and D. is not done," etc. By the way, you ask me what I am doing now, so I will just enumerate some of the A. B. C.'s aforesaid:

A. Editing lectures on vertebrate skull and bringing them out in the *Medical Times*.

B. Editing and rewriting lectures on elementary physiology.

C. Thinking of my course of twenty-four lectures on the mammalia at Coll. Surgeons next spring, and making investigations bearing on the same.

D. Thinking of and working at a "Manual of Comparative Anatomy" (may it be d—d) which I have had in hand these seven years.

E. Getting heaps of remains of new Labyrinthodonts from the Glasgow coal-field, which have to be described.

F. Working at a memoir on "Glyptodont," based on a new and almost entire specimen at the College of Surgeons.

G. Preparing a new decade upon Fossil Fishes for this place.

H. Knowing that I ought to have written long ago a description of a lot of interesting Indian fossils sent to me by Oldham.

I. Being blown up by Hooker for doing nothing for the *Natural History Review*.

K. Being bothered by sundry editors just to write articles "which you know you can knock off in a moment."

L. Consciousness of having left unwritten letters which ought to have been written long ago, especially to C. Darwin.

M. General worry and botheration.

N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

Societies.

Clubs.

Dinners, evening parties, and all the apparatus for wasting time called "Society." Coloism and botheration about Moses. Finally pestered to death in public and private because I am supposed to be what they call a "Darwinian."

To Tyndall, who was laid up with a cold, he writes:

What I bother you with this note for is to beg you not to lecture at the London Institution to-morrow, but to let me change days with you, and so give yourself a week to recover. And if you are seedy, then I am quite willing to give them another lecture on the Hoky-potamus, or whatever else may turn up.

Again to Tyndall he writes feelingly of the funeral of their common friend, Tennyson:

MY DEAR TYNDALE: I think you will like to hear that the funeral yesterday lacked nothing to make it worthy of the dead or the living. Bright sunshine streamed through the windows of the nave, while the choir was in half gloom, and as each shaft of light illuminated the flower-covered bier as it slowly traveled on, one thought of the bright succession of his works between the darkness before and the darkness after. I am glad to say that the Royal Society was represented by four of its chief officers, and nine of the commonalty, including myself. Tennyson has a right to that, as the first poet since Lucretius who has understood the drift of science.

In the lighter vein he writes to John Morley, editor of the *Fortnightly*:

Many thanks for your abundantly sufficient check—rather too much, I think, for an article which had been gutted by the newspapers. I am always very glad to have anything of mine in the *Fortnightly*, as it is sure to be in good company; but I am becoming as spoiled as a maiden with many wooers. However, as far as the *Fortnightly*, which is my old love, and the *Contemporary*, which is my new, are concerned, I hope to remain as constant as a persistent bigamist can be said to be.

He could be caustic at times. Apropos of Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" he writes: "Dean Stanley told me he thought being made a bishop destroyed a man's moral courage. I am inclined to think that the practice of the methods of political leaders destroys the intellect for all serious purposes." But enough has been given, omitting entirely the obvious scientific interest of the memoirs, to prove the flavor of a book that must be digested as a whole.

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Elevators are by no means the recent inventions generally supposed. An amusing account of what was probably the first attempt at an elevator is told by St. Simon, and according to him it was from a M. Villayer that the idea of a "flying chair" first emanated. This ingenious person set up a passable prototype of the modern elevator in his house in Paris, working it up and down between the walls. The daughter of Louis the Fourteenth was so delighted with the novelty that she had one put up in her own apartments at Versailles. This honor was, however, the undoing of poor M. Villayer's machine. The chair suddenly stopped moving while the princess was between two landings, and she had to remain blocked up for three hours until the workmen broke a hole through the thick wall. The king was so annoyed at this that he forbade any further experiments in the same line.

Rear-Admiral Philip, after serving his country for forty years, left his widow only a pension of less than one dollar a day. His friends and admirers propose to raise a Philip Memorial Fund of one hundred thousand dollars, the interest to be paid to Mrs. Philip during her life, and afterward to be used to maintain the Sailors' Home, which is being erected through the efforts of Admiral Philip for the protection and comfort of our Jack Tars when off duty. No two objects could be nearer the heart of the dead hero. Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., of New York, are the treasurers of the funds. Among the signers of the appeal to the public are Secretary Long, Governor Roosevelt, Hon. Seth Low, Hon. B. F. Tracy, Hon. Randolph Guggenheimer, Hon. Levi P. Morton, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and the Rev. Lyman Abbott.

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining men in South Africa for General Baden-Powell's military police, notwithstanding the high rate of pay offered, it has been decided to ask for recruits in the mother country. The total strength of the force will be six thousand, and of this number a thousand will be enlisted in England. General Baden-Powell will select his own officers for his police, which is to be known as the South African Constabulary.

THE MANCHESTER DUCAL CHAPLET.

England's Last Marriageable Duke Captured by an American
Girl—A Romantic Match—Wealth Alone Could Not
Buy Him—Future of the Duchess.

The romantic marriage of the young Duke of Manchester to Miss Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, has created a flutter in society. But it is a flutter not so much of gossiping wonder as of downright satisfaction. All the people who like a touch of romance in life, and who admire its exhibition in human nature, are not dead yet. Albeit he may have been at times what appeared to be imprudent and rash in the conduct of his affairs and unconventional in his habits, the duke has been the subject of much genuine sympathy among people who knew the many difficulties he has had to contend with since he came into the title—at all events, since he came of age a few years ago, for I believe he was but a hoy at Eton when his father died.

His father, during the greater portion of his life-time, was better known as Viscount Mandeville, and was the nobleman who more than a quarter of a century ago married Miss Consuela Yznaga, of New York. He was a nobleman, too, who did not bear the best of reputations, to obey in as charitable a form as one can the behest of the time-honored axiom, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." One might almost say that the hoy was born and lived under a cloud. Upon some natures it would have had a souring effect. But it seems that the young duke was endowed by nature with plenty of pluck. And, in truth, he needed every bit of it to carry him along. Most fellows placed as he was would have gone to the had in earnest. A dukedom with nothing to keep it up—that is virtually what his title meant when he came into it. It takes an Englishman to thoroughly appreciate what that means. Fancy the highest rank in the peerage with nothing a year, for though he was not absolutely without means sufficient to live upon, as an ordinary gentleman, they were pitifully inadequate for the position of a duke. All the family estates were heavily incumbered, indeed up to their limit as mortgageable securities. Under such circumstances, what on earth was the poor young chap to do? Is it any wonder that he got into debt? The only wonder is that he got into so little. About seventy-five thousand dollars it was, all told. With many another man similarly placed it would have been five or ten times that.

It is absurd to say that he got all the credit and money he could. Everybody knows that there is no limit to the credit of a young duke who will have no difficulty in marrying a wife with money whenever he chooses to do so. There were dozens, aye, hundreds of girls, the daughters of "city" fathers, who would have jumped at him. And the fathers would have been only too willing to put up a dot running well into the hundreds of thousands. Your average "city" magnate would do anything to make his daughter a duchess. Dukes are by no means plentiful in England. As husbands they command a high figure. As a matter of fact, I believe there is now, since the Duke of Manchester's marriage, not a single one in the market. They are all married and done for, and you couldn't get one for love or money. Of course, I don't count any that may yet be minors. I believe there are one or two, but am not sure. Anyhow, as far as I know, the Manchester chaplet of strawberry leaves was the last chance English girls with plenty of money had of becoming a duchess for some years to come. The young duke, with all his difficulties and needs, wouldn't sell himself and his coronet like that. And to his credit be it spoken, too. He preferred to marry for love, and he did marry for love, and in doing so he has won the admiration of everybody.

Duke of Manchester stock is decidedly on the rise. Mr. Zimmerman has come forward like a man and made everything square. And what a contrast he furnishes to the duke's people on this side! Take his grandmother for example. She is the Duchess of Devonshire and the wife of one of the richest dukes in England. Is it not incredible that she could not have protected her grandson from having to become a bankrupt for the pitiful sum of fifteen thousand pounds? And even afterward, does it not seem astonishing that she could not have helped to raise the composition with creditors into a bigger sum than eight shillings and sixpence in the pound. And she must have known a little herself of what the pinch of poverty was like when she was the beautiful Duchess of Manchester, and ere she married the Duke of Devonshire, who as the Lord Hartington had been her life-long admirer.

But the members of the English peerage—as a rule—never let mawkish sentiment or the indulgence of paternal or maternal affection interfere with the strictest ideas of prudence in money matters. Take for example, at the present moment, the case of the son of the Earl of Fitzwilliam. Lord Fitzwilliam is one of the richest earls in the peerage, yet he has allowed his son, the Hon. W. R. Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, to become a bankrupt for the want of some two thousand pounds. This son, by the by, is an inmate of an infirmity asylum. One can hardly believe that a wealthy peer like Lord Fitzwilliam, an earl of ancient lineage and withal a Knight of the Garter, would willingly let tradespeople lose money by his son. There seems such a want of high principle and proper pride in it. But so it is.

As for the Duke of Manchester, there is now no fear of his not being taken by the hand by everybody and the old title put back on its feet again. If Mr. Zimmerman will emulate Vanderhilt, whose unstinted contributions have rehabilitated the once threadbare Marlborough dukedom, and put up the requisite amount of good, sound, yellow American coin, the dukedom of Manchester will be reestablished on a firm and solvent foundation, and the duke and his pretty young American duchess quietly become the fashion. The duke has plenty of courage, and if, with it, his duchess possesses the tact of the Duchess of Marlborough, it will be an easy matter for them soon to achieve a position second to none in the English peerage.

LONDON, November 24, 1900.

COCKAIGNE.

CLOSING OF THE EXPOSITION.

Paris Feels the Loss of the Fair—Foreign Visitors and Miegled Toogues Have Gooe—Mme. Yacco's Dramatic Success—Exhibits That Amazed Parisians.

All the provincials, all the tourists, all the American women who were huying clothes, and the English women in the box-coats and the sailor-hats have gone. Swiftly, silently, like snow before sun, this great throng of outsiders has disappeared from the streets, the theatres, and the *cafés* of Paris. A month ago, where one heard more English than French on the Rue de la Paix, one now hears nothing but the language of the politest nation on earth. The foreigner has gone from the theatre; he is no longer prominent on the Rue Scribe; Cook does not conduct him about in large herds which traverse the city from the Madeleine to the Morgue. The exposition has closed and he has returned to his native shores.

Now that the exposition is over, everybody misses it and deplores the fact that he did not see more of it. Half the people you meet irritate you by asking if you have seen some wonderful, unheard-of thing which was "hy far the most interesting exhibit in the place." It has left behind it a void, which all the world of Paris feels. The sense that this stupendous massing together of the newest, the finest, the most beautiful, the costliest, and the best that the end of the century had to offer, was open to you at all hours, gave to life a fullness of interest and appreciation that nothing seems able to replace.

During the last few days it was crowded to such an extent that the great bridges were black with people, and looking from a height on to the Champ de Mars was to look at an even flooring of heads, here and there divided into little rifts along which moving lines of people made a slow way. It was impossible to approach the popular exhibits. I got into the place where the Worth and Félix dresses are shown, and found the crowd so dense that, in spite of several policemen, it kept packing, and one was held perfectly motionless in the midst of a solid mass of humanity, unable to move except as one being, all at the same time. Fortunately, everybody was very good-humored, but of the Worth and Félix dresses I don't believe anybody saw anything.

The last day of all was dry but cold. The sun set wintrily amid a tumbled array of dun-colored clouds, which showed rosy on their under side. For a while this reflection lay on the river, flushing the summit of each small wave. As one walked past the Beaux Arts the sudden radiance glowed behind the branches of the bare trees that look so cold and sere without their leaves. Everybody looked frozen. Even the exquisite Parisiennes, who are too much women of the world to ever allow themselves to appear in unbecoming surroundings, had pink-rimmed eyes and little pink ends to their noses. Altogether it was a dreary, disillusioning day as far as beauty went. Nearly everybody in the place was buying. There were stories afloat that things were to go for next to nothing, and round the more attractive exhibits the crowd was too thick to attempt to penetrate. My experience was that very few things had dropped much in price. The good things, the things worth buying, all seemed to be held at the same figures as those seen in the late summer.

There has been a good deal of talk as to what has been the success of the exposition, and some of the papers have had symposiums on the subject. The majority of written opinions, and those expressed by the Parisians themselves, is that Sada Yacco, the Japanese actress, has been the star of the season. This is the same actress who, in San Francisco something like a year ago, played such an unsuccessful engagement that some of her scenery and costumes were attached. She worked her way to Paris, however, and immediately met with recognition—and that impassioned, excited recognition which the Parisians give to the artist that pleases them.

She has shared Loie Fuller's theatre, giving with "La Loie" one performance every afternoon and one, or two it may be, every evening. All the world has been talking about her. The divine Sarah—whose word in Paris has still the power to make or mar—has set the seal of her approval on her. Never before has Paris seen such a death-scene as she gives in "The Geisha and the Knight." Now books are being published about her. Poor Kakawami, or whatever his name is, her companion star, is quite in the shade. Nobody thinks anything about him. Yacco has even made her reputation as a beauty, and one may see her dining at the Royal Roumanian Restaurant sometimes, dressed in Parisian clothes and looking a very quiet, gentle little person, but quite one of the people one stares at and talks about.

She and "Loie Fullaire" have done a fine business as far as audiences go, but it is said that "La Loie" has lost money on her venture. The concession and rent she paid were enormous, and Sada Yacco, who was the great drawing card, did not begin her performances till July. Still, Paris loves its "Loie Fullaire" very dearly, and will certainly stand by her. Why this little woman has gained such a hold on the fickle French it is hard to say. She has none of that personal beauty of which they are so enamored, and is not even a good dancer. She has, however, an attribute which the French love—a "bon cœur." She is really a most kindly, good-hearted soul, and when her public heard the story of the recently broken contract, given up because of the sudden illness of her mother, at a sacrifice of many thousand dollars, its affection and admiration grew stronger than ever—"La Loie's" *bon cœur* has once again triumphed.

Among the Americans that I have met, the almost unanimous opinion is that the exposition was less magnificent and imposing than the recent world's fair, but that the exhibits were more interesting. This is a subject upon which I can give no opinion, as I did not see the world's fair, but it seems to me very just. I don't see how it would have been possible to gather together in the United States such a col-

lection as that, for example, in the Petit Palais. These wonderful works of the craftsmen of many generations, the cream of the handiwork of centuries, are the gems from the greatest French collections, private and public. Things were exhibited in the Petit Palais that were beyond price. Connoisseurs in these matters say that never before has there been, and probably never again will there be, such a gathering together of rich, rare, and wonderful objects. It would be impossible for a new country to compete with the stored wealth of ages like that which found its way into this building. And it was such collections that made the exposition uniquely interesting.

As far as the foreign nations go, the English exhibits have certainly attracted a good deal of attention and been the subject of much comment. Without a doubt the English Pavilion was the most successful in the whole line of the Rue des Nations. Next to it I should think the Spanish Pavilion, with its magnificent tapestries, has drawn the largest crowds. The Italian, which was very beautiful without, was well stocked within with inexpensive and sometimes pretty casts and statues in terra-cotta, bronze, and bisque. The people in here really seemed to be doing a good business. Before the exposition closed the pavilion was generally packed, and some of the statues bore long lines of cards marked "vendu," that extended in loops along the floor.

The success of the English Pavilion was largely a matter of its novelty. It was an early Tudor house, furnished in a rich and homely simple style, but with great magnificence. Some of the portraits that hung on its walls were the masterpieces of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. The French, who are so quick to respond to what is fine and noble in art, were immensely impressed by these portraits. It was amusing to stand by and watch them opposite that hewitching picture of Reynolds's, "Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick," which represents a child of some five years of age, a child that seems to be walking out of the picture straight into your arms, its eyes sparkling with innocent mischief, and its lips demurely closed in beautiful, baby curves that are just about to break into smiles. Reynolds was, I suppose, the greatest painter of childhood, at its loveliest, its best, its most unconsciously sweet, that England has ever produced, and "Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick" is worthy to make a third with "Robinetta" and "Miss Penelope Boothby."

There was a good deal of difference of opinion over the bedrooms, of which there were several on the second floor. The French were moved to the liveliest interest and curiosity by these ruggedly furnished apartments in which the decorators seemed desirous of reviving the massively magnificent discomfort of the days of the feudal system. One of the rooms looked as if all it wanted was rushes on the floor and a cresset hanging from the ceiling to be the sort of apartment in which Keats's Madeleine was watched by young Porphyro upon St. Agnes's Eve. The French, whose ideas of bedroom decoration are a graceful combination of airy prettiness and utility, were horrified by these fortress-like apartments. They besieged the place, however, in a continuous crowd, and two tall English "hobbies," who dropped their *hats* and were as handsome as pictures, were in constant attendance to regulate the numbers that were admitted at one time.

In the English section in The Invalides there was another set of furnished apartments that were also crowded all the time. The success of this department was the bath-room, a pretty room with an ordinary porcelain bath fitted across one end, and a wash-basin of marble, with shelves and a looking-glass. To an American there was nothing novel about this room, the double of which we have all seen in every well-built modern house. But to the French—especially those from the provinces—it was a marvel. It was immensely amusing to hear their comments of amazed admiration, as they stood solemnly staring from the tub to the wash-stand. A lady I met from Lyons spoke to me of this room, and told me especially to go and see it as one of the features of the exposition.

The Parisians, in their new houses and apartments now have fairly decent bath-rooms built in. But in the old houses there is no such thing in the whole building, and no provision of any kind for baths. The English with their tin tubs are far in advance, for at least there is always a servant at hand who can be found to stagger into your room carrying the tin tub. But in France there is no tin tub and there is no zinc bath. There is only a wash-bowl about as high as a coffee-cup, with which every morning there goes a small—a very small—pitcher of hot water. If you object to these on the ground of their inadequacy you are told that there are excellent bathing establishments round the corner or in the next street, where people who have the strange craze for washing that marks the Anglo-Saxon may go and take a bath once a week, indeed, every day, if their unaccountable aberration prompts them to such an extravagance in soap, water, and money.

I have spoken before of the American Pavilion. It has been universally condemned, and the Americans of taste and position who are residents of Paris feel very bitterly about it. It is generally conceded to have been one of the ugliest in the whole line. Indeed, if the Americans had not made such a fine showing in the Beaux Arts, they would have come out very near the bottom of the heap. Fortunately, the few rooms devoted to their work were filled with many remarkably beautiful canvases. Next to the French it was the best national exhibit of paintings, even though we had nothing to offer in competition with the little alcove of Senbach's in the German section. Our exhibit of statuary was also exceedingly creditable, though a few horrors had managed to creep in. Outside these, the only thing I have heard mentioned by the French I have met was the exhibit of Tiffany glass in The Invalides. This seems to have made nearly as great an impression as the English bath-room, and as it stood among collections of patent paper-hangs, fountain-pens, and pocket-knives, it was as the shadow of a rock in a weary land.

GERALDINE BONNER.

LATIN QUARTER, PARIS, November 20, 1900.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sarah Bernhardt's son, Maurice, has written "Nini L'Assommoir," described as a violently passionate drama, which his mother may bring out in Paris next season.

E. Q. Dingley, the son of the late congressman, is looked upon as a coming man in Maine politics. He has just been reelected to the legislature, and is now spoken of as a possible candidate for governor at the next election.

Liberty Hyde Bailey, the most celebrated living horticulturist, professor of general and experimental horticulture in Cornell University, has been secured for the faculty of the next summer session of the University of California.

In his youth Gerhard Hauptmann, the famous German playwright and author, inherited a large fortune, and while still young married a wealthy woman. Of late years his income has been largely increased by the profits from his plays. He has a hobby that his means allow him to gratify—the building of villas. He began by building one in Silesia; a second he erected in the vicinity of Berlin; the next he planted in the Riesengebirge. He is at present building a fourth near Dresden.

The shortest biography in the new "Congressional Directory" is that of the member from the seventh New Jersey district. It is as follows: "Allan Langdon McDermott, Democrat, of Jersey City, was born in South Boston, Mass., March 30, 1854; is a lawyer by profession; was elected to the Fifty-Sixth Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. William D. Daly. Elected to the Fifty-Seventh Congress." This fills just three and a half lines. The longest sketch in the book is that of Senator Depew, fifty lines.

It is said that King Alexander of Servia sent his medical man, the other day, to sound a certain foreign insurance society as to whether they would be inclined to insure his life for a couple of million francs. The directors met in council and, after some debate, informed the medico that they regretted their inability to do business. It was true that in the past they had insured the lives of several reigning sovereigns; but since the assassination of the King of Italy, who had been insured for three million francs, the board had resolved not to enter into any further engagements with them.

"If Lady Bute's arrival at the Mount of Olives with her husband's heart is an episode with mediæval associations," says a London journal, "nothing could be more modern than Lord Bute's other wishes in regard to his obsequies. His own great wish was that when his heart went to the Holy Land the rest of his body should be cremated in Scotland. The Roman decree which excommunicates all Roman Catholics who take part in carrying out cremations barred the way to the fulfillment of his desires. The nearest canonical short cut to the fulfillment of his wish was to fill his coffin with quicklime; and this accordingly was done."

William Court Gully, who has just been elected Speaker of the House of Commons for the third time, first succeeded Viscount Peel in 1895. This position is a most desirable one, as the incumbent draws an annual salary of twenty-five thousand dollars, and an annual pension of twenty thousand dollars afterward, even if he occupies the chair but an hour. Upon his retirement he also receives a peerage, and meanwhile he enjoys precedence as "the first commoner of England." As Speaker he is provided with a palatial mansion for entertaining on a large scale within the palace of Westminster, where he resides during his term of office.

The Czar, who is slowly recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever, ascended the throne of Russia on November 1, 1894, at the death of his father, Czar Alexander the Third. On the twenty-sixth of the same month he was married to Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt. His coronation was celebrated with all the grandeur and pomp of the orthodox church at Moscow in May, 1896. The most remarkable performance of the young monarch, and the one upon which his fame in history will probably rest, was the origination of the now celebrated proposal to disarm the civilized world and to settle all future international differences by arbitration. The Czar is thirty-two years old.

In a recent interview Sir Thomas Lipton thus commented on the controversy regarding the proposed change of the America's Cup course from off Sandy Hook to off Newport, R. I.: "I prefer Sandy Hook. I do not think there is a better course in the world. No doubt the races last year were prolonged owing to there not being sufficient wind to finish within the time limit. But it is my opinion that with sufficient wind there could not be a better or a fairer course, and personally I feel there would be more glory in fighting the battles over the old historical course, where we have so often been defeated. Anyhow, there has always been sufficient breeze for the American boats to win at Sandy Hook, and had the *Shanrock* been a speedier boat the same wind would have brought her in first."

La Gerarchia Cattolica states that during the Pontificate of Leo the Thirteenth—1878 to 1900—no fewer than one hundred and thirty-four of the cardinals have died. Only four still live who were his fellow-cardinals under his predecessor, Pius the Ninth. The normal number of the college is seventy, but thirteen of the seats are at present unoccupied. Seven cardinals died in 1899, and four have died during the present year. More than half of the present college (thirty-one) are Italians, twenty-three of whom reside in the Curia at Rome; seven are French, four Austrian-Hungarian, nine Spanish, and seven German; there is one Pole, one Portuguese, one Belgian, one North American, one Irishman, one Australian, and one Englishman. The oldest cardinal, Luigi di Canessa, Bishop of Verona, is in his ninety-second year; the youngest, Giuseppe Calasanzio Vioes y Tuto, is forty-four years old.

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The St. Nicholas for December.

The Christmas number of *St. Nicholas* contains a wealth of entertaining matter for the young folks. The contributions include verse by Mary Austin, Jessie L. Britton, Ethel Parton, Margaret Johnson, Charles Perez Murphy, and Eva L. Ogden; chapters three and four of the serial, "A Frigate's Namesake," by Alice Balch Abbot, and chapters four and five of John Bennett's "The Story of Barnaby Lee"; a variety of short stories, including "A Christmas Pony," by Caroline Benedict Burrell; "A Missing Page," by Doris Lee Howell; "The Sorcery of Hal the Wheelwright," by Bertha Runkle; "Waukewa's Eagle: An Indian Legend," by James Buckham; and a graphic account of "The Life-Savers' Ride of a Hundred Miles," by Lieutenant North G. Ross, U. S. R. C. The illustrations are in excellent taste, especially the colored ones, which supplement the text of the "Rhymer of the Tory Tollevers," a stirring poem telling how little Maid Prudence played the part of a good angel by warning a "poor" family so that they might flee, and protecting a little baby, who in haste was left behind.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Bismarck's letters to his wife are being brought out in Germany by the Cottas with much explanatory material, something after the form of Bismarckian memorabilia. German readers of the first installment of these memoirs issued in that country have been charmed with the revelation of the statesman's married life, for the letters show him to have been in his domestic circle one of the most lovable men in history.

The J. B. Lippincott Company have just brought out a volume entitled "Fifty Masterpieces of Anthony Van Dyck in Photogravure," selected from the pictures exhibited in Antwerp in 1899.

Sir Lewis Morris will bring out this week, through Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., simultaneously with its publication in England, a volume of poems containing a number of lyrics, one of them being a study in elegiac verse and another, "A Georgian Romance," reproduced from a report of the Russian criminal tribunals of last spring. The author, who is now in his seventy-eighth year, declares that this will be his last book.

The Dodge Publishing Company have published a pretty Christmas book for the children entitled "Alice's Adventures in Picturland," a sort of sequel to "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

The Macmillan Company has just brought out "The Clergy in American Life and Letters," by Daniel Delany Addison; "Jesus Christ and the Social Question," by Dr. Francis Greenwood Peabody, of Harvard; and "Foes in Law," by Rhoda Broughton.

Irving Bacheller's "Eben Holden," which is published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, is said to have been the second best-selling book in the United States last month.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have in press "Fa-la-se, the Town of the Conqueror," by Anna Bowman Dodd, well known for her charming volumes of travel, "Three Normandy Inns," and "Cathedral Days."

"Great Battles of the World," the work which Stephen Crane completed just previous to his death, is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

A memoir of "Helen Faucit (Lady Martin)," written by her husband, Sir Theodore Martin, will be published very shortly in England.

The serious illness of Elizabeth Robbins, the actress, and author of "The Open Question," has delayed the publication of her new novel, which is now announced for the early part of 1901.

Maurice Hewlett's latest novel, "The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay," is published by the Macmillan Company.

The most popular lyrics which Harry B. Smith has written for "Robin Hood," "The Serenade," "The Highwayman," "The Wizard of the Nile," "Rob Roy," "The Fencing Master," "The Little Corporal," "Half a King," "The Idol's Eye," "The Casino Girl," "The Rounders," "The Mandarin," "The Cadet Girl," "Papa's Wife," and "Foxy Quiller" are to be collected and published in a volume to be called "Stage Lyrics."

Ernest Seton-Thompson's "Wild Animals That I Have Known," though it was published more than two years ago, is one of the best selling books of Charles Scribner's Sons, being now in its eightieth thousand.

Virginia Tatnall Peacock's collection of sketches of "Famous American Belles of the Nineteenth Century," is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

After the current number the *International Monthly*, edited by F. G. Richardson, of Burlington, Vt., will no longer be published by the Macmillan Company.

The first published "Life of Pasteur," by the scientist's son-in-law, M. Radot, is an immense volume of nearly seven hundred pages. The details of Pasteur's early life as therein related are exceedingly interesting.

Norman Macoll, who has been editor of the London *Athenaeum* since 1869, will retire with the new year from that position. Mr. Macoll was born in 1843, and took up the important position he is about to resign at the age of twenty-six, very shortly after he left Cambridge. His only book, "The Greek Skeptics from Pyrrho to Sextus," was published in the year when he became editor of the *Athenaeum*. His successor will be Vernon Rendall, a Trinity man, who has acted as sub-editor for the last four years.

Emile Zola has been busy putting the finishing touches on a new novel, which is entitled "Travail." This will appear in English early in the new year, under the title of "Labor." When his "Fécondité" was published—it appeared in English under the title of "Fruitfulness"—it was understood to be the first of a series of four connected works, which his admirers call his "four gospels." The others will be "Verité" and "Justice." In "Fruit-

fulness" M. Zola dealt with family life; in "Labor," it is said, he gives us the big city, with its problems and pulsations, depicts the struggle between labor and capital, and then goes on to create a new state of society, with work conducted on new lines.

Mrs. Freiligrath-Kroecker is engaged on a memoir of her late father, Ferdinand Freiligrath, and desires the loan of any letters of his for copying. Her work will treat especially of the patriot-poet's long

stay in England, and will embody much unpublished correspondence with English and American friends, Lord Lytton, Lord Houghton, Longfellow, etc. Her address is Cedar Lodge, Honor Oak Road, Forest Hill, London, S. E.

Norman Heathcote's story of "St. Kilda," which will shortly be published by Longmans, Green & Co., is not, as has been supposed by many, a novel, but a story of a ramble on the little islet.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Seventh Duke of Grandon.

Just what a young man would do who suddenly and unexpectedly found himself a duke with ancestral halls and a great fortune is a delightful study for the imaginative, and J. S. Clouston, in his story, "The Duke," has handled the situation with humor and yet with dignity. His young man inherits some of the best traits of his family as well as the title and comes out with distinction in the end, but he makes a false start through an erratic impulse. An old acquaintance in the colonies, who had once saved his life, but was after all only a tipsy irresponsible, appears in the first hour of the young duke's arrival, and is offered the title and its attendant glories for a month, while the real heir remains in the background as a private secretary. The possibilities of this Christopher Sly episode are by no means exhausted, but the adventures that follow are diverting. The romantic interest is not introduced until late, but it has a place of its own.

Published by Loogmans, Greco & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Shakespeare's Life and Works.

A volume that will attract all readers of literary taste and appeal irresistibly to Shakespearean students is "William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man," by Hamilton Wright Mabie. It is biographical, critical, and philosophical, the work of a ripened scholar and an accomplished essayist. The text is illustrated with one hundred engravings, nine of which are full-page photogravures. In the production of the work the publishers have given their best efforts, and the result is a sumptuous volume. The heavy paper, large and clear print, striking cover design, and artistic binding are all features of excellence.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$5.00.

"Under the Berkeley Oaks."

The editorial staff of the *University of California Magazine* have selected from the work of students of the institution, past and present, two short stories and offer them in a compact volume, with the attractive title, "Under the Berkeley Oaks," a photographic reproduction of one of William Keith's paintings as a frontispiece, and four stanzas of verse by Agnes Frisbie as an introduction. The stories are entertaining. Among the names of the authors are several that have become more widely known, and some that promise to gain fame. The main purpose of the book is to secure funds for a projected fountain on the campus of the university to be in harmony with the Hearst architectural plan. It is a modest effort in a worthy cause.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"Chatterbox" for 1900, is just what it has always been, only all its wealth of stories and pictures for young readers is new. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Book of Omar and Rubaiyat," is a collection of miscellanies, literary and pictorial, concerning the Persian poet, his translators, and his enthusiasts. Published by M. F. Maosfield, New York; price, \$1.75.

In the "Remarque" edition of literary masterpieces the latest issue is "Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius," printed on hand-made paper and handsomely bound in limp leather. Published by H. M. Caldwell & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"Eotheo," that volume of Eastern travel by Alexander William Kinglake, which is still fresh and charming though it was first published fifty-five years ago, has been brought out in handsome style in the Century Classics Series. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

One of the attractive novelties of the season is the "Quotatio Calendar," published for the Channing Auxiliary of San Francisco. It has a cover in colors and twenty-six pages, with a quotation of verse for each day and margin illustrations. The drawings are by Albertine Randall Wheelan. Published by the Art Publishing Company, San Francisco; price, \$1.25.

Judge Parry has done young readers a great service in preparing an abridged version of the great satirical romance of Cervantes for their benefit. "Don Quixote of the Mancha," retold by Judge Parry, and illustrated by more than thirty of Walter Crane's most characteristic drawings, is one of the prizes of the holiday time. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Madame Therese," by Erickman-Chatrion, edited for school use by C. Footaie, and printed in the French text with a vocabulary, is one of a series recommended by the Modern Language Association. It is suited to pupils in the first year of French (50 cents). A new physiology for the higher grammar grades is "Elementary Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene," by Winfield S. Hall (75 cents). "Barnes's Natural Slant Copy-Books" are offered as a compromise between the vertical style and the old system (50 and 75 cents per dozen). Published by the American Book Company, New York.

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The revision and resetting of this American classic, together with its new and superb illustrations, afford an opportunity for an edition de luxe of a distinctive and peculiarly valuable character. The pictures are printed in one tint and the text in another, and the paper is of notably fine quality. Lovers of "David Harum" and of fine books will not be slow to appreciate this superb and definitive edition.

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Crane Edition. Illustrated with pictures of William H. Crane to character, and stage photographs. With preface and specially designed cover. Cloth, 75 cents.

For the Honor of the School

A Story of School Life and Interscholastic Sport. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR, author of "The Half-Back." Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

The success of Mr. Barbour's vivid football story, "The Half-Back," showed not only interest in the theme, but also the author's power in writing a story of boys' sport and life with the freshness, vigor, and sympathy befitting the subject. His new story sketches the long-drawn struggle of a cross country run, and the training and the exciting competitions in track athletics, with glimpses of football and other sports. The hero is an athlete but also a scholar, and the larger phases of school life are placed before the reader in their true values. The fun and varied incidents of school life are also vividly pictured, and the variety of the book is another evidence of Mr. Barbour's skill in story-telling.

Dickens as an Educator

By JAMES L. HUGHES, Inspector of Schools, Toronto; Author of Froebel's Educational Series, etc. A new volume in the International Education Series, edited by Dr. W. T. Harris. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

The author shows that Dickens was the great apostle of the "new education" to the English-speaking world. The author also brings into connected form the educational principles of one of the most sympathetic friends of childhood.

Guy Boothby's New Romance My Indian Queen

Being a Record of the Adventures of Sir Charles Verrinder, Baronet, in the East Indies. By GUY BOOTHBY, author of "Dr. Nikola's Experiment," "Pharos, the Egyptian," etc. No. 294, Appleton's Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

D. Appleton & Company PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

It will be some considerable time yet before the memoir of the late Duke of Argyll is given to the world. The present duke, who has the work in hand, has a huge mass of the late Duke of Argyll's correspondence in his possession, and he will utilize the manuscripts the late duke had written for a volume of autobiography and reminiscences.



It was, if I am not mistaken, Pierre Loti who first informed an inquisitive world, through the medium of his gracefully written book, "Mme. Chrysanthème," of the hymeneal details which precede the transitory marriages between Japanese girls and foreigners. During his temporary residence in Japan, while his ship lay out in the harbor, he tried this free and easy imitation of matrimony, and found, after a season of diversion, that it palled. To Pierre Loti, who is a curious combination of French cynic and prose poet, the episode began in a spirit of adventure, was nurtured in ennui, and closed apparently, so the frank French sailor leaves us to infer, with equal relief on both sides. His bride of a few months was fully recompensed for the pangs of parting by the pocketful of gold her temporary spouse left behind him. The quasi-husband, in spite of a pretty extensive knowledge of womankind, is rather disconcerted by an unexpected discovery of his Japanese fair one's spirit of commercialism, but with true Gallic sentimentality he saves his wounded vanity by recalling the constancy of some Turkish heroine of a closed episode, whose poor little wounded affections could not be poulticed with gold.

John Luther Long, who published in the *Century Magazine* his short story of "Madame Butterfly," upon which the play is built, views the subject from an entirely different standpoint. To him a Japanese of the gentler sex is not a doll stuffed with saw-dust, but a living, human creature; not merely a female chattel, but a woman; not a self-hawker, but a loving, trustful creature, who gives her whole heart and perfect constancy to the lordly being from over the seas who deigns to dally with the beautiful toy. Probably both are right. All Japanese women, even of the half-world, can not be cut on the same pattern, and each author saw with the vision that best matched his own temperament.

The story is novel, interesting, pathetic, in a way, but it is better acted than read. The keen instinct of the dramatist is evident in the insight with which Belasco recognized the possibilities in the tale. Much of the dialogue, in Mme. Butterfly's pretty pigeon-English, was already provided; with the added advantage that it is piquant to listen to, while the elisions and dialectic irregularities in the printed text make it dangerously near to fatiguing to read. The sad little story transplants to the stage remarkably well, and becomes a deeply interesting and very touching play. The Japanese background, with a few artful side-lights in the way of glimpses of Oriental customs and domestic details of the precarious little household, interest and please by their novelty.

It is evident that the whole production is closely modeled upon the New York performance of the same play, with the difference that it is conducted upon a more economical basis. Although the action of this brief drama transpires in one act, and the time consumed is but little over an hour, the New York Belasco spent something like four thousand dollars on his production. The panoramic series of Japanese views that precede the play, the separate curtain, the costumes of the humble Japanese mutes who in Oriental pantomime deprecate the criticism of the audience, the setting of Butterfly's house, were all, judging from the New York notices, tasteful, Japanese, and beautiful.

There is, of course, a falling-off from this high standard in the details of the piece as presented here. This is especially noticeable in the two or three pictures which, lit up by a series of changing lights to represent the varying hues which night and day paint upon the landscape, are disclosed in order to envelop the perception of the audience in the proper atmosphere. But, except for this, although there was nothing striking in the setting, it was picturesque and appropriate.

Miss Juliet Crosby has presented a carefully studied and thoroughly sympathetic portrait of the helpless little Japanese butterfly, whose frail wings, heat so vainly against the blasts of adversity. Whether or not she has modeled her portrayal upon Blanche Bates's presentation of the character, she yet has put some stamp of individuality, some shades of unforced pathos into the rôle, which make it a living and touching reality. A literal copy it can not be, for a histrionic copy, pure and simple, always rings hollow.

The other members of the cast fill their comparatively unimportant rôles with admirable restraint. Agn, probably, a touch of the New York influence. Mr. Scott, as the American consul, expresses volumes with a roll of the eyes and a twitch of the mustache. Clarence Montaine has an excellent make-up as the Americanized Japanese, and

managed with some minute touches to make his smooth-shaven American countenance look quite Oriental. The baby was an amazingly exact little automaton, and behaved precisely as if it had been wound up and was warranted to go a certain length of time.

I thought the wait, which is supposed to last all night, and during which Cho Cho-San stands a motionless figure at her quaint Japanese casement, a most admirably managed bit of unreal realism. Not the least touch in its pathetic effectiveness was the tiny figure of the child stretched out on the floor in the abandon of perfect repose. The gallery gods in New York took exception to the wait, for their impatient majesties have great capacities for boredom when melodramatic gore ceases to flow, and here, too, there have been signs of impatience. In point of fact, however, the wait, considering the effect produced, is remarkably short, and is made dramatically suggestive by the changing hues of sunset, night, and dawn, and by the flickering out, one by one, of the lantern-lights in the room. And in the meanwhile we hear in dreamy, monotonous minor the music that William Furst composed especially for the mournful little play.

A tragic ending, which sends the audience away in subdued mood, has caused the dramatist to call the play a tragedy—too heavy and sombre a name, in spite of the sorrowful motive, for it is not all gloom, and one must smile or laugh outright at times at Butterfly's pretty perversions of the English language. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

LITERARY NOTES.

The True Story of a Naval Hero.

Cyrus Townsend Brady found a subject most attractive to him, through his love for the sea and its heroes, in the career of the prince of naval commanders, and his volume, "Commodore Paul Jones," is quite the best of his works. It will bear comparison with other biographies of the brave sea-fighter, and in some respects is distinctly notable. The author has given much care to the verification of important episodes, and his historical research is apparent throughout.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

In Appleton's Library of Useful Stories Series the latest volume is "The Story of the Alphabet," by Edward Clodd. It is scientific and concise. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 40 cents.

Some of the best satirical and humorous sketches of the season are included in "Half Portions: Short Society Stories." The illustrations are also notable. Published by Life Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Among the Birds," and "Among the Flowers," are two dainty volumes of selected verse, illustrated with engravings of the blossoms and feathered songsters mentioned in the poems, printed in colors true to nature, and bound in limp leather. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents each.

A calendar that seems to combine nature and art is the "California Squirrel Calendar," which is adorned with genuine squirrel-fur (\$1.25). "California Rosehuds" is a calendar containing four miniatures in water-colors of ideal female faces (50 cents). Published by the Dodge Stationery Company, San Francisco.

"The Tale of the Little Twin Dragons," by S. Rosamond Praeger, is a humorous tale of ogres and other impossible creatures, illustrated by many artistic drawings, some of which are handsomely printed in colors. It is intended for children and the holiday season. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"California from 1400 to 1901" is the title of a pretty calendar. Mt. Shasta, Yosemite Valley, the Discovery by Cortez, the old fort at Monterey, Mission Dolores, Sutter's Mill, a bird's-eye view of Sonoma Valley, and Telegraph Hill and the bay, are among the scenes shown on the six cards, and these, with the native flowers pictured in the margins, are printed in colors. Published by Sanborn, Vail & Co., San Francisco.

So eminent an artist as John McWhirter, R. A., has given his time and skill to the production of a little work which will be of great value to students, for it tells how a successful painter does his work. The book is entitled "Landscape Painting in Water-Color," and it contains in addition to Mr. McWhirter's simple description and directions, some twenty studies printed in colors. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

"Between the Andes and the Ocean," by William Eleroy Curtis, is an entertaining and valuable book. It describes a journey down the west coast of South America, from the Isthmus of Panama to the Straits of Magellan, and is rich in descriptive facts and figures and historical reminiscence. It contains nearly five hundred pages, is illustrated, and well indexed. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$2.50.

One of the most thoughtful studies of tangible facts connected with a weighty subject, that gives no deliberate consideration to matters of religion, and

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The Aim of "St. Nicholas"

is to help its readers as well as to entertain them, and the testimony comes from a legion of past *St. Nicholas* readers that the good it has done has been permanent. The special features of 1901 include serial stories by a great number of authors, stories of history, stories of the sea, and patriotic stories; with short stories by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mrs. Peary, and others. Cleveland Moffett's stories of danger and daring will be a feature in 1901.



New Departments

NATURE AND SCIENCE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

This new department is exciting the attention of educators everywhere; it contains short articles on animals, flowers, birds, insects, and that which has to do with nature. It answers questions put to it by young readers, and is edited from the standpoint of boys and girls by one who sympathizes with their way of enjoying nature. It is beautifully illustrated.

is an organization of those who read the magazine (without dues), and it offers prizes each month for the best drawings, photographs, poems, stories, puzzles, and puzzle answers, also special prizes from time to time; and all contributions are impartially judged, with due allowance for the age of the contributor. Some of the work sent in by the young readers shows surprising talent.

BOOKS AND READING

helps the young folks to discriminate between the good and the bad in literature, and with the assistance of librarians, parents, teachers, and friends, it recommends lists of books for the reading of children.

The November and December numbers sent free of charge to new subscribers with a year's subscription, beginning with January, 1901.

On receipt of \$3.00 we will send the November and December numbers of *St. Nicholas*, with a beautifully printed certificate (miniature reproduction herewith), to any person who wishes to use *St. Nicholas* as a Christmas Gift. The November and December numbers can be given at Christmas with the certificate, and the twelve months from January on will be sent directly to the recipient. Give us your own name and the name of the boy or girl to whom you wish the subscription sent, and mail it with a remittance for \$3.00 to

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THE CENTURY CO.,

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that avoids questions of a purely philosophical or metaphysical nature, is "The Individual: A Study of Life and Death," by Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, professor of geology in Harvard University. Professor Shaler's conclusions are worthy of the attention of all readers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Mlle. Antonia Dolores, formerly known as Antonette Trebelli, will make a limited tour of the Pacific Coast early in the new year and will be heard in San Francisco in a series of concerts.

—DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET. Specialty, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

MT. TAMALPAIS
SCENIC RAILWAY. (Via Sausalito Ferry.)
Leave San Francisco, commencing Sept. 30, 1900.
WEEK DAYS—9:15 a. m., 1:45 and 4:00 p. m.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 a. m., and 1:15 p. m.
New Tavern of Tamalpais now open.
ROUND TRIP from San Francisco, \$1.40

San Francisco Jockey Club

SEASON OF 1900-1901

TANFORAN PARK

Second meeting begins Monday, December 17th
and ends Saturday, December 29th.

Six races each day, including Steeplechases
and Hurdle Races.

The Chantilly Stakes for three-year-olds will be run Saturday, December 22d. The Christmas Handicap, to be run on Christmas Day, will have a large field of high-class horses. The Juvenile Champion Stakes will be run on Saturday, December 29th.

Trains direct to Tanforan leave Third and Townsend at 7:00, 10:40, 11:30 A. M., 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, and 2:00 P. M. Valencia Street five minutes later. Special trains to the city at 4:15 and immediately after the last race.

Admission to the Grounds, including railroad fare, \$1.25.

MILTON S. LATHAM, Secretary.

SULLIVAN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

First Performances in This City of "Pinafore," "Patience," and "The Mikado."

An article in last week's *Argonaut* on Sir Arthur Sullivan's success as a composer speaks of the first production of the opera "H. M. S. Pinafore" on May 25, 1878, in London. It is interesting to recall that this opera was first produced in the United States in San Francisco on December 23, 1878. It was given at about the same time in Boston, and there has always been some dispute as to priority, but San Francisco seems to have established the earlier date. It is only fair, however, to admit that the San Francisco production was a very poor one and that both players and audience utterly failed to grasp the meaning of Gilbert's libretto. The opera was produced by Mrs. Alice Oates, a comic-opera luminary of the period. In the chorus of her company were the Hall sisters, Albertina and Pauline, the latter of whom in time became the well-known star. Mrs. Oates so lacked comprehension of Gilbert's idea that she attempted to assume the rôle of Ralph Rackstraw herself! Fancy Gilbert's indignation when he heard of it—a woman masquerading in a sailor-boy's tight trousers would have been extremely distasteful to him. He does not like masculine rôles in feminine hauds, and he boasts that all of his successes have been achieved without the meretricious use of female charms. In Gilbert's operas there are no female pages in doublet and hose, no ballet-girls or other young women in tights, and no skirts which are out of most decorous length.

In addition to Alice Oates's mal-assumption of the tenor rôle, her entire company failed to comprehend the piece, and played it very much as a lot of actors do at a rehearsal when they have no idea of what the piece is about, and know nothing of the other actors' lines except their cues. Mrs. Oates's company knew that the scene was on board ship, so they introduced numerous nautical melodies, including "Landward Watch, Aboy!" "The Death of Nelson," and "The Bay of Biscay, O!" with a startling effect that may be imagined. Mrs. Oates herself introduced "Good-By, Sweetheart, Good-By." The delicate satire of the opera was thus lost to the audience, who went out to a highly puzzled frame of mind. San Francisco pronounced "Pinafore" a failure.

But some weeks later, reports of its successful representation in other cities re-aroused San Francisco's interest in "Pinafore." It was put on the stage again at the Standard Theatre, on the north side of Bush Street, opposite the old Bush Street Theatre, June 6, 1879. The company this time was made up of "society amateurs." Emeline Melville played Josephine; Mrs. Clay Greece was Hebe; her bad-sister, Mrs. McCormick, was Buttercup; Charles Dungan was Captain Corcoran; Clay Greece was Dick Deadeye; Frank Unger was Admiral Porter. Partly through interest in the opera and partly through interest in the performers, the piece here was a great success, and had a run of many weeks.

The amateur experience in San Francisco was repeated all over the country. The early Bostonian representation started a border of amateur companies all through New England. As the opera was pretty and harmless, the church choirs in the Eastern States took it up. It was performed for the benefit of the "church fund" in many communities; many village belles who "sang in the choir" played Josephine so successfully as to acquire a taste for the stage; thus the church furnished large numbers of singers to the theatre. The successful organization known as the "Boston Ideals" practically resulted from the "Pinafore" craze, and "The Boston Ideals" were evolved out of the "Boston Ideals."

Gilbert and Sullivan received no money from the "Pinafore" production in the United States, where it was pirated freely. But the amount of money that the opera earned in this country was well up in the millions.

After "Pinafore," the next great success of Gilbert and Sullivan was with "Patience." The first performance of "Patience" in San Francisco took place in October, 1881. It was played to a very brilliant audience. At that time Charles Locke was manager of the Bush Street Theatre, and Emeline Melville, a local favorite, was the prima donna. She had been "formally requested" to open the season by Charles Crocker, William Sharro, and a score of other millionaires—now most of them dead. On the first night, according to the faded old newspapers, there were

"Present in the boxes Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Yost, Captain and Mrs. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Staples, ex-Mayor Alvord and party, Eugene Dewey, Leonard Cheney, Mr. Godefrey, and others."

Of these, Daniel Yost, Captain Hooker, and Eugene Dewey are dead. Mrs. Bessie Hooker, a daughter of Senator Stewart, and then a very handsome woman, lives in New York; she was a great chum of Silly Sandersoo in those days. Commander Leonard Cheney, a well-known Bohemian Club man, now lives in New York. Godefrey returned to Hamburg, and is now living on the Continent.

Again, according to the ancient daily paper:

"In other parts of the house were Mrs. Senator Fair and family."

Mrs. Senator Fair is dead, her son James is dead, her son Charles is married, and so are Theresa and Virginia.

"Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Hattie Crocker, George and William H. Crocker."

Mrs. Crocker is dead; her daughter is now Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, of New York; George married Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, and lives in New York; William H. married Miss Sperry, of Stockton.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crocker."

Both are dead; their daughter has married in New York, and now resides there.

"Mrs. Senator Gwin, Miss Gwin, and party; Mr. and Mrs. Evan Coleman; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Eastland; Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell."

Joseph Eastland and Henry Schmiedell are both dead.

"Mr. and Mrs. George H. Ladd, and Miss Lou Dearborn."

George Ladd is dead and his widow is married to Morton Mitchell; they rarely visit San Francisco, and spend most of their time abroad. "Lou" Dearborn was one of the handsomest girls in San Francisco; she was the daughter of the popular Captain Dearborn, of the Pacific Mail service; she accompanied her father on one of his trips to China, where she married an English gentleman in Hong Kong, who died, leaving her a wealthy widow; she was married again to a Hong Kong merchant of means, and was living there at last accounts.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Requa, Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne."

A. N. Towne is dead; W. E. Brown has just followed him.

"Mr. and Mrs. Frank McClellan, Mr. and Mrs. Hovey, Mr. and Mrs. William Ward."

William Ward was a wholesale liquor merchant in those days and was absent from San Francisco for many years, but returned here only a few weeks ago.

"Mr. and Mrs. Scott Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Morris Bates, Miss Mary Bates, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Montague, Mr. and Mrs. William Bunker, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Morton."

John M. Morton was a son of "War Governor" Morton, and died not long ago in Alaska.

"Mrs. John Paxton, Mrs. Havens, Mrs. Harry Norton."

The latter lady was a local cantatrice of note.

"Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tilden."

Both of the latter are dead. "Joe" Tilden was caller of the Stock Board, prominent in the Bohemian Club, and noted as an epicure.

"Mr. and Mrs. William Marks, Mr. Poett, Governor Lowe and Mrs. Lowe, Miss Flora Lowe."

Captain Williams and Governor Lowe are both dead.

"E. W. Reuling, Chief-Engineer Fletcher, Selim Woodworth, Captain and Mrs. Bailey."

E. W. Reuling was a handsome young German, with a magnificent hairdo, who was quite a social favorite at the time. Captain Fletcher was one of the elderly beaux of the day and a leading light in the old Union Club. Captain Bailey was an unusually handsome man, then stationed at Angel Island. He also is dead.

Emeline Melville was supported by Wallace Magreary, tenor; Agnes Hellack, contralto; and Charles Dungan. The satire on the esthetic craze did not seem to catch the audience in San Francisco at first, but after the East was tickled by it San Francisco roared with laughter.

The next great Gilbert and Sullivan success in San Francisco was "The Mikado," but it is so recent as to be comparatively fresh in the memory of playgoers.

Sir Arthur Sullivan was twice in San Francisco, although on his first visit little attention was paid to him. On his second visit he was entertained at the Bohemian Club, of which he had for years been an honorary member.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Return of Frederick Warde.

Alice Nielson and her excellent company will be heard for the last time to-night (Saturday) in Victor Herbert's "The Singsong Girl," and next week Frederick Warde will begin an engagement in Esmy Williams's romantic comedy, "The Duke's Jester." Mr. Warde has made a big hit in the part of Cecco, the fool, and Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Spencer, who are prominent in his support, will fill the rôles of the Duke Galeazzo and Nioa de Borgio, respectively. The company numbers all told twenty persons, many of whom were here with Mr. Warde last season. Great care for accuracy has been taken in the stage settings, and in the scene representing the ducal palace in Venice copies of rare tapestries cover the entire walls.

Primrose and Dockstader's Minstrels will be the next attraction.

The Tivoli's Christmas Spectacle.

The fairy story of "Cinderella" has been put into burlesque form, and will serve as a holiday spectacle at the Tivoli Opera House, beginning on Monday evening. Max Hirschfeld will provide the music, and a number of popular ballads and topical songs have been ingeniously woven in. The extravaganza is in three acts, and will have a cast including Mae Hill, a San Francisco girl, as Cinderella, Annie

Myers as the fairy godmother, Maude Williams as the prince, and Ferris Hartman, Webb, Tom Greene, and Kavanagh in comedy rôles. A number of striking ballets will be introduced, notably that of the "Frogs and Toads," the "Pussies and Bow-Wows," the "Rose" ballet, and the dance of the gay soubrettes. The performance will come to a close with an elaborate transformation scene entitled "The Flowery Kingdom," the subject being Japanese flowers and birds.

Ben Hendricks in "Ole Olson."

"A Bell Boy," which has been amusing large audiences at the California Theatre during the past week, will give way on Sunday afternoon to a revival of the ever-welcome Swedish-American comedy, "Ole Olson," with Ben Hendricks and a capable company in the cast. The play has been brought up to date and numerous specialties are introduced. The singing of the National Swedish Ladies' Quartet is an important feature of the production.

"At the White Horse Tavern," a romantic comedy, will follow.

At the Orpheum.

The programme at the Orpheum next week will be a very attractive one. The leading new-comers are Al Sheen and Charles Warren, two clever burlesquers, who will appear in a travesty entitled "Quo Vadis Upside Down." Another strong attraction will be Truly Shattuck, who, since she was a member of the chorus of the Tivoli Opera House, some five years ago, has enjoyed great success in the East, in London, and at the Winter Garden, the great vaudeville theatre in Berlin. She will sing a number of new ballads and wear some stunning costumes. Another specialty, which will doubtless prove a treat for the little folks, will be Mlle. Christina's troupe of performing dogs, cats, and monkeys. The star performers are a pussy-cat clown, a dog comedian, and a black-faced monkey villain.

Those retained from this week's bill are Davis and Macauley, the Harpoon Four, Spenser Kelly, Pantzer Trio, Ahern and Patrick, and the Biograph.

The Races.

On Monday the racing scene changes to Tanforan Park. The San Francisco Jockey Club has prepared an interesting programme of six races for each day, with special events of importance on Wednesday, December 19th, and Saturday, December 22d. The Epsom Handicap for three-year-olds and upward will be run on Wednesday. The distance is a mile and a half and the value of the purse \$750. On Saturday, a handicap for two-year-olds that have run first, second, or third since November 1st, and the Chantilly Stakes, a handicap for three-year-olds, with a purse aggregating \$1,500, will be the big events of the day.

The Tavern of Tamalpais, just below the lofty summit of Mt. Tamalpais, has become the Mecca of all lovers of beautiful scenery. The accommodations are excellent, and the panoramic view from the tavern veranda and summit of the mountain is incomparable.

—THE MOST GORGEOUS EFFECTS IN LADIES' purses for the holidays are being exhibited by Messrs. Cooper & Co., Art Stationers, 746 Market.

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★TIVOLI★

To-Night and To-Morrow. Last Times of "The Jolly Musketeeer," Commencing Monday Evening, December 17th, The Glittering Holiday Extravaganza,

--CINDERELLA--

By Ferris Hartman. See Oscar L. Fest's Lovely Transformation, "The Flowery Kingdom, or A Trip to Japan," Every Evening at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Telephone Bush 9.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Seven Nights and Saturday Matinée. Beginning Monday, Dec. 17th, Mr. Frederick Warde, Supported by Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Spencer, Presents

--THE DUKE'S JESTER--

A New Romantic Comedy in Four Acts. Written Especially for Mr. Warde by Esmy Williams.

Monday, Dec. 24th—Primrose & Dockstader Minstrels.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

Commencing Sunday Afternoon, December 16th. One Week Only. Jolly, Venial-Vivacious Ben Hendricks in the Play that Made Him Famous.

--OLE OLSON--

Everything New and Up-to-Date.

Next—The Big Success, "At the White Horse Tavern."

Orpheum

Al Sheen and Charles Warren; Truly Shattuck; Mlle. Christina's Dogs; Davis & Macauley; Harpoon Four; Spenser Kelly; Pantzer Troupe; Ahern and Patrick; and the Biograph.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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Carpets, Furniture, Upholstery

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SAN FRANCISCO.

VANITY FAIR.

A. Maurice Low contributes an interesting article to the December *Atlantic Monthly* entitled "Washington: The City of Leisure," in which he says that in the national capital—the only city in America where there is really a leisure class—position counts for much, but not for all, and wealth counts for little. He continues: "Many men and women whose position and wealth might constitute them prominent in society are simply tolerated, and not welcomed; and while, to entertain, money is as essential in Washington as it is elsewhere, it is not the open sesame which it is in some other cities. Possibly this may need explanation. The millionaire member of the Senate, whose lavish entertainments are the admiration of his friends and the shaft of envy to his enemies, does not because of his millions stand higher in the social scale than his colleague who lives in a hotel, and whose entertaining is confined to the few dinners which it is absolutely incumbent upon him to give during the course of the season. And yet the fact that he does not entertain, that he lives as quietly and modestly as a struggling lawyer or doctor who has yet his name to make, closes no door to him or makes his presence less welcome at any table. And if he is something more than a mere member of the Senate; if, in addition to being the possessor of an official title, he is a man of force and character and intellect; if he has wife and daughters who are tactful or brilliant or beautiful, he and his family will be welcome to the most exclusive houses, and nobody will think of his poverty; but if he has nothing to distinguish him; if his womenkind are conventional merely, although the newspapers will frequently report his name at dinners, and the names of his wife and daughters at teas and luncheons, they will be only superficially in society. Washington is the paradise of the poor man with brains."

"One of the great charms of Washington society, to those who are in it, is that Washington is the only city in the world with an established society where society does not put itself on show for the benefit of the world at large," adds Mr. Low. "The narrowness of the circle has its compensation in that it makes it unnecessary for any one to live beyond his position or to try to dazzle his neighbors by a too lavish parade of wealth. A man either lives on his salary, which is always small, or else regards his salary as an incident merely, and relies upon private means. But in either case he quickly finds his level; and while his wealth may give him a temporary advantage, it will convey no lasting benefit. The millionaires have plucked their brief hour, serving larks' tongues and swans with all their feathers, and other triumphs of the culinary art; they have been written up in the daily papers and pictured in the weeklies, and have drawn their crowds, and have promptly passed into oblivion; while men who never entertained, who lived on a salary of five thousand a year and saved a little each year, wielded the real power then, and still remain a power. In no other capital in the world, in hardly any other city, does money mean so little as it does in the capital of democracy. And these things explain the indifference of society to putting itself on parade. There is nothing to be gained by it; there is no advantage to follow; there is not even the triumph which comes from humiliating a rival. The woman whose husband is a millionaire will wear her diamonds and her Paris frocks; but bitterness is her portion if she presumes on that to set herself above the wife of the man whose only means is his salary, yet whose official position or length of service gives him precedence. That is why the position of women is so important in Washington; why they can, and often do, make things so unpleasant for the rash who believe the bridge of gold will carry them to their desires. That is why most women who have had long experience in Washington are something more than the wives of their husbands, and become their partners and an active force."

Because the Horse Show in New York comes at a time when a new season is just opening, its styles for gentlemen's clothing are looked upon as decisive, just as is the case with the new creations introduced by the fair sex. According to the New York *Sun*, there were more varieties of men's clothes worn at the show this year by men who are recognized as leaders in dress than ever before. "Almost every conceivable block of a derby hat was represented by the men who appeared in the short sack cutaway-coats, which are merely a slight modification of the business suit. They ranged from the small-crowned hat, which was put forward early in the fall by the hatters as the proper article of head-wear, to the old-fashioned high block worn by several men of fashion, who now wear the same style of hat year after year. The sack-coats which appeared in unusually large numbers vary in a general way from the sack-coats of a year ago. They are a little shorter and there is just a suggestion of a spring or flare from the waist to the bottom of the coat. The man who exaggerates in his clothes wears a sack-coat that suggests a French soldier's army tunic. The trousers are all larger around the hips, and in some cases almost baggy. They are cut to hang straight to the foot, narrowing down to a peg-top effect. With properly squared shoulders a man

dressed in this style looks about twenty pounds over weight. It gives him an athletic appearance, and that just now is very desirable. There have been years when the men who appeared at the Horse Show in the afternoon without frock coats were the exceptions. This year they have greatly increased in numbers. Their coats did not reach the knees in length, and, like the sack-coat, there was a decided suggestion of a spring in them. The waistcoats were nearly all double-breasted and made either of the same material as the coat or of subdued pattern in fancy styles. A few men appeared wearing high-cut double-breasted white waistcoats. It was a noticeable fact, also, that the men who were the most formally dressed in frocks wore with them soft, colored shirts of bright designs. This may have been merely a concession to the fact that the occasion was a horse show, or it may mean that the colored shirt may appropriately be worn with a frock on the most formal occasions."

"The evening clothes ranged from the conventional long-tailed coat with white or black single or double-breasted waistcoats to the short dinner-coats, with derby hats," adds the writer in the *Sun*. "Properly worn, the dinner-coat demands a black waistcoat and black derby hat. Many of the wearers of dinner-coats, however, wore double-breasted white waistcoats with gold buttons. Some men in evening clothes wore what is now known as the campaign hat, of felt, with broad brim. In the matter of overcoats, the range of styles was wide. The loose Raglan coat, which has been worn for the past year, outnumbered all other styles. The really horsey men turned out in driving-coats, loose and baggy, and constructed according to the owner's own pet ideas. It is a mark of horsey distinction to have a driving-coat unlike any one's else, and some of these coats were enough to make the wearers weary of life, if they had to walk around much in them. For the men who did not drive or pose as drivers, in addition to the Raglans there were the so-called Chesterfield coats, and a straight-hanging loose coat which reached down just far enough to hide the skirts of a frock-coat. One of the things which a celebrated English writer commented on satirically, after a visit to New York, years ago, was the alleged fact that most of the men whom he met wore sometimes two or three diamond rings. This was many years ago. The less jewelry a man wears now the more certain he may be that he is not offending the dictates of good form. A single gold seal-ring seems to be the only exception to this rule. Horse-show scarf-pins are always an exaggeration of the week, and they appeared the past week in every conceivable shape, from gold bits to a small, jeweled horse's hoof."

The two daughters of Secretary of the Navy Long, who have been in Colorado for the past year, voted in Denver at the late election, and he went out to see how well they did it; or perhaps he went to protect them from being jostled at the polls, but whatever the cause, he went, and this is what he says about it: "I have always been in favor of woman suffrage, because I never could understand why a citizen who paid taxes and had an equal stake in the government should not also have a voice in choosing officials to administer it. Prior to the election there was no undue excitement; the great mass of women, like the great mass of men, were about their ordinary business. There were some women, as there were a great many men, who were talking politics and acting on committees for securing the registration of voters. On election day I was at the polls at one of the wards where there were more than one thousand votes registered, and where eight hundred and ninety-nine actually voted. Nothing could be more orderly or better conducted. Men and women lined up in the usual fashion, taking their turn at the ballot-box, and after depositing their votes went about their business. A few women and a few men, perhaps more men than women, were active in bringing voters to the polls. But there was nothing to jar the most sensitive spectator. On the contrary, it was the exercise, in a becoming way and in a fine spirit, of that interest which every citizen, man or woman, ought to feel in such an important event as a Presidential election. The tendency of woman suffrage is to elevate and broaden, and not to degenerate or impair."

"There are two scales of 'tips' recognized in Paris, and, for that matter, all over the continent," said a gentleman who has just returned from the Paris Exposition. "The first is the American tip, and the second is the tip from other people. The gratuity expected and demanded from Americans is anywhere from two to ten times as large as that given by any one else, and for this we have to thank nobody but ourselves. The fact is that the average American becomes intimidated by the solemn grandeur of Continental flunkies and does not dare to offer the pittance fixed by local custom. An untraveled American can't get over the feeling of awe that is inspired by the fine flourish of European servants, and can't accustom himself to the fact that sedate, prosperous-looking, and generally elderly people who minister in one way or another to his comfort are used to receiving the equivalent of nickels with profound gratitude. Hence he bestows an apologetic tip of many times the correct dimen-

sions, thereby spoiling the servitor and setting the pace for unfortunate compatriots who pass that way in future. In England it is the same. I saw a flunkie, who looked like the lord mayor himself, indignantly return a couple of shillings offered him at the Tower by a frugal gentleman from Philadelphia. The American promptly groveled and doubled the fee. Five minutes later the same flunkie received fourpence from a beefy Englishman and bowed like a mandarin over the gift. American travelers are too easily bluffed."

—DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE—A SOVEREIGN remedy. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price, 25 cents. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny Street.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; THE best for all purposes.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, December 12th, were as follows:

BONDS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,800 @ 109 3/4	109 3/4	
Bay Counties Co. 5%.....	17,000 @ 104 1/4	104 1/4	105 1/2
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	6,000 @ 122 1/2	122 1/2	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	19,500 @ 119 1/2	119 1/2	120 1/2
Oakland Water 5%.....	4,000 @ 104 1/2	104 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	1,000 @ 110 1/2	110 1/2	111
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	40,000 @ 120	119 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%.....	3,000 @ 103 1/2	103 1/2	
S. V. Water 4% 3ds.....	5,000 @ 102	101 1/2	102
STOCKS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	200 @ 71 1/2	71 1/2	72
Spring Valley Water.....	212 @ 93 1/2	93 1/2	94
Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight.....	1,390 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 3/4
Oakland Gas.....	5 @ 50	50	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	10 @ 47 1/2	47 1/2	48 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	2,190 @ 45 1/2	47 1/2	47 3/4
Banks.			
Bank of Cal.....	5 @ 410	409	
First National Bank.....	15 @ 300	300	
London P. & A.....	90 @ 143 1/4	143	
Street R. R.			
California St.....	20 @ 130	129 1/2	
Market St.....	495 @ 69 1/2	70 1/2	
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	420 @ 84 1/2	84	84 1/2
Vigorit.....	50 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 3/4
Sugars.			
Hawaiian C. & S.....	260 @ 89 1/2	90	
Honokaa S. Co.....	195 @ 31 1/2	31 1/2	32
Hutchinson.....	430 @ 25 1/2	25 1/2	26
Kilauea S. Co.....	700 @ 20 1/2	21	21 1/2
Maui S. Co.....	415 @ 41 1/2	42	
Onomea S. Co.....	325 @ 28 1/2	29	29 1/2
Panahau S. P. Co.....	870 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2	
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	105 @ 124 1/2	125 1/2	124 1/2
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	40 @ 103 1/2	103 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.....	120 @ 104	104	105

The gas and electric stocks have been very active, and San Francisco Gas and Electric broke two points, to 45 1/2, on sales of about 2,500 shares, but most of the transactions were made in contracts to deliver in from 30 to 90 days. Pacific Gas Improvement was offered down as low as 45 1/2 seller, but without any sales being made. The immediate cause of the decline was a rumor that the Independent Company had bought the control of the Equitable Gas Company, on which that stock sold up to 4 1/2, but from the appearance of the market at the close, if there is any truth in the rumor of a desire on the part of the Independent Company to acquire the plant of the Equitable, there is evidently some hitch in the negotiations, as the Equitable was sold down to 3 1/2 and the San Francisco Gas and Electric was in good demand at 47 1/2, the advance being made by the filling in of short stock. Contra Costa Water was strong, and sold up to 71 1/2 on small sales.

The stock of the First National Bank sold up to \$300 per share, this being the highest point this stock has ever reached. The sugar stocks were in good demand and steady in price.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.
Tel. Bush 24. 288 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.
Stock and Bond Broker.
Telephone Bush 351.
407 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd

Stocks and Bonds.—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.
In General.—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

References.—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.
GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer,
409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

TYPEWRITERS.

GREAT BARGAINS
We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.
THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.



Strengthens System Body Brain and Nerves.

VIN MARIANI (MARIANI WINE)

No other preparation has ever received so many voluntary testimonials from eminent people as the world-famous Mariani Wine. Agreeable and lasting.

Before Meals **APPETIZER**
After Meals **DIGESTIVE**
At all Times **TONIC**

Sold by all druggists. Refuse Substitutes. Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th St., New York, publish a handsome book of endorsements of Emperors, Emperesses, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other distinguished personages. It is sent gratis and postpaid to all who write for it.

OVER SIXTY YEARS ESTABLISHED.

ALCOOL DE MENTHE DE

RICOLÈS

The only genuine Peppermint Alcohol.

A Refreshing Drink—a few drops in a glass of sweetened water instantly quenches thirst and makes a healthy and delightful drink.

Taken in water or dropped on sugar is an infallible cure for INDIGESTION, STOMACH ACHES, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS or NERVOUSNESS; also a sovereign remedy for CHOLERA MORBUS and DYSENTERY.

For the toilet it will be found most excellent for the teeth, the mouth and the bath.

Insist on the name de RICOLÈS.

Sold by Druggists.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., New York

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,238,372.45
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1900..... 28,938,395.12

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HOFMANN; Cashier, A. H. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.

Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and I. N. Walter.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1900.....\$26,952,875
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 218,593
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,
Cashier. Asst. Cashier.
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....\$3,514,068.82
October 1st, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
Irving F. Moulton.....2d Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

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Philadelphia.....First National Bank
St. Louis.....The Philadelphia National Bank
Virginia City, Nev.....Boatmen's Bank
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$8,176,896.63
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H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier;
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christenson, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Birmingham, Dandley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,
411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Sir Heory Howarth, who is retiring from Parliament, wrote a history of the Moogols, which led to a strange conversation as he was escorting a lady to dinner one evening. "I understand, Sir Henry, that you are fond of dogs; so am I!" "Dogs, madam? I really must plead guilty; I know nothing at all of them!" "Indeed! And they told me you had written a famous history of Moogols!"

In his "Story of My Life," Augustus J. C. Hare says that one Friday Cardinal Wiseman was invited by Miss Thurlow to dine with some friends of hers, who had quite forgotten to provide a fast-day dinner. However, the cardinal was quite equal to the occasion, for he stretched out his hands in benediction over the table, and said: "I pronounce all this to be fish," and forthwith enjoyed all the good things heartily.

The wonderful physical endurance of General Fukushima, who is in command of the Japanese troops in China, was thus explained to Frederick Palmer the other day by an officer who is over six feet tall and rather thin. "No wonder Fukushima does not get tired, his heart has to pump blood only about half as far as mine. It is the difference between supplying water to a two and a four-story building."

Alexander Dumas, père, was once asked by an officious interviewer: "You are an octogenarian, are you not, Mr. Dumas?" "Certainly." "And your father?" "He was a quadroon." "And his father?" "A mulatto, sir, a mulatto!" "And his father?" "A negro, sir, a negro!" "Might I presume so far as to ask what his father was?" "An ape, sir, mon Dieu, an ape! My pedigree ends where yours commences!"

Old Parson Helton, a Baptist preacher of Tennessee, had eighteen sons, and during the Civil War sixteen enlisted in the Union Army and two sided with the Confederates. When the old minister had reached his eighty-eighth year, some one, who did not know about his sons' views, asked him where his sympathies lay during the war. "My sympathies were with the Union by fourteen majority," said the old man.

Lord Rathmore has told a friend how he once took "Ouida" in to dinner and how disappointed he was to find that the novelist devoted herself to the dishes rather than to intellectual refreshment. He said at last, in despair at having only been able to get "Yes" and "No" in answer to the different subjects he introduced: "I'm afraid I'm singularly unfortunate in my choice of topics. Is there anything we could talk about to interest you?" To which the chronicler of Society's shortcomings replied: "There is one thing which would interest me very much. Tell me about the duchesses; I have written about them all my life and never met one yet."

In Washington, D. C., one day last winter, Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, sat in a retired corner in Chamberlain's, drinking high-balls, so they say, when Senator Thurston walked over to his table. "What is the matter, Watterson?" he inquired; "you look down in the mouth." "I was thinking," said the great editor, "of the decay of oratory in this country. Years ago we had many notable orators—Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and others—but to-day you can count them on the fingers of one hand. Why, Thurston, I know of but three men in all the United States who are entitled to be called orators." "Who are they?" inquired Thurston. "Yourself, myself, and George R. Peck." The senator from Nebraska smiled contemptuously and remarked: "What in thunder is the use of dragging George R. Peck in? He is out here."

Dr. D. B. Hill, who lived in Springfield, Ill., from 1836 to 1843, tells this characteristic story of Abraham Lincoln, with whom he was personally acquainted: "Once Lincoln was defending a man who was accused of cheating another man in a business deal. Lincoln was arguing before the jury that his client had no intention to defraud when the transaction occurred; in fact, that he never thought he was cheating the man. Pointing his finger at Judge Logan, his partner, Lincoln said: 'Any boy you meet in the street knows how to put on his clothes. You all know that Judge Logan is learned in the law, and nobody would accuse him of doing wrong. You will observe he has his shirt on with the wrong side in front. Now, the judge never intended to do that when he put his shirt on. You see, people do wrong without intending to do so. If my client has done anything wrong, he never intended to do so any more than Judge Logan intended to put on his shirt with the back side in front.' Sure enough, Judge Logan had his shirt on wrong, and the use Lincoln made of his partner's mistake in dress caused his client to get off free."

Justice Garoutte relates an amusing incident which occurred to him while crossing the Atlantic this summer. "The band played every night in the

second cabin," he says, "and one evening I invited my family, Mr. McGee, his wife, and a few other friends to visit the second cabin and listen to the music. After a few pieces had been played I called a keller to me and told him to give the band a glass of beer at my expense. I paid him the charges, the beer was brought to the band, they stood up, rattled their glasses, seemed greatly delighted, and said 'good luck' to a big red-faced German who was sitting on the opposite side of the room, and then drank their beer. He then arose and made a speech, after which the band played 'Hail to the Chief,' amid great applause. I asked a gentleman who sat near me, and who understood German, what all the fuss was about, and he said the fellow who had just made the speech had treated the band to beer. It came over me like a shot that I did not tip the keller, and that he had put up the job with the red-faced German."

Music Under Difficulties.

Heori Wieniawski, the famous violinist, while making a concert tour in Russia, with his brother Josef, a noted piano-player, had some peculiar experiences. The two brothers were to play in a large town in the interior, and wished to see the hall in which the concert would take place. They were conducted through mud and snow to a large plank hut, which had been used for a circus, and on entering found nothing but bare walls.

"And is that where we are to play?" asked the brothers; "there are neither benches nor seats." "Oh, that makes no difference," replied the marshal; "with us, every one brings his own seat." "Yes," answered the musicians, "but what about lights? There is not a lamp in the room."

"That's nothing, either," replied their companion; "with us every one brings his own lantern."

Having learned the simple manners of the country, the musicians asked how the concert was to be advertised.

"Oh, that's easily arranged," answered the marshal. "It's true we have no printing press, but I will have a servant write the announcement in large letters on the door, and it will spread through the town fast enough."

A man soon appeared with a pound of chalk and began writing on the plank door. The brothers were somewhat dejected, but the marshal assured them that everything would be satisfactory.

Toward evening all the inhabitants were seen flocking to the place of performance, each carrying in one hand a seat and in the other a lantern. The house was crowded to overflowing. The mother of the performers was present, and, seeing the rain and snow dripping through the roof on Henri while he played, she was greatly disturbed.

"My poor son! He will take his death of cold!" she murmured, half aloud.

"Is that your son, little mother?" asked a kindly old man sitting near her, and, rising, he shouted to the young violinist: "Put your fur coat on!" Theo, turning to the audience, he said: "His mother, who is sitting near me, fears he will take cold."

Other voices at once repeated the command: "Put on your fur coat! Put on your fur coat!"

Heori paused and thanked them for their permission, but added that he could not play in a fur coat. "That makes no difference!" cried the whole audience. "Put it on! Put it on!"

He did as he was bidden, and played as best he could so incumbered.—*The Musical Enterprise.*

The Teething Period

Is the trying time in baby's life. Proper feeding then is most essential. To secure uniformity of diet use Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Book "Babies" free. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

Country Club Luncheon Specialties



"An Invention to Delight the Taste"

Country Club Luncheon Specialties

Veal Cutlets, Pork Cutlets, Veal Loaf, Chicken Fricassee, Chicken à la Marengo, Sliced Chicken and Tongue, Tenderloin of Beef, Macedoine Siew.

Products of our new Scientific Kitchen, depicting the highest accomplishment of culinary art.

"An Invention to Delight the Taste"

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Products of our new Scientific Kitchen, depicting the highest accomplishment of culinary art.

ARMOUR & COMPANY CHICAGO.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Bachelor.

Who collars all my scanty pay,
And with my little pias makes hay?
Who says Mamma has come to stay?

Who takes away my easy chair
Because "it has no business there,"
And ooly says she doesn't care?

Who says she hasn't got a gow,
And wants to put the horses down,
And thinks we'd better live in town?

Who commandeers my ooly back,
Returns him with a bad sore back,
And says the little beast is slack?

Who thinks that I must ride a bike,
And makes me do what I don't like,
And tells me if I don't she'll strike?

And when I'm feeling sad and low
Who sympathizes with my woe
And softly breathes, "I told you so!"

NO ONE!

—London Punch.

Love.

And what is love? It is a thrill
That percolates throughout your breast
And sweetly tickles you until
You're in a state of wild unrest!

It is an effervescent sense
Of sparkling rapture; sort of fizz
Of heavenly nectar so intoxic
It makes you drunk with bliss! It is
A sweet phantasmagorian dream
That comes upon you while awake
And monkeys with you till you seem
With pent-up bliss to fairly ache!

And that is love; at least that be
The way it always works on me!

—Denver Evening Times.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS

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Scotch Whisky

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The Luxuries of Travel.

The luxuries of modern travel are nowhere more thoroughly enjoyed than on

Cook's Nile Steamers and Dahabeahs

where the acme of perfection is attained.

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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,

at 1 P. M. for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, December 22
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, Jan. 16, 1901
Boric. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, Feb. 9
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Thursday, March 7

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
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No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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America Maru. Saturday, December 29
Hongkong Maru. Thursday, Jan. 24, 1901
Nippon Maru. Tuesday, February 19
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
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S. S. Zealandia, for Honolulu, Dec. 26, 1900, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,
and Sydney, Wednesday, Jan. 2, 1901, at 9 P. M.

S. S. Australia, for Papeete, Tahiti, Tuesday,
Jan. 6, 1901, at 2 P. M.

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For Alaska ports, 11 A. M., Dec. 2, 7,
12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, change to com-
pany's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11
A. M., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1,
and every fifth day thereafter.

For Korea (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,
Dec. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Jan. 3, and
every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port
Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles): Queen—Wed-
nesday, 9 A. M. Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.

For Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simon, Cayucos, Port
Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara,
Ventura, Hueneque, San Pedro, East San Pedro, and
Newport (Los Angeles). Corona—Fridays, 9 A. M. Bo-
nita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.
For further information obtain company's folder.

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Southark. December 19
St. Louis. December 26

RED STAR LINE.

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Southark. December 19
Westernland. December 26

EMPIRE LINE.

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SOCIETY.

The Owens-Preston Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Isabel H. Preston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, to Mr. Len Douglas Owens took place at the First Unitarian Church on Wednesday afternoon, December 12th. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Rev. Bradford Leavitt; the bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father; Miss Edith Preston, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor; Miss Florence Josselyn, the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels, Miss Grace Bertz, Miss Ida Gihbons, and Miss Norma Preston were the bridesmaids; Mr. J. C. Spencer acted as best man; and Mr. Willard Brown, Mr. George Cadwalader, Mr. Albion Whitney, Mr. Eugene Unger, Dr. Morton Gibbons, and Mr. Huhert Mee served as ushers.

After the ceremony there was a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 2104 Pacific Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Owens will spend their honeymoon in the East, returning to San Francisco about February 1st.

The Colby-Munsell Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Claribel Munsell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Munsell, to Mr. Frederick March Colby, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Colby, of Claremont, and a brother of Professor George E. Colby, of the State University, took place at the home of the bride's parents, 1665 Webster Street, Oakland, on Wednesday afternoon, December 12th. The ceremony was performed at 4 o'clock by Rev. John Bakewell, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church. The bridesmaids were Miss Adah B. Brown, Miss Helen Shafter, Miss Helen Dille, and Miss Edith Huddart. Mr. J. Roy Munsell, brother of the bride, served as best man.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Colby left on their wedding tour. They will make their home at Valona, Contra Costa County, where Mr. Colby is in business.

The Maxwell-Davis Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Grace Edith Davis, daughter of the late J. B. F. Davis, and Mr. Harry J. Maxwell, took place on Saturday, December 8th, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. B. F. Davis, in Ross Valley. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. S. D. Hutsiniller, of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church of this city; the maid of honor was Miss Estelle Davis, the bride's sister; and Mr. Joseph Fyfe, Jr., of Stockton, acted as best man.

A reception followed the ceremony, and, later in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell left on their wedding tour. They will travel extensively in the East and make a visit of some duration with friends in Washington, D. C., returning in February to Ross Valley, where they will hereafter reside.

Christmas at the Presidio.

A pleasant evening is being planned for the hundreds of sick and maimed soldiers who are patients at the Presidio hospitals. The following committee have the affair in charge: Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Polly Dunn, Miss Rawles, Miss Maud Mullins, Miss Brower, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Davis, Miss Cunningham, Mrs. Kervin, Mrs. Cochran, Miss McFarland, Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Southall, Miss Marshall, Miss Nanhie Marshall, and Miss Wilson.

A large Christmas tree, lighted by electric lights, is to be set up in the dining-room of the hospital, and the Red Cross ladies are making efforts to collect donations enough to present each patient with something useful, especially all sorts of wearing-apparel. To do this, the Red Cross ladies will need the support of all who are anxious to make this a happy Christmas for the brave soldiers who have sacrificed their health in the Philippines and China. The residence of Mrs. John F. Merrill, at 1732 Washington Street, has been selected as a receiving depot, and all contributions should be sent there as soon as possible.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Beauman, of Alameda, and Mr. Horace Morgan, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan.

Miss Martha Hutchinson and Mr. Bernard Ransome will be married on Wednesday, December 19th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hutchinson, Eighth and Brush Streets, Oakland. Miss Hutchinson will be attended by her sister, Mrs. William Bull Pringle, of this city; Mr. Prentiss Hutchinson, brother of the bride-elect,

will be best man; Mr. Edward Sessions and Mr. Dwight Hutchinson will act as ushers.

The engagement is announced of Miss Charlotte Gashwiler, daughter of Mrs. John W. Gashwiler, and sister of Mrs. Samuel M. Shortridge, to Señor José Miguel Robledo, of Guatemala.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elsa Priher and Mr. F. Jockers.

Justice and Mrs. Joseph McKenna introduced their daughter, Miss Hildegard McKenna, to Washington society at a tea given at their home on Rhode Island Avenue, on Saturday, December 8th. Those who assisted Mrs. McKenna in receiving were Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, Mrs. Robert Hitt, Miss Patton, Miss Newlands, Miss Harlan, Miss Garret, of Baltimore, Miss Evelyn Sloan, of New York, Miss Lila Griggs, and Miss Marie McKenna.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll, of Baltimore, at her home, on Tuesday, December 11th. Those invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Carroll were Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Brigham, Miss Lincoln, Mr. Martin Carroll, Mr. McNutt, Mr. E. M. Greenway, and Mr. Howard.

Mr. James W. Byrne gave a dinner at the University Club on Thursday, December 13th, at which he entertained Mrs. Irvine, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Florence Breckenridge, Mrs. W. S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Chase, Mr. Lansing Kellogg, and Mr. Truxton Beale. Later the party were driven to the Columbia Theatre, where they occupied two proscenium boxes.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins entertained a number of friends at dinner on Tuesday, December 11th, at their home on California Street. Among others present were Mr. and Mrs. August Taylor, the Misses Edna and Frances Hopkins, and Mr. Frank L. Owen.

Miss Ardella Mills gave a card-party at her home on Friday, December 7th, in honor of Miss Lucy King, at which about sixty guests were entertained.

Miss Edith Pillsbury gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Bliss at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday, December 11th. Others at table were Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Alice Boggs, Miss Schussler, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Evelyn Norwood, the Misses Livermore, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, and Mrs. Robert Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas will introduce their daughter, Miss Florine Haas, to society at a hall to be given at the Haas residence on Franklin Street, on Saturday, December 22d.

Miss Edith Simpson gave a luncheon at her home on the corner of Buchanan Street and Pacific Avenue on Thursday, December 6th, at which she entertained Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Alysee Gregory, Miss Mary Stuhbs, Miss Bessie Center, Miss Edith Stubbs, Mrs. George Martin, Mrs. Edgar Simpson, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Edna Hamilton, Miss Jessie Simpson, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Louise Hoffacker, Miss Margaret Cole, and Miss Margaret Salisbury.

Mrs. Thomas Crellin and the Misses Mona and Laura Crellin gave an informal "at home" at their home in Oakland, on Tuesday afternoon, December 11th, in honor of Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock (nee Drum), who will leave shortly for her home in New York.

Miss Florence Ives gave a luncheon recently at the University Club in honor of Miss Eleanor Wood. Those present were Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. William Wood, Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Samuel Buckhee, Mme. de la Tour, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Robert McCreary, the Misses Ella and Thérèse Morgan, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Sarah Drum, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Katharine Dillon, Miss Ella Bender, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Marie Voorhies, and Miss Minnie Houghton.

The first dance of La Jeunesse Cotillion Club took place on Friday night, December 14th, at Native Sons' Hall.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard recently gave a dinner at the Colonial Hotel, at which she entertained General William R. Shafter, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, the Misses Shafter, Miss Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Mills, of Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Howard, and Miss Howard.

Snell Seminary, which was established twenty-three years ago in Oakland, where it acquired a reputation throughout the Pacific Coast, and sent out two hundred and thirty-five graduates who keep alive in memory the pleasant home-life and the intellectual training they there enjoyed, announces in our advertising columns that it has taken up its abode in Berkeley.

An English enthusiast has suggested a corps of volunteer militia in motor vehicles.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain William Crozier, U. S. A., the distinguished ordnance expert who has been inspecting the artillery defenses in Washington and at the mouth of the Columbia River, after a short stay in this city, left for San Diego on Saturday last. He will inspect the defenses in that vicinity and then return to his station at Washington, D. C.

Paymaster Frederick Perkins, U. S. N., sailed on Thursday on the Oceanic steamship *Sierra* for Honolulu, where he will join the United States training ship *Adams*, which is to cruise along the coast, reaching San Francisco next March.

First Lieutenant Martin L. Crimmins, Sixth United States Infantry, who has been spending sick leave at Noroton, Conn., and elsewhere in the East, has returned to San Francisco, en route to the Philippine Islands, where he will rejoin his regiment.

Lieutenant-Commander William M. Irwin, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Henry H. Hough, U. S. N., returned from the Orient on Saturday, December 8th.

Commander Harry Knox, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the *Princeton*, and ordered to the Yokohama Hospital. He will be relieved by Lieutenant Charles A. Adams, U. S. N., of the *Oregon*.

Major John A. Hull, judge advocate, U. S. V., has entered upon his duties as judge advocate of the Department of California, relieving First-Lieutenant Eugene T. Wilson, Third Artillery, U. S. A.

Major John J. O'Connell, First Infantry, U. S. A., was at the Occidental Hotel a few days ago.

Captain T. S. McCaleb, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted a month's leave of absence, owing to poor health.

Lieutenant H. G. Leopold, U. S. N., has been detached from the naval hospital at Yokohama, Japan, and ordered to the Cavite naval station.

Surgeon J. S. Taylor, U. S. N., registered at the Occidental Hotel early in the week.

The Donahue Fountain.

It is gratifying to know that at last the foundations for the Donahue fountain are being laid. This monument is to cost twenty-five thousand dollars, and is to stand on the triangle formed by the intersection of Bush, Battery, and Market Streets. The fund for the fountain was left by the late J. Mervyn Donahue. His executors, after approving the design of Douglas Tilden, turned over the money to Mayor Phelan, who is practically the contractor responsible for the carrying out of the accepted plans. Douglas Tilden's design for the sculpture is a spirited one. A model of it in plaster is on exhibition in one of the rooms of the Art Association. It represents a group of iron-workers, young, middle-aged, and old, forging, like Tuhah Cain, but with the more modern appliance of a rip-hammer. The granite work has been awarded to the Rocklin Granite Company, the bronze work to the Globe Brass Company. The stone pedestals are now being put in, and the water-pipes and drains are already in place. It is well that this fountain has been provided by its designer with drains. The one erected at the corner of Mason and Market Streets did not possess any of these useful appendages. Although intended for a fountain it was found after its erection that sculptor and architect had forgotten its functions and overlooked its outflow.

It is expected that the Donahue fountain will be unveiled, with appropriate ceremonies, on February 27, 1901. When completed, the fountain will be not only a monument to the donor, whose name it bears, but will also be a monument to the energy and foresight of the public-spirited citizens who rescued the conspicuous triangular site from appropriation by a grasping hoard of supervisors, and prevented the erection thereon of an unsightly water-tower.

The board of managers of the Armitage Orphanage at San Mateo—which consists of Mrs. Austin Tubbs, Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard, Mrs. Drysdale, and Mrs. W. B. Hooper—request that all friends of the orphanage who desire to contribute toward making the boys' Christmas-tree a success can forward all gifts to them through Mrs. W. B. Hooper at the Occidental Hotel. The one hundred and sixty-five boys at the Orphanage are without homes, and it is hoped that this appeal for assistance will meet with generous responses. Gifts such as hooks, toys, pictures, clothing of all kinds, candy, nuts, raisins, fruit, also ornaments and candles for the tree are wanted.

The students of Mills College opened a fair last night, which will be closed this (Saturday) evening. The object is to aid in raising funds for the new building to be known as Lissner Hall, in honor of Professor Louis Lissner. Articles of all descriptions are on sale and an entertaining programme will be given again this evening. Quite a feature will be the Hawaiian music by young ladies from the islands.

—WM. MORRIS'S ART GALLERY IS OPEN evenings during the holidays. A choice collection of pictures suitable for Christmas gifts.

—DAINTY AND EXQUISITE CHRISTMAS CARDS and calendars are to be seen in great profusion at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

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To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

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For further list see issue of Dec. 10, Page 7

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart left for the East on Tuesday, December 11th. They intend to make a short stay at Colorado Springs, where they will visit Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin.

Mr. Harry M. Holbrook and his sister, Mrs. Samuel Knight, who have been abroad for several months, will arrive in New York from Europe on Wednesday, December 19th, and, after a week's visit there, will return to this city. Mrs. Knight, who has been quite ill, is now in better health.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston and the Misses Edith and Norma Preston leave early next month for the East, where they will spend several weeks visiting friends in New York and Washington, D. C.

Mr. Peter D. Martin returned on Thursday from a visit East.

Mr. A. B. Costigan leaves for New York to-day (Saturday) for a short visit.

Mr. W. G. Irwin sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Sierra* on Thursday, December 13th. Next May he will be joined by Mrs. Irwin and family, and in October they expect to return to San Francisco, and will take possession of their new residence which is now being built.

Mr. Ben Truman and family, of Los Angeles, are at present in the Orient. They will spend the holidays in Seville and all of January in Spain, returning to Paris early in February.

Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal and her daughter, Miss Elsie Lilienthal, are on a visit to their relatives in the East, and expect to be absent about two months.

Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler leave for the East to-day (Saturday). They will spend some time in Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., and other Eastern cities, and expect to return in about a month.

Mr. E. B. Haldan was in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., who will return from the East about the first of January, have secured apartments at the Palace Hotel for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander have closed their Tuxedo cottage, and are now occupying their Fifty-Eighth Street home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck and family are expected to arrive from New York on Saturday, December 22d, when they will occupy their home at 2424 Steiner Street.

Mrs. Remi Chabot and the Misses Chabot will spend the winter in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Kellogg (*née* Sheppard) made a short visit to Santa Catalina Island last week.

Mr. J. A. Fillmore, who accompanied Mrs. Fillmore and Miss Jessie Fillmore East, is expected home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles James Welch left New York for San Francisco on Friday, December 14th.

Mr. Mark L. Requa was in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Thurston, of Honolulu, who arrived from Honolulu on Saturday last, are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Landers and Miss Bernice Landers, who have returned from abroad, will reside in Oakland during the winter.

Among the guests at the Gridiron Club dinner given in Washington, D. C., last week, were Mr. Irving B. Dudley, of San Diego, minister to Peru, and General H. G. Otis, of Los Angeles.

Professor W. H. Hudson and Mrs. Hudson, of Stanford University, were at the California Hotel early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eaton came up from Los Angeles early in the week, and were at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Robinson, of San Mateo, enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. Annie Mendry and her niece, Miss Whitlock, have returned from their year's absence abroad and are at home in Belvedere for the winter holidays.

Dr. C. W. Doyle, of Santa Cruz, registered at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. George E. Morse is visiting in Washington, D. C.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Morgan, of Cleveland, O., Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Slinaker, of Chicago, Ill., Mrs. A. W. Foster, of San Rafael, Mrs. W. H. Gregory and Miss Helen Anderson, of Oakland, Miss Anna V. Scott, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. J. W. Stanford and Mr. and Mrs. Josiah M. Stanford, of Warm Springs, Cal., Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hunt, Mr. J. W. Carey, and Mr. C. S. Frost.

Among the week's guests of the California Hotel were Mr. A. R. Denike, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jeffries, of Portland, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Slinaker, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hazen, of Healdsburg, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hollister, of Sacramento, Mr. A. B. Dake, of Bakersfield, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Benson, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smith, of New York, Mr. W. Heineman, of Tien-tsin, Captain Thomas Couch, of Montana, Mr. W. J. Spencer, of Denver, Mrs. N. D. Haslam, of Santa Cruz, Mrs. Herrington and Miss B. England, of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Lilly, of Santa Cruz, and Professor T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena.

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Donations for the Children's Hospital.

A committee composed of Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. I. N. Walter, Mrs. Rolla V. Watt, Mrs. Wendell Easton, Mrs. William Hardy, Mrs. J. W. Kerr, Mrs. T. L. Miller, and Mrs. G. E. Holmes, will receive donations for the Children's Hospital on December 20th, 21st, 23d, and 24th at 227 Sutter Street. Twenty-five years ago this institution, which now provides every month for the care of between one hundred and nine hundred and fifty sick and helpless children, had its origin in one little room on Taylor Street. By the aid of generous friends and the strenuous efforts of its board of managers, it has been possible to carry on the constantly increasing work. It is the earnest desire of the board to increase the endowment fund materially, as they have never been able to do in the past, and to establish a "San Francisco Mother's" bed. Five thousand dollars will endow such a bed, and the interest on that sum will support it. Donations of money, clothing, groceries, coal, old linen, and supplies of all kinds will be thankfully received by the committee at the above-mentioned address.

— MONOGRAMMED STATIONERY IN DAINTY boxes makes exquisite holiday gifts. Messrs. Cooper & Co., at 746 Market Street, are making some very pleasing effects.

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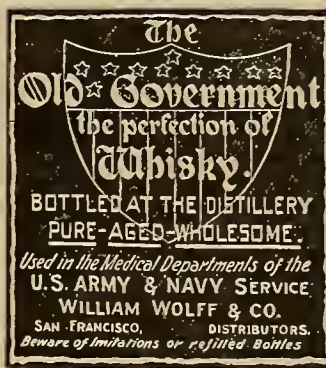
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*7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsen, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P.
*7.00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P.
*7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P.
*8.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P.
*8.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*2.45 P.
*8.00 A.	Niles, Livermore, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*7.15 P.
*8.30 A.	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P.
*8.30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carthers.....	*4.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P.
*9.30 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P.
*10.00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*6.45 P.
*11.00 A.	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P.
*11.00 A.	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*5.00 A.
*11.00 A.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*5.45 P.
*11.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P.
*11.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A.
*11.00 A.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A.
*11.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*18.45 A.
*11.00 A.	Niles, Livermore, and Stockton.....	*10.45 A.
*11.00 A.	Santa Barbara Express—Bakersfield, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*10.15 A.
*11.00 A.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanger, for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A.
*11.00 A.	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 A.
*11.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A.
*11.00 A.	Vallejo.....	*11.45 A.
*11.00 A.	Oregonian Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*2.45 P.
*11.00 A.	Oregon Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P.
*11.00 A.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.45 A.
*11.00 A.	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A.
*11.00 A.	Vallejo.....	*11.45 A.

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)		
*8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P.
*8.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A.
*8.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A.
*8.45 P.	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	*17.20 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—		
*17.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 3.00 5.00 P. M.	
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—		
*18.05	10.00 A. M., 12.00 2.00 4.00	*5.00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
*16.10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*16.30 P.
*17.00 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Divisions only).....	*1.30 P.
*9.00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.40 P.
*10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A.
*11.30 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.
*12.45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A.
*13.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.
*14.15 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A.
*15.00 P.	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*19.00 A.
*15.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*8.35 A.
*16.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A.
*17.45 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Good-by: "Well, the Republican victory has accomplished one thing." "What's that?" "We've got rid of Teddy."—*Life*.

"Why do you call that speckled hen 'Macduff' and the pig 'Barkis'?" "Because Macduff lays on and Barkis is swillin'."—*Life*.

The lie: "Just as soon as a man has satisfied his conscience that it's all right to tell a white lie," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "he becomes color-blind."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Couldn't help herself: Clara—"How did you come to accept Mr. Saphead?" Dora—"I had to; he proposed to me in a canoe, and he got so agitated I was afraid we'd upset."—*New York Weekly*.

She (at foot-ball game, as player is carried off field): "Isn't it perfectly awful?" He—"I should say it is! Why, that fellow is no more unconscious than I am—he's playing to the gallery."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"All the world's a stage": "All the world's a stage, Sam, and the men and women merely players." "Yes, massa, but if dat's so, whar yo' gwine to git yo' audience and orchestra?"—*Collier's Weekly*.

School-master—"Now, Muggins Minor, what were the thoughts that passed through Sir Isaac Newton's mind when the apple fell on his head?" Muggins—"I expects he wuz awful glad it wazn't a brick."—*Fun*.

His enemy for life: "I've promised to go in to supper with some one else, Mr. Blaque; but I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl." "But I don't want a handsome and clever girl; I want you."—*Tit-Bits*.

Mistress—"You say you are well recommended?" Maid—"Indeed, ma'am, I have thirty-nine excellent references." Mistress—"And you have been in domestic service?" Maid—"Two years, ma'am."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

Stands for reciprocity: Customer (in barber's chair)—"So you haven't heard Herr von Thumper, the world-famed pianist?" German barber—"Nein; dose bianists neffer batronize me, an' so I neffer batronize dem."—*Tit-Bits*.

In plenty: "You ought to have voting-machines," said the general reformer. "We have them, sah," said the colonel, beaming with true State pride; "they run anywhars from twenty-two to forty-fo' calibah, sah."—*Indianapolis Press*.

A preacher in Southern Missouri, after having announced that he would preach the following Sunday on "Hell and Who Will Go There," received several letters from parishioners threatening dire vengeance in case he dared to make use of their names.—*Ex*.

Clerk (to patent-medicine man)—"Here is a curious credential from one of our customers." Medicine man—"Read it." Clerk—"Before I took your elixir my face was a sight. You ought to see it now. Send me another bottle for my mother-in-law."—*Harlem Life*.

Wide open: Briggs—"Well, old man, how is that Authors' Club of yours getting on?" Griggs—"First-rate; we have made a rule that no one can belong to it unless he has written a book." Briggs—"Is that so? I had an idea that it was an exclusive affair."—*Life*.

"Hello, Jones, moving again so soon? I thought you were perfectly satisfied with your present home." "I was, old man, but the fact is our sitting-room is covered with a goldenrod pattern, and I can't cure my hay fever at all. The landlady won't repaper it, and so we have to move."—*Puck*.

Owens—"Is Mr. Lenders in?" Boy—"Not yet, sir; but I expect him every minute." Owens—"It's ten o'clock, isn't it?" Boy—"Nearly. The clock will strike in half a minute, if not sooner. There it goes!" Owens—"All right. I promised to be here at ten o'clock and pay him some money. Tell him I called and—he wasn't in."—*Tit-Bits*.

Teacher (of English)—"Michael, when I have finished, you may repeat what I have read in your own words: 'See the cow; isn't she a pretty cow? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can she run as fast as the horse? No, she can not run as fast as the horse.'" Future mayor (of Boston)—"Git on to de cow; ain't she a beaut? Kin de cow git a gait on her? Sure. Kin de cow bump it wid de horse? Nit; de cow ain't in it wid de horse."—*Judge*.

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Myer—"I wonder what causes concussion of the brain?" Gyer—"A collision between two trains of thought, I suppose."—*Chicago News*.

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The Argonaut.

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The present session of Congress is what is known as the "short term," because its existence is limited to March 4th, and a number of questions of the utmost importance are pressing to be heard. For this reason there is small chance of any legislation being enacted unless it is actively pushed. One of the measures that is in danger of being ignored on this account is the bill for the regulation of immigration. The existing laws are defective and inefficient. At session after session attempts have been made to remedy the recognized defects, but from one cause or another these attempts have failed. One of the principal causes of this failure has been the fact that immigration has not been active for a number

of years, and therefore the necessity for immediate legislative restriction has not been realized. The financial depression of 1892 had at least the beneficial effect of stemming the tide of immigration that had been setting toward these shores from Europe. The serious feature of the situation was not only that immigrants were increasing in numbers but that they were rapidly decreasing in quality. The Swedes, Germans, Irish, Scotch, and English who had at least the basis for the development of good citizens, were being replaced by Hungarians, Italians, Bohemians, and Slavs. The danger was minimized when the numbers decreased as a result of the stories of hard times.

But the danger, though minimized, still existed, and with increased immigration is becoming as serious as ever. It is even more serious, for the quality of immigration continues to decline. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, the number of immigrants was 520,000. In 1898 it was 229,000, or less than one-half of this number, and the year before the figures were very nearly the same. This does not yet reach the banner year of 1882, when the numbers exceeded 788,000, but an increase of more than one hundred per cent. in two years suggests cause for alarm. As has been said, the quality of immigrants is deteriorating at the same time. A few years ago a Syrian, Turk, or Armenian was a curiosity among immigrants; to-day he scarcely attracts attention. The situation is one that demands the immediate and serious attention of Congress.

One year ago the Water and Forest Association was organized in this city. Last week the first annual meeting was held, and reports were received on the work that has been accomplished.

The central idea of the association is that immense wealth is annually lost to the State through the waste of storm-waters that fall upon the mountain slopes, and are hurried through the streams and rivers to the sea. The purpose of the association is twofold—to preserve the natural reservoirs created by forest trees, which keep the surface of the land in a moist condition and protect the snows from the hot rays of the sun, and to create artificial reservoirs that will retain in the mountains the water precipitated during winter for use as needed during the summer. The prosecution of such work involves an expenditure of money, and the treasurer reported receipts amounting to \$18,080.80, of which all but \$460 was expended for surveys of rivers and reservoir sites. This expenditure was in cooperation with that of the United States Government.

As showing the extent of the work that is being done, and that remains to be done, a few facts may be presented from the report of the hydrographer. Observations of daily discharge are now being made on the Sacramento River at Red Bluff, on the Stanislaus at Oakdale, on the Salinas near Salinas, on the Tuolumne at La Grange, on the San Joaquin at Herndon, on Kings River at Red Mountain, on Little Rock Creek near Palmdale, on the Santa Ana River near Redlands, on Lytle Creek near Rialto, and the Mojave River at Victor. Records are also being furnished on the Kern River, the San Gabriel River, and the Sweetwater River. Next year a number of additional observation stations will be established. All of these facts must be determined before any effective plans can be developed, and their determination involves the expenditure of considerable money, which must be met largely by the voluntary contributions of the association. As an illustration of what can be accomplished, Hydrographer Lippincott points out that by an expenditure of approximately \$8,386, an amount of water estimated at 644,624 acre-feet could be obtained from Kings River, Stony Creek, and Cache Creek, and that this water could be made available for irrigation at an average cost of \$8.03 per acre-foot. This would be sufficient to justify an increased population of from 100,000 to 200,000 people in this district.

Regarding the amendment of the State irrigation law, Elwood Mead, irrigation expert of the department of agriculture, urged that a working irrigation code must be a new creation and not developed by patchwork additions to exist-

ing legislation. It must provide for the final establishment of existing rights, the protection of those rights by public officers, and the further disposal of unappropriated waters under State supervision. Unless this can be accomplished, it would be useless to attempt to pass any law, for a compromise is certain to be a failure. The Water and Forest Association has accomplished good work during its first year of existence; it promises to accomplish much more good work in the future. Such men as the president, William Thomas, have given their time and their thought through a sense of civic duty.

A story comes from Manila that a consul of the United States is mixed up in the concoction of counterfeit concessions from the Spanish Government giving title to Philippine mines of fabulous richness. The forthcoming report of the Philippine commission is said to touch upon this scandal. This report opens up new vistas in our new possessions. When California became American a large and thriving industry at once sprang up in the manufacturing of forged documents. Clever and unscrupulous Mexicans were hired to draw up false title-deeds and patents to lands; to doctor and sophisticate genuine documents; and to make interlineations in ancient patents in inks which simulated the ancient inks. In one famous case here a land grant was changed from two to six leagues of land by changing the word *dos* to *seis*—*seis sitios de ganado mayor*. Another famous case was the Limantour conspiracy, by which José Limantour, a Franco-Mexican, attempted to gain possession of the entire site of San Francisco, the islands in the bay, part of Marin County, and the Farallone Islands, all by a chain of forged documents. He nearly succeeded, too. There is a maxim that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and there was a weak link in Limantour's chain. Manuel Micheltorena, once Mexican governor of Upper California, became a shabby loafer around the City of Mexico. In the back-rooms of billiard-saloons he would sell his signature as governor to post-dated deeds for a consideration, thus presenting to the courts the curious anomaly of forged deeds with genuine signatures.

Filipinos must be cheaper than Micheltorenas. Industrious lawyers, deserving forgers, and painstaking counterfeiters would find a field ripe for their harvest in the Philippine archipelago. From across the Pacific seas there comes a Macedonian cry for crooks. They could get plenty of training by studying the California law reports of fifty years ago.

It is becoming apparent that notwithstanding all that has been said and written about the desirability of reestablishing the palmy days of the American merchant marine, there is still much to be learned both regarding the causes of decay in our shipping industry and also as to economic measures to revive it. The sole legislative proposition advanced is through the medium of subsidies, as represented by the Hanna-Payne bill now before the Senate. During the past week we have had two arguments, *pro* and *con*, over that measure, offered respectively by Senator Hanna, of Ohio, and Senator Clay, of Georgia, both of whom are members of the Senate Committee on Commerce, from which the bill was reported.

Senator Hanna claims the measure to be the most practical legislation that can be offered for the purpose sought, and points as an illustration to the unparalleled growth of shipping on the great lakes during a third of a century, which he maintains "has been fostered and protected by salutary and wise navigation laws," and encouraged by liberal appropriations for harbor improvement. On the same reasoning, he declares that it is not alone necessary to have capital and experience to compete on the great oceans in foreign trade, but that it is likewise necessary "to afford our foreign carrying trade protection—some kind of inducement—by law." Such protection would place the growth of our ocean marine on a par with that of the lakes. From the point of view of its framers, the bill is regarded as a prime factor in the ever-present problem of finding foreign markets

for our surplus products, which Mr. Hanna says we must do unless we prefer to curtail our productions of agriculture and manufacture one-third, and throw tens of thousands of men out of employment and deny them new fields of labor. The balance of the argument for the bill is mainly confined to the patriotic and sentimental side, which demands that the American flag shall float on every sea, wave in every breeze, and cover American goods in transit in American bottoms.

Senator Hanna's opponents, of whom Senator Clay was the spokesman last week, say that the method of subsidies will neither appreciably restore our merchant marine, nor increase the volume of our foreign trade. They believe they substantiate their first denial by figures tending to show that the American companies operating the bulk of our foreign freight-carriers at present will absorb unjustly the most of the subsidy; that the building of new ships for freight will not be encouraged, because they are not placed on a par with fast mail vessels, which are now built with an eye more to passenger and mail traffic than to freight. For their second denial they shrewdly point out the fact that without subsidized ships American commerce has now become the greatest in our history, simply because we have the goods which foreign nations must buy, and so far as the disposal of the surplus is concerned it matters not what may be the nationality of the vessel that carries it.

The effect of the bill is still an open question, and the argument so far has not made that point clear, especially if it is true, as we are told, that since 1893, under French and Italian subsidies, vessels of the former nationality have fallen off forty per cent. and those of the latter thirty-one per cent., while British freighters, with neither bounty nor subsidy, have increased nearly four per cent. On the whole, the subject has a local flavor partaking of the old jealousies between the interior and the sea-board. San Francisco would probably favor the bill from self-interest, while Omaha, with little or no interest, might oppose it.

LAST WEEK California was visited by a storm of wind and rain which blew down a few fences and made the wind-mills hum. People who were busy in the house scarcely knew that anything unusual was going on until they read their morning papers the next day. Then they were startled to see staring head-lines extending across the page—"Terrible Tornado!" "Cyclonic Wind-Storm!" "Thunder-Bolts Fall on the City!" "Terrible Destruction to Property!" "Loss of Human Life!" The bewildered citizen rubbed his eyes and wondered where this dreadful cataclysm took place. On reading below the headings he found that it took place in San Francisco and the bay counties, and that he was entirely ignorant of its presence. The story of the loss of life amounted to this—that a farmer's wife climbed up on the tank-house of a wind-mill to "throw off" the mill, and was struck on the head by one of the sails, knocking her to the ground, and instantly killing her. The other damage amounted to the blowing down of a few fences and the wrecking of a gas-tank, which may or may not have been done by lightning. The bewildered citizen, on looking at the tables of the Weather Bureau, found that the highest wind-velocity was forty-eight miles an hour! Verily, the editors and reporters of the daily press must be going mad if they can make a sensational spread over such a "storm" as that. The ordinary winter weather in most cities is such that this "storm" would have excited no remark; in many parts of the Western States it would be looked upon as a mild zephyr. San Francisco ought to export some of its youthful reporters to other States to see what weather is like. Then, when exported, lose them.

During the Washington Centennial parade, General Miles, while riding past the reviewing stand, saluted President McKinley, and on the instant fell off his horse like a sack of coal. The general is a good horseman, but the saddle-girth broke and let him down hard. General Miles has cherished Presidential ambitions, and has not been very friendly to President McKinley. "The man on horseback" is an ever-present danger in the eyes of the civilian politician. But the man on horseback ought to be able to stick there. When he falls, he falls like Lucifer, never to rise again.

Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, has acquired a reputation throughout the country as a statesman who is so high-minded that he will go against his party when his conscience so impels him. Mr. Littlefield's conscience apparently affects his relations with his party but not with his colleague. Congressman Boutelle, of Maine, is about to withdraw from the House, his mind having hopelessly given way. Congressman Littlefield has now asked the unanimous consent of the House to a bill placing Boutelle on the retired list as a captain in the navy. Mr. Boutelle served in the navy in the Civil War, more than thirty-five years ago. If retired as a

captain this gives him thirty-five hundred dollars a year with other privileges. Congressman Boutelle is not a captain in the United States navy and never was. To place him on the retired list as such would be dishonest. It would be unfair to those officers of the United States navy who have been faithfully serving their country during the third of a century which has elapsed since Congressman Boutelle went ashore. If Representative Littlefield is going to continue to pose as a conscientious statesman, we advise him to have his conscience overhauled and triple-plated, for it seems to be becoming a trifle dull.

Since the election we hear very little about the "trusts," as the term has been applied to industrial enterprises, and what we do hear encourages the belief that these combinations of capital will in the future be regulated more by business sense gained from experience than by remedial legislation. Combination of capital is not new. It was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and upon the fall of their empires it grew up again just as naturally with the growing civilization of the Anglo-Saxons. Not more than two generations ago much of the manufacturing and methods of labor were the result of individual effort. The housewife knit stockings, carded wool, spun cloth, and made clothes and carpets. The farmer mowed with a scythe and the blacksmith forged horseshoes for his vicinity. As population grew and business became diversified, inventors found that most things could be made better and cheaper in factories. Factories meant capital, and to acquire it combination of individual means was the only resource. First the combination took the form of partnership, then as greater capital was needed the corporation was evolved, and now in many lines smaller corporations have united in one large one commonly called a "trust." Increasing business needs have forced the development, and it has been natural.

What is new and unnatural has been the recent notion of capitalizing such organizations on the basis of their prospective earning power, which too frequently has kept "the word of promise to the ear and broken it to the hope." A computation lately made shows that twenty-four concerns in the iron trade have a capacity of about 21,000,000 tons a year, and their aggregate capital is \$1,267,000,000, or about sixty dollars for every ton. We are learning to analyze the composition of industrial corporations. We are learning that over-capitalization is fatal to success. It is a good sign, and when fully understood, business sense will rule in capitalistic combinations to the mutual advantage of the promoter, the investor, and the public. Time and experience alone may cure the evils.

THE holding of the national convention of the Epworth League in this city this year is one of the series of events that are making for the prosperity of the State. Not many years ago the Christian Endeavor convention was held here, and brought twenty-nine thousand visitors to the State. Last year five thousand school-teachers from every part of the United States visited California. These visitors, gathered from every State in the Union, come here and learn through actual experience the conditions of life in California. The eyes of the world have been turned to this State by recent events. Here is the gate-way of the Pacific; here the developing Oriental trade will centre. People in all parts of the country are curious to know what opportunities there are here for investment and home-building. These excursionists return to their homes with a vast fund of information regarding California. This State is in need of population. It is in need of capital to develop its varied resources. These conventions are performing an important work along these lines. Supplementing this work are the efforts of the railroad companies to establish a reasonable colonists' rate between Eastern cities and points here.

A curious illustration of the intimate international relations resulting from the modern commercial system is presented by the present financial conditions in Germany. Recent reports from that country indicate that the banks are in difficulty and that a panic is feared. The cause, as is almost invariably the case in such crises, is unwarranted expansion of industry based upon borrowed capital. For many years Germany has indulged the ambition to become a great commercial power. Germany's foreign trade has made great advances in recent years, and under this impetus manufacturing plants to produce for foreign markets have been extended beyond the supporting power of the capital of the country. A peculiar feature of the German financial system is the mortgage bond under which each borrower assumes responsibility for the debts of all, and because of the increased security an extremely low rate of interest is secured. Another feature is the fact that

banks have been accustomed to advance the necessary money for industrial enterprises, and through these two sources credit tends to be unduly extended. The trouble at present is principally with the textile industries. Other branches, particularly those handling iron and steel, are prosperous, and these may tide over the difficulty. Should they not succeed, however, there are hard times in store for Germany. It is even possible that the disaster may be more wide-spread. It will be recalled that the great financial depression of ten years ago had its origin in Australia, and spread from there all over the world. International relations are becoming so intimate that each country feels the effect of success or disaster in any other.

From time to time the project of combining two or more of the large libraries of the city has been advanced, but has failed to materialize through lack of energetic pushing. For years the Mercantile Library was the one institution of the kind in the city. Then came the Mechanics' Institute Library, following technical rather than the literary lines of its older competitor, and each found a profitable field of its own. The establishment of the Public Library changed the conditions. The private institutions were not able to compete with the free library furnished by the city. There have been several proposals to consolidate the two private institutions, but obstacles have always intervened. Now a proposition has been advanced to consolidate not only the three leading institutions, but all general or special libraries. Such a proposition deserves the most hearty support. It would be a decided advantage to the members of the several institutions, and the economy of administration would enable it to be housed in a building that would be an ornament to the city.

All through the Philippine muddle the San Francisco *Chronicle* has stoutly contended that the islands are part of the United States; that the inhabitants are actual or embryo citizens; that the archipelago is actual territory of the United States; that its provinces are embryo Territories and potential States; that they are not colonies; and that the administration has denied its intention to govern them as such. The *Argonaut* has at no time had any doubts of the *Chronicle's* good faith in upholding these principles, and has rather admired it for its plucky fight. But in the case now before the Supreme Court of the United States the administration does not seemingly take the stand that the *Chronicle* has assumed it would hold. President McKinley's attorney-general in his argument practically declares that it was not the intention of the Paris treaty to make our new possessions parts of the United States nor its inhabitants citizens. In his brief the attorney-general says: "They had no doubt whatever as to the power of Congress to govern acquired territory on the basis of a colony or province, or as territory outside the Union." True, this is from the press telegrams, but it is probably correct.

A queer story comes from Chicago about a Miss Beatty, of San Francisco, stenographer to a Dr. Denison, who was attacked by a burglar in the doctor's office during his absence. Miss Beatty "fought the burglar unaided for half an hour, struggling back and forth through three rooms, resisted attempted chloroforming, and only gave way when the burglar beat her head against the door, when she became unconscious." The burglar has not yet been found, which is not strange. All he took was fifty dollars' worth of surgical tools. We will wager a doctor's scalpel against a burglar's jimmy that he never will be found. Miss Beatty's burglar probably is a shadowgraph. Young women of the dramatic-hysterical type often are attacked by burglars, highwaymen, and young Lochinvars. These outlaws never are found. They may be exorcised by cold baths, rigid treatment, and a correct diet.

NOW READY.—"ARGONAUT LETTERS," by Jerome A. Hart, is a collection of gossip sketches written from abroad in the spring and summer of 1900. The sketches make a volume of over five hundred pages, handsomely printed in large type, on heavy paper. There are over sixty illustrations from photographs. The book is richly bound, with a unique cover design in crimson, black, and gold, by L. M. Upton, of the San Francisco School of Design. As the volume is printed only in response to requests for these letters in permanent form, the edition is a limited one. No plates have been made. It is printed from new type and the type distributed. Those desiring it should therefore order at once. Price, \$2.00, wrapped for mailing. Orders received by mail or telephone. (Telephone No. James 2531.) Argonaut office, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

FRANK J. SYMMES

ON

MUNICIPAL ADMINISTRATION OF PUBLIC UTILITIES.

An Able Address Before the Merchants' Association at Its Last Annual Banquet.

Mr. Symmes has resided in San Francisco since his resignation from the navy in 1871. He has been president of the Thomas Day Company since 1886. He is a graduate of Harvard University and of the United States Naval Academy. He has taken an active part in all affairs that were for the public good, and is a director and the treasurer of the Merchants' Association, is one of the governors of the Pacific Commercial Museum, is a trustee of the Lick School, and of other public institutions. He has served on the board of education and has been president of the Harvard, the University, and the Unitarian Clubs of this city. His address was as follows:

Mr. President, members, and friends of the Merchants' Association:

No great dinner is quite complete without there is served as a final course a hard dry cracker and a bit of cheese. It is an aid to digestion. Assuming that as a member of the directory, and one of the hosts of the occasion, my place would naturally occur at the close, I ventured to think I might contribute the dry crust of the occasion as a fitting close to the rich and substantial intellectual diet expected.

President Dohrmann has seen fit to regard me more as a light and harmless kind of *entrée*. I shall serve you nevertheless my dry, hard cracker, and though the cheese may be short, I trust that my remarks may still serve as intended, as an aid to assimilation of the heavier dishes of the feast.

REQUIREMENTS OF THE NEW CHARTER.

Some of us voted for the new charter last year with many compunctions. We accepted it in the belief that what we felt to be faults might be more than balanced by its good features. Other cities besides our own are anxiously looking to behold its results. It is yet too soon to pass judgment. It will require more time to prove its best value or its genuine faults. Under its provisions the supervisors are authorized and instructed to investigate the subject of public utilities, and to recommend the purchase of any property for such a purpose as may to them seem wise. The electors will then be called upon to express an approval or disapproval of such ownership.

This is the most serious and important proposition that has yet been brought before our people. It calls for the wisest and best judgment of the officials and the electors. We must welcome information from all sources. We need information on the theory from the social economist and information from the practical side as well. Most of all, we need to know what the application of the principle would mean to us under our own particular conditions.

There is a Chinese maxim which says, "Hear both sides and all will be clear. Hear one side and you will still be in the dark." The directors of the Merchants' Association desire that you shall hear both sides of this question to-night. I wish that you may hear both sides, and hear them fairly.

We must not allow ourselves to be led astray by any partisan feelings, by any selfish motive or prejudice on the part of ourselves or any advocate, but must weigh the arguments according to their merit and arrive at a clear-cut, decisive opinion. A calm reasoning of this question here to-night is regarded to be greatly for the public good. I have tried to look fairly at both sides, and have arrived at a conclusion that, under existing conditions, our city would probably be better off if she were not to undertake these great responsibilities.

PURELY A BUSINESS QUESTION.

This question of where the ownership of public utilities belongs is purely a business question. There is no philosophy, philanthropy, charity, or religion involved, and there should be no politics. It involves the administration of great properties and the handling of many men. It demands settlement by wise, clear-headed men of the best business experience, and the judgment of our association should govern this community. The "public utilities," as they are called, are great business institutions, and the merchants and financiers who have been engaged in similar enterprises of their own are those best able to judge upon them and are those best fitted to manage them. You have great property and business interests that are coupled with the welfare of this city, and your success depends upon her prosperity. You are not likely to be led away by any wild, Utopian scheme or by any impractical socialistic fad. You know if the corporations handling the public utilities are reasonable, are governed by fair-minded and honorable men who know their business, and you *ought* to know if the average two-year officer of the city government can perform the service better.

NOT OWNERSHIP BUT MANAGEMENT NEEDED.

The advocates of public ownership have a strong leaning toward socialism. It is said to be the cry of the unhappy

poor against the oppression of the rich, of the unfortunate weak against the unjust exercise of the power of the strong, of the single citizen against the mighty monopoly of the corporation. This is a false position. For the value of the public utility does not depend upon ownership, it lies altogether in management. Whoever can operate these institutions so as to best serve the public need, is the owner the public wants, and ought to have. Whoever can furnish the necessities of life so that the poor may obtain the most for their slender means, may be considered the proper owner. If the State can do this work better than any other, she is justified in assuming the ownership. If the State tries and fails, she has no longer a just claim to her monopoly and the people should demand a return to private control.

The question is, can the street-car accommodations, the telephone service, the light, the water, aye, the bread he furnished to the people through the city government better and cheaper than through private ownership? It matters not to the consumer where the *title* to the property rests. It is good car and telephone service, good light, good water, and good bread at the lowest rates that he needs and is entitled to have. It matters not to him whether he has water from Lake Tahoe or from Lake Merced, whether his gas comes from the Potrero or from North Beach, whether the street-car in which he rides bears the name of the Market Street octopus or is emblazoned with the great seal of San Francisco, provided that he obtains the best possible service at the lowest possible price. We must not be diverted from this point—it is not ownership but management that should decide the question. It is results that we are looking for, not methods.

Municipal ownership and management of these utilities may be far better than private ownership—it may be far worse. We want the best. The public official, therefore, should not demand the management of these great utilities unless he can show that he can give better service than the private owner. This he frequently believes he can do, but in a brief period he is out of office and a new set of officials, with new ideas and many political friends in search of jobs, have taken his place.

Each situation has its own peculiar conditions. We should study other situations but not be deceived by them. San Francisco should not be misled by what may be successfully done in London, Glasgow, or Kalamazoo. This city has her own special features, and probably no exactly parallel case with precisely similar conditions can be found. London has cheap gas with coal at a third the price it is here. Glasgow has cheap water, for there is sixty inches of rain a year. A sunny day is a curiosity. The streets are never sprinkled, and less than thirty days' water storage is required. Here we may have a succession of dry years—always one long dry season, and a *three-years'* storage is required.

The advocate of public ownership can point out to you many cities where great and wonderful benefits have been derived from that system, but to offset every such case the other side will find as many glaring examples of political mismanagement and corruption. Individual examples are of little value unless the conditions are the same. To obtain proper results the best administration must be had in either case. And even many examples of municipal and public ownership may be misleading.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright, the United States commissioner of labor, has recently issued the Fourteenth Annual Report treating entirely of water, gas, and electric-light plants. There are 975 pages of tabulated statistics concerning 2,353 different institutions, not quite one-third of the total number in the United States, and 42 per cent. of these are under municipal ownership. The privately owned plants were not as free as the others in furnishing their statistics, and a greater percentage of public ownership is here shown than really exists. The reports are most elaborate and carefully classified, and yet a full investigation of this volume fails to satisfy any positive claims in behalf of either side. The commissioner cautions the reader against "a careless comparison of the various plants!" The varying conditions are such that a complete knowledge of each must be had in order to form a fair judgment. All the facts go to prove that it is not a question at all of who *owns* the plants—but what are the varying conditions, and how are the plants conducted.

The commissioner says "that plants owned and operated by municipalities take the place of just so much private property, from which the cities would receive their taxes, the ownership on the part of the city involving a definite decrease in the amount of taxable property."

An earnest advocate of public ownership made the statement in our October number of the *Review*, speaking of the Spring Valley Water Works and the proposed city ownership of its own water supply, that "the city would save the taxes, which amount to \$180,000 a year." He overlooked the fact that what he cuts off the city income in this direc-

tion must be replaced by an equivalent amount obtained by increased taxation upon other property.

The gas, water, railway, electric light, and telephone companies in this city are assessed at \$43,000,000. The city's income from these sources amounts in taxes alone to \$700,000. Under municipal ownership these properties would have to earn this amount in the way of profit, else other property would have to be taxed an equivalent amount to produce that income. And yet we are told that all the present profits of these great corporations are to be saved to the city under municipal ownership. Taxes must be eliminated from these so-called profits.

All property has a value and an earning capacity. Capital must earn what it is worth or there is waste. Labor has its value and its earning capacity. When either capital or labor is idle there is a waste. If we transfer a hundred million dollars from private ownership to the public purse we must provide for its natural earning power and properly utilize it, else arrange otherwise for the income which formerly came from its taxes.

CONTROL IS BETTER THAN OWNERSHIP.

No State in the Union has *less* need for public ownership of these properties than California, for she has already the best kind of control. Our constitution requires the supervisors to set the price which the private utilities may collect for their water and their light. If the people are not well served it is the fault of the public officials who make the price. This is far better than ownership.

If the retail merchant could walk into the wholesale warehouse and name the price which he was to pay for his goods, if he could declare the wholesalers' profit, would he ever invest his own capital in order to carry a stock? No. Would he not be too glad to escape all the risks of ownership? Let me but make the price on the articles I buy and I care not who may own the stock.

This power which the constitution gives to the supervisors is an extraordinary and unusual one. It is a power to be used with great consideration. It determines by a single, oftentimes careless ballot the income to be derived from ten, twenty, or thirty millions of investment in the hands of thousands of stockholders. It may encourage good investments or drive them away. It has already unsettled great values in this city. These great properties, once among our best investments, are now entirely avoided by many investors.

One wealthy gentleman told me the other day that he had not less than \$80,000 invested in one of these properties for more than fifteen years. He was tired of the everlasting "nagging" now going on. Formerly it was once a year, now it is every week. He was gradually unloading, and he was going to "quit and take his money to Baltimore."

This duty of the officials should therefore be done in a very careful manner, because of the many people affected. Its investigation should be made fairly, justly, and thoroughly. Every unjust attack, every unreasonable method, injures the city and retards its growth. The right to make these prices has given to each new set of officials a feeling that they must continue to save something to the people and reduce the rates. The same process can not continually go on. San Francisco has reached the danger line, when capital is being driven away by this operation, and when the corporations are ready to appeal to the courts for protection.

Capital is a timid as well as a hungry bird and has its wings always plumed for flight. We may at times regard it as ostentatious, ill-bred, greedy, and even corrupt, but it has its uses and without it the laborer would be without his hire; education, our great reliance for all true progress, would be slow; art, science, and literature would pine, and great and beautiful cities would be few. *San Francisco must not drive capital away.* She must be fair and just to capital as well as to labor. The poor people are on both sides of this question; there are poor as well as rich in these corporations, and the poor outnumber the wealthy.

OUR OWN SPECIAL CONDITION.

What are some of the special conditions of San Francisco?

We have a fair quality of municipal government. It is by no means one of the best. Many claim it is one of the worst. It is hampered by conditions which prevent the best results. The terms of office are short and responsibility is divided. No plan or policy extending beyond one term of office can be counted on for proper execution. Good men tire of the official life and decline reelection, or perhaps fail of it, if re-nominated. Frequent changes of political complexion bring constant changes of policy and we have as a result a continuous patchwork of government. I am not here to condemn any official, but they must undoubtedly deplore the system. The public officer has my profound sympathy. I have had my experience, and I know the trials. I know how good motives are misunderstood, and how slow is the return for any good endeavor. No good business man would ever dare undertake a great

enterprise if met by such conditions as confront the public officer. City officials would not dare to advocate the taking over of the great utilities if the extravagance or failure of the project involved a financial loss upon them, as it does in their private undertakings. Who would dare to take the risk?

On the other hand, our public utilities as now conducted are recognized by the public and the stranger as better than the average. They are well managed and honorably conducted by the most reputable citizens under a continued policy and upon civil-service principles. They are all conducted by officers of many years experience, and some have directed these affairs for twenty and thirty years.

CITY MANAGEMENT.

When we are told that the city can manage these utilities better, and are given alluring pictures of how much can be saved to the people, we must not be misled by the seductive allurements of first figures. Every man knows that he can not possibly foresee the end in a great enterprise. Few men can build a house, or indulge in any scheme, even under their own best management, and come out according to the first estimate.

Under city management the situation is far more uncertain and we must look at great municipal ventures with exceeding caution. We are in the position of the little girl who, hiding behind her father's chair and trembling with fear at a big mastiff, was told by her father not to be frightened, for did she not perceive that the dog was wagging his tail? "Yes," she replied, "I see his tail go, but it is the other end I am afraid of."

OUR NEW CITY HALL.

We judge what people can do, and what they are likely to do, by what they have done, and not by that which they say they can do. Let me cite just one instance of what San Francisco has done. She has built a City Hall. On April 4, 1870, the legislature passed an enabling act providing for the sale of the City Hall lots in Yerba Buena Park, and for the construction of a new City Hall, at a cost not to exceed \$1,500,000, the building to be erected and completed within three years of the passage of the act. Everything looked serene and the mastiff wagged his tail good naturedly. The building was turned over to the city July 1, 1899, not in three years, but after more than twenty-six years, and the mastiff had bitten us to the tune of \$5,723,987, nearly four times the estimated cost. Can we do any better if we undertake a twenty or thirty million dollar enterprise now? There are no better business men nor more upright and honorable gentlemen now than most of those who served for twenty-six years on that City Hall Commission. Is it not better then to hear the trifling ills we have from the great utilities in their present hands, than to fly to these far greater ones that we know not of? It is the "other end we should be afraid of."

KANSAS CITY WATER-WORKS.

Some years ago Kansas City wanted its own water-works, and authorized the issuance of bonds for its construction. City engineers estimated a cost of \$2,000,000, and valued the old works at no more than that sum. The courts declared that, on account of the conditions, the city must purchase the existing works; and equity demands that a city should not utilize a property of this kind at its convenience, and without good reason seek to destroy the property by the construction of something to take its place. The owners in Kansas City declined to sell for \$2,000,000, and the court appointed appraisers, who awarded two and a half millions. The owners declined to accept this decision, but carried the case to the United States Supreme Court, which raised the valuation to \$3,000,000, and that was "the other end" in Kansas City, after long and expensive litigation.

SANTA ROSA WATER-WORKS.

Our neighboring city of Santa Rosa wanted its own water-works, and by special election in 1893 voted to issue \$165,000 in bonds for the construction of the same. Bids were called for, and two were submitted—one for \$164,500, and another for \$161,000. It afterwards proved that there was collusion between the bidders, and the successful bidder was to sublet the job to the other for a sum "not to exceed \$200,000." The courts were called in and the bonds were declared void by the supreme court, and new ordinances and bonds issued. There was continuous litigation. The city council repeatedly changed the plans, always in favor of the contractor, to the extent of \$9,000. The pumps had to be altered and moved at an expense of \$4,600. The council released the contractor from his forfeit, and returned to him his deposit check for \$10,000. The reservoir cracked and leaked when the water was turned in, and extras were granted to the amount of \$1,286 covering work which was in the original specifications.

On January 2, 1896, the council hastily accepted the works, to preclude the filing of suits to prevent. At this time the private water-works had 1,050 connections. The city attempted to supply 650 of these consumers and failed, and during the first ten months became a customer of the old company to the extent of nearly \$1,200.

The judgment of the supreme court was that the original contract was null and void and the city absolved from all liabilities; that the bonds were unlawfully and fraudulently disposed of, and the mayor, council, treasurer, and contractors liable in the sum of \$165,701.25. It was decreed that an accounting should be had of the actual value of the works and the judgment entered against the officers and contractors for the difference between a proper valuation and the sum of \$165,701.25.

Judge Daingerfield, presiding in the case, found that the works could probably have been built for \$79,000, and were worth much less because of faulty construction. A jury, however, was found that was able to value the works at \$190,000. But "the other end" in Santa Rosa is not yet, for a suit for \$100,000 damages against the city has quite recently been entered by the old company.

BOSTON.

The good city of Boston yielded recently to the seductive wagging of the mastiff's tail and attempted many reforms in the direction of municipal ownership. She established bureaus of stationery and printing, carpenter work, electrical construction and repairs, and even an ice plant for cutting and storing ice for the drinking fountains. It was the highest ideal of municipal ownership ever attempted in America and established under a mayor of unquestioned character and ability. It took but two years to discover "the other end" in Boston, and when the mastiff was unloosed from his grip the city found that her ice had cost sixty dollars a ton, when the ordinary rate was from two to three dollars, and every one of her bureaus was costing her from twenty-five per cent. to fifty per cent. more for their results than if she had depended upon private ownership. There was no embezzlement, no charges of genuine dishonesty, only natural municipal waste and extravagance. The new mayor asked the head of a bureau to tell him how many men could be spared without any harm to the efficiency of his bureau. The next day he brought a list covering one-third of his force. The bureaus have been closed down and the estimated saving in the first six months was between \$500,000 and \$600,000.

PHILADELPHIA GAS-WORKS.

Philadelphia owned her own gas-works for many years. They became sadly neglected, and were costing the city \$400,000 a year. The property was leased to private ownership in 1897, for a period of thirty years, with a privilege of cancellation in ten years, five million dollars to be spent upon the property in improvements within three years and fifteen millions during the term of the lease. The gas rates might be reduced gradually during the term, to the total extent of twenty-five per cent. The city now has all its streets and public buildings lighted free, and is in receipt of an income of about \$300,000 a year.

Last month a telegram from St. Petersburg announced that the telephone system hitherto operated by the state would be sold by public auction on November 20th.

We see, therefore, that the pendulum in many places is on the backward swing.

One of the greatest claims in behalf of public ownership is that it will remove the great corrupting power of the wicked corporations. The loudest advocate of this cause in our present city government says in a lilies in the October number of our *Review*: "First and foremost, public corporations operating municipal franchises are the greatest corrupting element in municipal life." He says further that "The city council must not be led into temptation." It requires two to make a gain, and the corporation was never made that could bribe an honest man. If we are to lead our city council out of temptation by

giving them millions more of property to care for and thousands of men to employ, we are taking the longest way around to do it.

This shifting of responsibility for individual sins is an old and threadbare excuse. It began with the first man in the Garden of Eden, who, when he found that his apple had disagreed with him, said to his Lord that it was the fault of the "woman thou gavest me." That kind of an excuse is no more creditable to-day than it was then.

INCREASING CITY EMPLOYEES.

The Market Street Railway employs 2,225 men in ordinary times, the water company from 300 to 500, according to the work on hand, and the gas company as many more. Does any business man believe that these 3,000 men regularly employed (and 4,000 in emergencies) could be as well controlled and directed as they are now, under the best possible municipal administration that can be obtained? Would it not require, as it does now in city work, at least fifty per cent. more men to obtain equal results? Shall we lead our city council out of their temptation by giving them the care and employment of these men? Shall we lead them out of temptation by giving them the direction and ownership of this sixty millions of property?

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OFTEN A SUCCESS.

No fair minded man can ignore the fact that public ownership has in many—very many—places proved a complete success, but it never occurs without honest management, good technical skill, and the best of civil service. If it is said that I quote no case of successful public ownership and many of its failures, let us remember that it is the bogs and the pitfalls only that we have to fear, not the smooth, easy paths; that it is the seductive apple, the alluring woman, the tempting office, and the wicked corporations, which we must learn to stand up against. We need not worry about our virtues; they will take care of themselves. It is our faults that we must ever strive to correct.

No matter how great has been the success of public ownership in many cases, may we not conclude for San Francisco from the sad experience of those who are glad to recede from it, from the fact that we already have the chief advantages without any of the risks, and from the fact that we have not yet learned to conduct our present affairs economically and well, that public ownership here may properly and wisely be postponed.

We are not badly oppressed under the present conditions and we are not in a position to perform the work better. The city needs other things very much more. She needs better schools, streets, and sewers. She needs a new quarantine officer. She needs a more friendly, harmonious action among her citizens. She needs to go on a milk diet—the milk of human kindness—we want to stop finding fault with each other, and to make the best of things. We want to work together for good and we want the newspapers to work together to help us. We are not half as bad as we make ourselves seem. Officials are not all corrupt and corporations are not all thieves. Every good deed helps toward the great city—a little at a time. Every selfish mean act and every unnecessary advertising of our sins hurts the city—a little at a time, but an injury all the same.

SAN FRANCISCO POSSIBILITIES.

If I owned San Francisco, and had unlimited credit, I would not think of buying out or assuming the care and expense of the public utilities. The public is not oppressed by them, and they are already under control. There are sixty or seventy millions already invested in them, and I would take the benefit of it. If I took it away from them, much of that capital would disappear from the city. I would sit down with these wicked people in a fair and honorable spirit, determine between us what would be just rates to insure them five per cent. income on their investment, and agree upon a rate for twenty years. I would stop "nagging" them, and let them alone. I would, however, watch them to see that they kept pace with the future requirements.

I would borrow a hundred million dollars—from Mr. Spreckels or some one else—and start in to make San Francisco what she ought to be—one of the largest and most beautiful cities on the globe. I would spend five millions on the water front, and invite the ships of the world to come to us. I would have the streets so fine and clean that even Paris would come to see and enjoy them. I would have every pipe and wire carried in open tunnels beneath the sidewalks, and the streets should be undisturbed. I would have trees and plants and flowers to beautify the city in every direction, till it became one of the "show" places of the world.

Last year 240,000 people crossed from this country to Europe. Four-fifths of them were Americans going abroad to spend money. They spent there not less than two hundred million dollars. Inside of ten years I would have half of them coming this way. Inside of twenty years I would have 100,000 American visitors and 50,000 foreigners. If they spent two hundred dollars apiece, I would have \$30,000,000 a year income from them alone. San Francisco would show her speed, and the population and its business would double in two decades.

When the Almighty excavated this wonderful bay he provided dock and harbor facilities for ten thousand vessels, and He expected us to build and use them. When He surrounded it with these beautiful hills, He looked down and beheld that it was good. He did not expect us to claw them away and slice them up. He expected we would know enough to preserve and beautify them, else they would have been given to Chicago or New Orleans, where the people would pay a hundred millions apiece for them. When Providence fed our bay by her bounteous rivers flowing from magnificent mountains through the richest and most fertile of valleys, it was believed that we would learn to utilize these waters and not permit them to go to waste and destruction. When she gave to California (and to no other people on earth), the redwood of the coast and the sequoia of the Sierra, which even with omnipotent power required from one to seven thousand years in construction, it was expected there would be a wise and intelligent people here to care for and enjoy them. When we are given the vine and fig-tree, the orange, lemon, and olive, fruit, flowers, and grain—enough for ourselves and half the world besides—it is expected that we will become a happy and industrious people upon this wonderful garden spot. It was prepared for the wisest and best people on earth.

Suppose we endeavor to live up to those expectations. Let us justify this wonderful heritage, and whether we in San Francisco own our water, gas, and railroad properties, or only control them, is not of the slightest consequence if we can only learn to live together in peace and harmony, enjoying the blessings we have and bringing blessings to each other, with a hand and a heart turned against no man, and with charity to all and malice toward none. Then indeed shall we find it easy to build up a great and beautiful city for a happy and prosperous people.

"While there is little doubt that Chinese exclusion will continue to be the policy of this country, the people of the Pacific Coast must not be deluded into believing that it will be an easy fight to secure the new act," said Representative Kahn recently, in discussing probable action in Congress. "I have not overlooked the attitude of Minister Wu, who enjoys popularity and renown as a successful diplomat. Interests on the coast working for Chinese cheap labor will no doubt be effective aids to the Chinese minister in the attempt to dissuade Congress from enacting a new exclusion law. For this reason I believe the public of the Pacific Coast must solidify and begin an earnest campaign until the new bill becomes a law. Californians possess ramified influence with Eastern legislators, and they will be called upon to exert it in behalf of the white labor of the Pacific Coast."

The President of Switzerland is newly elected every year from the Bundesrath in rotation. He must first serve as vice-president of that body. The office, while never shirked by the patriotic citizens of the little state in the mountains, is no sinecure, and pays the holder less than three thousand dollars in salary. While the work attached to it is considerable, the power is practically nil, as the president can not even appoint cabinet officers.

THE STROLLERS' SHOW.

New York's Leading Club of Amateur Actors Produces a New Musical Comedy at the Waldorf-Astoria—"The Cruise of the Summer Girl"—a Social Success.

The Strollers are having a merry time with their new musical comedy, "The Cruise of the Summer Girl." One of the newspaper critics was unkind enough to call it a tragedy, and others speak of it as a problem play, but it does not deserve a bad name. It is better than "The Lady from Chicago," given a year ago, and at least equal to "Phyllis," the comic opera presented last spring. The first production of the piece was at Yonkers last Wednesday evening, and it was pronounced a hit by the big audience. Friday evening it began its run of nine consecutive performances at the Waldorf-Astoria, in the presence of seven or eight hundred auditors, among whom were many society people. The big ball-room of the hotel had been made into a theatre for the occasion, and the scene was a brilliant one. Many notable costumes were to be seen—in fact, handsomely gowned women were in the majority.

Originality in the plot of a musical comedy is not looked for. The fact that "The Cruise of the Summer Girl" has a plot is about the only original thing to be found in its construction, if one excepts the music, which is not only new but bright and taking. The book is ascribed to Louis Fitzgerald, Jr., but he modestly disclaims a large share of the honor, and insists that it is the cream of numberless suggestions in which nearly all the club members joined. As Mr. Fitzgerald assumes the principal male rôle in the play, does a good share of the acting, some of the singing, and a great part of the dancing, he has honors enough to carry. J. Cheever Goodwin, Harry B. Smith, and Safford Waters wrote the songs, and the first two have done worse things in their popular successes. The music was contributed by Melville Ellis, Safford Waters, Richard Henry Warren, A. Baldwin Sloane, William F. Peters, Aimé Lachaux, Victor Beigel, and Reginald De Koven. None of the composers appeared in the cast.

There are three acts in the comedy, each requiring stage-settings a little beyond the conventional, and these have been provided. The first scene is a sea-side hotel, the second is supposed to be on the deck of the yacht *The Summer Girl*, and the third is the Casino at Newport. In the opening scene Miss Muriel Egerton, a real summer girl, appears and speedily makes a conquest of Jack Langford, who is the owner of the yacht. Miss Egerton is not from Philadelphia, but from Hunter's Point. This fact is soon imparted to Mrs. Hemingway Hood, of Boston, and Mrs. Montagu Mason, of New York, who are the chaperons of Mr. Langford's yachting-party, but as Muriel is already a guest of the owner of the yacht, there is nothing to be done about it. Miss Alice Amory, who is engaged to Jack in the beginning, is not slow to perceive that the new arrival is about to cause serious complications, but she, too, is powerless to avert the catastrophe. In the end Jack has two summer girls on his hands.

Miss Grace Hoyt, who plays the title-rôle, is a charming singer and a graceful dancer. She made her first appearance at the club theatricals in the operetta "Narcissa," and her beautiful voice and successful assumption of exacting parts promise her success should she fully decide on going into comic opera. Miss Grace Hornby, who played a character part in "The Lady from Chicago," has another opportunity of even greater possibilities, and makes the most of it. Miss Marie Waldron and Miss E. Donaldson, as the rival queens of society from Boston and New York, not only act well, but display some fetching costumes. All the young ladies in the cast are attired most becomingly, and the color effects are particularly striking. Of the gentlemen, Louis Fitzgerald, Jr., Edward Fales Coward, William R. Delehanty, Walter F. Dyett, Hevlyn D. Benson, Robert J. Webb, and Otto Cushing are leaders among those who distinguish themselves.

A feature of the second act is a burlesque of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which is well done, though there is a shade too much of the grotesque in the make-up. Dances in character and the songs are the gems interspersed here and there through the evening. Without doubt the greatest bit the first night was made by jolly May Irwin, who appeared in person, sang one of her inimitable "coon songs," and joined in an impromptu cake-walk. The applause that rewarded her singing was too spontaneous and hearty to leave any room for doubt of the enjoyment of the audience. However, all the good things in the play were recognized, if the few far-fetched jokes and allusions are carefully put in the other category, and curtain calls followed each act. The satire looked for and the local hits did not materialize largely.

All but four of the ten performances are for the benefit of deserving charities, and good additions will be made to the several funds, while the treasury of the Strollers will benefit largely from the receipts on their special evenings. The programme issued by the club contains a list of no less than two thousand patronesses, all of whom are interested in the charitable side of the entertainments. Among the society people present on Friday evening were Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Colonel and Mrs. William Jay, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Jennings, Mr. James J. Van Alen, Mr. Schuyler Parsons, the Misses Parsons, Miss Leila Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. George De Forest, Mr. and Mrs. Manice, Mr. G. Creighton Webb, Mr. Herbert Rawlins, Mr. James L. Breese, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Layton, Miss Katherine Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Clement C. Moore, Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Mrs. Stuyvesant Leroy, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., Mr. William Cutting, Jr., and Mr. Henry D. Cleveland. Many who were not seen the first night have attended since, and the continued popularity of the comedy and the club amateurs is not problematical. "The Cruise of the Summer Girl" will easily take its place among the Strollers' greatest successes.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 10, 1900.

THE KAISER AND HIS CAPITAL.

A Pen-Picture of Unter den Linden—William the Second Trusted but Not Loved by His People—How He Appeared at the Autumn Manœuvres.

"Glimpses of Three Nations" is the title of the posthumous volume of the late G. W. Stevens, which has just been brought out. In the preface, Mr. Stevens's widow says that her husband intended his *magnum opus* to be an account of London in its various and contradictory aspects. He had only written a few chapters, which were published in the London *Daily Mail*, when he left for South Africa, where on January 15th, during the siege of Ladysmith, he died of enteric fever in the beleaguered city. When Mrs. Stevens was pressed to publish the letters on Paris and Germany which he had also contributed to the London *Daily Mail*, she decided to add the fragments on London, "the city he loved so well and knew so thoroughly." As in his former volumes—"With Kitchener to Khartoum," "The Tragedy of Dreyfus," and "In India"—Mr. Stevens's wonderful descriptive power is again exemplified in his "Glimpses of Three Nations." Naturally his studies are mere suggestions of what he intended one day to make them, but they treat entertainingly of out-of-the-way points and little-noticed aspects of the great cities of London, Paris, and Berlin, and picture in glowing colors the human life contained within them. The volume contains some forty-three chapters, all bristling with valuable information and presented in a delightfully readable style.

In contrasting London with the other great capitals of the world, Mr. Stevens says that the British metropolis is devoid of all form and comeliness, but that it is certainly not lacking in beauty. Some capitals, he remarks, were born; some were made; London grew:

In the task of linking like capitals, the cities which were born start naturally with a huge advantage. To look like a capital, a city wants order, unity of plan, the impression of stately completeness. You see it best, where you would least expect it, in the United States. Washington is the best example; the men who laid it off, as their expressive phrase is, put the Capital on an eminence in the middle, and grouped everything symmetrically round it. The streets were arranged in the national gridiron, with the Capital as centre; the Mormon layers-off of Salt Lake City did the same with their Temple. In Washington they relieved the monotony of this plan by broad avenues cutting the gridiron diagonally. The result is that Washington is unmistakably one city, as much a complete and artistic whole as is a play of Sophocles or a symphony of Mozart. All the parts relate one to another. Paris was carved into cohesion by Haussmann with circles of boulevards and systems of avenues. Chicago, which is really a capital, also, is following the example with a difference: the magnificent avenues and gardens on the blue sea-front of Lake Michigan are its base, and it has buttressed its ring of boulevards with noble parks. Vienna transformed itself from a cramped medieval town to a capital by leveling its fardacious King into the Ring—a circle of palaces and parliaments, museums, galleries and courts, opera and university, without an equal for imperial staidness. Other cities, less successful in grouping their features, have aligned themselves along a great street. Berlin's "Unter den Linden" is one example, with two palaces, two museums, opera, and university, and a dozen statues in a length of a mile, with a triumphal arch at one end and a square with palace, gallery, and cathedral at the other. The Rue Royale at Brussels is another—lined with public buildings, with a panorama of the whole city away from one side and the elephantine Palace of Justice blinking it at the end.

London, says Mr. Stevens, has no centre, no shape; it is all parts and no whole:

When you set yourself down at Charing Cross, or near London does not look like a capital. You are in the heart of it; what do you see? There is Nelson welcoming you back and the National Gallery. But the government offices are best seen from St. James's Park, and the royal palaces, dotted about by themselves, are best not seen at all; the cathedral is a couple of miles away, looking out on to the narrow alleys of Cheapside and Ludgate Hill, as the Palace of Justice coops in the narrow alley of Fleet Street; the opera is tucked up in a vegetable market, and for that matter is not to-day open; the Houses of Parliament are in a corner in themselves, carefully posted where they destroy the view of Westminster Abbey; the abbey has fortified its one visible side with absurd St. Margaret's; the university has no students, and the municipal buildings do not even pretend to exist at all.

The streets of Berlin are an epitome of the history of Prussia. Says Mr. Stevens:

Go and stand at the eastern end of Unter den Linden and you begin to realize it. All round you is a cornet of public buildings, not surpassed for stateliness anywhere outside Paris and Vienna. But notice that as they are younger, so they become more pretentious. The old buildings are solid and sometimes large, but they are modest; they are not very high; they are—all but the Kaiser's castle—made of simple stone. If they are beautiful, they are beautiful simply in virtue of the lines traced by the architect. They are fine, but they are not more ambitious than those you see in almost any little German town which ever sheltered a little German court—Wurzburg, for instance. In their day Prussia was but a German state among its equals. Then walk back along the Linden, and look at the new Reichstag! It is all ablaze with gilt; the roof and porches and walls are as thick with florid statuary—goddesses, knights, angels—as a treacled tree is thick with moths at nightfall. Look at the victory column opposite: it crawls with trophies and allegorical figures, and on the top is a gilt goddess, so enormous that you hurry past lest the column should snap under her. Look at the monument to the old Kaiser; the colossal bronze figures seem as if they must smash the marble pedestal to pieces under their prodigious weight. Everything of the imperial epoch in Berlin is double life-size; almost everything is gilt.

But, for all its progress, Berlin has not yet quite grown out of the frugal, pinching, half-capital, half-provincial habit of its earlier life:

Its electric accumulator tramcars are the most palatial imaginable, but its omnibuses, with people swarming like bees on their heavy knife-boards, are clumsy abominations, and seem purposely designed for the torture of the scraggy burses. There is a vast deal of German simplicity left amid the gorgeousness at Berlin. The Thiergarten is a park unmatched for cool greenery in any city of the world; you can walk under trees in it for miles and miles. But no influence can make a Corso, a Hyde Park, a Bois de Boulogne of it; you see fashionable people swelling with pride behind a horse, a harness, and a groom that a self-respecting farmer would be ashamed to show at market. There is a music-hall in Berlin more sumptuous than any I ever saw in any country—eighteen turns, including songs, ballet, cinematograph, jugglery, acrobats, knockabouts, poses, plastiques, and circus-riding, with Anna Held, Marie Lloyd, and German and Italian Marie Lloyd thrown in. Berlin divides its affections between such Croesus splendors as this and restaurants where you can not pay more than a penny-farthing for anything. There are half a dozen such already, to say nothing of a penny-in-the-slot restaurant—very popular because, as its patrons unaffectedly point out, you do not have to tip the waiter.

The Kaiser's capital is a queer jumble. But the queerest thing in it is technically outside it—the mausoleum at Charlottenburg, wherein rest the bodies of Frederick Wilhelm, the

liberator of Germany from Napoleon; of the beautiful Queen Louise, who died of a broken heart for Germany; and of the first Kaiser and his consort:

The present Kaiser charges you twopenny-halfpenny to view the tombs of his ancestors. But that is not all. At the portal stands a cheap angel, with a gilt sword of flame, as if the mausoleum were the Garden of Eden, nor as if the Kaiser could call on the heavenly hosts to act as supernumerary policemen. And on the marble effigies of his fathers, of the men who built up this great and wonderful empire of Germany—the light can only fall through panes of cheap violet and yellow glass. It is said to be intended to make the figures look more like real corpses. The blindest heroes of Prussia are baled in the vulgar light of a penny gaff. Berlin can be dazzling, but it can also be very tawdry. The Kaiser's city is something of a parvenu among capitals after all.

At the great autumn parade, when the garrison of Berlin marched past the Kaiser on the field of Tempelhof, a few years ago, Mr. Stevens had a good opportunity to study William the Second. Here is a pen-picture of the German emperor as he appeared on his way to the review:

A man of middle size, sitting constrainedly and bolt upright; a dead, yellow skin, hard-penciled brows, a straight, masterful nose, lips jammed close together under a dark moustache pointing straight upward to the whites of his eyes. A face at once repulsive and pathetic, so harsh and stony was it, so grimly solemn. A face in which no individual feature was very dark, but which altogether was black as thunder. He raised his gloved hand in a stiff, mechanical salute, and turned his head impassively from left to right; but there was no courtesy in the salute, no light in the eye, no smile on the tight mouth for his loyal subjects. He looked like a man without joy, without love, without pity, without hope. He looked like a man who had never laughed, like a man who could never sleep. A man might wear such a face when felt himself turning slowly into ice. He was gone again, and the crowd was flooding the street behind him. "Ach," sighed an old lady in crape, "pity that he always looks so cross. So different from our dear, dear old Kaiser." And I saw more than one gray head shake as she spoke, not angrily, but with a kind and even touching regret. But all the older men are not quite so sparing in their condemnation. The young—I am speaking now only of the well-to-do—are often ecstatic in their admiration: he is German through and through, they will tell you; he means to make Germany the only nation on earth, they tell you, though they do not tell you how. Even their elders will own that he is a rousing speaker. "He hits the nail on the head; his speeches thrill us all through when we read them in the newspapers." Then, perhaps, they will tell you an anecdote of his readiness. One day, as he rode through a by-street, he came on a score of socialist workmen. Eighteen took off their caps reluctantly, two remained covered. Whereon the Kaiser rode straight up and saluted them till their caps came off for shame, if not for loyalty. That was well and kindly done.

But that was almost the only action which Mr. Stevens heard of him which might win his people's personal love:

The young may admire him and trust in him, but he is not the beloved sovereign his grandfather was—not even what his father was. The old Kaiser came in his study-window every morning of his life to greet his people; the present Kaiser began by shutting a gate of the royal palace that had always stood open. It was a small thing, but it was noticed. The old Kaiser and Unser Fritz had a smile and a cheery word for the meanest of their subjects; this Kaiser has sometimes a machine-made salute, and always a scowl. He seems to despise his people, and even the Germans dislike to obtrude a show of scorn, even in a Kaiser. What has he done? His father and grandfather had done great things for Germany; this man has talked much and done nothing. Perhaps, even more than the simple courtesy of the old Kaiser, the Germans loved his simple tastes. They are humble people and they loved to think that their emperor was barely like them. But the present Kaiser, observe that they hardly ever speak of him but as "the present Kaiser," and the implied comparison is telling—is all for luxury display, extravagance. His income—all paid by the light-soiled kingdom of Prussia; Germany as an empire contributes nothing—is the enormous sum of 15,000,000 marks, or \$3,750,000; yet he is said to be deep in debt. And at each new piece of ostentation people shake their heads, and have already begun to ask when pays.

In the evening of that day, Mr. Stevens saw the Kaiser again, and had a chance to observe him in a different mood and with different surroundings. It was a state performance at the opera for the King of Siam:

In the first eight rows of stalls or on sat only officers; the ladies had to scramble for the back seats as they liked. The whole house, from floor to upper gallery, shone with orders and uniforms. The ballet was in being at eight and end at nine. But eight o'clock came, five past, a quarter past, half past, and the royal box was still empty. If punctuality be the politeness of princes, this was an unmannerly prince. At last a chamberlain, or something, came to the front of the royal box and tapped thrice with his wand. The whole house rose. Then appeared the Kaiser—plain, plump, not interesting—on the arm of the little yellow King of Siam. Behind came the Kaiser. Stiffly he moved to the front of the box; stiffly he brought his heels together and drew himself up. He seemed to bring himself into position in pieces; you could see him squaring his shoulders; you could see him inflating his chest. Then, with a fixed, unmoving face, he pushed his head forward perhaps two inches; that was his salute. A king who can not smile is bad; a king who can not bow is worse.

He fixed himself very bolt upright and stared unwinking before him at the stage. The curtain went up and the ballet began; the Kaiser still sat without moving a muscle, a face and a figure like that of a statue. Now and again the King of Siam's questions became too insistent; the Kaiser bent over for a moment, as if he had no joint in the middle of his back, and then drew back to the jointless graven image. Once he turned to somebody behind him, and I hoped, laughed. Laughter not that face would be like mist grass in a desert. It was over. The Kaiser rose, squared his shoulders, inflated his chest, pecked at his people, and went. The last I saw of him he was giving his arm to a princess; he looked like a colored plate of a book of etiquette.

Mr. Stevens says that the picture post-card is one of the vital elements in German life; the most highly cultivated do not disdain to play with them:

On one side they are wondrously taken up with views, with simple inscription: "Greeting from _____" wherever it may be. On the other side you have only to write the address. As the object of the German's travels is not so much enjoying himself in a place as enjoying saying that he has been there—adding it to his repertoire—the picture post-card is just the sort of combined index and guarantee of good faith that he wants. The picture may be a view of a place or of an event. They sell them an excursion steamers, in music-halls, dancing-saloons, everywhere—each with its own inscription: "Greeting from La Marguerite"; "Greeting from the Tivoli"; "Greeting from the largest crane in the world, at Hamburg"; greeting from any conceivable place a German could ever visit. If you prefer bumper, you can get pictures of a row of people being seasick over a ship's side. At the manœuvres, soldiers by the hundred bought half-penny cards with little pictures of soldiers manœuvring on them, to send to friends. If you are artistic, you can get one with the Sistine Madonna; if frivolous, one with the Sisters Barrison. High-toned or low, the whole nation plays with the picture post-card as one Germany. It is the exact summary of the German holiday.

We should like to quote from Mr. Stevens's equally entertaining chapters on "The Hanoverian Question," "A Country Gentleman," "What a German May Do," "William Second," "How to Be a German," and "On the German Army," but space forbids.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Max Lenzmann, the ten-year-old son of a Berlin lawyer, has been dismissed from his gymnasium and forbidden to enter any other in Prussia, for committing *Rise majesté* when the principal of the gymnasium mentioned to the pupils the recent attempt at Breslau upon the life of Emperor William.

A Cape Town correspondent has interviewed Mrs. De Wet, wife of the Boer general. She said: "You Englishmen will never catch my husband. He is going to win back for the Free Staters and Transvaalers what they have lost. He has enough food and ammunition to last for three years, and that is just how long the war is going to last."

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan left an estate of about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, nearly all of which goes to his nephew, H. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan also left a number of mementos from his silver and china to personal friends, men and women, among them being Mrs. Beach Grant, mother of Lady Essex; Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, and Mrs. Crutchley. His original scores were bequeathed to musical institutions and friends, Mrs. Ronalds getting the score of "The Lost Chord." He left his portrait to the nation.

The wedding of the Princess of the Asturias, the elder of the two sisters of the King of Spain, with Prince Charles of Bourbon-Sicily, the second son of the Count and Countess of Caserta, will be at Madrid in January. The Spanish ministers have given a hy no means cordial consent to the union; and, though the bridegroom-elect is popular in his regiment and a favorite with the Spanish royal family, the match is not liked; for people think that the princess, as her brother's heiress, ought to have made a more brilliant alliance.

The vice-president of the Federal Council, Ernest Brenner, has been selected President of Switzerland for 1901, in succession to Walter Hauser, of Zurich. Dr. J. Zemp, of Lucerne, who was chief of the department of posts and railroads, was elected vice-president. Ernest Brenner is only forty-four years old, yet he is deemed one of the ablest of the international lawyers of Europe. He is a native of the Swiss canton of Basle, and served several terms in the national Rath before his election to the council in 1898.

For the first time in its history, Uruguay has established diplomatic relations with the United States. Its minister, Señor Don Cuestas, is the son of its president, and is a handsome young bachelor, who has the distinction of being the youngest minister of the corps. He was educated in his native city, Montevideo, and is a lawyer by profession. He served as district attorney for two terms, and at the time of his present appointment was the governor of the province of Cerro Largo. The wife of the first secretary, Señora Howardy Arrien, who is a charmingly beautiful woman, will be the hostess of the legation.

Helen Keller, deaf, blind, and heretofore dumb, who is a student at Radcliffe College, astonished the freshman class last week by making a short address at the class luncheon in Fay Hall. Helen, who has recently become able to make sounds which can be understood by those familiar with her, responded when called upon by the chairman. She spoke only a few words, in a low, unmodulated voice, which did not lack in strength, and was even musical. Miss Sullivan, her constant companion and guardian, can now understand her quite readily, as can others who have become accustomed to her. Miss Keller is now nineteen years old.

President McKinley has assured Representative Kahn and Henry T. Scott that he will visit San Francisco without fail next spring. The exact time could not be fixed on account of the exigencies of the public business, but it will probably be in May. The President will travel westward over the Southern route, visiting New Orleans, and will he met at the Colorado River by a delegation of Californians and welcomed to the State. He will spend two days at Los Angeles and then proceed to San Francisco, where he will attend the launching of the battle-ship *Ohio* at the Union Iron Works. It is probable Mrs. McKinley will touch the button that slides the battle-ship into the water.

According to the dispatches, the widowed Queen Margherita will after all take up her home in Rome, and devote her time and money to the intellectual culture and artistic development of her own country. She received under King Humbert's will about \$2,000,000, and the state makes her a dowager's allowance of \$200,000 a year. She has already specifically set apart \$140,000 a year to assist and reward young workers in literature, science, and art. Recently she personally consulted with a number of representative Italians, including such composers as Mascagni, Puccini, Leoncavallo, Giordano, and Boito, and with the poets Canalicci, D'Annunzio, Pascoli, novelists Verga and Fogazzaro, and artists Morelli, Monteverde, and Nimenes. All enthusiastically approved her design and promised assistance in its execution.

In an interview last week, William J. Bryan made the following announcement: "I have for several years had in contemplation the establishment of a weekly newspaper, and this seems an opportune time for undertaking it. Intending to devote my life to the study and discussion of public questions, I have taken this method because it will best accomplish the purpose which I have in view. Through a paper I will be able to keep in touch with social, economic, and political problems. The paper will at the same time, if successful, provide an income sufficient for my pecuniary needs, and this kind of work will allow me more time with my family than I have been able to enjoy for several years past. The paper will be called the *Commoner*, and will defend the principles set forth in the Kansas City platform. I shall be publisher and editor, and Lincoln will be the place of publication."

A CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

How the Scoffer Was Trebly Rewarded.

Edmond de Verneuil had thrown himself into an easy-chair with his chibouk, and through the wreaths of smoke ascending from the fragrant weed sat staring in astonishment at his friend, Louis Duvivier. Neither of the men had spoken for some moments; at last De Verneuil said, with a withering look of pity:

"And so you have really determined to throw yourself into the matrimonial sea. Poor, unfortunate man! I had hoped better things for you."

"Thanks," replied Duvivier, sharply; "your compliment at least possesses the merit of not being *banal*. I announce to you my approaching marriage with a charming girl, whom I adore, and you have nothing to offer but lamentations."

"My friend," said De Verneuil, placing his pipe on the inlaid tabouret beside him, "I never play the hypocrite; it is a part I have always eschewed, and upon such a sorrowful announcement I can only offer my most sincere condolence."

Duvivier looked somewhat annoyed as he listened, but the shadow of impatience soon passed away, and he described in glowing terms the beauty of his young *fiancée*, Mlle. Helene Deschamps.

"So much the worse," said the crusty bachelor. "Your case, which at first seemed only dangerous, is now incurable, and your happiness, which appeared probable, is now no longer possible. To have a pretty wife, sir, is to be devoured by jealousy."

"Mlle. Deschamps is wealthy and possesses a fortune in her own right," calmly observed Duvivier, without commenting on his friend's remarks.

"Then with her luxurious and expensive tastes she will simply ruin you, my dear fellow," retorted De Verneuil.

But Louis Duvivier did not intend to be disturbed by Edmond de Verneuil's bitter comments, and followed the announcement of his *fiancée*'s wealth by declaring that her mamma was charming.

"Then you will have that *bête noire*, a mother-in-law," growled De Verneuil. "Your ruin is complete, old fellow, and I haven't the slightest hope for you."

Duvivier laughed good-naturedly, and assured De Verneuil that, notwithstanding his paradoxes, he expected him to be present at the wedding and to act as groomsmen. "You are my oldest and best friend, Edmond," said he, coaxingly, "and for these reasons you ought not to refuse my request."

"And precisely for these reasons I must decline," tartly responded De Verneuil, "for I should feel as though I were assisting at your electrocution."

"Then if you will not consent to act as best man," said Duvivier, with genuine disappointment, "promise at least to be present at the wedding."

De Verneuil looked at him for a moment without answering. He was really fond of Louis Duvivier, and their friendship had been one of long standing. He disliked to appear uncivil, so finally he said: "Well, perhaps—but do not count on my coming."

"Decidedly," exclaimed Duvivier, a little vexed, "you are still an antagonist to matrimony."

"Irrevocably," was the laconic answer of De Verneuil.

"Then you never intend to marry?" asked Duvivier.

"I should prefer to send a bullet through my brain," promptly answered De Verneuil. "Expedient means are preferable to slow ones," he added, emphatically.

"Then you propose to remain always in solitary bliss?" said Duvivier, laughingly.

"Pardon me," said De Verneuil, stopping to fill his pipe, "you should say in independent bliss. From a wife, children, and family may heaven preserve me! For a wife," he continued, waxing eloquent, "means loss of liberty and the obligation of following her caprices instead of your own—you must go out when you desire to remain in, and remain in when you wish to go out; at table you must eat madame's dishes instead of those you prefer yourself; listen with an interested air to a lot of insipid gossip, plentifully sprinkled with the latest hints in the fashions of bonnets and hats, and meekly receive reproaches, recriminations, and jealous suspicions. And children! Why my dear Louis, the very sight of an infant brings on an attack of indigestion. And when they grow up, if they are boys, they devour your money by getting into all kinds of scrapes—and if they are girls, they must be dowered before they can be gotten rid of. So, with Cyrano, I say, 'No, thank you!' And then that other delightful appendage of matrimony—a mother-in-law! Why the very thought of her makes me shudder! Now you have in a nut-shell, my dear boy, the wise reasons which prevent me from committing the folly of matrimony," and with a deliciously self-satisfied air the sage, crusty bachelor sank into the hollow of his easy-chair, and puffing away at his pipe waited to hear what his friend had to say.

But Duvivier remained silent, and the cheerful expression on his bright, handsome face clearly indicated that the sorrowful picture of matrimony painted by De Verneuil had failed to impress him. The latter noted the failure of his words, and determined to make one more effort. Rising from his chair he stationed himself before the mantelpiece, and half confidentially, half affectionately, begged Duvivier to save himself while there was yet time.

"Brother," said he, "the other day, while crossing the Pont-Royal, I saw a man on the point of throwing himself into the Seine, when a policeman seized him by the lapel of his coat and pulled him back. I would do the same for you, Edmond," pleaded De Verneuil, earnestly, "pull you back, while there is yet time, from the troubled waters of matrimony."

But Duvivier only shook his head in answer, as he announced gayly his coming marriage to Mlle. Helene Deschamps on the seventeenth of May.

"Helene—a name of ill-omen!" growled De Verneuil,

with disgust. "Well, then, if you insist—go to the devil—or the hymeneal altar, which is one and the same thing."

Edmond de Verneuil was fast galloping out of his thirties, and the principles which he had just laid down were those which had governed his entire life, and kept him a bachelor in spite of the tempting opportunities which had come in his way, and which he had repulsed with horror. A few years back he had been considered one of the handsomest men in Paris, and even to-day his refined air and well-groomed person made him a marked figure in his drives through the Bois, which he took with clock-like precision. Rich, clever, and well known in the fashionable world, he had received innumerable hints from designing mammas, and the sweetest smiles of encouragement from their eligible daughters; to the first he had always been delightfully gracious, particularly when their advances assumed the form of excellent dinners, but totally indifferent to the latter, scarcely deigning to notice their fresh young faces. With advancing years, the dinners and smiles had ceased, but De Verneuil hardly felt their absence—indeed, he congratulated himself with pride upon having escaped the many ambushes laid by these daughters of Eve to entrap him. Supremely content in his bachelor bliss, he lived entirely alone in his elegant apartment, as free as a bird on the mountain-tops, following his own sweet caprices, amusing himself with what pleased him, and avoiding all that was irksome or tiresome. Shut up secure in his egotistical citadel, which he had built and fashioned with his own hands, he fancied himself the happiest of mortals in existence.

One morning, shortly after Duvivier's visit, as he sat at the window contentedly smoking his pipe, he was tempted by the inviting March sunshine to take a promenade along the boulevard. But the treacherous March sun had deceived him, and before he had gone very far he began to feel chilled beneath his light spring overcoat, while an unwelcome sneeze foretold a cold in the head. Like all egotists, Edmond de Verneuil was painfully careful of his health, so he immediately dropped into a *café* and ordered a smoking hot punch to ward off, if possible, the disastrous effects of the chilly air. While he sat laconically sipping his drink, his eyes rested on a highly colored placard on the opposite wall, representing a series of enchanting views on the Mediterranean, and under them this inscription:

"TO THE BLUE COAST.—Express trains to Cannes, Nice, and Monaco—the journey made in seventeen hours!"

The blue sky, the blue sea, the warm southern sunshine, the gorgeous flowers of Nice, and the perfume of the orange-trees, all appealed to De Verneuil's æsthetic fancy. "There, at least," he thought, "I shall be safe from influenza," and immediately he made up his mind to go to Nice. That very night his trunks and valises were packed and strapped by his trustworthy valet, Pierre, and the next morning Edmond de Verneuil strutted about nervously in a luxurious compartment of the Nice express, after having selfishly strewn his hand-luggage over the unoccupied seats, in the hope of securing the entire compartment to himself.

But complete happiness does not belong to this mundane sphere, and in the twinkling of an eye De Verneuil's hopes of solitude were shattered by the arrival of a phlegmatic Englishman, who, without asking any questions and with that impassible air which distinguishes the traveling Briton, deliberately removed the valises and installed himself in their place. The Parisian was tempted to protest, but a moment's reflection convinced him that this was bad policy, for he had no right to reserve the entire compartment for his own use. So the crusty bachelor contented himself by an inaudible growl. Hardly had he recovered from his first disappointment, however, when the compartment was again invaded by a handsomely gowned elderly lady, with a sweet, high-bred, patrician face, accompanied by a younger woman whose pale-gray traveling-gown set off to advantage her wealth of blonde hair, fair complexion, and sympathetic blue eyes, and holding by the hand a delicate boy of five.

A glance at the child immediately told De Verneuil that the little fellow was ill and probably going south in search of health, and while the two women placed him tenderly on the cushions and tucked the light, warm, Roman blanket around him, De Verneuil growled again to himself. "A charming voyage I shall have," thought he, "with a phlegmatic Englishman and a sick child!" And in disgust he left the compartment and went in search of another. But he soon returned in a worse humor, for the compartments were all filled. When the train started, the disgruntled bachelor threw open the window to let in the fresh March air; but the pretty woman in gray, in her low, sweet English voice, begged monsieur to close it, as she feared the air was too strong for her little boy, and De Verneuil, with the politeness of a true chevalier, complied with her request.

No sooner, however, had he done so than the Englishman, who sat at the opposite end, opened the window near him. The two women looked imploringly at their countryman, who pretended not to see them. De Verneuil, more to annoy the traveling Briton than to be agreeable to the ladies, deliberately arose and closed it. The Englishman immediately opened it, and De Verneuil started again to shut it, saying: "Please remember, sir, that we are not in an English camp in South Africa, but in France, where courtesy is shown to women and children—madame fears the air for her sick child, so I hope you will allow the window to remain closed."

The little speech produced its effect, though the gentleman from across the Channel did not reply, but contented himself with opening very wide his eyes in amazement that a Frenchman should presume to give an Englishman a lesson in civility. The ladies, of course, were deeply grateful and duly expressed their thanks, and M. de Verneuil returned to his seat, experiencing a delightful sensation which he rarely felt—the pleasure of having rendered a service to others—and, as he resumed his seat in the corner, he began to study the child, who during all the commotion had remained quietly sleeping. The study fascinated him, and he fancied

he had never before seen a boy quite so beautiful; the slim, patrician nose and mass of yellow hair resembled the fair young mother, who, from time to time, bent over him with an interested expression of suffering on her pure, sweet face, as the baby chest was shaken by a dry cough, which even in sleep did not desert him. De Verneuil felt that he was growing desperately interested in the boy, and, as these thoughts flitted through his mind, the child tossed one of his Roman blankets on the floor, when he rushed forward, picked it up, and tucked it around him. He was amazed at his own tenderness, and began to wonder where it would eventually lead. The ladies again expressed their appreciation in that soft, sweet English voice so much admired on the Continent.

At Dijon, De Verneuil left the compartment, and when he returned he brought with him a large box of bonbons, which, with the mother's permission, he offered to the child. The candy delighted the little fellow; he grew animated and the color came again into his pale, emaciated little cheeks as he smiled with pleasure and fixed his great blue eyes on Edmond de Verneuil with that profound depth of expression which children's eyes alone possess and which seems to hide a world of thought. The bonbons had opened the way for a conversation between M. de Verneuil and the ladies; naturally the child's health became the absorbing topic, and the interested bachelor learned that madame had lost her husband three years before, and that some weeks previous to their journey to France, little Arthur had had a severe attack of bronchitis, which up to date had defied the assiduous nursing of his mamma and grandmother. Therefore he had been ordered by his English doctor to spend the winter at Nice.

"At Nice!" exclaimed De Verneuil, amazed to find the pleasure which the coincidence gave him. "Why, I am going there myself," he said. Just then the train drew up in the Lyons depot, De Verneuil alighted and soon returned laden with picture-hooks for his little, chance acquaintance. Arthur was delighted with the colored prints, and after looking at them for some time, suddenly threw his books on the floor and jumping on De Verneuil's lap, put his slender little arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Monsieur is good," he whispered, "and I love monsieur very much, and want him to come and stay at the villa where we are going."

This spontaneous outburst of affection touched a strange chord in the bachelor's egotistical nature. "The boy really loves me," he said to himself; and so, instead of going to a little hotel, as he usually did, he stopped at the same pretty villa as the Barringtons, and every day the handsome Parisian and the pretty little English boy, with his blonde curls flying in the breeze, spent hours together on the warm, sunny beach—and the bachelor was obliged to acknowledge, in spite of his prejudices, that he had never before found Nice quite so pleasant. Though he had not visited the Casino, the theatre, or any places of amusement, the days and weeks had flown by pleasantly and almost imperceptibly, and with the mild air and warm southern sunshine his pretty *protégé*, Arthur Barrington, had regained his health, and his little legs had grown strong and round.

A romp was now the order of the day, and one morning as De Verneuil, Mrs. Barrington, and Arthur sat in the pleasant sunshine, on the vine-covered veranda, the boy suddenly sprang up from his toys and began to scream and dance. "You see, mamma," said he, hurrying into a loud, merry laugh, "this is the way I play American Indian with monsieur."

"But my dear little son," protested his mother, "you are making such a dreadful noise."

"Let him alone, my dear madame," interposed De Verneuil, "I love to hear him scream and laugh, for these are the privileges of childhood." But scarcely had the words escaped him when he recalled his portrait of children to Duvivier—and possibly through shame and to efface the unpleasant remembrance, he caught the boy up in his arms and kissed him passionately.

Arthur laid his pretty, dimpled face upon his shoulder, and his piping, child-like voice begged monsieur to remain always with his mamma and grandmother. De Verneuil, usually so self-possessed, felt the color mounting to his face as he cast a furtive glance at Mrs. Barrington, who suddenly appeared to be absorbed in her book. Then in the twinkling of an eye he ran down the garden path, closely followed by Arthur.

That evening a quiet walk beneath the stars settled the entire affair to the satisfaction of all. The child had won, and for this reason Edmond de Verneuil returned to Paris in the bright month of May, accompanied by a *fiancée*, a prospective son, and a future mother-in-law; as an ardent lover he had few equals, and the young widow yielding to his pleadings, the marriage was fixed for an early date. Of course he did not attend Duvivier's wedding, for the very excellent reason that he had to be present at his own, but the next day he received from his friend the following note:

MY DEAR DE VERNEUIL: My warmest congratulations for your masterly stroke; but, between ourselves, I am as jealous as a Moor, for it is not the good fortune of every man to receive on the same day a wife, a son, and a mother-in-law!

Always sincerely yours, DUVIVIER.

—Adapted from the French of S. Boucherit for the Argonaut by Katharine Marshall.

Report comes from Tahiti that the officers and crew of the French cruiser *Protet* scandalized the French colony of Tahiti by their behavior there during the cruiser's recent visit to that French possession. The cruiser arrived there shortly before the celebration of the fall of the Bastille, July 14th. At the festivities they became enamored with some of the native Tahitian girls there, and throughout their stay had them aboard the cruiser, to the destruction of discipline and the scandal of the French colony. When the cruiser sailed away, it is said she took fourteen of the Tahitian girls with her.

THE PERSONAL NOTE IN FICTION.

Convictions, Loves and Hates, Joyful and Bitter
Experiences of Authors Mirrored in
Their Books.

All writers of powerful fiction are sure to put something of themselves, their thoughts and convictions, their loves and hates, into the sayings and doings of their characters. And some hint or unguarded overflow from their own inner experience is sure to escape them, sooner or later. That is, before age has withered or custom staled the freshness and intensity of their feelings. Take any book that is vitalized with earnestness, sincerity, and genuine emotion, one in which the characters live and think the thoughts and do the deeds and utter the sayings of people of every-day life. Observe when the serious issues of life come to them; notice when struggles are undergone, deep grief suffered, decisions made; when the tone of the writer becomes intense; when his glowing words rush in a flood, when his bitterness stings, and his pathos moves, and his exaltation inspires—then is there sure to be some reflex from the hidden soul of the writer.

Charlotte Brontë told secrets to those ever-living pages of "Villette," in which an over-strung, agitated soul is laid bare, that she ever discussed on earth with a living creature; perhaps proud, pure-minded, reticent, intense being that she was, she never admitted them to herself. And that loom, loom sorrow of Caroline Helstone's in "Shirley," whose wearing grip brought her so near to the "valley of the shadow"—did ever woman write with such deep comprehension of griefs like those without having known them?

Mrs. Gaskell—good, straightforward British matron—wrote one of the biographies of the century and never guessed the secret of the woman whose life she told so well. Wemyss Reid mysteriously hinted at it in his monograph on Charlotte Brontë, and Augustus Birrell, in plain, downright, man fashion, dragged forth the dim, faded sorrow from its hiding-place, shook out its folds, scrutinized it keenly, analyzed it dispassionately, and passed on. And those who really loved the memory of the woman whose genius and heart were joined into one strange, inward, consuming flame, grieved that the great, gapi, curious world knew at last that Paul Emmauel and M. Héger were one.

People who are fond of Charles Dickens's works have almost invariably begun reading them in childhood, and even to those unreflecting years one can recognize a strongly personal note in the intense bitterness with which David Copperfield resented his degradation to the menial position he occupied in the Loodoo warehouse of Murdstone and Grinby. It was again a cold sorrow, and cruel neglect revived in the memory of the writer and put into the life of a fictitious character with the same deep conviction of a cruel wrong done as Dickens had felt in his own case. "I know that I worked from morning until night with common men and boys—a shabby child. I know that I lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that for the mercy of God I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond." So Dickens felt in his sorrowful boyhood. So he wrote in later years of David Copperfield.

When we remember that strange, eventful happenings to George Eliot's life, when, with full cognizance of all that it meant, she deliberately turned her back upon the world's conventions and put her hand into George Henry Lewes's for better or for worse, and each held so faithfully to this strange, unequalized bond, one looks to her books for some similar happenings whose inception might be prompted by her own experiences. But not so; at least, not on the surface. But remember "Middlemarch" and the widowed Dorothea, whose husband's will, with its prohibition of a marriage between her and Will Ladislaw, suffices to raise the faint suspicions of her relatives as to the possibility of an attachment between the sympathetic but widely separated pair. There is a resemblance between Will Ladislaw and Lewes, both in personal appearance and in character. There is no resemblance in the circumstances, but let the prohibitory will and the faintly suspicious kinsmen stand for the conventions of the world. Let the renouciog of Mr. Casaubon's fortune and the giving up by Dorothea of her high position in the county to become the happy wife of an obscure, although intellectually and temperamentally congenial partner, be symbolic of George Eliot's position when she renoucioged the good opinion of the conservative and the respectable, and we have the clew—George Eliot and Dorothea are one.

Thackeray's flame of feeling burned at its whitest heat in that fierce moment when Rawdon Crawley hurled the hoary old sinner, the Marquis of Steyne, on the floor and trampled on his wicked, snarling head. One can read that special chapter over for the fiftieth time and feel one's heart beat fast, and one's breath quicken in burning sympathy with the injured husband. No such episode ever transpired in Thackeray's life. His heavily borne sorrows were out from woman's side, but from her suffering. But in this fiery scene of revolt, rage, and revenge, Thackeray, whose nature was upright and whose life moral, gives intense expression to his hatred of

hypocrisy and black deceit, and to his loathing for the unforgivable sin.

To come down to later times and lesser people: in "Peter Ibbetson," Gogo's wistful retrospect of his happy, love-surrounded childhood is a leaf borrowed from boyish memories of Du Maurier's own past. The young April glory of high spirits that rolls through the earlier pages of "Trilby" is again a joyous retrospect of the writer's youth, when the young Anglo-Freemason, with clear eyes and a clear heart, laughed and worked and frolicked through his student days in the Quartier Latin.

In "Red Pottage," by Mary Cholmondeley, I was struck by the spirit of intense yet narrow pride of birth which seemed to animate the authoress in writing of Hester, her pet heroine. So strong it seemed that I was very much inclined to think that Mary Cholmondeley herself belonged to an aristocratic family. There was also such a very great to-do about Hester's novel, and the authoress became so terribly worked up over its dismal destiny at the hands of the clerical brother that I suspected some personal element in the tone of feeling, and immediately on finishing the book, looked up "Diana Tempest," in the new edition of which the public was promised a biographical sketch of the writer's life. And there truly I found that Miss Cholmondeley had not her aristocratic name for nothing, for she belongs to a branch of the Marquis of Cholmondeley's family. Also, it transpires that Miss Cholmondeley is the daughter of a clergyman, and has had a sufficiently large number of clerics around her to become a little impatient of the special form of intolerance that is likely to be found among the most ardent and illiberal. And, furthermore, I discovered that Miss Cholmondeley's health broke down (like Hester's) after three and a half years spent in writing "Diana Tempest." From all of which we may infer that Miss Cholmondeley takes herself very seriously, and is rather of the opinion that as a writer she stands near the footstools of the immortals, whereas, in fact, she belongs to the ranks of those who are a shade above "The Duchess." Her people have a little more body to them, for the writer has moved in the good society of which she writes, and she has rather a keen eye for human weaknesses. But when it comes to touching up the lights as well as the shades of human nature, the pen grows weak and the style becomes commonplace.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Leigh Hunt's Lack of Business Ability.

Some reminiscences of Leigh Hunt by Mr. George Smith, in the current number of the *Cornhill*, rather disqualify the statement that no man can be a great writer who could not equally well have been a successful man of affairs. Mr. Smith tells the following personal experience with the author of "Abou Ben Adhem":

"Business was by no means Leigh Hunt's strong point. In this respect, but not otherwise, he may have suggested Skimpole to Charles Dickens. On one of my visits I found him trying to puzzle out the abstruse question of how he should deduct some such sum as thirteen shillings and sixpence from a sovereign. On another occasion I had to pay him a sum of money, £100 or £200, and I wrote him a check for the amount. 'Well,' he said, 'what am I to do with this little bit of paper?' I told him that if he presented it at the bank they would pay him cash for it, but I added: 'I will save you that trouble.' I set to the bank and cashed the check for him. He took the notes away carefully in an envelope. Two days afterward Leigh Hunt came in a state of great agitation to tell me that his wife had burned them. He had thrown the envelope with the bank-notes inside carelessly down, and his wife had carelessly flung it into the fire. Leigh Hunt's agitation while on his way to bring this news had not prevented him from purchasing on the road a little statuette of Psyche, which he carried, without any paper round it, in his hand. I told him I thought something might be done in the matter; I set to the bankers and got the number of the notes, and then he came with Leigh Hunt went down to the Bank of England.

"I explained our business, and we were shown into a room where three old gentlemen were sitting at tables. They kept us waiting some time, and Leigh Hunt, who had meantime been staring all round the room, at last got up, walked to one of the staid officials, and addressing him, said in wonderingly tones, 'And this is the Bank of England! And do you sit here all day, and never see the green woods and the trees and flowers and the changiing country?' Then, in tones of remembrance, he demanded, 'Are you contented with such a life?' All this time he was holding the little naked Psyche in one hand, and with his long hair and flashing eyes made a surprising figure. I fancy I can still see the astonished faces of the three officials; they would have made a most delightful picture. I said, 'Come, Mr. Hunt, these gentlemen are very busy.' I succeeded in carrying Leigh Hunt off, and after entering into certain formalities, we were told that the value of the notes would be paid in twelve months. I gave Leigh Hunt the money at once, and he went away rejoicing."

Richard Mansfield is known as a student of Shakespeare, as well as an actor of his plays. Having made the acting version of "King Henry V.," that he has been playing in New York all the autumn, he is now publishing it, with an introduction of his own and with notes elucidating the text.

CHRISTMAS VERSE.

Bethlehem.

Oh, Bethlehem, starred Bethlehem,
Bright with the coronation gem
Upon thy brow through history,
Whose eyes have seen the mystery,
Hail brow and eyes and diadem—
Hail, Bethlehem!

Dear Bethlehem, old Bethlehem,
'Twas thine the tide of time to stem.
The world was tired; its grizzled folk
Hope-weary, heard the centuries' stroke,
When cry of birth saluted them
From Bethlehem.

Heeoe, Bethlehem, young Bethlehem,
Thine ancient days thou mayest condemn
While all the cycles since engage
To celebrate thy youthful age.
Earth's years are young; she couoteth them
From Bethlehem.

Oh, Bethlehem, Queen Bethlehem,
Of hallowed lap and diadem,
Thy Kohinoor, it is a star;
Thy haods are white as lilies are;
Thy song is sorrow's requiem,
Queen Bethlehem.

—Ruth McNery Stuart in December Harper's Magazine.

By the Waters of Galilee.

The woad is low in the oleanders,
Softly stirring the rosy sea;
Out from a hill a rill meanders
Down to the waters of Galilee.

A bureau blazon of blue enamels
The rainless heaven that arches o'er;
And Druses drowse by their crouching camels
Where meadows dip to the shogly shore.

Crumbling walls that the hyssop clings to,
Such is Magdala's glory o'er;
And the only ear that the cuckoo sings to
Is that of his mate on the carob bough.

The columbed city that Herod fashioned,
That glistened white in the noonday haze,
Naught is left of its past impassioned
Save ghosts that wader its squalid ways.

Never a sail o'er a galley oaring
The shimmering reaches of liquid calm;
Only a watchful vulture soaring
Over the crest of a looely palm.

But still the monotonous, violet, vernal,
And the hooding vales where the shepherds be,
And the sun, in its equipoise eternal,
Looking down upon Galilee.

And ever, to halo the desert places,
By the spell of the girding silence bound,
The haunting thought of the face of faces,
Of Him through whom this is holy ground!
—Clinton Scollard in the December Century Magazine.

The Child.

When Mary saog to Him, I wonder if
His baby had stole softly to her lips,
And, smiling down, she oeds must stop her soog
To kiss and kiss again his finger tips.

I wonder if, His eyelids being shut,
And Mary beooging mutely over Him,
She felt her eyes, as mothers do to-day,
For very depth of love grow wet and dim.

Theo did a sudde presage come to her
Of bitter looks and words and thoro-strewn street?
And did she catch her breath and hide her face
And shower smothered kisses on His feet?
—Bertha Gerneaux Woods in December Scribner's Magazine.

"ARGONAUT LETTERS."

By Jerome Hart.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

San Francisco Chronicle.—"One of the most readable books of travel that have been issued in many a day is 'Argonaut Letters,' by Jerome Hart. It consists of letters from abroad, written by Mr. Hart to his paper, the *Argonaut*. They were written, as he says in a brief preface, while on the wing, and though occasionally scrappy they have the great merit of vivid interest and clearness of description. The author made the tour of the Mediterranean, obtained a glimpse of Egypt, and then spent the remainder of his holiday in Italy. He did not go beyond the beaten track of travel, but as he is a trained observer he saw many things that impressed him, and his comment is well worth reading. Especially in Italy the vice of militarism was forced upon him at every haod. . . .

"There are supplementary chapters, comparing the Chicago and Paris expositions, 'Of Eating and Drinking,' 'The Passion Play,' and 'The Thrifty Swiss.' The book is handsomely printed and is illustrated with half-tones of photographs, which are so beautifully executed and so well selected that they lead interest and value to the book. The publishers have given the book so handsome a dress that it is suitable for a holiday gift."

San Francisco Bulletin.—"Jerome Hart, the well-known editor of the *Argonaut*, has had published, through Payot, Upham & Co., a series of letters written by him while abroad. It is a handsomely bound and printed volume, and is well illustrated.

"The letters are bright and clever. There is no

ponderous effort to show great learning, no long disquisitions into the why and the wherefore, but these letters are just what they should be—chatty and pleasant. Mr. Hart is a keen observer. His long newspaper training has taught him just what to say, and the result is that the reader is given very entertaining descriptions. . . . He has a keen sense of humor, and his description of the German group of tourists is good. Mr. Hart is to be congratulated upon having these letters put into book-form."

Sacramento Record-Union.—"Argonaut Letters" is the title of a fat, richly and profusely illustrated volume by Jerome Hart, editor-in-chief of the *San Francisco Argonaut*. These letters were written to the *Argonaut* during Mr. Hart's extended travels in Europe and the Far East. Mr. Hart himself belittles them as . . . 'merely newspaper jottings' and therefore 'not literature because bound in boards.' In that judgment we can not concur. They are more than mere jottings. We have read them as they appeared weekly, and are prepared to class them among the very best works of travel which have come from any press, and as having a still higher value than mere description and narrative. For they are critical, witty, assertive, and searching, and that, too, often in directions few works of travel take. Mr. Hart saw to the centre of things, and his record is a constant comparison of civilizations, manners, customs, preachings, and the lessons to be learned from them. He entered into fields where few have trod, and brought up to view the ways and manners, promptings and motives, of peoples which most travelers fail to observe, being content with the upper side of what they view.

"Theo, too, Mr. Hart's style is admirable. He is a word-painter, a graphic delineator, often an eloquent writer, and always a graceful one. If it is true that there is much evidence of self-sufficiency on his part, an exalted estimate of his own judgment, there is compensation for it all in the fact that his judgments here recorded are sound, and rarely too severe when application of the lash is called for, while his satire has the ring of honest conviction and perfect fearlessness. He applies the whip out alloe to the backs of the peoples he visited but to his own countrymen and their institutions as well, whenever he believes it to be deserved, and comparison invites opportunity.

"It is a book of delightful reading—the descriptions are vivid, strong, and photographic. We like the letters much, though their author, with modest protest, insists that the only reason for their publication is found in response to the appeal of friends who wish them in permanent form. But did their author pause to consider that the expression of such a desire might be for better reason than to compliment and flatter him; that these friends found so much of meat in the writings that their expression of desire for their presentation in book-form was honest tribute to their literary grace and the strong quality of rational, helpful, instructive entertainment?"

Price, Two Dollars, wrapped for mailing.
For sale at the Argonaut office, 246 Sutter Street. Telephone James 2531.

The famous Pao-America beauty contest for the purpose of selecting the two most beautiful women in America on the official emblem of the Pao-America Exposition in Buffalo in 1901, closed last week. A committee, of two, of which Senator Chaucey M. Depew was chairman, selected, from photographs, Miss Maud Coleman Wood, of Charlottesville, Va., to represent North America, and Miss Maxine Elliott (Mrs. N. C. Goodwin) to represent South America.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Fowler's Short Stories.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler has written three novels, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," "A Double Thread," and "The Farringtons," that are enough above the ordinary in plan and diction to gain the serious attention of reviewers, and so bright and well sustained in interest as to win popular approval. The particular excellence in the books is the clever conversation of the characters, and even if this becomes a little too clever at times, the fault is easily condoned. Now Miss Fowler has chosen to give the public a volume of short stories, under the title "Cupid's Garden," and in these some new attractions may be found. The romantic interest, seldom a compelling feature in her novels, is here the single motive, but it is not exploited in the conventional manner. The sentiment and passion of youth are rarely the themes. It is the calm, sincere love of years that furnishes the romance in most of these stories, but there are many surprises, many silent griefs that are cherished until they are dear, many sudden floods of sunshine when the days of gloom had been long and weary. Yet there is much more of happiness than of sorrow in them, and the pathos is in touches that do not linger. There is less of conscious art in this volume than in those that have preceded it, but its unaffected frankness and old-fashioned simplicity are winning. It will strengthen the ties that have grown up between the author and her many readers.

The first of the stories, though not the strongest or most pleasing, is an original conception. It describes the affection of an old couple—the husband has been blind for many years, and his wife, who is his eyes and his hands, lives only in his happiness. He tells a young friend how he won the love of his wife, Rachel, when she was a girl, and describes the night when he rescued her from a burning house, and then went back to save her sister Naomi, but too late, for the building fell and she was lost, and in the flames his sight was sacrificed. He was attended during the following weeks of pain by the girl he had saved, and in his fever and delirium her name was always on his lips. When he recovered the two were married, and years of perfect happiness had resulted. Soon after this recital the old man dies, and when the friend talks of his goodness to the widow the praise is added to with fervor. But one grief is hers beyond all others—a grief from the past. It is that her sister was not saved to be his wife instead of the one who married and cared for him. It was better as it happened, declares the friend; "Even Naomi would have wished it." "I am Naomi," answered the sorrowing woman.

There are fourteen of the stories, all worthy, and one of them, "A Merry Heart," will bear comparison with the best that have come from the pens of the French novelists, the acknowledged masters of the art of short-story writing.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$r.50.

A Novel of Strength and Weakness.

"A Furnace of Earth," by Hallie Erminie Rives, is a novel of strength that is not always sane, of beauty that is too often dressed in tawdry and fantastic garb, yet it holds the interest of the reader and its impression does not fade quickly. It bears marks of genius, but its faults are many. The love of a brooding, introspective young woman for a vigorous, attractive man, who is rejected because his passion seems to be too much of the earth, is the theme of the opening chapters. Then the man meets with an accident and becomes a helpless, physical wreck. The woman nurses him, restores him to a semblance of health but not of strength, and entreats him then to marry her, but the sacrifice is refused. It is the study of her love, her self-questioning, her imaginings before the awakening to the reality of her desires, that display the power and the unconventional methods of the author. Some problems that are seldom discussed in novels are treated with entire frankness in this story, but the philosophy is sound. The story is dramatic and yet simply planned, and its ending is not the tragedy that seems foreshadowed.

Published by the Camelot Company, New York; price, \$r.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Gwendolen Overton, who has contributed many charming short stories to the *Argonaut*, has written a novel entitled "The Heritage of Unrest," which is to be brought out simultaneously in London and New York by the Macmillan Company early in February. It deals with army and frontier life in the 'seventies and 'eighties.

Edmond Rostand's play, "L'Aiglon," will be brought out in French this week by Brentano's, New York. The publication of the play in the original language has been frequently postponed, first on account of the illness of the author, and again because of his wish to have in literary form the text as finally revised by him.

Count Tolstoy has finished the drama, "The Corpse," upon which he has been engaged for some time past. The play, which is in twelve scenes, will be produced immediately after its publication.

"Rulers of the South," F. Marion Crawford's romantic historical work on Sicily, Calabria, and

Malta has just run into its second edition. These two volumes are companions to "Ave Roma Immortalis," which was published last year.

Hall Caine will winter in Rome, where he has just arrived. He expects to complete his novel, called "The Eternal City," during the next few months.

Thackeray's daughter is writing again—a series of essays this time dealing with charming but forgotten books. She calls them "Blackstick Papers," after the good fairy in her father's inimitable little tale, "The Rose and the Ring."

Rudyard Kipling has dramatized his long story, "The Light That Failed," and the play has been acquired by Charles Hawtrey, the English actor.

The popularity of "David Harum" shows no sign of waning. The sales of Mr. Westcott's story have now verged close upon half a million copies.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., have in preparation the fourth edition of Charles Fleming Embree's powerful romance, "A Dream of a Throne: The Story of a Mexican Revolt."

"The O'Ruddy," the posthumous novel of Stephen Crane, is to be dramatized by David Belasco.

The English novelist, W. E. Norris, is talking of visiting this country for the purpose of giving public readings from his books.

That Captain Slocum's narrative of his adventurous trip in "Sailing Alone Around the World" is appreciated in naval circles, is shown by the fact that his book has recently been added to the list of works included in the crew's libraries on American men-of-war.

Jack London, the author of the collection of Yukon stories known as "The Son of the Wolf," published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, has now come forward as an economic essayist, his essay having won a prize of two hundred dollars offered by the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for the best paper on "The Advantages of Coöperation."

Maurice Hewlett's new novel, "Richard Yea-and-Nay," published by the Macmillan Company, has run through four large editions in as many weeks.

"Westwood," the estate of the Sir John Pakington who was said to be the original of Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley, has just passed forever out of the hands of the Pakington family. They had owned it since the time of Elizabeth. A Yorkshire manufacturer has bought it for \$350,000.

A new edition of the works of George Eliot, in twelve volumes, has just been issued by Little, Brown & Co. The set contains a series of photographic frontispieces by H. L. Richardson, and includes a Life of George Eliot by Mathilde Blind.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. are about to publish two interesting volumes by Professor Brander Matthews. The first is entitled "The Philosophy of the Short Story," which was originally included in the same author's "Pen and Ink," but which has now been reprinted with some revision and annotation in response to a demand from many persons who are especially interested in the history of fiction. The second volume is entitled "Notes on Speechmaking," and consists of two chapters, the first entitled "The Four Ways of Delivering an Address," and the second "The Real Secret of After-Dinner Oratory."

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have just issued Worthington C. Ford's elaborately illustrated production entitled "George Washington," in two volumes. Besides the text it includes, as illustrated matter, probably the finest collection in reproduction of Washingtoniana that has ever been made.

Elizabeth Knight Tompkins has just finished a story which will be published early in the coming year under the title of "His Kind."

Already the first edition of Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon; the Last Phase," consisting of ten thousand copies, has been exhausted in England. The *Athenaeum* utters many disparaging wails over the book, and says that it is written in a style not historical, but rather adapted to that of after-dinner speaking.

A second edition of Hamilton W. Mabie's work on "Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man" has just been issued by the Macmillan Company.

"The Luck of the Vails" is the title of E. F. Benson's forthcoming story. It is said to be on the lines of his former book, "Mammon."

The principal figure in George Gissing's new novel, "The Coming Man," is a political one, and, by an odd coincidence, the book travels over much the same ground that was occupied by Anthony Hope's "Quisant."

Three juvenile books that are issuing from D. Appleton & Co.'s press are Ralph Henry Barbour's "For the Honor of the School"; a sea tale by Cyrus Townsend Brady called "Reuben James, a Hero of the Forecastle," dealing with adventures in the wars against the French and English in the early days of the American navy; and Ezekiah Butterworth's "In the Days of Jefferson," in which certain romantic episodes of Jefferson's early life in Virginia are used in picturesque fashion.

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Deserves to be widely read.—*Providence Journal*.

There are many graphic descriptions in the story, many dramatic situations, many figures that move naturally, and love, mystery, and battle are added to its attractions.—*The Argonaut*.

Will hold the interest to the close, and is well worth reading for its fine descriptive passages.—*Boston Transcript*.

One of the best Mexican stories of recent publication. . . . The interest is maintained throughout.—*Chicago Record*.

Intensely dramatic and full of movement.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Outside of history the most considerable contribution to American literature inspired by Mexican themes. It is emphatically a story of the open air, of high and romantic adventure, and as all alive with the noise of horses' feet, as filled with intrigue, desperate fight, and the clash of arms, as the great historical romances of the elder Dumas.—*Mexican Herald*.

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Or, the Six Golden Horseshoes. A Tale of Republican Simplicity. By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, author of "In the Boyhood of Lincoln," "The Story of Magellan," "The Treasure Ship," etc. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. 12mo. Cloth, \$r.50.

The earlier years of Jefferson's life in Virginia furnished a series of romantic episodes of which Mr. Butterworth has made most picturesque use. The story which he tells is founded upon facts, although the unexpected figure of Selim, and the Order of the Golden Horseshoes, might well be taken for romance. Mr. Butterworth follows Jefferson to the White House, sketching his career with a peculiar sympathy and apt appreciation of the salient lessons of his life. The story is a fascinating one, and its value as a chapter of American history is enhanced by the approach of the centennial anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase.

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LITERARY NOTES.

How Noble Ladies Earn Their Living.

In the earlier novels of "John Strange Winter" there was a seemingly perfect knowledge of British army life, at least on its official and social sides, and there was some good character drawing, even if her heroes were a trifle heavy. Her latest story, "A Self-Made Countess," is on new lines. The hero, if he deserves the term, is a military man, and as early as well, but there are no pictures of life in the barracks. The heroine herself records her struggles and triumphs, and though there are some rather disagreeable family squabbles, on the whole the chronicle is entertaining, and to most American readers it will present some unusual views of the nobility.

Blanche, the youngest daughter of Lady Darlington, is *petite*, with feathery, golden-red hair, and she wins the Earl of Grindbury, and his family jewels, fortune, and estates. But her ambition is not satisfied. She realizes that although she is a countess she must actually do something or she will not be considered much of a figure. Consequently, she tries charity entertainments, and gives her house up to the guild for a tea that clears more than a thousand pounds for a children's hospital fund, but royalty does not grace the affair and it is not much of a success after all. Then, in despair, she considers every possible means for gaining the desired emolument. At last the idea comes. It is lace-making. The almost forgotten art of the old women of a Grindbury estate is revived, and the Thatchwood lace, with judicious management and advertising, is made a fashion. A gracious princess attends the first exhibition and sale, and sets the seal of royal approval on the manufacture. Thereof all is joy serene.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

America's Most Sublime Spectacle.

The weighty descriptive and historical volume, "To and Around the Grand Canyon," by George Wharton James, is a work that will appeal to all who care to know of the beauties and sublimities of the greatest scenic wonder of America. It is written by one who has spent ten years in exploring the Grand Canyon, and knows its attractions and terrors better perhaps than any other. And he has not been content to describe the wonders in his own words, but from historical records, from the notes of explorers and discoverers, and from the accounts of Indian natives, white hunters, miners, and guides, he has quoted freely wherever he could find matter of interest and value.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona Mr. James declares to be without a rival in magnificent majesty, gorgeous coloring, and multiplicity of sculptured forms, yet it is hollowed out of a vast plateau, and until the spectator reaches its verge he will be unaware of its proximity to this great scenic wonder. It is not so deep, narrow gorge, but a series of canyons, one within and below the other. "Picture one canyon, a thousand feet deep and ten miles across; below this another canyon, two miles less in width and a thousand feet deeper; still another, two thousand feet deeper and four miles narrower, followed by yet another deeper still and still narrower, until the inner gorge of granite is reached, through which the roaring river flows."

Not only the scenic majesty of the canyon and the rushing turbulence and power of the river are described, but all the approaches and trails are sketched, and practical directions are given for the guidance of tourists. There are a hundred fine illustrations in the volume, engravings from photographs.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$3.00.

The Beauties and Romance of Spain.

Katharine Lee Bates modestly presents her volume, "Spanish Highways and Byways," as a tourist's record of impressions that simply bears "witness to the picturesque, poetic charm of the Peninsula and to the graciousness of Spanish manners," but it deserves more than a careless word of praise. Its subject has inspired many poets. Hundreds have wandered from one city to another in the Spanish kingdom and have described with what art they possessed the views that stirred their interest, yet all along the beaten track there are new suggestions and fresh inspirations. Miss Bates is a good observer, and has noted little that is uninteresting. Her tour was recent, and many late issues and complications color the pictures which she presents. The illustrations accompanying the tourist's record are not numerous, but they are attractive and notable. The book is a handsome one in all respects.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.25.

"Shakespeare in Music."

The subtitle of Louis C. Elsoo's latest work, "Shakespeare in Music," will be required as a full explanation by most readers. It is, "A Collation of the Chief Musical Allusions in the Plays of Shakespeare, with an Attempt at Their Explanation and Derivation, Together with Much of the Original Music." In the Boston Public Library there are more than three thousand volumes treating of Shakespeare and his works, and their end is not

yet, but there are many of no great value and of inferior interest. Mr. Elsoo has contrived to give to his book both interest and value. It will be found entertaining by all Shakespearean students, and curious and delightful by all musical people. The references display patient research and a knowledge of the divine art that was required to discuss the subject with intelligent appreciation. It is one of the most attractive volumes in the Music Lovers' Series.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

New Publications.

"Kodaks," by Guy Alby Buell, a volume of observations partly in rhyme, has been published by the Record Publishing Company, Stockton, Cal.

"Coeur de Noel," by L. D. Ventura and illustrated by May G. Norris, a booklet in French, with marginal charcoal sketches, has been published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, 25 cents.

"The Roggie and Reggie Stories," by Gertrude Smith, is a book of toy tales in large print, with colored illustrations, suited to the youngest readers. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price \$1.50.

Three of Walter Crane's picture-books, printed in colors, are "The Hired in the Wood," "The Frog Prince," and "Beauty and the Beast." Published in paper covers by John Lane, New York; price, 25 cents each.

There are twenty-six of the choicest of Ernest McGaffey's pieces of verse in the little volume, "Poems of the Tow," now issued in the Lyric Library Series. Published by Richard G. Badger & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"Maude Adams in 'L'Aigloo'" is one of the most attractive of the several theatrical souvenirs. It gives many good pictures of the actress in scenes that illustrate telling points in the drama. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, 25 cents.

"Lords of the North," by A. C. Laut, a stirring story of adventure in the British America possessions, and "Parlous Times," by David Dwight Wells, a novel of modern diplomacy, have been published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 each.

In the Lover's Library Series the first three volumes are "The Love Poems of Shelley," "The Love Poems of Browning," and "The Silence of Love," by Edward Holmes. These dainty little books are printed in colored inks, with special border designs, and handsomely bound. Published by John Lane, New York; price, 50 cents each.

The new illustrated edition of "David Harum," that realistic story of American life, has a fine portrait of the author, the late E. N. Westcott, an introductory sketch by Forbes Heermans, giving the history of the book and some personal notes of the author, and many full-page and smaller pictures. It is handsomely printed and bound. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Especially rich in historical reminiscences, personal allusions of illuminating value, and charming descriptions of little sought scenes of past glories, is Rufus Rockwell Wilsoo's work, "Rambles in Colonial Byways." It is presented in two handsome volumes, illustrated from drawings by William Lincoln Hudson and from photographs. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$3.00.

Two attractive juvenile books are "What Did the Black Cat Do?" by Margaret Johnson, a series of stories for little folks, told partly in words and partly in pictures inserted in the text (75 cents), and "The Animals of Aesop," by J. J. Mora, which gives over a hundred of the fables, adapted for young readers, and many grotesque yet artistic drawings, some printed handsomely in colors (\$1.50). Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

Edwin Howland Blashfield and Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield have collaborated with excellent results in "Italian Cities," a work which will delight all art lovers, and which appeals strongly to all who care to know something of the art life and associations of Florence, Rome, Mantua, Parma, Ravenna, Siena, and other scenes of past triumphs and lasting possessions. Published in two volumes by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$4.00.

Two works of popular interest, and enduring value as well, that are presented to holiday garb, are James Laue Allen's "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath," in one volume, revised, and with a new preface and one hundred illustrations by Hugh Thomson (\$2.50), and "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," a twelfth edition, in two volumes, with twelve photographic illustrations from photographs (\$2.50). Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

A new, illustrated, two-volume edition of Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel, "Eleanor," is among the handsome books of the season, bound in royal blue and gold (\$3.00). "Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore, the romance that still holds its potent charm, is illustrated with thirty-two full-page reproductions of photographs taken in the Doone country and a new portrait of the author (\$2.00). "Vestry of the Basins," that delightful story of the

Maine coast by Mrs. S. P. McL. Greene, is given new attractions in the holiday edition in the way of engravings of scenes described in the book (\$2.00). Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Three books of good value for young people are "For the Honor of the School," by Ralph Henry Barbour (\$1.50), "In the Days of Jefferson, or The Six Golden Horseshoes," by Hezekiah Butterworth (\$1.50), and "Reuben James: A Hero of the Fore-castle," by Cyrus Townsend Brady (\$1.00). Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A collection of the poems of the late Daniel O'Connell, edited by Ina D. Coolbrith, has been made under the title "Songs from Bohemia." Prefacing these songs, many of which have associations and memories that enhance their value, is a graceful and appreciative biographical sketch by William Greer Harrison. A good portrait of the poet is the

frontispiece of the modest volume. Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Warde in "The Duke's Jester."

If Frederick Warde, in the course of his annual tour of the United States, can pick up no more promising play than Espy Williams' "The Duke's Jester," which he has been presenting at the Columbia Theatre during the week to only half filled houses, we would advise him to forego at once his intention of exploiting "the dramatic literature of America from year to year" and stick to his old Shakespearean repertoire of "Othello," "Hamlet," "Julius Caesar," and "King Lear." How such a conscientious and intelligent actor as Mr. Warde could have been inveigled into producing Mr. Williams' costume play is a mystery, for it is devoid of all novelty, and revolves about a most preposterous plot. The only explanation that can be offered is that Warde, having exhausted his drawing powers in his old successes, grasped at "The Duke's Jester" as a last straw in the hope that the end of the season would find him in circumstances better able to afford a more ambitious play by an American dramatist of greater renown.

Mr. Williams seems to have been laboring under the impression that an exchange of garments by his characters was an original conception with him, for he has worked the idea for all it is worth. Whenever his plot reaches an apparently inextricable tangle, Cecco, impersonated by Mr. Warde, is conveniently at hand, ready to offer his cap and bells and orange-and-black garb to the person in distress. For instance, in the second act, he allows his rival to assume the rôle of the jester and lead the woman he secretly loves to the altar, while he stands by in a monk's gown and watches the ceremony; in the third act, when he realizes that his kindness has been misplaced, and that Nina de Borgia really loathes her husband, he brings about her escape by disguising himself as the newly married bride, and sending her out into the night dressed as the fool; and in the last act, to satisfy a whim of his master, he swaps costumes with the duke and arrives at the home of Madonna Lisa just in time to save his lady-love from being abducted, and to mete out just deserts to those who have persecuted her.

In the third act, when Nina de Borgia (Mrs. Spencer) is convinced that her only hope of escape is in donning the jester's clothes, a disrobing scene is introduced which is strongly reminiscent of the much-discussed French farce, "The Turtle," which created such a furor in the East and was promptly eliminated after the first night's performance here. Of course it is impossible to compare the situations leading up to the screen scenes in both plays; but, inasmuch as Mr. Williams seems to have borrowed a little from many other plays, it is not difficult to guess where he received his inspiration. And what a shock it was to see the hitherto dignified Frederick Warde cavorting about the stage in skirts much as the hero of "Charley's Aunt" was wont to do! This bit of stage business could easily have been made coarse and vulgar; but, in fairness to Mr. Warde, it must be said that he never overstepped the bounds of propriety. Barring the duke of Mr. Spencer, the other rôles were indifferently played.

It is to be hoped that by the time Mr. Warde makes his next visit to San Francisco he will have found an appreciative angel willing and able to provide him with a better play, better support, and a live advance agent. If this is out of the question, and he wishes to regain his former prestige, let him intersperse revivals of his most notable Shakespearean successes with occasional performances of "Francesca da Rimini," "Virginius," or even "The Lion's Mouth."

Next week Primrose and Dockstader's Minstrels will appear at the Columbia Theatre and a treat is in store for those who like this kind of entertainment. It is practically the only minstrel company playing at first-class theatres exclusively, and includes such well-known comedians as Larry Dooley, William O'Brien, and Charles Bogart. The vocalists are Charles Kent, George Trewelling, Si Merritt, George Robinson, and Charles Wilson. In the olio, Bogart and O'Brien will contribute a clever musical skit, and the company's own orchestra will be under the direction of Professor Latham.

The great New York Casino success, "The Belle of New York," is announced as the next attraction.

"Cinderella" at the Tivoli.

The Tivoli Opera House has a strong holiday attraction in the extravaganza, "Cinderella," with its many popular features in the way of catchy songs, sparkling dialogue, gorgeous scenery, grotesque dances of frogs and toads, the doggies and

the kittens, and electric girls, its fine choruses and striking finales. Ferris Hartmann has liberally sprinkled his version of "Cinderella" with clever lines, and sings a number of topical songs which are received with great enthusiasm. May Hill makes a charming Cinderella, Annie Myers provokes much laughter as Dandini, and Maude Williams is a shapely and tuneful prince; Julie Cotte is a pleasing Queen Flora and Maggie Francis Leavey does a good bit of character work as the baroness. Tom Greene and Fred Kavanagh, as the over-hearing sisters, are very droll, and Arthur Boyce, Harry Richards, Tom Guise, and Ida Wyatt have all scored individual hits. Fest's transformation scene, "The Flowery Kingdom," surpasses anything which he has attempted heretofore. New features will be added from time to time during the run of "Cinderella" in the way of songs, dances, and amusing stage business.

The Orpheum's Christmas Bill.

Severus Schaffer, the famous equilibrist, will head the bill for next week at the Orpheum. It is some years since this remarkable juggler was seen at the Orpheum, and it is said that during his absence in Europe he has added many novel feats to his act, which now lasts nearly thirty minutes. The other new-comers include Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, in Cressy's new sketch entitled "In the Key of C"; Johnson, Davenport, and Loretto, comedy acrobats; popular Louise Dresser and her precocious pickaninnies; and Jack Norworth and Bertie Fowler, one of the most noted mimics on the vaudeville stage.

Those retained from this week's bill are Truly Shattuck, whose songs are well received, and the new moving-picture machine, the Comiograph.

"At the White Horse Tavern."

Ben Hendricks and his Swedish-American comedy, "Ole Olson," give way at the California Theatre on Sunday afternoon to "At the White Horse Tavern," a comedy adapted from the German, which enjoyed a profitable run at Wallack's Theatre, in New York, last spring. It is free from all farcical elements, and depends on logical and natural developments for its laughs. The scene is laid in a little inn in the Austrian Alps, where love-sick tourists and the red-cheeked hostess take part in no less than four affairs of the heart. The company which will present this comedy is said to be far above the average, and some picturesque stage-settings will be shown.

Edouard Strauss and his famous Vienna orchestra will follow.

Concert at the Art Institute.

The last promenade concert of the fall exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association, under the direction of Henry Heyman, took place at the Hopkins Institute of Art on Thursday evening, December 13th. Mr. Heyman's orchestra had the assistance of Mrs. G. Arnold, soprano; Reginald Norris, baritone; Benjamin Tuttle, violinist; Signor P. Demetrio, contra-basso virtuoso (late from La Scala, Milan, first appearance in this city); and Emil Cruells, organist and accompanist, in presenting the following programme:

Organ overture, "Prometheus," Beethoven, Emil Cruells; concerto in D-minor for two violins (piano accompaniment), largo, ma non tanto, Bach, Benjamin Tuttle and Henry Heyman; aria, "Achilles," Bruch, Mrs. G. Arnold; contra-basso, "Meditation," Bach-Gounod, Signor P. Demetrio; song, "Shepherd See Thy Horse's Foaming Mane," Korhay, Reginald Norris; violin, "Romanza Andaluza," Sarasate, Benjamin Tuttle; songs, (a) "Frühlingslied," Becker, (b) "Zauberlied," Meyer-Helmund, Mrs. G. Arnold; contra-basso, adagio, "Sonnambula," Bellini, Signor P. Demetrio; song, "Sans Toi," D'Hardelet, Reginald Norris; organ, (a) prayer, "Tannhäuser," Wagner, (b) "Largo," Haydn, Emil Cruells.

The Races.

To-day (Saturday) the Chantilly Stakes, a handicap for three-year-olds, over a mile and a furlong course, will be the special event at Tanforan Park. On Christmas Day, December 25th, there will be two races which promise to be especially interesting. They are the Christmas Handicap for three-year-olds and upward, distance one mile and a quarter, and purse \$2,000; and the Westchester Handicap, for two-year-olds, over a course of seven furlongs.

The Christmas number of the *Wasp* is one of the handsomest illustrated periodicals seen this year, and contains much valuable reading matter. It is profusely illustrated with artistic half-tone photographs of interesting scenes in the Orient, Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska, and the Pacific Coast, and contains a panoramic map of the route pursued by the early Argonauts on their travels to Oregon and California. The entire seventy pages show careful care in the mechanical work, and the issue is a valuable souvenir of California's progress.

The marriage of Mrs. Laura E. Bailey to John P. Burke, of this city, has been announced. The wedding took place in San José on November 8th, and was performed by Judge O'Neal. The wedding was quite private, there being present as witnesses Miss May Cottle and Miss Eleanor Cottle. The bride is a sister of Mr. M. H. de Young.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Subscriptions to Cretan Exploration Fund.

NEW YORK, December 4, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The interest in Mr. Arthur Evans's discoveries at Knossos in Crete, indicated by the large attendance at my recent course of public lectures in the Harmon gymnasium at Berkeley, emboldens me to call the attention of the public in California to an appeal for contributions to the Cretan exploration fund which has just reached me as made in England—see the English papers of October 30th—by Mr. Evans and Mr. Hogarth. Last year the Cretan exploration fund was organized; but of the necessary \$20,000 only \$2,500 was raised on account of the great demand simultaneously made upon the British public by war subscriptions. Of this small sum raised, one-half went to Mr. Hogarth's excavations—in the town of Knossos and the Dictæan Cave of Zeus. The other half helped Mr. Evans out in his work at Knossos, which I endeavored to describe in my lectures.

As the demands for war-subscriptions are still very great upon our English cousins, it has occurred to Mr. Evans that there might be some in America sufficiently interested and disinterested to lend him a helping hand. To any such, I beg leave to say that it will give me the liveliest pleasure to forward any donations to the Cretan exploration fund which may reach me in the care of the Macmillan Company, New York. Yours very truly,

LOUIS DYER.

Women's Skirts and Filthy Sidewalks.

The writer of the communication concerning women's skirts and filthy sidewalks in San Francisco is mistaken in supposing that this city is an undue offender in this regard. Since the law was passed some years ago forbidding expectorating upon the sidewalks, San Francisco has become much cleaner in that regard than it used to be. If our correspondent doubts this, let her visit some other city in the United States—New Orleans, for example, whose sidewalks are unspeakably foul and filthy. San Francisco's sidewalks might possibly be cleaner, but they are tolerably clean now.—EDS.

The Song of the Angels.

Once, only once, in the revolving years,
Celestial song has gladdened mortal ears;
Once, only once, has heaven come down to earth
With angel tidings of a Saviour's birth.

Not to the mighty, to the wise or great,
Did God unroll the starry scroll of fate;
But simple shepherds, keeping watch by night,
Beheld the glory break on mortal sight;
And humble ears, attuned to lofty word,
The gracious "Fear not" rapturously heard,—
Angelic prelude to the carol high
That swept with harmony the earth and sky.

Once, only once, that song to mortals came,—
Divinest spark of music's heavenly flame;
But evermore the deepening echoes roll
In tender cadence through each humble soul;
And simple folk, while keeping watch by night,
At duty's lowly shrine, with glorious light
Are flooded as of old from Bethlehem's sky,
And know that Christ, the Lord, is drawing nigh.
—Ella Gilbert Ives in December Lippincott's.

C. E. Green, secretary of the Crocker estate, says that early in January a decision will be reached relative to the kind of building that will be erected on the site of the present Calvary Presbyterian Church, corner of Geary and Powell Streets. It seems to be pretty well understood that a hotel will be built. The work of tearing down the church is now well under way, a large force of men having been put to work this week. The time allowed the church people to remove the structure has nearly expired, but Mr. Green said the estate was not disposed to hurry the society, although it is desired to begin work on a new building early the coming year.

William E. Brown, vice-president of the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank, died suddenly at the residence of his son-in-law, Charles H. Wood, 2015 California Street, on Wednesday, December 12th. Mr. Brown, who was in his seventy-sixth year, was for many years identified with the late Charles Crocker. Of recent years he has been associated with banking matters, giving his time freely to many charities and to the encouragement of art.

Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison (née Crocker) has purchased a New York residence, 76 Fifth Avenue, from William Hall's Sons, paying for it about three hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. The dwelling, which is not yet finished, is six stories high, 27.5 feet wide, and entirely fire-proof.

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SEASON OF 1900-1901

TANFORAN PARK

Second meeting begins Monday, December 17th and ends Saturday, December 29th.

Six races each day, including Steeplechases and Hurdle Races.

The Chantilly Stakes for three-year-olds will be run Saturday, December 22d. The Christmas Handicap, to be run on Christmas Day, will have a large field of high-class horses. The Juvenile Champion Stakes will be run on Saturday, December 29th.

Trains direct to Tanforan leave Third and Townsend at 7:00, 10:40, 11:30 A. M., 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, and 2:00 P. M. Valencia Street five minutes later. Special trains to the city at 4:15 and immediately after the last race.

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A TALK WITH COQUELIN.

Enthusiasm of the French Actor over Edmond Rostand—His Views of Some of Shakespeare's Plays.

If Benoit Constant Coquelin were customarily discussed in such colloquial terms, it could certainly be said that he is crazy about "Cyrano de Bergerac" (says the *New York Sun*). He seems to think of nothing else so much as of Rostand's play, and he would rather talk of it than of anything else. It is rather amusing to his friends to observe his earnestness when the name of Edmond Rostand or the play is mentioned. The actor responds to whatever the question or the thought suggested may be without showing any particular change in his demeanor. Then one word brings on another. He begins to speak more rapidly, his eyes brighten and the long sentences which roll from his lips are as pure in diction as if he were on the stage delivering in classical style the sentences he reads so wonderfully. These are signs that M. Coquelin is engrossed in the subject of "Cyrano de Bergerac," and it is always safe to say that he will be heard until his auditors retire or some crisis in the situation brings the conversation to a close.

Even then the great French actor will continue to discuss his favorite topic with anybody he may happen to be left with. After supper, one night last week, when he had a small group of hearers engrossed for nearly an hour, during which he had been the only speaker, and always on the subject of "Cyrano," he started to walk to his hotel, and found one of the party going in the same direction. He was delighted to have a companion, and, taking his companion's arm, he talked only of his favorite subject until they parted at the door of the Victoria, where the French actor is stopping. There is not a phase of the work, as a poem, a historical drama, a literary masterpiece, or an acting play that the French actor has not studied and discussed until there is not a detail of the subject with which he is unfamiliar. He is ready to meet any question or objection, and polemics on the subject are his delight.

Nearly as enthusiastic on the subject of Edmond Rostand and her own play is Sarah Bernhardt, although she shows it much less than the actor. Naturally she believes "L'Aiglon" to be greater than "Cyrano de Bergerac," so discussion of that subject might lead to an interruption of the friendly relations that now exist between the two artists. They are never together outside the sphere of their professional duties that the subject of Edmond Rostand does not immediately come up. It is surprising to observe the interest with which both talk of his work, somewhat impersonally, of course, when they are together, but with equal enthusiasm. Nor is this feeling difficult to understand.

Coquelin had for several years struggled unsuccessfully to manage the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris, and was almost threatened with bankruptcy when he got "Cyrano." That made a fortune for him and gave him fame throughout the world, a renaissance it needed at that time. No other single rôle he has ever played in his entire repertoire has done so much for his reputation as this figure of Rostand's. So it is not surprising that he should speak of the man who came to his rescue at so important a stage of his career. Mme. Bernhardt is nearly as much indebted to Rostand. Her experience as a manager in Paris made it plain that she needed some great, engrossing drama to appeal to the public. She went to Germany for Herman Sudermann's "Magda," and to Italy for D'Annunzio's "La Morte Civile." In the meantime she encouraged the younger French authors by producing a number of plays that did not succeed, among them Rostand's "Princesse Lointaine." She never lost her own admiration for that drama merely because the public ignored it. She still declares it to be one of the great poetic dramas of the time. After all these failures, "L'Aiglon" came, bringing her fortune. So these two great French actors have cause for being grateful to M. Rostand.

"I saw 'Cyrano de Bergerac' in the brain of its father, as it were," said M. Coquelin, the other day, "for I was with Rostand constantly as the idea of the play took form and gradually grew into its completed state. The statement made by some man in Chicago that he is the author of an original from which the drama is taken was especially monstrous to me, who know the infinite labor the author spent on the work. The part of the hero is the longest I ever played, and I think it is the longest ever written. And how prodigiously varied it is! If one plays Hamlet, he must always remain Hamlet, and the same is true of the actor who plays Macbeth. But in Cyrano there is every mood and shade of character possible to human nature. Every time is there in the one man. No part ever gave an actor such opportunities. Comedy, farce, extravagance, tragedy, love, and literary skill—all of these must be denoted by the man who would embody Cyrano."

"One wonderful thing about 'Cyrano'—there are so many wonderful things about it that I scarcely know which to speak of first—is the way in which Rostand treats extravagant episodes. Like Shakespeare, he makes them seem a perfectly natural part of the play. Take, for instance, the episode of the man in the moon, which is the most unreal thing in any recent play, in almost any play not

written by Shakespeare. And how Rostand uses this extravagance to add beauty to his plays! That conversation about the trip to the moon is exquisite in its fancifulness. Of course, extravagance for its own sake is inexcusable. Merely for a man to pretend, for instance, that he has been to the moon is merely a bore. But let him describe the journey so beautifully as Cyrano, and see what an effect it will create. It is a delight to hear such words, even if they do describe something that is quite impossible and outside of ordinary human experience. You will find the same thing in Shakespeare, especially in 'As You Like It' and 'Twelfth Night.'

"Speaking of Shakespeare reminds me that Americans are more ferocious on the subject of the way in which Shakespeare's plays should be acted than the English. They are much better satisfied over there to have changes made. I am going to act Falstaff some time in a version of 'Henry IV,' that uses both the dramas. I have had them made into one play, which I should never dare to act here because I should be thought guilty of disrespect to the poet. But I never yet have seen Shakespeare acted twice in the same way. Here and in London I have frequently seen Shakespearean plays, but they are never identical. The scenes are usually changed in one way or another and characters are sometimes omitted. So, as there is no regular standard, I can not see why any change should be viewed as an act of violence. I don't for that reason know what the Americans will think of a French Hamlet."

"I believe that there must be more in the character of Polonius as it exists in the original than any of our French translators has ever put into the work. I can find nothing in Marcel Schwob's version to make the character interesting. He begins nowhere in the play, and seems to lead to nothing important. I see nothing in the rôle with which I could make an impression. In the version of Shakespeare's play acted by Mme. Bernhardt, the First Gravedigger is nearly as long a part, and I am going to play that because it is at least intelligible to me, and I can understand what the author intends to express by the character. I felt the same way about Petruccio when I did that. I understood exactly what Petruccio was intended to be. I never object to playing small parts. They can be just as well played as the long ones, and he made just as creditable to the actor. Look at Père Duval and Brigard, the parts I am to play in 'La Dame Aux Camélias' and 'Frou-Frou.'"

M. Coquelin can not keep away long from the subject of Rostand, as his next remark showed.

"And Flambeau in 'L'Aiglon'—that might not be considered a great part; but it is a beautiful one, and I am delighted to act it. The old soldier does not represent, as some persons have thought, the surviving spirit of Bonapartism in France. It represents the fidelity of the Grand Army to its leader, and that is quite a different thing from the Bonapartism that exists in France as the political conviction of so many persons."

M. Coquelin is one of the French actors with no taste for the works of the contemporary writers of France who have followed the trend of Ibsen and other realistic writers. M. Coquelin's taste is for the romantic rather than the realistic, and he has not yet produced at his theatre any of the analytical studies of modern life that make up the repertoire to so large an extent at the other Paris theatres. He has little or no tolerance for Ibsen, and believes that the mission of the theatre is not accomplished in such plays as his. This is shown by his plans, which contemplate in the immediate future a new play by Edmond Rostand and the performance of a French Falstaff in his version of "Henry IV."

The Christmas edition of the San Francisco *Bulletin* will be unique, in that it will not depend for success on its illustrations or statistics of California's resources and progress. The central theme of it is "What California Has Done for Civilization in an Intellectual Way." It will revive many memories of famous men who flourished in earlier days, and tell what Californians who have distinguished themselves by their pen, brush, or chisel, are doing to-day in all quarters of the earth. One of the leading features will be a letter to the *Bulletin* from the veteran humorist, Mark Twain, in which he acknowledges that he owes much of his success to his early life in California. In short, this edition will be a great advertisement of California and an excellent souvenir to send to friends and relatives all over the United States.

Justice Lawrence, of the supreme court of New York, granted a decree of absolute divorce, on Friday, December 14th, to Amy C. Gillig from Harry M. Gillig. The Gilligs have not lived together for some time. Mr. Gillig is a prominent yachtsman and was at one time commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club. Mrs. Gillig is the daughter of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, of Sacramento.

W. C. Whitney thus replied to a telegram asking if there was any foundation for the newspaper report that he was engaged to Lillian Russell: "If you apply to the lady you will ascertain what is true. That she has never spoken to me in her life, and would not know me if we should chance to meet, is a pleasant illustration of the liberty of the press."

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

William E. Brown's holographic will has been filed by his daughter, Delia J. T. Wood, who stated in her petition for its probate that the value of the estate was about \$350,000. The will was written on August 4, 1896. Brown bequeathed all of his estate to his daughter, and said: "I desire that remittances of money shall be made to my wife on the first of every month sufficient for her maintenance and support." Brown and his wife, Mrs. Delia F. N. Brown, who is over seventy-five years old and is residing at Pinerolo, Italy, lived apart for twenty-five years, though they were never divorced. Testator leaves a number of books to the Bohemian Club.

The fifth annual account of John W. Mackay and Richard V. Dey as trustees of Mrs. Theresa Fair's estate was filed in Judge Coffey's court on Saturday, December 15th. The receipts from March 14, 1899, when \$201,859.02 was on hand, to February 6, 1900, amounted to \$146,576.25. After the payment of expenses, \$270,272.41 was left on hand on March 1, 1900. Since March 14th, \$78,162.86 has been disbursed. Among the advances made by the trustees were the following: To Hermann Oelrichs, \$2,200; to Mrs. Oelrichs, \$251,224.42; to Mrs. Vanderbilt, \$39,666.50. Mrs. Fair's will provided that the legacy of her daughter Virginia, now Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., should be paid when she attained the age of twenty-five years. Mrs. Vanderbilt reached that age on March 2, 1900, and the trustees then paid to her the bequest of \$1,500,000, with \$340,333 as accumulations, \$58,204.24 as interest on the legacy, and \$260,000 as her share of the residue. Mrs. Theresa A. Oelrichs, her sister, also received \$260,000 as her part of the residue.

Calvin E. Crocker, brother of the late Benjamin R. Crocker, of Sacramento, filed the latter's will for probate on Monday, December 17th. The will was made in 1876, and was witnessed by the late Charles Crocker and the late W. E. Brown. It bequeaths all of the estate, now valued at a half million dollars, to his wife, Mary E. Crocker. Mrs. Crocker died in June, 1899, and therefore the estate goes to Crocker's heirs-at-law, seven brothers and sisters and their offspring.

J. Downey Harvey has brought suit in the superior court of Los Angeles for the partition of the estate of Winefride Martin, who died in Baltimore, Md., April 4, 1897. The action is directed against Frank K. Murphy and Edward R. Dyer, as executors of the will of Winefride Martin, and Eleanor, Peter D., Walter S., and Genevieve Martin. The parties to the action hold possession in common of certain real estate belonging to the deceased and located in the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside, and San Diego. J. Downey Harvey claims an undivided fourteen-fortieths interest, and asks for judgment according to the respective rights of the parties in issue. If the partition can not be had without injury to these rights, he asks for the sale of the property described and the division of the proceeds between the parties.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Michelsen announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Fannie Michelsen, who is known on the operatic stage as Mlle. Francesca, to M. Jacques Coini, in Amsterdam, December 5th.

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VANITY FAIR.

It used to be said five years ago that middle age was having its innings at last and the innocent maid of eighteen had to give place to the experienced woman of forty. For a while the dramatists who wrote plays about persons of this age, chiefly because most of the popular actors and actresses were too old to appear as young men and young women, and the authors who put two or three mature characters into their books, made it seem as if middle age were really having a vogue. Men who had begun to lose their waists and women who were uncomfortably tight in their stays, began to regard themselves as once more at the age for sentiment. But this fashion did not last long and the newest style in ages is not likely to survive much longer. It is admitted even by the hair-dressers, with all their anxiety to dye as many heads as possible, that gray is no longer regarded with horror even by persons who have reached an age that entitles them to it. Such people were always more apt to be worried over the change than persons prematurely gray, who might be expected to mourn the premature loss of the characteristic of youth. Now people need give this sign of advancing years no thought (says the New York Sun), for it has been decreed that gray hair is the fashion. Ada Rehan was the first woman in public life to allow her hair to turn gray without making the slightest attempt to conceal what is commonly regarded in a stage career as a sign that the end has come, or is at all events near. Other actresses have since accustomed the public to the idea of gray-headed heroines. Miss Rehan, of course, always wore a wig on the stage, but Eleonora Duse plays Camille without the least attempt to conceal the fact that since she was last in America her hair has grown so gray as to give her scenes with Armand a slightly maternal suggestion. The latest actress to be added to the gray-headed group has for years had nearly white hair. The secret was known only to herself, her maid, and her hair-dresser, though other persons must have suspected that Ellen Terry's hair was not still blonde with the yellow hue of nature. As a matter of fact, it has been dyed for years, but it was only the other day that the English actress made her first public appearance after a long vacation and astonished her admirers by appearing with perfectly white hair and wearing spectacles. It was at a benefit performance that she gave this first view of her natural locks to the public. Sarah Bernhardt has worn a wig always for some years, and has never had to contemplate the inconvenience of growing gray.

For many years the conflict between church and state has rendered bigamy in Italy not only possible, but also easy and not punishable by law (writes the Rome correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette). As the marriage laws now stand only the civil ceremony is legal, but as the church up to the present has refused to recognize this law, the priest has daily performed the marriage service and given the blessing of the church without the civil ceremony. The consequence is that a man so inclined marries one wife at the city hall and another before the priest. Such a state of affairs is so gross a scandal that many projects have been brought before the house to make the civil service before the religious compulsory, with a heavy punishment to any priest breaking this law. However, the effort has always been useless, as either from personal religious sentiment or for fear of offending their devout supporters, the deputies have ever refused to support the bill. This has produced the present absurd situation. It is announced that the Holy See, to prevent a man from having two wives, has recommended the parish priests to inquire well into the circumstances and in ordinary cases strongly to advise the couple first to go through the civil marriage, to be followed on the same day, if possible, by the religious one.

With the withdrawal of Peter Lorillard Ronalds's divorce suit at Bridgeport, Conn., comes the real reason for Mr. Ronalds applying to the courts to free him from the wife from whom he has been separated for thirty three years, making it one of the most remarkable applications for divorce on record. It was for no sentimental reason that the well-known man of seventy-four years sought to sever the bond. It was a matter of dollars and cents. Mr. Ronalds inherited much property in New York City from his cousin, Pierre Lorillard, and these holdings were increased materially by bequests from his aunt, Miss Catherine Wolfe. For some time Mr. Ronalds has desired to improve some of the New York property, but to do this, of course, it was necessary to obtain the consent of his wife, who has made London her home for many years. There was considerable correspondence between husband and wife on the subject, and, much to Mr. Ronalds's surprise and dismay, Mrs. Ronalds, for some reason, refused to give the needed consent. So his hands were tied, as his own private income would not allow him to go ahead with the improvements. But he had his mind set on them, and he was not to be balked. He decided that if his wife would not agree he must place himself in a position where her objections would have no weight. To divorce her was the only course open to him, and, as the Connecticut law holds desertion a sufficient cause for an absolute divorce, he filed his

petition in the superior court there in March last. The papers were served on Mrs. Ronalds in her home, No. 7 Cadogan Place, London, soon afterward, and she was the most surprised woman in all England. She at once re-opened the correspondence, and a few weeks ago her husband received her last letter, agreeing to sign the mortgage deeds by which he proposed to obtain enough cash to go ahead with his intended improvements. Whereupon Mr. Ronalds at once instructed his lawyer to withdraw the petition for divorce. Mrs. Ronalds was Miss Mary Frances Carter, of Boston, noted for her beauty and her exquisite voice. She was of an excellent family, related to New Yorkers of prominence. She was married on November 6, 1859, to Mr. Ronalds, and they lived together eight years, during which time four children were born to them. They were traveling abroad in 1867 when they finally decided they were uncongenial. Mr. Ronalds returned to America, while his wife made an extended trip through Algiers. Upon her return she made her home in London, where she soon became a leader in the Prince of Wales's set. Mrs. Ronalds is one of the few persons not members of the royal family who are privileged to call informally upon the Princess of Wales. She took a pretty little house at No. 7 Cadogan Place, in London, where she modestly returned the many entertainments given in her honor by a series of Sunday evening musicales at which one met the "smartest" people in England and listened to the greatest artists.

The Hon. Truxton Beale, formerly United States Minister to Persia, takes exception in the December Forum to some of the statements made by the Rev. Dr. Hamblin and Thomas Nelson Page in their attacks on Newport society. He says: "If there was any foundation for the statement made by Mr. Page, in his recent address at Concord, that not more than fifty thousand people of the American public were at all interested or concerned in the life of Newport, the subject would perhaps not be worth further public discussion. But as fifty million would probably be an under-estimate of those who are interested in the life there, or whose lives are influenced, directly or indirectly by that life, it comes properly within the class of public questions, and one that now needs further serious public discussion. As long as we continue to live under the regime of private property and inherited wealth, the 'multis' of Newport will be our social leaders. Their example will be felt throughout all classes. They will give the tone to manners and morals in our country as much as a prince and his court do in any country of Europe. The indictments of the Rev. Dr. Hamblin and Mr. Page for their conduct, with the replies of the various prominent Newport leaders, have brought the case into court. The alleged wrong-doer, the 'multi,' is now at the bar of public opinion. The declarations of Dr. Hamblin and Mr. Page, however, do not, in my opinion, go at all into the merits of the case. Dr. Hamblin evidently saw Newport with the eye of one of his seventeenth-century Puritan ancestors. Playing croquet and tennis on Sunday can not to-day be taken as serious offenses. Mr. Lecky in his recent work, 'The Map of Life,' has reminded us how much the point of view has changed in criticizing moral conduct. The question in this age is not whether we are living in accordance with dogmas, but how much positive good or ill we are accomplishing as social beings."

The comments of Mr. Page that have attracted most attention, and which Mr. Beale thinks are "immaterial and incorrect," are: (1) The arrogance of the Newport leaders; (2) that society there is composed of divorced and doubly divorced individuals; and (3) that not more than fifty thousand people in America know or care for their proceedings. "Arrogance," he declares, "is certainly not the prevailing tone of manners there. No doubly divorced person is identified with Newport society; and the implication that there is immorality there is a most unfair one. This may be for the ignoble reason that the people are too busy with their trappings and their toys; but it is true, nevertheless, as one of their defenders has said, that they are more correct in that respect than the denizens of any other resort of this kind in the world. The last and only material one of these statements, that only an insignificant part of the country is interested in the life of Newport, is, on its face, a mistaken one. Any allusions made to the acts or words of the Four Hundred in the theatres, in music-halls, or in political meetings, from New York to the Pacific Coast, are at once understood by the whole audience."

A "society man," writing to M. A. P., says: "A first glance at London's fashionable church parade gives the impression that people walk up and down both sides between Grosvenor Gate and Hyde Park corner. But the really notable people never walk between Hyde Park corner and Stanhope Gate, on the lawn side, in the autumn. It is still the right thing to stroll past the railings of Hamilton Gardens in order to meet the Duke of Cambridge, leaning on the arm of Colonel FitzGeorge. This part is not crowded, and it is distinctly agreeable to walk there amid the stripped flower-beds, near Park Lane. But the latest correct society church walk is in the environment of the inclosed fountain. In summer, everybody sits on green chairs in the long grass,

and the leaders of society always sit far back, nearly under the trees. In chilly November, brisk walking is the order of the day, and though summer frocks and bright colors are sometimes seen, furs and velvets are, of course, the favorite wear. Church parade in autumn is a bright scene; people are animated, and little groups are continually forming for brief talks and to make appointments for the Albert Hall, for Prince's Skating Club, or to play bridge, the three delights of the winter Sabbath in London."

At the Fortnightly Club in Chicago, the other day, Mrs. Potter Palmer related incidents of the great dinners and official entertainments she attended during the Paris Exposition. One notable dinner was given by the Count and Countess Boni de Castellane in the new palace which may never be completed. The only finished room in the great structure, Mrs. Palmer said, was the bath-room. This bath-room was as large as a suite of rooms and had a marble colonnade on either side, the tops of the columns supporting gold vases filled with white flowers. At the end of the colonnade is a large swimming-tank, the water reflecting many colored lights. There were twelve guests at the dinner, the table being set in this bath-room suite.

Patient—"I'm not afraid to die, doctor, but I do dread being hurried alive." Doctor (cheerfully)—"Don't let that worry you. I'll see that you ain't." —Pick-Me-Up.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, December 19th, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Bay Counties Co. 5%	1,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2	106
Cal. St. Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 119	119	
Los An. Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 111 1/2	110	111 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 5%	2,000	@ 119 1/2	119	
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	1,000	@ 110 1/2	110	111
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%	1,000	@ 109	109	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%	5,000	@ 100 - 100 1/2	119 1/2	
S. P. of Ariz. 6%	4,000	@ 113 1/2 - 113 3/4	113 3/4	114
S. P. Branch 6%	1,000	@ 131 1/2	131	
S. V. Water 6%	3,000	@ 114 1/2	114 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%	10,000	@ 103	103	
S. V. Water 4% jds.	4,000	@ 101 1/2 - 102	102	
	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Equitable Gaslight	450	@ 3%	3%	3%
Mutual Electric	25	@ 8	8 1/4	
Oakland Gas	105	@ 49 1/2 - 50	49 1/2	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	66	@ 46 1/2 - 48 1/2	48	49
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,889	@ 47 1/2 - 49 1/2	48 1/2	48 3/4
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry.	75	@ 33		
	WATER.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water	20	@ 70	70 1/2	72
Spring Valley Water	493	@ 94 - 94 1/2	94	94 1/2
	BANKS.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Anglo-Cal.	10	@ 77	75	
Bank of Cal.	15	@ 410	409	412 1/2
First National Bank	10	@ 310	310	
German S. & L.	2	@ 1860	1860	1900
	STREET R. & L.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Market St.	55	@ 70 - 70 1/2	69	70 1/2
	POWERS.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.	165	@ 84 - 84 1/2	84	84 1/2
Vigorit	250	@ 3 1/2	3	3 1/2
	SUGARS.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.	100	@ 7 1/2	7 1/2	
Hawaiian C. & S.	235	@ 90	91	94 1/2
Honokaa S. Co.	290	@ 31 1/2 - 31 3/4	31 3/4	
Hutchinson	515	@ 25 1/2	25 1/2	26 1/2
Kilauea S. Co.	140	@ 21	21	21 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.	270	@ 41 1/2 - 42	41 1/2	41 3/4
Onomea S. Co.	150	@ 28 1/2	28 1/2	
Paauihu S. P. Co.	450	@ 31 1/2 - 32	31 1/2	
	MISCELLANEOUS.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers	135	@ 124 - 124 1/2	123 1/2	125
Oceanic S. Co.	30	@ 104	103	105
Pac. C. Borax	76	@ 150	150	151

The lighting stocks were better and sold up from one to two and a quarter points, the latter in San Francisco Gas and Electric, the stock selling up to 49 1/2, Pacific Gas to 48 1/2, and Mutual Electric to 8 1/2 bid, but at the close the market was easier, San Francisco Gas and Electric selling down to 48 1/2 on small sales.

First National Bank sold up ten points to 310 on sales of 10 shares. This is the highest mark yet reached for this security. Other securities have been quiet and fluctuations narrow, as is usual around the holidays.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Archbishop of Dublin recently performed a marriage to the family of a wealthy Irish distiller. After the breakfast the distiller thanked the archbishop effusively for his share of the proceedings, and said to him as he took leave, "The Lord be with you." "And with thy spirit," is reported to have been the rejoinder.

Oscar Wilde's last bequest was characteristic of his genius for inversions. When told that he must undergo an operation, he said at first that he could not afford the fee. The point was pressed by the French surgeons. "Very well," said the patient, with a flash from the ashes of his old spirit, "I must die beyond my means."

"British Museum Newton, the archaeologist, was a capital story-teller," says A. J. C. Hare in his "Story of My Life." He was once at a spiritualistic séance, where an old cockney was informed that the spirit manifested was his deceased wife, whereupon the following dialogue took place: "Is that you, 'Arriet?" "Yes, it is me." "Are you 'appy, 'Arriet?" "Yes, very 'appy." "'Appier than you was with me, 'Arriet?" "Yes, much 'appier." "Where are you, 'Arriet?" "In 'ell."

A gentleman met a young woman who had formerly been a servant in his house, and being interested in her welfare, said to her, "Why, haven't you got married yet?" "No, sor." "Well, I thought you would have been married before now?" "Oh, oo, sor," she said; "there's two waitin'." "Two!" he exclaimed; "why, you don't mean to marry two, do you?" "No, sor." "Theo who are they?" he inquired. "Why," she replied, naively, "the two that's waitin' is the priest an' me!"

Sarah Bernhardt says that one night, during a former visit to America, when she was playing "Jeanne d'Arc," she hurt her knee with a rusty nail. "The wound gave me considerable pain and trouble," she says, "and it was thought that a slight operation might possibly be required. This fact appeared in the daily papers, and a day or two afterward I received a telegram from the manager of a museum in Chicago, saying that if it was necessary to amputate my leg, might he please have it. He added he would drap it if desired."

A lady, who was unfamiliar with the streets of New York, was much confused by the jargon used by a car-conductor. When she thought she must have arrived near her destination, the conductor poked his head into the car and said: "Umpty bazaz!" "What street did you say?" demanded the passenger. "Umpty-umpty!" said the conductor. Much annoyed, the lady from the suburbs went out on the platform and rebuked the conductor for his careless use of the vocal organs. He only glared at her and said: "What do you expect for three dollars a week? A tenor solo?"

In her book on "Some Players," Amy Leslie says that Edwin Booth's detestation of "Richard III." was frank and incurable. One night, when in the most magnificent instant of Richard, a super fell in a writhing, squirming attack, which set the country audience laughing. Booth said, quietly, after the fall of the curtain, amid shouts of misguided laughs, "What was the matter, captain?" The trembling captain owned reluctantly that one of his twenty-five-cent men had been seized in a fit. "Please pay thirty cents next time, and employ one whose fits may not interfere with Richard. Richard is unendurable enough without the addition of rented fits."

A lieutenant of the United States navy tells, in the Boston Herald, a story about the etiquette of naval salutes: "A ship I was on dropped anchor in a little Haytian port known to have a battery in its forts. We gave the national salute, but waited in vain for an answer. I was sent ashore to demand an explanation, and was told, with many apologies, that no powder was on hand, but that people had been sent to a neighboring town for it, and the salute would be returned as soon as it arrived. This did not please our captain, who sent back word that if the salute were not fired by sunset, he would consider it an insult to the United States. In answer to this a dusky Haytian officer, covered with gilt and trailing a huge sword, came on board and said that if we would kindly lend him some powder the salute would be returned at once. Our captain relented, gave him the powder, and the booming of twenty-one guns was soon heard."

When George Sand, the famous French novelist, was living at Nohant, near the close of her life, she was fairly caught on her own grounds by a determined British journalist, of her own sex, who opened a formidable note-book and demanded: "At what hour do you work, madame?" "I never work," replied George Sand, gayly. "Ho! But your books? When do you make them?" "They make themselves, morning, evening, and night." This was baffling, but the British lady, al-

though deficient in grace, did not lack grit, and said: "What is your own favorite, may I ask, among your novels?" "'Olympia,'" returned George Sand, with a beaming smile. "'Olympia?' I do not know that one." "Perhaps—I have not yet written it!" and the victimized author beat a hasty retreat, much amused as she looked back and saw that her nonsense was being duly jotted down in the formidable note-book.

Early in his career at the bar Daniel O'Connell was counsel at the Kerry assizes in an action against a relative named Mr. Siggerson, and, having occasion to refer to that person in somewhat strong terms in his speech to the jury, Siggerson jumped up in court and called him "a purse-proud blockhead." O'Connell said: "In the first place, I have got no purse to be proud of, and, secondly, if I be a blockhead, it is the better for you, as I am counsel against you. However, just to save you the trouble of saying so again, I'll administer a slight rebuke," whereupon he struck Siggerson soundly on the back with a cane, which the tipstaff accommodately lent him for the purpose. That evening Siggerson sent him a challenge, but next morning he wrote stating that he had discovered that O'Connell's life was inserted in a very valuable lease of a portion of his lands. "Under these circumstances," he continued, "I can not afford to shoot you, unless, as a precautionary measure, you first insure your life for my benefit. If you do, then heigh for powder and ball. I'm your man."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Exception.

Though in this rapid-transit age
To shorten all things is the rage;
Though novel, sermon, poem, and play
Grow briefer with each hurrying day,
Ooe bulwark still defies eodeavor—
A kiss is just as long as ever.—Life.

A Thackeray Parody.

Thackeray revised (after reading "The Master Christian").

The Pope he is a happy man,
His palace is the Vatican,
And there he sits and drains his can:
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
"I wish I was the Pope of Rome."

And then there's Primate Temple too,
With nothing in the world to do
But smile, a spiritual peer,
And sip delicious ginger beer.
I've often wished, I hope no crime,
That I might have his easy time.
But since "The Master Christian"
'S exposed that awful Vatican,
And proved how Satan makes his perch
Within our own established church,
No more I want the primate's See,
No more the Pope I wish to be.

—The Academy.

The Dyspeptic.

When others seek the festal board,
Where holiday repasts afford
A genial fragrance far and near
Which glorifies the atmosphere,
I linger like a spectre guest,
A sombre creature of unrest,
Hushing each light and joyous tone
Where'er I make my presence known.

When'er the carving-knife I see,
It brings no thrill of hope to me,
From soup to pudding I must wait
A figure sad to contemplate,
And when amid an awful hush
They bring around my oatmeal mush,
I vent my feelings in one moan;
One solemn and sepulchral groan.

I ask no sceptre; no renown;
No laurel wreath; no flashing crown;
No friendship in my loneliness;
No smile; no languishing caress,
Let others climb the peaks of fame,
Or follow love's fantastic flame;
I grimly trust myself to fate,
And clench my teeth and hope aod wait.

Some time, when I relief have won,
When all these penances are done,
Some time, some sweet and cherished time,
I'll yield myself to bliss sublime;
And that hour, though it be my last,
Shall make me quite forget the past,
When I may fold my hands and say,
With drowsy joy, "I've dined to-day!"

—Washington Star.

An Elegy.

The whistles blow the waning of the day,
The cows are straggling homeward o'er the lea,
But still I drive and loit and put away
Till darkness comes to Bogey aod to me.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Tuhbs is somewhat of a snob, isn't he?"
"Snob? Say, he'd die happy if he could get run over by a millionaire's automobile." — Chicago Record.

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Hiram's Christmas Forgiveness.

"You may laugh at this here idee that folks are more forgiving at Christmas-time all you want to," said the old gentleman, "but there's something in it. Hard hearts do soften up then, and forgiveness rises up in buzzums which ain't apt to harbor no such feelings. This here sperret of Christmas which makes a mao do good ain't all one of them fool things which the story-writers put into their yarns just to make 'em pretty."

"You speak as if you'd had experience," suggested the visitor.

"Yes; once. But it was enough to convince me. Old mao Dilgo, over in Sheepskio Holler. Meanest man that ever got up in the morning. Meaner than any man any story-writer ever made up. Just oaturally too mean to live—but he did. Last man on yearth that you'd thought would be changed by Christmas—but he was. He just caught the blessed Christmas sperret and it made him a new man. The story-writers deserve all the credit, too—he got it from reading their books, and he went straight ahead to foller their plan. Struck right out to find the people he'd wronged, and tell 'em he was sorry aod meao to do right in the future."

"Come over here to see me fust 'cause I reckon he thought he'd treated me a little meaner than he ever had anybody else. Soon's he come in I see something was up. Stuck out his haod and says he:

"Jabez," says he, 'this is Christmas, blessed season of peace on yearth and good-will to all critters.'

"'Yes, yes,' says I, 'so it is, Hiram.'

"'I'm a changed man,' says he. 'I have caught this here sperret of Christmas. Hereafter I shall live a diffrent life. I have been a-wronging you, Jabez, for ten years back, and now at this here Yool-tide I've come to ask your forgiveness. Will you forgive me, Jabez?' There was tears in his eyes."

"'Yes, yes, Hiram,' says I. 'I forgive you,' and I pumped his haod up and down, and mebbey my own eyes got sort o' moist."

"'Ah, them words do me good, Jabez,' says he. 'Not for many long years have I felt the in'ard joy which I now feel. I've been a mean man, Jabez, a mean man.'

"'So you have, Hiram, so you have,' says I.

"'Wot?' says he.

"'I said you have been a mean man, Hiram—that's all. A mighty mean man. Meanest man in these parts, I reckon—leastways, that's been your gen'ral reputation 'mongst them that has knowed you best. I hope there aio't been oo meaner.'

"'Sir,' says he, bristling up, 'no man can talk that way to me 'thout taking a licking! 'Cuse me of being mean, hey? Pretty way to treat an old neighbor, ain't it? Come outside, you old liar! Aod just then the hired man come io, and it took the two of us ten minutes to run him off the place. And that night he pizened my dog and chopped down fifteen rods of line fence."

"But, as I said, this here bootful sperret of Christmas really exists. It touched old Hiram, even if it wa'n't fast color."—Harper's Magazine.

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Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, December 22
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Wed., Jan. 16, 1901
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, Feb. 9
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, March 7
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S. S. Australia, for Fapeete, Tahiti, Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1901, at 4 P. M.
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For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Dec. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Jan. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

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St. Louis. December 26

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San Francisco, Cal.

SOCIETY.

The Potter-McNutt Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Maenie McNutt, the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, to Lieutenant Ashton Potter, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., now stationed in the Philippines, took place in Yokohama on November 24th. The ceremony was performed by an Episcopal minister in the presence of the American consul, and the bride was given into the keeping of the groom by Mr. Frank Goad. Miss Rutb McNutt and Mrs. Andrew Martin attended as bridesmaids.

Lieutenant Potter and his bride sailed from Japan for Manila two days later, as Lieutenant Potter was able to obtain only a short leave of absence, and was obliged to report for duty in the Philippines.

The Ransome-Hutchinson Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Martha Hutchinson to Mr. Bernard Ransome took place on Wednesday, December 19th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hutchinson, Eighth and Brub Streets, Oakland. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Rev. Robert Ritchie, of St. Paul's Church. Miss Hutchinson was attended by her sister, Mrs. William Bull Pringle; Mr. Prentiss Hutchinson, brother of the bride-elect, was the best man; and Mr. Edward Sessions and Mr. Dwight Hutchinson acted as ushers.

The wedding was a quiet one, owing to a recent death in the groom's family. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast, after which Mr. and Mrs. Ransome departed on their wedding trip.

The Friday Fortnightly.

The second dance of the Friday Fortnightly Club was given at Cotillion Hall on Friday evening, December 21st. The members and their guests were received by Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. James Robinson, and Mrs. Walker, and at ten o'clock the cotillion began. It was led by Miss Josselyn and Miss Therèse Morgan, assisted by Mr. Percy King and Mr. Arnold Wright. The young ladies in the first set were:

Miss Dunham, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Lucy King, Miss Margery Gibbons, Miss Myer, Miss Jones, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Salisbury, Miss Marion Eells, Miss Carpenter, Mrs. A. D. Keyes, Mrs. Charles Martin, Miss Cadwalader, Mrs. Friedlander, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Harrison, and Miss Katharine Dillon.

The Costigan Dinner.

Mr. A. B. Costigan gave a farewell dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Friday evening, December 14th, to a number of his friends before leaving for a short trip East. The table was beautifully decorated in red, to match the room, and the menu-cards were quite unique. After dinner, Mr. Costigan's guests were driven to Native Sons' Hall, and took part in the first cotillion of "La Jeunesse." Mr. Costigan's guests were the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels, Miss Katharine Dillon, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Salisbury, Miss Helen Wagner, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton, Mr. J. McKee Duperu, Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, and Mr. Enrique Grau.

A Dinner to Judge Sloss.

A number of the members of the Bohemian Club gave a dinner on Saturday evening, December 15th, in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club, in honor of Judge M. C. Sloss, who goes on the bench in January. The room and table were beautifully decorated and an orchestra discoursed music. Dr. Dennis J. Arnold acted as toastmaster, and among the speakers were Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. William Sproule, Mr. William Thomas, Mr. George Bromley, Mr. E. H. Hamilton, and others. The affair was most successfully carried out under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman and Mr. A. M. Newell. Those at table were the guest of honor, Judge M. C. Sloss, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. George Bromley, Mr. Edwin R. Dimond, Mr. M. A. Newell, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. Leon Sloss, Mr.

William Sproule, Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, Mr. E. A. Lilienthal, Mr. Theodore Wores, Mr. M. H. Hecht, Mr. Harry Francis, Mr. P. N. Lilienthal, Mr. Joseph Sloss, Mr. Albert Pissis, Mr. James McNah, Mr. Vanderlynn Stow, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Clarence E. Bickford, Mr. Jeremiah T. Burke, Dr. J. Dennis Arnold, Mr. J. C. Lynch, Mr. W. H. Chickering, Mr. Warren Gregory, Mr. Jacob B. Levison, and several others.

First Meeting of "La Jeunesse."

The first meeting of "La Jeunesse" cotillion was held on Friday night, December 14th, at Native Sons' Hall on Mason Street, and was largely attended. The guests and members were received by the lady patronesses—Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. J. W. McClung, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. W. A. McKittrick, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. A. W. Foster, and Mrs. Ira Pierce.

The cotillion was led by Mr. Percy King and the debutantes. In the first set were Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Edith Simpson, Miss Lucy King, Miss Gertrude Allen, Miss Alice Brigham, Miss Bessie Center, Miss Rutb Dunham, Miss Marion Eells, Miss Margery Gibbons, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Hayden, of Oakland, Miss Elita Redding, of New York, and Miss Day, of Berkeley.

Supper was served at midnight at small tables arranged in the vestibule and reception-rooms, and the music continued until one o'clock.

Of the remaining two cotillions, one is set for January and the other for February.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. Clarence Follis has sent out invitations to the wedding of his sister, Miss Lilian Mary Follis, to Mr. Frank Wood Griffin, on Wednesday, January 9th, at big noon, at the family residence, corner Washington and Buchanan Streets.

Cards have been issued for a dance in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening, January 9th, at nine o'clock, by the following ladies: Mrs. E. D. Beylard, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. R. L. Coleman, Mrs. F. P. Frank, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. J. D. Grant, Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. D. T. Murphy, Princess Poniatowski, Mrs. G. A. Pope, Mrs. H. T. Scott, and Mrs. W. B. Tuhhs.

Mrs. George Crocker gave a dinner to thirty-two young people at her Fifth Avenue home in New York on Saturday evening, December 15th, in honor of her daughter, Miss Emma Rutherford, who has just returned from her art studies in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Oxnard (*nde Plichon*) arrived in New York early last week from Europe. The Oxnard wedding in the Church of the Madeleine, in Paris, on November 15th, was attended by many Californians, among others Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Lounsberry, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, the Misses Oxnard, Mr. R. H. Sprague, the Misses Sprague, and Mr. J. B. Randolph.

Miss Elizabeth Center gave a tea Thursday, December 13th, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Center, in honor of Miss Elena Robinson. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Allen, Miss King, Miss Eells, and Miss Duff.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and the Misses Josselyn gave a dinner at their residence, corner Franklin and O'Farrell Streets, on Wednesday evening, December 19th, at which they entertained the Misses Hager, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Bessie Center, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Therèse Morgan, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Edna Hopkins, Mr. Horace Platt, Mr. W. N. Drown, Mr. R. McKee Duperu, Mr. Walter S. Martin, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Thomas Breeze, and Mr. Percy King.

Mrs. Clinton Hastings Catherwood (*nde Fiske*), who is at No. 58 West Fifty-Eighth Street, New York, for the winter, has sent out cards for Wednesdays in December and January.

The Misses Mona and Laura Crellin gave an informal reception at their Oakland home last week, in honor of Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock, of New York, who was formerly Miss Cassie Dunn. They were assisted in receiving their guests by Miss Dunn, the Misses Selby, Miss Sessions, Mrs. Thomas Pbeby, Jr., Mrs. Walter Henry, Mrs. Henry Nichols, Miss Kittredge, Miss Starr, Miss Barker, Miss Holt, Miss Whitney, Miss Palmer, and Miss Rawlings.

Miss Ella M. Bender gave an informal tea at her home on Wednesday, at which about seventy guests were entertained. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Cherrie Bender, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Elita Redding, Miss Mary Bowen, Mrs. J. Godley, Mrs. George Carr, and Mrs. Wardlaw.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Steffens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Steffens, to Mr. John James Hollister, of Santa Barbara, took place at the home of the bride's parents, corner of Sixteenth and H Streets, in Sacramento, on Tuesday, December 11th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. L. Niel, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Hollister departed for Santa Barbara, where they will reside.

Mrs. Henry Payot has sent out cards for the first and third Mondays in January and February, in her apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Florence Neustadter, who recently returned

from Europe, made her *debut* on Sunday, December 16th, at a tea given by Mr. and Mrs. David Neustadter at their home on Van Ness Avenue. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Martha Triest, Miss Bess Rosenbaum, Miss Emily Rosenstern, Miss Edith Esberg, Miss Gertrude Strassburger, Miss Sadie Wangenheim, and Miss Carrie Lilienthal.

The members of the Yale Glee and Banjo Club who will visit this coast early in January will be entertained extensively by society in this city and across the bay. There are forty-three students in the party. They will be given a reception in Berkeley on Wednesday afternoon, January 2d, and on the same evening, after their entertainment in the Macdonough Theatre, there will be a smoker in Oakland.

A Fahiola Christmas calendar tea was held at the residence of Mrs. William T. Barton, in Oakland, on Saturday, December 15th, from two to five. An excellent programme was presented, Mrs. Camille d'Arville-Crellin and Miss Edith Ward being among the soloists.

The Concordia Club will give its members a great treat on New-Year's Eve. In addition to the usual hall, an elaborate production of the huresque of "The Only Way" is to be given by the amateur talent of the club. Invitations will be issued to non-residents only.

Golf Notes.

H. B. Goodwin, captain of the San Francisco Golf Club, and S. L. Abbot, Jr., played off the long-deferred final round of the contest for the Council's cup on Saturday, December 15th, Goodwin winning the match by a score of 5 up and 4 to play over 18 holes. This entitles him to have his name engraved on the challenge trophy for the first time along with the names of R. H. Gaylord and S. L. Abbot, Jr., each of whom has also won the trophy once.

The approaching contest for gentlemen was declared off, and there was no class B contest during the day.

The ladies of the San Francisco Golf Club played a putting match against the men on the Presidio links, Tuesday, December 18th. The match, which was the result of a challenge issued by a team of six ladies, consisted of five balls on the home green, and was won by the men by the close margin of two strokes on the total. The scores were as follows:

Men's Team.	Str.	Ladies' Team.	Str.
R. H. Gaylord.....	12	Miss E. McBean	10
H. B. Goodwin.....	11	Miss Houghton.....	13
J. H. Mee.....	14	Miss E. Morgan.....	13
S. L. Abbot, Jr.....	11	Mrs. R. G. Brown.....	14
J. W. Byrne.....	14	Miss Sarah Drum.....	13
L. O. Kellogg.....	13	Miss Florence Ives.....	14
Total.....	75	Total.....	77

The annual meeting of the San Francisco Golf Club will be held on Saturday, January 5th, when the regular ticket prepared by the nominating committee—consisting of H. D. Pillsbury, T. Binney, and W. H. La Boyteaux—will be voted on.

Among the coming events a men's foursome handicap is scheduled for Christmas Day. The matches will be medal play over 18 holes.

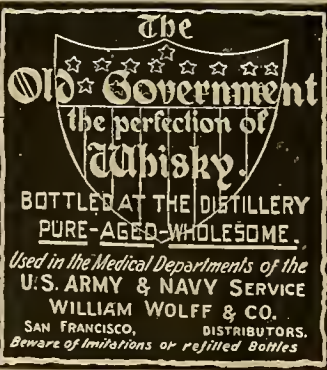
Mrs. Huhert Vos, wife of the portrait painter, who has been quite ill at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, is slowly improving. Mrs. Vos, it will be remembered, was born in Hawaii, the daughter of a Scotchman and a native princess. She first married John L. Grabam, son of the late Malcolm Grabam, of New York. After securing a divorce from him she married Herbert Vos, a Dutch artist, who became naturalized in the United States last year.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Bertha Dalbeer and Miss Warren have returned from their visit in New York, and, after a stay of six weeks here, will go to San Diego for their annual visit.

Mr. Harry M. Halbrook and Mrs. Samuel Knight arrived in New York from Europe on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Mary Scott, and Miss Georgiana Hopkins are expected to return from New York on Tuesday, December 25th.

Mr. W. W. Foote returned from Paris on Wednesday after a ten months' absence.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and family sailed from New York for Southampton on Wednesday, December 12th, on the American line steamship *New York*.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kerr (née Macleay) returned to Portland, Or., on Thursday of last week from their wedding trip in Southern California, and are domiciled at the Macleay home until their own cottage is fitted up.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith have returned from New York, and have opened their home in Oakland. They were accompanied West by Miss Marion Smith, Miss Sperry, and the Misses Burdge, who have been attending school in the East.

Mr. Lawrence I. Scott was in Washington, D. C., during the week.

Mrs. William Willis and her niece, Miss India Scott, who have been visiting in New York during the past fortnight, are expected home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, who have been at Del Monte since their return from Portland, will pass the holidays at Burlingame, and expect to go to San Diego for the month of January.

Mrs. Anson Hotaling, accompanied by her two children, will shortly leave for San Diego for a two months' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and family left on Wednesday for New Orleans, where they will spend the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. George T. Folsom has returned from Europe, and is visiting friends in New York on her way home to San Francisco.

Among the San Franciscans in New York last week were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Spear, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. I. Lugsden, the Misses Fannie and Madge Carroll, daughters of the late John Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mrs. W. Mayn Newhall, Mr. E. A. Wiltsee, Mr. William M. Herrin, Mr. M. L. Requa, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, and Mr. Fred Greenwood.

Mr. Frank B. King has gone to New York for the holidays.

The Misses Jane and Ethel Crellin have returned to their home in Oakland after a pleasant visit with friends in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and Miss Parrott are in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvain Weill sailed from Southampton for New York on Saturday, December 15th, after an absence in Europe of nearly six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Varney Gaskell and Mr. William E. Dargie, Jr., arrived in New York last week after having completed their duties at the Paris Exposition.

Mrs. Van R. Paterson has returned from the East accompanied by her daughter, Miss Kelsey Paterson, who has been attending school at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Macondray (née Richardson) have returned from their honeymoon trip to the Orient.

Mr. Loring G. Nesmith, who has been for many years cashier of the First National Bank of San José, has resigned, and will go to Los Angeles to attend to private business.

Mrs. H. P. Gale arrived in this city on Saturday, December 15th, and will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Allen (née Sharon) expect to leave Seattle for Oakland before Christmas, and will occupy the William E. Sharon home on Webster Street.

Mr. George E. Morse is in New York as the guest of Mr. Abner McKinley. He will soon return to Washington, D. C., where he will spend the holidays as the guest of President McKinley.

Mr. George B. Sperry came down from Stockton during the week and was at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Hathaway, of New Suffolk, N. Y., and family arrived in this city on Tuesday and took apartments at the Palace Hotel. They will spend the winter in California.

Mr. Louis Crépeaux, who is a member of the Paris Grand Opéra, has returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Darling, of Washington, D. C., are at the California Hotel.

Mr. Charles W. Rosenbaum leaves for Europe next week.

Judge E. C. Hart, of Sacramento, was at the Grand Hotel for a short stay early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fuller, of Portland, Or., were at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Mrs. W. L. Kneeder and her daughters, who are spending the winter at San Diego, will pass the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Cutter, at Fort Alcatraz.

Bishop W. H. Moreland and Mrs. Moreland came down from Sacramento on Wednesday, and were guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Narcess, and Miss Narcess, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sullivan, of Chicago, Mr. W. R. Dudley, of Stanford, Dr. D. Smith, of Livermore, Mr. M. Evans, of Oakland, Mr. T. C. Copeland, of Los Angeles, Mr. H. T. Marsh, of Honolulu, Mr. W. H. Seaman, of Sacramento, Mr. M. T. Frietas, of San Rafael, Mr. T. R. Stockell, Jr., of Seattle, Mr. J. M. Elmer, of Baker City, Mr. L. A. Wil-

helm, of Portland, Mr. E. V. Saunders, of Belvedere, and Mr. E. J. Johnson and Mr. H. A. Schram, of St. Helena.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major Sydney A. Clinman, U. S. A., who was professor of military science and tactics at the University of California at the time of the breaking out of the Spanish-American War, has just been appointed to the important office of inspector-general of the Department of Mindanao and Jolo in the Philippines, with headquarters at Zamboanga.

The condition of Naval-Constructor Richmond P. Hahson, U. S. N., at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, is said to be greatly improving. He is reported to be out of danger.

Mrs. Sharpe, wife of Major Alfred C. Sharpe, U. S. A., inspector-general of the Departments of Colorado and Missouri, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Walter E. Dennison, at San Mateo.

Commander F. P. Gilmre, U. S. N., has been detached from the Puget Sound naval station and ordered to the Asiatic station, to command the *Glacier*. He will sail from San Francisco on Saturday, December 29th.

Major James Regan, U. S. A., who has been staying at the Occidental Hotel, is now at Fort Slocum, New York harbor.

Captain O. W. Farenholt, U. S. N., has been detached from the naval hospital, Yokohama, Japan, and ordered to command the *Monadnock*.

Captain Constantine Chase, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to be major; Lieutenant John K. Cree, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., to be captain; Lieutenant William W. Hamilton, Second Artillery, U. S. A., to be first lieutenant.

Pay Inspector W. J. Thomson, U. S. N., has been detached from the Puget Sound naval station and ordered to the naval hospital, Mare Island, for treatment.

Lieutenant Harry F. Rethers, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rethers, who have been spending several weeks in Los Gatos, Cal., have returned to the President, and are the guests of Mrs. Freeman.

Lieutenant-Commander W. M. Irwin, U. S. N., has been ordered to proceed home, when discharged from the naval hospital at Mare Island.

Captain John T. Myers, U. S. M. C., accompanied by Mrs. Myers, came down from Mare Island last week, and during their stay in town were at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Gibbon, wife of Captain John Gibbon, quartermaster, U. S. V., is residing in San Francisco during the absence of her husband in the Philippines.

Assistant-Paymaster C. J. Peoples, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island Navy Yard and ordered to temporary duty at the Puget Sound naval station.

Mrs. Walker, wife of Captain Edward S. Walker, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., acting chief commissary of the Department of Alaska, returned to Seattle, Wash., on the last boat down from St. Michael's, Alaska, and will spend the winter in Seattle with her mother, joining Captain Walker again in Alaska in the spring.

Lieutenant Louis B. Lawton, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., who was twice wounded at the Battle of Tien-tsin, China, is now at Fort McHenry, Md., where he is rapidly convalescing from his wounds.

Mrs. Moses, wife of Captain L. H. Moses, U. S. M. C., has joined her husband in Manila.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest A. Garlington, inspector-general Department of the Philippines, U. S. A.; Lieutenant-Colonel Thamas R. Hamer, Thirty-Seventh Infantry, U. S. V.; Colonel Isaac S. Catlin, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Catlin, sailed for Manila on Monday on the transport *Thomas*.

Banquet of Occidental Lodge.

The annual banquet of Occidental Lodge, No. 22, F. and A. M., was held at the California Hotel on Monday, December 17th, following the installation of the newly elected officers of the lodge, which was held earlier in the evening at Masonic Temple. The banquet was an enjoyable affair, and the occasion was enlivened with excellent music and witty addresses. George W. Drew was toastmaster, and among the speakers who contributed to the entertainment of the gathering were S. M. Shortridge, Frank McGowan, C. H. Murphy, and W. S. Miller. The newly installed officers of the lodge are: Master, G. W. Drew; senior warden, Charles H. Murphy; junior warden, J. A. Snook; treasurer, C. L. Haskell; secretary, W. G. Anderson; chaplain, E. J. Thomas; junior deacon, J. W. Schuten; junior deacon, H. R. Hopps; marshal, J. F. Barnett; senior steward, E. C. Landis; junior steward, R. Cress; organist, R. F. Tilton; Tyler, C. O. Schnoor.

Donations for the Children's Hospital will be received at 227 Sutter Street to-day (Saturday) and on Monday, December 24th, by a committee of the directors, of which Mrs. L. L. Dunbar is chairman. Groceries, fuel, supplies, old linen, money, etc., are needed. Subscriptions of even the smallest amounts (monthly) will be collected by the board. This is the twenty-fifth anniversary, the silver jubilee, of the Children's Hospital, and any remembrance of the endowment fund will be gladly accepted. A "Mother's Bed" fund is also being formed. Subscriptions or donations for special funds should be properly designated.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment

To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 11 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

POINT BONITA.

Against the gray strand beats the sea,—
The city looms in sight;
The clouds drift in across the lea,
And on the stillness thrubs the sea,
Intoning day and night.

No sunlight on the landscape lies,
No song-birds flit and sing,
But wild geese with their clanging cries,
Sweep on athwart the brooding skies,
Like Nomads on the wing.

Out on the links I stroll at ease,
And there I watch and wait,
As on and off before the breeze,
The ships beat inward from the seas,
And pass the Golden Gate.

Around Twin Peaks, above the town,
The misty vapors creep;
And Russian Hill looks dimly down
Where Alcatraz and Fort Point frown,—
Grim warders of the deep.

And looming up, Lone Mountain lifts
Its cone against the sky,
And softly through the broken rifts,
The sunlight for a moment sifts,
And gilds the cross on high.

I hear the call, and counter-call,
Of wild birds on the wing;
While hush and bough are held in thrall,
Till dark December lifts its pall,
And ushers in the spring.

There is a charm in Earth's gray shroud,
Its solemn undertone;
When sea and shore are sobbing loud,
And tears are in the trailing cloud,
And wind and wave make moan.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.
SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1900.

On a recent visit to Mt. Tamalpais, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, Berkeley, wrote the following: "There is no place that I know of in the world which offers, with like convenience, so much of delight to tourist and wanderer as this mountain top, with its easy approach, its excellent inn, and its superb, soul-inspiring outlook over the works and opportunities of man and the glories of nature."

Judge Edward A. Belcher will retire from the superior bench of this city and county at the expiration of the year and resume the general practice of the law. He has occupied the bench since his appointment in 1893 by Governor Markham, and has earned a high reputation for judicial ability and conscientiousness.

Artistic Effects for My Ladie.

The designs displayed this season in ladies' purses are in strong contrast to those of a few years ago. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, 746 Market Street, have imported some of the most elaborate, as well as the daintiest of pieces. The newest leathers are among them, and the mountings artistic to the highest degree.

Lundberg & Lee,

Jewelers and silversmiths, 232 Post Street, are showing exclusive novelties in artistic applique leather mats, kodak books, and frames, also silver toilet-sets, tableware, cut-glass, and jewelry.

—At the Bon-Ton, 324 Post, dainty Russian tea served free to all visitors. Electrolysis in beauty department by lady physician. Hair-dyeing experts. Shampoo, 50c.; Hair-dressing or manicuring, 25c. Perfume baths, 25c. Phone Main 980.

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These hotels, with their unequalled attractions and advantages, have for a quarter of a century been the headquarters for tourists and travelers, who have journeyed from every section of the globe to San Francisco.

They combine every desirable feature, comfort, and convenience to be obtained in the best hotels in the world, with the further advantage of being accessible to wholesale and shipping districts, amusement centres, and depots.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as the place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

American plan. European plan.

DR. ALBERT ABRAMS

Has removed his office and residence to
S. W. Cor. Van Ness Ave. and California St.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address
Miss Sylvia J. Eastman, Principal,
Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

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308-312 Post St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
SOHMER PIANO AGENCY.

A Tonic and Nerve Food

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

When exhausted, depressed or weary from worry, insomnia or overwork of mind or body, take half a teaspoon of Horsford's Acid Phosphate in half a glass of water.

It nourishes, strengthens and imparts new life and vigor by supplying the needed nerve food.

Sold by Druggists in original packages only

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1899, 109,003 cases, being 72,495 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O.R. Rhine and Moselle Wines.

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E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative.

LOUIS CRÉPEAUX.
(MEMBER PARIS GRAND OPERA)

Begs to announce that he has returned from Europe and will resume his professional duties at

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

Reception hours, 3:30 to 4:30.

San Francisco, Dec. 19th.

Holiday Packages

LELAND STANFORD
HAVANA CIGARS

Costliest because Best

ALL DEALERS

M. A. GUNST & CO.
AGENTS

Dividend Notices.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN
Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending with December 31, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 3, 1901.
GEORGE TOWNY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532
California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with the 31st of December, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six-tenths (3.6-10) per cent. on term deposits and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 3, 1901.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN
Francisco, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 3, 1901.
GEORGE A. STORV, Cashier.

SUNSET LIMITED

For the Season of 1900-1901

Tri-Weekly

LEAVE	LEAVE
SAN FRANCISCO	LOS ANGELES
Mondays	Tuesdays
Wednesdays	Thursdays
Fridays	Saturdays
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.

ARRIVE NEW ORLEANS, 7:20 P. M. MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS

MORE BRILLIANT THAN EVER
NEW EQUIPMENT
IMPROVED SERVICE

Secure Time Tables and any desired information from any agent of the Southern Pacific Company.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)
Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 1, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmina, Vacaville, Runney, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*8.45 P
*8.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carthers.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*11.00 A	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*15.00 A
*12.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*5.45 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*18.45 A
*5.00 P	Niles, Livermore, and Stockton.....	*10.45 A
*5.00 P	Sunset Limited, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*10.15 A
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanger, and Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*11.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*11.45 A
*6.00 P	Orient, Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*2.45 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.45 A
*8.05 P	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A
*18.05 P	Vallejo.....	*11.45 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)		
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.30 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A
*4.30 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	*17.30 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—		
*7.15	9.00	11.00 A. M. 1.00 3.00 5.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—		
*8.05	10.00 A. M.	12.00 2.00 4.00 *5.00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*19.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted.
‡ Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays.
§ Tuesdays, Thursdays, Sundays.
¶ Sat. arday only.
The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what was the Appian Way?" Father—"Why, it was—er—just a way the Appians had, I suppose."—Chicago News.

Bill—"Krüger says he's not through yet. He evidently doesn't know when he is whipped." Jill—"No; he's as bad as Bryan."—Yonkers Statesman.

Jaggles—"Have you decided on your make-up for the holiday masquerade?" Waggles—"Yes. I intend to wear the things my wife bought me for Christmas."—Town Topics.

"I think the enemy has got our range, captain," said the officer of the day. "How in the world are we to cook our dinner?" replied the captain, absently-mindedly.—Yonkers Statesman.

Might fill the bill: Lady—"I want a dog that will look terribly fierce, but won't ever bite." Dealer (meditatively)—"I guess you'd better get an lion one, mum."—New York Weekly.

Fully guaranteed: Mrs. Fadd—"Are you sure that this pure food is a standard article?" Grocer—"Yes, ma'am! You'll notice that it's high-priced, looks like dog-hiscuit, and tastes like excelsior."—Puck.

Kitchen necessities: "Cook, do we need any necessities for the kitchen?" "Yes'm; I'd like a Roman chair, one of them Venishun lanterns, an' some more pillers fer th' cozy corner."—Indianapolis Journal.

Encouraging: Bighead—"You are too set in your own opinions to be a good reasoner." Thick-head—"I don't see how you can say that; I hold myself open to conviction even when I know I am right."—Life.

Visitor—"Say, you are de guy wot treats fellers as gits jagged?" Dr. Glitter—"I treat inebrates." Visitor—"Well, I'm one o' dem fellers, an' spein' it's your treat you kin gimme a little whisky."—Chicago News.

Crimsonbeak—"I got the opinions of two eminent lawyers on a certain question of law the other day." Yeast—"Were their opinions the same?" Crimsonbeak—"Yes; twenty-five dollars each."—Yonkers Statesman.

The manly thing: Eleanor—"No, I can't hear college theatricals. I don't like to see a man take a woman's part." Rosalie—"My goodness! I think it would be cowardly of him if he didn't."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"Boggs bought his wife one of those popular Indian brave calendars for a birthday present." "Did it please her?" "No; she was afraid to stay in the room with it; so now he has bought her a tomahawk."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Oh! my! I shame upon you," cried the old gentleman; "do you know what becomes of little boys who swear?" "Yep," replied the little boy, "they grow up an' git ter he drivers of fire-ingynes, an' dat's w'at I wanter he."—Philadelphia Record.

Ethel—"Oh, Emily, I had such a dreadful accident the other day. I broke two of my front teeth." Emily—"How painful. How did it happen?" Ethel (thoughtlessly)—"They fell off the sideboard, and I accidentally trod on them."—Pick-Me-Up.

An eye for the present: Miss Smoothe—"No, I can not give you my answer until the first of next year." Mr. Softiegh—"But, why? You say you love me, and—"

Miss Smoothe—"Why, you silly thing! If our engagement were announced now, none of the other men would send me a single Christmas gift." Baltimore American.

A blessing: "I don't think these here free government seeds is much," said the gentleman with the horny hands and straggling beard. "You don't?" retorted the gentleman of similar characteristics; "w'y, look here, I raised so many different kinds of new weeds from the last hatch of government seeds that enough college professors come to the place to study 'em last summer to pay for a new barn."—Indianapolis Press.

A protest: "The first thing that struck me when I arrived in Congress," said Representative Husker, "was the useless extravagance displayed." "To what point do you refer?" "This practice of sending bouquets to senators and representatives. It ought to be stopped. Here I've got to pass up a lot of money to a florist for roses and carnations, or else hang around and look as if nobody loved me."—Washington Star.

Any remedy that will relieve a teething baby or a feverish child is invaluable. Steedman's Soothing Powders have done this for fifty years.

Master—"Did you give the mare her brandy this morning, Pat?" Pat—"Sure, yer honor, it was a very cowl'd morning, so we tossed for it, and, faith, the mare lost it!"—Tit-Bits.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO Spring Valley Building. Office hours, 9 to 5.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

R. H. PEASE, President. F. M. SHEPARD, Jr., Treasurer. C. F. RUNYON, Secretary.

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RAIN COATS

ANY SIZE. ANY QUANTITY. ANY STYLE.

Rubber Belting and Packing, Clothing, Boots, and Shoes.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

Bevo's
A pure unvatted Scotch Whiskey. Distilled by Royal Warrant at "Balmoral" the Highland residence of H. M. The Queen. Guaranteed pure.

Argonaut
Clubbing List for 1900

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.10
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazar.....	6.70
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice - a - Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Onting.....	5.75
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine.....	5.00
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.50
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Pall Mall Magazine.....	6.00
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and McClure's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Critic.....	4.35

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
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The ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which was accomplished last week, is another step in the intricate negotiations preliminary to constructing the Nicaragua waterway by and under the sole control of the United States. The puzzling question has been what to do with the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850. That convention, which declared that neither the United States nor Great Britain "will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over said ship canal," that neither would fortify it nor exercise dominion over the contiguous countries, has become distasteful to the people of this country, who claim the right to negotiate freely with Central American nations and to control without interference

any canal built there. The treaty of 1850 makes a new treaty necessary, hence the Hay-Pauncefote convention.

In the last Congress the late Senator Davis proposed an amendment to the latter treaty, by which it should be agreed that none of the stipulations therein providing for the freedom of the canal for vessels of all nations in time of war and peace, for immunity from blockade, and regulations for belligerent vessels passing through, "shall apply to measures which the United States may find it necessary to take for securing by its own forces the defense of the United States and the maintenance of public order." Another amendment is one which is intended to be a virtual abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty by an agreement that the treaty just ratified supersedes it, and a third strikes out an article in the original draft by which we would have engaged to invite other nations to adhere to it and thereby become parties to it. These three amendments were all approved by the Senate, while several others providing for specific declaration of our right to fortify, defend, and acquire sovereignty over the canal, and to discriminate in favor of American ships were voted down. The ratification of the treaty was carried by a vote of 55 to 18, in which at least a dozen Democratic senators voted with the majority. Of Republican senators only Bard, Mason, and Wellington were with the minority. California senators were on opposite sides, which Senator Bard explains by stating that he was not in favor of any arrangement which was tinged with any admission of England's rights in the matter. He desired complete abrogation of the ancient treaty, complete severance of any implied partnership with that country, and entire independence of all other nations as to the canal and its construction and regulation. Part of this he says has been accomplished and part of it has been done only inferentially. The new treaty still requires the approval of the President and of Great Britain.

In an international convention which is liable to endure to the profit or plague of many succeeding generations it would have been better to take a leaf out of the book of our experience with the treaty of 1850, and while we were at it make the terms of the new convention so radical that there could be no doubt hereafter that it is the purpose of the United States to maintain these propositions: the right to negotiate with any State of the American continent without let or hindrance from Europe; the right to build an American canal how, where, and when we please, without consulting any Old World power; the right to fortify, defend, and regulate the use of such a canal; and the right to discriminate in favor of our coastwise shipping by such methods as may seem to us best.

Since the earliest days of San Francisco's shipping, Telegraph Hill has been one of the most interesting features of the topography. It was there, during the infancy of the settlement, that the semaphore announced the coming of steamers from "home." In later days that same elevation has been regarded as an impediment to the commercial development of the city. It has offered an obstacle to the carrying of heavy loads, and has forced the wholesale shipping business to the southern section of the city. A somewhat similar condition existed some forty years ago, when Second Street hill offered an obstacle to traffic between the centre of the city and the southern water-front. The solution adopted at that time was what has since been known as the "Second Street Cut." Its effect was to destroy millions of dollars' worth of residence property in that section of the city and to offer practically no impetus to business. It is now proposed to construct a tunnel through Telegraph Hill, and thereby render the northern water-front of the city available for commercial purposes. There is a vast tract of level land in that section that has been unavailable heretofore because of inconvenient communication with the heart of the city. The official level on Montgomery Street, at the corner of Jackson, is very nearly the same as that at the junction with Lombard. A tunnel can be constructed at a comparatively small cost to

join these two points. The report of the sewer commission, which will be carried out in time, contemplates a tunnel at this point. The two projects could be carried out at the same time at a reduced expense for each. The work would result in an advantage to the city far out of proportion to the cost. An expenditure of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars would build the tunnel, and a movement is on foot to advance the work. It should receive the support of every public-spirited citizen.

The rejoicing of the British populace in the successes of Lord Roberts in South Africa has been changed, and now all is astonishment and distress. The general campaign of Lord Roberts was undoubtedly successful in its conception and in its consummation. But no sooner had he announced the campaign closed, and left the final arrangements in the hands of Lord Kitchener, than the Boers began to win unexpected victories. Joubert and Cronje had been crushed, but De Wet arose to take their places. Last week came the report of the success of the Boers at Magaliesburg, where four companies of the Northumberland Fusiliers, the "Fighting Fifth," were wiped out of existence, so far as fighting is concerned. Even Lord Kitchener does not know what has become of them—whether they have been killed or merely taken prisoners, and thereby eliminated as a fighting force. One company of the Yorkshires was ordered to reinforce them, but failed to reach the scene of battle in time to be of any assistance. In the meantime it has become apparent that the situation of the British in South Africa has become extremely serious. The Boers are invading Cape Colony, and are finding there a sympathy among the Dutch that threatens serious disaster to the United Kingdom. Everything in Cape Colony depends upon the ability of the disaffected to carry on an effective struggle. A lack of ammunition may prevent a serious uprising. But whether the uprising in Cape Colony becomes serious or not, it has at least had the effect of drawing off troops from the campaign in the Transvaal and hampering the operations of Lord Kitchener there.

Judged by its accomplishments, the campaign of Lord Kitchener has not been successful. His successes heretofore have been in the line of engineering rather than strategy. Under Lord Roberts he had charge of the transportation, and proved his ability in that line. When he assumed the supreme command, Lord Kitchener, who is the British exemplar of the strenuous life, adopted a policy that was wholly at variance with that announced by Chamberlain, the colonial secretary. Though a strict censorship of correspondence was exercised, rumors of the stringent measures that were adopted reached England and shocked that class of people who are unable to realize that warfare is a stern reality. Kitchener accepted the situation as it was. England had entered upon the task of reducing the Boers to submission. The Boers refused to submit, and therefore it was necessary to coerce them, even though coercion might spell extermination. In this, Kitchener came nearer to the policy of Lord Salisbury as announced by him somewhat arrogantly at the opening of Parliament than to the expressed policy of Chamberlain. Recent events may modify the policy of both. England to-day faces the prospect of losing all of its South African possessions. The loss of prestige throughout the civilized world would be far more serious. It is a question for those in power to consider whether a policy of conciliation would not be far more profitable in the end.

As was to be expected, ex-President Cleveland has come down from his tower of silence long enough to tell the public what is the cause and the remedy for the troubles of the disfigured and discomfited Democratic party. According to this self-constituted authority, the cause of party defeat in the last two campaigns is the "abandonment of the principles of true Democracy"—by which he means the introduction of free silver and other heresies of the Chicago and Kansas

City platforms—and the wandering after strange gods and unholy alliances—by which terms he characterizes the recent fusions with Populists and Socialists. The remedy he declares to be to “give the rank and file a chance,” whatever he may mean by that.

His diagnosis of the patient's disease is not very deep nor very clear, but to say the most for it, it is on a par with his prognosis. The truth is that the trouble with the party, if it still lives, is chronic. Democracy has always been the party of negation and opportunism. It never had any principles which it did not stand ready to barter for success at the polls. It never won a national election except as a result of Republican blunders, since the days when it posed as the subservient tool of a slave-holding oligarchy. It has never remained consistent to any of its “great principles,” which have in turn represented opposition to internal improvements, tariffs, and expansion. Even when trusted with power in 1884 and 1892 it failed under its whilom apostle to show the courage of its convictions in the matter of free trade, but compromised with its conscience by putting forth a hybrid protection bill under the guise of a tariff for revenue.

This high-sounding talk about returning to vaguely hinted “principles” is born of anxiety to carry future elections. Having no principles, the party feels the need of getting some. The clearest suggestion comes from Carlisle, who advises adherence to “the maintenance of a sound and stable currency, the preservation of law and order, and the independence and authority of the judiciary,” which is equal to saying, “As we have none of our own, let us steal the principles of the Republicans.” In the meantime, Mr. Cleveland's posture as the custodian of the pure principles of his party and champion of the rank and file will superinduce much hilarity, but it offers slight promise of the much-needed Democratic unity.

In another column will be found an article by Dr. W. S. Thorne, concerning “The Decline of Oratory.” He gives some reasons for the “causes that have led to its decadence.”

One of the most cogent, perhaps, is that this is a money-getting age, and that the highest order of talent is found in money-getting occupations. Forensic or political oratory is not the most highly paid commodity. Probably the great “office-lawyers” of the Eastern States, who rarely appear in court, make more money than the most eloquent forensic advocates.

None the less, oratory is probably in a condition of quiescence rather than of decadence. When there is need for it, the voice of the orator is always heard. Under the stifling rule of the Bourbon kings free speech for centuries was unknown in France. But with the fall of the Bastille orators sprang up from the soil of France as men from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus. There were no predecessors to Camille Desmoulins, to Marat, to Robespierre, to “Gabriel Honoré Riquetti, Marquis de Mirabeau,” as Carlyle calls him. They were, as the French say, “the sons of their works.” So, too, with our own Revolution. In the petty provincial life of the thirteen colonies there was little to stir great thoughts or to call up great men. But with the “shot heard round the world” at Lexington there sprang forth orators from every corner of the colonies—from the Carolinas to the Plantation of Massachusetts Bay. What American boy has not thrilled at the burning words of Patrick Henry?—and if the reader did not thrill he was not an American or he was not a boy.

Dr. Thorne and those who believe with him should not forget that oratory has its epochs and its audiences. The eloquence of a Patrick Henry, which electrified its hearers in 1776, would have fallen but dully upon the ears of the New England farmers and fishers of 1812-15, when the Hartford Convention practically advocated secession rather than continue the war with England. The lofty antehellum speeches of Colonel E. D. Baker would have been sedulously suppressed by the Republican Campaign Committee of 1900 when we were all talking of reconciliation with the South. And as for Daniel Webster, he himself made speeches at the time of New England's discontent in 1812-15 which in 1861 would have been stigmatized as “secesh.” There is a time for all things—even for eloquence. And the fact that there were so few orators singing the praises of Bellona during our little war with Spain was because it was so little, because we were not very proud of it, and because it was with Spain.

The orator of the day who is most successful is (1) the level-headed man of affairs who delivers an “address” to other level-headed men, (2) the after-dinner speaker, (3) the eloquent jury-lawyer. Modifications and blendings of all three make up the successful political speakers. But they are so Protean in their aspect that they can not be classified.

To take some local illustrations, an excellent example of the first type is the speech by Frank J. Symmes, on “The Municipal Acquisition of Public Utilities,” published in last week's *Argonaut*. This was an address by a practical man

and delivered before that extremely hard-beaded body, the Merchants' Association. Mr. Symmes was talking about a thoroughly practical question—a matter of dollars and cents—to a set of practical men, who think in cents and dollars. Naturally, he did not indulge in tropes or metaphors or rhetorical flights of fancy. His similes and illustrations were homely but convincing. The address was not only able but adroit.

A sample of another type of oratory may be found on another page of this week's *Argonaut*. It is a speech delivered before the Lambs' Club of New York by Joseph D. Redding, formerly of San Francisco. The Lambs' Club is a peculiar body, resembling in some respects the old Bohemian Club of San Francisco. It is largely made up of actors, playwrights, artists, illustrators, and literary men. The Lambs' reunions are called “gambols.” The men who make up these gatherings are many of them remarkably keen-witted. As a result much repartee is indulged in, and so are interruptions, not unlike those of the Clover Club of Philadelphia, but not quite so machine-like. Mr. Redding was one of the bright lights of the old Bohemian Club, and when he left here for New York his advent into the Lambs' Club was awaited with much curiosity. He was, however, able to hold his own, and doubtless does so still, as may be inferred from the opening remarks in this speech at the Coquelin reception. His reference to Augustus Thomas, to those who do not know the latter, may be elucidated by saying that Mr. Thomas is probably the most keen-witted of the keen wits of the Lambs' Club. William Archer, of London, after a recent visit to this country, wrote in one of his *Pall Mall* essays that Mr. Thomas was the wittiest man he ever had met. Those who have heard Thomas speak are inclined to agree with Archer. Doubtless Thomas and Redding have had many passages-at-arms at the gambols of the Lambs.

Mr. Redding's speech is a fair sample of the oratory of the Lambs, and of the kind that is generally known as “after-dinner speaking.” Those who are not familiar with that kind of oratory, and who may be disappointed in this speech, should not forget that circumstances, voice, inflection, manner, and time—that is, the lateness of the hour—have much to do with post-prandial success. Most men who have heard after-dinner speeches—and most of all those who have made them—will agree that Mr. Redding's effort is much above the average. It must be borne in mind that a carefully prepared speech—of a higher order, rhetorically, than this—would bore an after-dinner audience of *blasé* clubmen. Were Mr. Redding speaking in court or on the stump his manner and his matter would be different.

Apropos of after-dinner speaking, those disposed to look upon it lightly may be interested in learning these facts: That an exhaustive work entitled “Modern Eloquence” is now coming out in ten volumes; that its editor-in-chief is Thomas B. Reed, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives; that one of its associate editors is Justin McCarthy, of the English Parliament; and that nearly one-third of this imposing collection—to wit, three volumes—is devoted to “after-dinner speeches.”

To take up the third division—that of the forensic orator—it must be borne in mind that a different school of eloquence is required in making an argument before the United States Supreme Court in Washington, from “spell-binding” a jury of simple-minded countrymen in a village court-house. Those who have attended sessions of our highest federal tribunal must have been struck by the extreme decorum, the lifelessness, the dry-as-dust manner, the wooden eloquence which are characteristic of that awe-inspiring chamber. At times in its somnolent atmosphere the most notable sound is the buzzing of the Washington flies—or it may be that they are Presidential hees. It is difficult to conjecture what would happen to an advocate who became rhetorical and tried to do the Patrick Henry or Daniel Webster act within those dull and sacred walls. Very likely he would be disharred.

But to go from this to the other extreme—that of the eloquent jury-lawyer—is indeed a far cry. The advocate pleading before the Supreme Court does not dare to instruct the justices even in complex principles of the law, much less rudimentary ones. On the other hand, the jury-lawyer in the country court instructs not only the jury but the hench in the basic principles of the law. And when the ancient principles do not suit he constructs new ones to retail to the hench. When the court requests him not to instruct the jury in the law, he blandly ignores the court and does it over again. In the great and complex system of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence there is probably no greater difference than that between pleading before and appealing to the cerebral convolutions of the United States Supreme Court and playing before and appealing to the visceral convolutions of a jury. Yet who could deny the mighty power exercised by great advocates in these two dissimilar lines of

eloquence? So convincing are the arguments of the great advocates at the bar of our highest federal tribunal that the judges often differ so evenly that the odd number of the bench is necessary, otherwise there would be no decision. So impressive is the eloquence of our great jury-lawyers that it has been rightly said that “no one but God can ever predict the verdict of a petty jury.”

In the line of forensic eloquence, a remarkable oratorical effort was the recent speech of D. M. Delmas in the libel suit of Von Schröder *versus* Spreckels. The case was, in many respects, a peculiar one. Baron Von Schröder, the plaintiff, is a German subject, an officer in the German army reserve, and for many years the husband of a California millionaire's daughter. He has been domiciled in California for some twenty years. Among the other property belonging to his wife is the Hotel Rafael, in Marin County, a popular summer resort. The defendant was John D. Spreckels, son of Claus Spreckels, the multi-millionaire, and himself a millionaire. In addition to his many other properties, John D. Spreckels owns the *Call* newspaper. In October, 1898, the *Call* printed an account of certain alleged doings at the Hotel Rafael, making accusations concerning Baron Von Schröder's conduct toward the ladies there, both married and single, winding up with the statement that the lessee of the hotel was forced to throw up his lease by reason of the scandalous conduct of the lessor, Baron von Schröder. As a result of this article, Von Schröder brought suit against John D. Spreckels for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars damages for libel. The suit has just ended with a verdict in favor of Spreckels and against Von Schröder.

The suit was remarkable in many respects. The prominence of the two parties, their wealth, and the fact that the testimony in the case would involve the names of some of the lady guests, attracted wide attention. But most remarkable of all, nothing about the beginning of the trial was printed in the San Francisco daily press. There is a trust, for various purposes, among the morning newspapers of San Francisco. They have formed a species of pact by which it is agreed, among other things, to suppress all news regarding libel suits against any member of the combine. Thus they hope that libel litigants will be discouraged. But one of the evening newspapers, whether in or out of the trust, broke the combine. The *Post* began printing the news. The public read the news with avidity. Then the *Bulletin* followed suit. At last the morning papers, which had been hovering like huzzards over this feculent repast, fell to, and speedily all of the papers were printing all of the news about this appetizing libel suit.

Another curious point about the trial was that the plaintiff was aristocratic and rich while the jurymen were all plebeian and poor. It is said that Von Schröder's attorneys thought that a jury of ranchers and dairymen would be more inclined toward Von Schröder's side than a more enlightened jury of city tradesmen. If so, they erred. The Marin County jury was made up of hard-handed toilers and tillers of the soil, and they were a unit against the German baron. One particularly obstinate juror wished to bring in a verdict of “guilty” against Von Schröder, and it required all the pains in the world and a special instruction from the court to convince him that the plaintiff was not on trial for some offense against the Penal Code.

Another peculiar feature of this case was the utter suppression of all women's names. The witnesses were instructed by the court to use no woman's name, and they carefully followed these injunctions. As a result the ladies who flitted like shadows through the witnesses' Decameronian tales bore such provocative titles as “the married woman,” “the unmarried woman,” and “the bride.” Another curious feature of the case was that Von Schröder called practically no witnesses to rebut the testimony of those testifying against him, but contented himself with simple denials of all their statements by himself and his brother. This action was disastrous. If, as is probable, it was the result of his attorney's counsel, it was preposterous. It is probable that he may have had some chivalric idea of thus shielding the women concerned.

As for the accusations made against him by the various witnesses, they were of the most scandalous description, and in many instances unprintable. The witnesses were of a low order—waiters, stablemen, bar-keepers, and creatures of that ilk, whose testimony under such circumstances was worthy of no credence. It is remarkable that the jury believed it, for the witnesses went to pieces under cross-examination. One in particular told a story of standing within ten feet of a couple in *flagrante delicto*, which story was simply wildly absurd. Much of the testimony was of a similar nature. Most of the stories of the witnesses concerning Von Schröder's doings were also anything but credible. To believe that a man of good position and wealth would take part in such open orgies with female companions, upon the grounds and in the buildings of the very hotel

which his wife owned, and where she was living at the time, and to place his reputation and that of his female companions at the mercy of the waiters and bar-tenders who are alleged to have assisted at their orgies—this would be to imply that such a man was not of sound mind.

But the jury probably believed these stories. The chief witness to one of the most scandalous stories was the brother-in-law of the foreman of the jury. And Von Schröder's chief counsel, Judge Maguire, made a bitter attack on this particular witness. From the standpoint of the jury-lawyer this would seem to be unwise, and so the sequel showed.

But if Von Schröder's attorney lacked tact in addressing the jury, not so the leading counsel for Spreckels. This attorney, D. M. Delmas, delivered the most remarkable address that a California jury has heard for many a day. It was remarkable from every point of view—its suavity and its satire, its eloquence and its wit, its vigor and its tenderness, its denunciation and its graciousness. For when Maguire interrupted him, as he frequently did, Delmas was by turns suave and satiric, gracious and stern. It was remarkable also for its audacity—in more senses than one. For Delmas more than once deftly wove into his speech matters not in evidence and outside the record. When called to account by Maguire and the court he would suavely apologize, dovetail his tabooed charges on to the main fabric of his speech, and gravely go on, leaving an indelible impression upon the jury's mind. He closed with a peroration that was lofty in its eloquence and which brought tears to the eyes of many in the court-room, albeit they were all men. And although the plaintiff had the closing argument, the jury—in so short a space of time as to astonish all concerned—brought in a verdict for the defendant, Spreckels.

There have been more important cases in California than that of Von Schröder *versus* Spreckels. There have been cases in other States where the lives and fortunes of men have hinged upon the words that fell from the lips of eloquent advocates. But there is no recent case in the history of California which more strikingly illustrates what we have maintained above. The verdict against Plaintiff von Schröder was not by reason of the testimony, but rather in despite of it. The testimony was beneath contempt. The verdict in favor of Defendant Spreckels was entirely due to the adroit, eloquent, and convincing words of one able man. The remarkable speech of D. M. Delmas to the jury proves that if forensic oratory is declining, it is by no means dead.

The necessity for keeping the navy of this country abreast with modern ideals has led to the calling for eleven new vessels, of which five are to be battle-ships and six cruisers. Of these, two cruisers and one battle-ship are to be constructed by the Union Iron Works. Another interesting fact connected with the opening of the bids was that the Risdon Iron Works appeared for the first time as a bidder. The bid of the latter was too high to be accepted, but its appearance in the list indicates that it is prepared to build vessels of the modern type and is a most gratifying indication of the progress of ship-building on the Pacific Coast. The bid of a Seattle firm was a further indication of the same kind. The success of the Union Iron Works is also gratifying, though it has come to be an accepted fact that that company will have its share of the work that is to be done for the government. When the Scotts put in their first bid for the construction of vessels for the new navy, people were rather startled by the audacity of the move. The Pacific Coast had not up to that time been noted for its ship-building capacity. It was a wise policy on the part of the government to grant a contract, even though the bid of the company was somewhat higher than were the others. The success of the Union Iron Works in the vessels they have built has justified the wisdom of fostering the industry here. The new vessels that are to be built here will mean the distribution of more than ten millions of dollars in this city. It will mean employment for an army of workmen for two or three years. This is the truest and most real form of prosperity.

There was probably no fact connected with the census returns of 1890 that attracted more attention than the growth of cities therein revealed. According to that census, nearly one-third of the population of the United States was living in the cities. The figures showed that the drift had been continuous from decade to decade, and while in 1790 only 335 in each ten thousand of the people were included in the urban population, one hundred years later the proportion had increased to 2,920. From these figures it was easy to argue that it would not be long before all the people were dwellers in cities, and that agricultural activity would cease through the mere lack of people to carry it on. The census taken this year does not justify these dismal forebodings, however. The rate of gain of city population has not been kept up.

The *Electrical Review* finds an explanation for this in the extension of the means of communication by the use of electricity. The trolley-car and the telephone are transforming the urban into a suburban population. It is certain that these forces are working a great change in the conditions of modern life. Rapidity of transit has enabled the tired man of affairs to escape from the cares of life after the day's business is ended. This, however, does not essentially modify the problem. As urbanite, or suburbanite, the man makes his living in the city. If agriculture is not to languish, some method of popularizing the farming life must be devised.

The director of the mint has announced the figures of production of gold and silver last year, and has shown a larger total of increased mineral wealth than has been known before. The total value of gold produced was \$71,053,400—an advance over what has ever before been known in this country. The silver product was slightly increased, and, at an advanced price, shows an increase in value. As among the individual States, the figures of production show a continuation of the movement that has been going on for several years. California has lost its position as the first gold-producing State in the Union, and Colorado has secured a firm grip upon that position. Last year California produced \$15,197,800 in gold, which was somewhat below the product of late years. Colorado advanced to \$25,852,600. When silver was demoted, the people of Colorado regarded it as a death-blow. Since that time they have been developing their wealth of gold, and have steadily advanced to their present position. California still maintains second place, and when it becomes possible to work the hydraulic mines again—and the time is not far distant—this State may again secure its leading position. In the world's production, there was an increase of \$19,156,300. This was represented by a gain of \$7,485,600 in Canada, for which the Klondike was mainly responsible, and \$14,860,800 in Australia. Owing to the war in South Africa, there was a considerable falling off in the production there.

When this country was first established it adopted a decimal system of currency because of the simplicity of that system. At the same time it retained a complicated and unsystematic principle in measuring everything else that is handled in the affairs of every-day life. Measures of length, dimensions, and contents were still based upon a system that was wholly at variance with the decimal divisions of the currency. Many years ago the French Government devised a scientific scheme of measurement. It was to be based upon a certain fraction of a quadrant of the earth's circumference, and all measurements, liquid as well as solid, were to bear a fixed proportion to each other. All multiple measurements were to be based upon the decimal system. It matters not that the determination of the earth's quadrant was defective, and that the metre was not precisely what it was intended to be. The principle that underlaid the system was correct, and it should have been universally adopted. It is an interesting fact that the metric system is adopted and in use by every civilized country in the world, with the exceptions of the United States and Great Britain. Even in those countries it is in use in scientific operations. Efforts have been made to adopt the system in this country year after year. The opposition has come mostly from those who are familiar with the old system and lack energy to study the new, supplemented by apathy on the part of those who should be active in support of the reform. The committees in Congress having this question in charge are reported to be in favor of its adoption. Their recommendation should be backed up by intelligent public opinion.

From the legal point of view an interesting question has been raised as to the ownership of Mission Rock, in the bay of San Francisco. The federal government claims it as an island located in the navigable waters of the bay, and therefore a part of the federal domain. The California Dry Dock Company claims it under title from the State, the local title being based upon the fact that the tide-lands bordering upon the waters of the State become, upon the demand of the State, its property and subject to transfer of title by it. If Mission Rock is to be classed as tide-land, the title of the dry dock company is unassailable, since H. B. Tichenor, under whom the company claims, holds a State patent for the land. The question is still before the courts. The general principle of law is that islands located in navigable waters are a part of the public domain. Mission Rock is located similarly to Goat Island and Angel Island. It differs only in having a more limited area. If those bodies are under federal jurisdiction, Mission Rock is also. The latter area has not been claimed heretofore, merely because the federal government had no use for it. It is now needed as a coaling station, and has been declared to be part of the federal domain.

STATECRAFT AND ORATORY.

Some Causes of Their Present Decline.

What are the causes that have led to a decadence, in the United States, of statesmen and orators? What has become of the type represented by Clay, Webster, Benton, Everett, and Sumner? Is it true that great talent appears only in cycles? Is it a fact that Nature nurses her energies through long periods in order to produce genius? Is evolution an orderly sequence of natural events resting fundamentally on heredity and environment, or is it the result of irregular forces, inexplicable by any known laws, obeying no defined agencies, and incomprehensible by reason of its vagaries? Periods characterized by great events, which command universal attention, excite general interest, or kindle passions, are those that present to men of power or genius fitting opportunities to exercise their special energies. Stormy events, national excitement, public danger, and popular enthusiasm are the factors that summon potential men to action.

Historic periods most distinctively differentiated by the number of their great actors are, for the most part, those in which the thoughts and energies of the masses have been roused by stirring events. Popular movements affecting national safety or national honor—war, radical changes of government, social conflicts, religious controversies, and internecine strife—are among the influences that rouse the potentially great, who otherwise, like the Knights of the Round Table, might slumber for a thousand years. When the gods come among men they are not recognized, but the potential master, though unrecognized, is ever present. Time, place, and opportunity will surely call him forth. He was born to lead. He can enthuse the lukewarm, make heroes of the timid, quicken faith, and mold opinions.

Every decade has its potential heroes—its unknown geniuses.

"Mute, inglorious Miltons,"

"Hands the rod of empire might have swayed,"

rest to every church-yard. The fitting time and opportunity came not to them. But for the stormy period of Charles the First, Oliver Cromwell would have lived and died a country squire, in the peaceful cultivation of his estates at Hovingdoo or St. Ives. The warring of political parties and religious factions did not create his genius, but they furnished the motives to that extraordinary career that ended as "The Lord Protector of the British Commonwealth." In like manner did the blood and terrors of the French Revolution call forth the latent powers of Napoleon, and evolve the military and literary geniuses of that age. Had this period of French history been an era of peace and commercial pursuits, Napoleon the First might have attained to the rank of a colonel in the French army, or happily spent a quiet life as professor of mathematics at the military school of Brienne. But for the folly of George the First and the persistent contumacy of an English Parliament, there had been no revolt of the Thirteen American Colonies in 1776. Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Adams, Randolph, Madison, Jay, Marshall, and a host of other civic and military heroes, immortalized by participation in the great events of that time, would sleep in obscure graves among the inglorious dead—doomed.

"The applause of listening senates to command,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land

And read their history in a nation's eyes."

Why have the latter years of the nineteenth century been conspicuous by an absence of great names that in the beguiling and middle of that period rendered the political arena and the forum illustrious? The eighteenth century closed upon an era pregnant with great issues. Washington was dead. The stirring events of the revolution had evolved a number of great men closely identified with the early struggles of the young republic. The impartial judgment of mankind has assigned to the founders of the American republic a degree of wisdom and moderation unparalleled in history.

With the conclusion of the war began the discussion of those great questions that were to decide the destiny of a great people. John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Alexander Hamilton were at the helm of the ship of state—a trinity of wisdom and political sagacity rarely, if ever, equaled in any country or in any age. The country had just emerged from an unequal struggle that had taxed its every resource, and had brought to the front the genius and talent of every degree and kind. Questions of state of supreme import soon confronted the people, and the political education of the American people began. The discussion of the federal constitution and the gradual crystallization of ideas and principles into a homogeneous compact between the federal and State authority—the development and settlement of the North-West Territories, national finance, the question of tariff, the question of slavery and its extension into the new Territories, State rights, Indian wars, and foreign relations were among the important questions that engaged the attention of statesmen and attracted the study of the best talent of the country for half a century.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the largest city in the United States numbered scarcely forty thousand inhabitants, and large fortunes were yet unknown. Men of talent and education found pursuits more congenial than the accumulation of wealth. Agriculture, the forum, and the political arena attracted the educated minority, and opened a way to honorable distinction or competent fortune. Immense individual accumulations of wealth before the Civil War were rare. Immediately following it there began an era of great business activity—railway construction, industrial and commercial enterprises innumerable. Men of talent and energy were attracted by enterprises and the allurements of wealth. The learned professions were abandoned to a different order of men, and the science of money-getting usurped the science of law and politics—the eloquence of the forum and of the arena was silenced by the eloquence of gold. The directories of the gigantic corporations were represented by men of strong character, of resistless energy, indomitable will, sound judgment—men sagacious and masterful. This was the highest order of talent drawn to that perfected scheme of modern finance, whereby the many enrich the few. Who will doubt that had these financial kings turned their talents and energies into other channels they would have achieved greatness? Large fortunes are not often the result of accident, but are, in most cases, acquired by brains of a high order. Such men control the active working world by the irresistible power of wealth, and when they combine for concerted action, they dictate the policy of a nation, make peace or declare war, depose rulers, control national politics, and adjust all matters in accordance with their will. Dives is the power behind the throne. The statesman obeys him; the lawyer is his servant, and the specialist in every science and in every art comes or departs at his bidding. The Carnegies, the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Morgans, the Drexels, the Rockefellers, the Arnolds, the Huntingtons, and men of their type exercise a control over national life and manners that in a preceding age belonged to men like Tempora, Calhoun, Benton, Clay, Webster, Everett, and Sumner—"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis." We live in a materialistic age. Steam and electricity have rendered inertia impossible—all things move and move quickly. Orators in deliberative bodies are obstructionists—they consume time; they are impracticable. Bismarck said it—the world believes it. A working theory based on hard facts will gain audience. How can you apply it? Will it work? What is it worth? These are the inquiries that test the spirit of the age. The genius of the nineteenth century contemplated Niagara as a marvel of nature, noted the countless ages necessary for its formation, and was subdued by its majesty and power. The genius of the twentieth century gazes upon Niagara, measures the volume of its water, estimates its units of power, and figures the amperes of electricity it will generate and the number of cities it will illuminate.

W. S. THORNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 20, 1900.

THE HANGING HAND.

How It Brought to an End the Sorrow of Three.

It hangs on the biggest street-door in all the old city of Oaxaca. Eleven feet high is the door, and ten wide, a swinging double monster, with great rivet-heads protruding. Where the brass hand has hung these years, looking limp, knocking the paint off the metal plate, there also little Ines goes to and fro. Ines admired that heavy knocker, and used to stand and knock by the hour deliciously. The *patio* was grand and gloomy, with an ancient fountain and vines drooping from a hundred trees. The peace that sleeps in Oaxaca was deepest here. The corridor was wide, shadowed, bounded by an interminable row of pillars, all white and three feet thick.

"Orphan! Orphan!" taunted Delfino, a demon-like neighbor boy, who was running after the water-man's *burro*, as Ines stood and knocked and knocked, for fun, in the morning sunlight.

"I'm not an orphan! My papa is only dead!" shrieked she, stamping her foot, imagining that orphan was something else much worse.

She flushed in hot temper. She went into the corridor running. She dived through three long, dark, draped rooms. She found her young mother, weeping as she had wept these long years, in her bedroom. "Am I an orphan?" shrieked Ines, and threw herself, all tousled and pink, on the bed and kicked.

Her mother, sweet, slender, dark-eyed, turned toward her a face like that of Mary of Sorrows. She put her hand on her breast and sighed. She made no answer.

"I want some *dulce*!" cried the willful and bad Ines, leaving the matter of the orphan.

"No. Little Ines—darling, darling Ines."

"I'm not! I'm hungry!"

"Ines, you are all I have; he good to me; he good to mother, Ines."

"I won't! I want that *dulce*—that jam which the cook made out of yellow haws and sweet potatoes!"

Her mother, scarcely more than a girl, threw herself in passion upon the child, and hugged her.

"It made you sick before!" she cried, the child's head rubbing against her slender, fair neck.

This was too much for Ines. She was called an orphan. She was denied *dulce*. She jumped up and ran out, fiercely determined to break things. And her mother sank to the bed behind her.

"I'll buy jam in the market," swore Ines to herself, flipping her short pink dress here and there.

She came to the big front door. She suddenly remembered she had no money. Delfino flew by again. "You're an orphan! You're poor!" gloated he, indelicately.

This drove her immediately into crime.

The hanging hand glittered there before her in the morning light. These vast knockers are fashioned into many shapes. This brass one's fingers were delicate, long, dead-looking. They had ever fascinated her. It suddenly occurred to her that the hand was gold. She knew nothing of the falseness of brass. Of course it was gold—all yellow, shiny things are gold.

Her eyes flashed. She ran down the street and stole a hammer and a chisel from a carpenter who was drinking *pulque* at a cart in front of his shop. The shop was called "Laughter"; the carpenter was lean. His tools whisked out behind him, as whisked the pink dress and two wicked little legs.

For an hour Ines tugged, hammered, fumed at the hanging hand. Tremendous was the task. Her black eyes flashed. Her black hair flew wild. Vicious were her little lips. The knocker finally came off; the hand fell dead in her own. She had the gold.

So she leaped away into a reckless, crime-laden future toward the *plaza*, leaving that had mamma hurried back there. She wound through narrow and twisting streets. She came to the big double park, the city's dream-centre. The time-stained cathedral gave forth lazy hours with mediæval chimes. A lethargy-like life moved to and fro under the trees, beneath the southern sun. Candy men cried their wares; fountains tinkled. Under the portal's deep shade walked a stately priest in black.

She halted at a door over which the word "Empeño" was printed. It was a pawn-shop, and, hare-headed, flushed, determined, she plunged in. She did not want a pawn-ticket. She sold the banging hand outright for ten cents.

An hour later the drooping mother, brushing her sorrow wearily from her eyes, stepped into her *patio* and sat down under a bouganvillea-vine which poured its cataract of purple over a fountain. Little Ines, her mouth suspiciously smeared, sneaked here and there among shrubbery and wiped her hands on her skirt, eyeing her mother guiltily and swallowing.

"Ines, come," cried her mother, her face dreamy; "I must tell you—oh! my little one—I must tell you at last more about your father."

Ines, wide-eyed, half forgetting the yellow-haw-and-sweet-potato jam which filled her, crept up. She sat down and curled her body, kitten-like, against her mother; the latter's arm encircling her.

"Your father was good. Your father was the noblest man in all the earth."

Ines swallowed some final remnants down under the arm.

"Your father—oh! Ines! Ines!—I was jealous once!" She wept. On Ines's fair cheek where the jam smeared, a tear fell.

"I made him wretched!" cried her mother—"we—we did not live together happily. Ines—we—oh! it was all my fault! I still love him!"

She could say no more. Ines lay with her head on the slender mother's lap meditating. The long hour gone by, seemed the mother was happier. She bent down. She

kissed the cheek. She tasted the yellow-haw-and-sweet-potato jam.

"Ines!" murmured she, with solemn severity, tear-stained.

Ines knew it was all over. She got up and wiggled, sucking her thumb. Floods of remorse arose, broke in her. "I sold the hand!" burst forth she in a storm of tears. It was one of those anticipatory, relief-bringing, inundating confessions.

There was suddenly presented to her vision her mother's face—white. Ines, seeing it through a mist of tears, exaggerated its sorrow. It seemed horror-stricken.

"What?" cried the lady.

"The knocker—the hand!" shrieked the miserable penitent.

"Ines! That hand was your father's hand!"

The fatal words beat on the child's brain. Her dead father's hand! Could it be? She had heard of mummies. She had once seen a skeleton! She, too, felt the horror, dazed. Then a sickly doubt, at which she clutched, made her smile in sickly manner. Then, believing it in some fearful, mysterious way true, her blood was frozen. The knowledge of that hideous crime fell on her. Six years of life had taught her that miracles are real. She had sold her own dead father's hand!

"But—but I thought it was gold!"

"Silly child—it could not be."

The little lips grew stiff. The eyes stared tragically. Ines's face was pale as death, her mind groping into this sepulchral possibility. "But—the color of it!" she barely whispered, scared as only a child can be.

Her mother recalled that the brass was a little tarnished. She did not understand Ines. "They all turn so," murmured she, dreaming of past days, "when hanging thus, as the sad years go on."

The terrified Ines, her life a wilderness, sprang suddenly, madly away.

"All these things with which he fitted up the home, at least—at least, these I can keep," wept the mother, seated alone.

Ines, a tiny ghost, shivering, crept into the pawn-shop. The man there was very fat and red, with the north-of-Spain complexion and a jug of north-of-Spain cider in his hand. The counters and shelves were full of second-hand things, with tickets on them—gold-embroidered *sombreros*, silver saddles, *mantillas*, coffee-urns, everything. Ines could not speak. She crouched in frozen misery under the counter. The man leaned far over; his face appeared above her like the moon.

"What do you want?" asked he, and grinned.

"The—the—" Her whisper died, her lips were blue and stiff; her eyes were wild, appealing, as she crouched there, a hunch of pink.

"Eh?" The moon grew fuller.

"I want the hand!"

"I sold it," said he.

She leaped up in a spasm. She heat the counter. She wept and stormed. Her panic was terrific.

"I will have it—I will! That was my own dead father's hand!"

"Buy it, then, from the man who bought it," said he. "Juan!"

A dirty, sandaled servant, with a shrimp in his hand, came out of the rear door.

"Take this little earthquake where you took the knocker."

Juan jammed a stupendous *sombrero* on his head and trudged out and away, nonchalantly, chewing his shrimp.

Noon had gone by. The early afternoon strewed sweet, warm sunshine silently through the trees of still streets. She, her one grand grief towering rugged, awful in her life, went on after him, a creature of tragedy. Her eyes were hungry, haunted. Her little face was thin. She remembered that she had once seen her father, when she was three years old. He had been in the *patio*. He had taken her hand—a dark, tall man. He had said, and smiled, though strangely: "And you—forget me—forget me—little Ines!"

After that they said he was dead. But his smile, and that alone—his one strange, last smile, she remembered. Her past, her father—the hand of the man who had smiled—she had sold them all; and horrible, revolting was the deed.

They came to an old battered church where the French had fought and cannonaded in the 'sixties. An ancient grave-yard was walled there, the stones crowded and hoary. Juan, whistling a dreadful tune, trudged straight in there. She stood spellbound on the threshold, under the high arch. He was going on among the graves. Here—here he would find her father's hand. She sank down, fragments of mummy-stories, skeleton-stories enacting orgies in her brain. Hoarsely she shrieked after the servant. Terror could go no further.

But he beckoned her on. He went away, out of another gate. She took courage, flew among the graves, and leaped, panting, into another street beyond. There stood an old, high house, colored a dull purple, with imitation pillars of deep, sunset red, painted upon its front. The servant was knocking.

"I brought it here, according to orders," said he, and went away.

The door opened and a *mozo* in clean white found her trembling there alone.

"My father's hand!" gasped she.

"What?"

She half fell into the passage and sank to the stones. "The hand! The hand!" muttered she.

"Oh, may be you mean the knocker my master bought. Why, we saw it in the shop. My master has just come from Europe. He is fitting up this house. He told me he wanted a knocker, and none but this hanging hand would do."

She was only staring at him, her eyes dilating in a face deadly pale.

"Come in to him," said the *mozo*.

She arose and followed. The servant howed her into a room fifty feet long, where one tall man was seated by himself at a lonely dining-table in the huge apartment's middle. His back was toward her. The servant went away; the master bad not heard. She gazed at his back. She crept a little closer, and her lip trembled pitifully. She waited a long, long time, and crept a little closer still.

He was not eating. His head rested on his hand over an untouched plate. He was reading a yellow and worn-looking letter.

She came creeping to the chair's side. Somehow her terror-stricken heart loved this man in a sudden, pitiful way. She put her hand on the table. She brought her face, without warning and quickly, close to his arm, and looked up into his face.

He had lifted a glass of wine. The glass fell and broke. They stared at one another a long time. He was whiter than she. Then he pushed back his chair.

"What do you want?" he asked, his eyes on her.

"I want—I want—" She paused. She suddenly perceived that one hand seemed to be thrust in his waistcoat—at least, she could see but the sleeve. She shrank away.

"I want my father's hand," said she at length, with awful solemnity.

He hit his lip. His fingers, unsteady, toyed with the broken glass.

"Who is your father?"

"He died. My mamma cries all the time. I sold the knocker, and it was his hand; and God will make me go to Hell if I do not find it. My mamma says my papa was an angel. My mamma says she loves him. Oh, give me back his hand!"

He started up. "She loves him?"

"Oh, very much—oh, very much, *señor*; and I would, too; and I didn't mean to sell his hand!"

He seemed trembling. He took something from a drawer, held it up, and smiled.

She saw the knocker and ran to it, screaming. She fell back, seeing his smile. She knew that smile.

"I thought it," said he, "because I remembered one that hung upon a house I used to know. Come." He seized her hand in strong grip. He strode forth with her. Not comprehending, she went thus into the street.

Her mother lay on the bench beneath the purple flowers. The two came in. Ines flushed, beautiful; the man carrying yet, by chance, one hand within his waistcoat. Ines was afraid. She pulled away and hid in the shrubbery. The man strode on. Under his eye lay the girl-like mother, looking at the fountain.

"Salomé," whispered he.

She turned, she started. She sat up and put her hands to her forehead, staring.

"I came back, Salomé, because I could hear it no more. Rather than be without you I would die. I came to live in Oaxaca to try to win you again."

She half arose, and fell forward; she was in his arms.

There was a little cry from the shrubbery and a hurst of pink. Ines dashed rapturously to them. "Your smile—now—it is like that other one. I know my papa! I know my papa now—come back from the grave-yard. Oh! show me—show me the hand again!"

She leaped between them and clutched his two fleshy-and-blood hands, and stared at them. She grew curiously still.

"It came back," said she.

In the evening she stood out at the big front door, where the *mozo* was screwing on the knocker again. Delfino ran by, and taunted her.

"I'm not an orphan!" cried Ines. "I'm not anything wrong any more. Because my papa's come back from the grave-yard."

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1900.

Rudyard Kipling's experience in South Africa has made him a strong advocate of temperance. One of his recent letters contains these lines: "So far as I could see in South Africa it did not matter what sort of spirits the man fancied, because there was not the least danger of his getting more than was good for him. On the other hand, men who could do without liquor, who did not fancy they needed to flood their inside every two or three hours, got on better than men who, through mere physical incontinence and carelessness, were constantly sucking water bottles. In this, as in all things, the man who is temperate in the full sense of the word survives." Lord Roberts's testimony to the value of temperance has caused the foundation of the "Bohs League," a new temperance organization, which is to be inaugurated by entertaining "Bohs" on his return at a public banquet without intoxicating drink.

It is a matter of legal record that a famous English physician, Sir Richard Owen, when called upon for expert testimony in a celebrated poisoning case where a subtle toxic was suspected to have been used, testified that there are several toxics which cause death and leave no trace, and, upon being asked to name them, and refusing to do so, stated as his reason for refusing that such knowledge was too dangerous to be made public. The court for that reason sustained him in his refusal to name the poisons. This single circumstance in the report of the trial attracted such wide attention that Sir Richard Owen received seven hundred letters from all parts of the world and all conditions of people asking for the names of the poisons—letters in which the writers resorted to all sorts of arts and wiles to elicit the coveted information.

The death of Sir Arthur Sullivan has had a curious effect on the audiences of "Patience" at the Savoy Theatre in London. It has so stimulated interest in the dead composer's work that the audiences are exceeding the record of the production of the opera.

KRÜGER IN PARIS.

Geraldine Bonner Writes of the Popular Reception Given the Ex-President of the Transvaal Republic—Enthusiasm and Restrained Excitement in the Streets.

The greatest demonstration that Paris has seen for many a day was the reception of President Krüger. For one day the whole city was mad with enthusiasm. I had never seen a French crowd under the sway of an emotion of this kind, and it was a remarkable and also a sinister sight. For it was this impassioned and impetuous mob that in times past had murdered the noblest and the best, upset governments, dragged down kings, and uplifted presidents—burned, plundered, killed. It was this crowd that Voltaire said was "half monkey and half tiger."

Early in the afternoon of the day of Krüger's arrival, three women—an American artist, an English artist, and an American writer—drove in a closed *fiacre* from the Latin quarter to the Rive Droite. Going up the Avenue de l'Opéra we began to notice an excited appearance in the streets, people hurrying toward the Palace de l'Opéra, a steady stream of slowly moving vehicles all going in that direction. Two heads were projected from the windows on either side and quickly withdrawn. To the English artist, who was in the middle, was imparted the intelligence that something was going on up the street, there was a tremendous crowd farther up. Then one head was put out, and the driver was accosted thus:

"Qu'est ce que ce passe la has?"

He was a very good-looking young Frenchman, and the excitement of the moment seized him.

"C'est lui!" he answered, dramatically, "c'est Krüger."

"Krüger! Good gracious, how exciting!"—then, to the inside of the carriage—"it's Krüger! We must see him. Let's tell the man to pass up the boulevard in front of the hotel."

So we told the man, who was only too delighted to get a chance to see things for himself, and we slowly made our way toward the Palace de l'Opéra.

The pedestrians along the sidewalk crowded, jostled, and almost ran in their efforts to get to the boulevard as soon as possible. They were of all sorts. I saw well-dressed women who looked like ladies, and women painted like frescoes, healthy *bourgeois* shop-keepers, errand-boys, men in houses, students by the hundreds, girls in cotton dresses without hats, ousers with babies in their arms. There were more men than women. They were all hurrying and all bound in one direction. In the damp, raw afternoon, sombre with swollen rain-clouds that seemed to exhale a chilly breath, they all looked cold and pinched, with excited faces set in expressions of concentrated interest.

Presently there was a series of *staccato* cheers, breaking out here and there, loud but fitful, and advancing from the avenue. We thought the president was upon us, but it was only a very tall man, carrying high in the air the Transvaal flag. To the leaden afternoon, against the gray houses and beneath the gray sky, this emblem of a country which has made the greatest struggle for liberty since the American colonies broke their bonds, fluttered backward brightly in parti-colored waves. The man who carried it looked neither to the right nor the left, but walked on with a long, swinging step, the flag over his shoulder. As it passed down the street, the cheers, loud and defiant, greeted it on every side. Now and then a hat was raised in passing salute.

At the Palace de l'Opéra the crowd had begun to congest. It threw out two wings from the pavement nearly to the raised island in the middle of the circle. A quantity of police were scattered about, shouting things, and brandishing their little clubs. Traffic on the boulevard still continued, but moved in a long and solid mass of vehicles, so slowly that it hardly seemed to progress at all. The omnibuses were crowded, the people on the top standing one behind the other holding to the hand-rail, like passengers on the deck of a steamer. Our *cocher*, to the accompaniment of much swearing and shrieking, inserted his horse and vehicle into the line moving upward, and we began to creep forward at a snail's pace.

The crowd on the sidewalks even here was dense, close-packed, near the gutter, and sufficiently thin against the shops to permit of the passing of pedestrians. Thrusting one's head out of the window, one could see it stretching up to the end of the block toward the president's hotel, a solid, level mass. It was largely composed of men, and their hats made an even, black flooring. Here and there appeared a brilliant touch of color in the gaudy headgear of a woman. Farther up, under the boughs of the trees, the brass helmets of mounted municipal guards shone. The windows on either side were full of people; some were on the roofs; boys were up the lamp-posts. On the top floor of the Grand Hotel servants, in caps and aprons, were hanging out.

Two lines of vehicles moved with processional deliberation, now and then coming to a halt. Outside of them a line of *sergeants de ville* stretched, so near to us that the carriage sometimes brushed their cloaks. Beyond these, against the kerb, were stationed at intervals the mounted men of the municipal guard, the tails of their horses against the crowd that hung on the edge of the sidewalk. As we drew near the hotel an unmounted guard of foot-soldiers was drawn up in a cordon that outlined each corner, the men so close that their shoulders touched. Neither these soldiers nor the municipal guard moved. There was something sinister in the suggestion that they were there in case of need. The *sergeants de ville* controlled and directed the traffic, and went about tapping unruly members of the crowd with their clubs.

But few members were unruly. A curious and almost fateful silence and immobility held this vast concourse of people. They were waiting—all waiting. Passing along in front of them one had a strange impression of many faces lifted up—keen, intense, watching faces. All the eyes were raised to a window on the angle of the hotel which came on

the corner. Few of them moved; they seemed to talk little, but they stood motionless, staring and silent. The dramatic force of this stolid, unwinking, immovable look, of the gravity of these hundreds of lifted faces, gave you an impression of a concentration, an almost ferocious intensity, that made a thrill of fear pass through you as you wondered what these people might do when this stored-up excitement broke loose.

At intervals it seemed to demand expression, and from a perfectly silent group a sudden, simultaneous shout of "Vive les Boers!" would burst. Then hats would go up, hands sometimes, and the white dash of a handkerchief flutter back and forth in tremendous unsteadiness. Farther along the cry would be repeated. It would pass in a wave of sound from the crowd, carrying with it an agitation of raised hats and faces suddenly changed by the wide opening of mouths. "Vive les Boers!" would come rolling and echoing from all corners. And then another cry, sometimes raised alone in a loud, clear voice and then caught up by many voices—"Vive Krüger!" This last would go in a thunderous roll of sound from the boulevard, till the crowd at the Palace de l'Opéra heard it, caught it up, and sent it booming back—"Vive Krüger!"

But, harriog this, the eyes of those who were within sight of the window never moved. As they shouted they still kept that piercing regard fixed on the two loog doors of glass that opened on the balcony. There were people on the balcony—it ran the length of the building—but they did not stand in front of this single window, which, with drooping white curtains, showed no sign of life. On the balconies of the Jockey Club, opposite, there were many meo, moving, collecting in little groups, sometimes staring down curiously at the motionless flooring of upturned faces; but these, also, were for the most part occupied in gazing at the closed window.

We had passed the Rue Scribe by a few yards, when our *cocher*, leaning from his box, told us it was impossible for him to go any further. Also it appeared that the street would soon be cleared of all vehicles as Le President Krüger was about to pay a call on Le President Louhet. So we were forced to turn back and retrace our steps, moving even more slowly than we had done when we passed downward, and at the Palace de l'Opéra having almost to force the horse against the crowd before it would give way. Here people seemed to be still collecting from all points, and the gathering had taken on new features in the past half-hour. Hawkers were out selling little badges of Krüger and small Transvaal flags. Both women and men were selling large-sized flags of which they held sheafs in their arms. Groups of young men who looked like students were collected in cleared spaces and were singing concerted pieces in celebration of the glory of Krüger and the martyrdom of the Boers. These songsters seemed to be scattered all over that part of the city, for later on, making my way down the Rue de Tivoli by uncrowded side-streets, I still came upon them, chanting away and sometimes accompanying themselves on guitars.

We were in a side-street close to its intersection with the boulevard when the president finally did descend. Projecting ourselves as far out of the windows as we could, we caught a glimpse of a massive old figure, topped with a silk hat, slowly mounting a carriage. A steady shout swelled up from the crowd that passed down the boulevard like "the long, withdrawing roar" of a receding wave as the carriage rolled away. Our glimpse was of the briefest, but it gave the impression of a man of great size, not so much fat as large-framed and broad. Of the face we could tell nothing at the distance we were away.

Since that day crowds have continued to looe the streets whenever the ex-president goes abroad. The enthusiasm of the people is still at fever pitch. The old man has been going about a great deal, and is the continual recipient of visits of state, visits of sympathy, visits of welcome, visits of congratulations, from delegations and individuals of every class and kind. He and President Louhet have exchanged that remarkable number of calls which official etiquette requires. President Louhet has sympathized with the aged patriot on the loss of his country and congratulated him on the bravery and humanity of his countrymen. A day or two ago, at a dance at the Hôtel Scribe, Henri Rochefort presented the ex-president with a magnificent sword which the patriots of France desire to give to General Cronje.

What use poor Cronje can have for a sword on St. Heleoa is hard to guess, but the thought that dictated the presenting of such a gift is kindly. The fiery Henri Rochefort, in giving it, said that the subscribers had desired to give evidence of "their admiration for the three thousand Boers made prisoners by forty thousand English." The sword is very handsome, with a heavy gold hilt representing a Boer struggling with the British lion. It bears the inscription, "The French Republican patriots to the Republican patriot Cronje."

The English in Paris have been forced to keep rather quiet, as no one can tell here when the peaceful crowd is going to become an angry, dangerous mob. The episode that nearly disturbed the harmony of things at Marseilles indicated that it is always best to let sleeping dogs lie. Some Englishmen on the balcony of the hotel refused to remove their hats at the time of the ex-president's arrival. The crowd howled at them to do so. The Englishmeo, to signify their disdain, threw down some pennies. Whereupon there was a furious outburst, the people outside trying to invade the hotel. The hotel people prevented this, but the Englishmen, who had a steamer to catch, had to be hustled out privately by a hack way to their steamer to avoid the mob.

PARIS, November 27, 1900. GERALDINE BONNER.

An Italian, who says he is a brother of Guido Matiare, a victim of the Louisiana lynchings, burned a little wax figure of President McKinley on the steps of the American embassy in London, a few nights ago. The figure was stuck full of pins, in order to prolong the imagined agony. The Italian said he was avenging his brother's death.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

A strange coincidence in the death of Mrs. Calvin S. Brice was the fact that she passed away in New York a fortnight ago on the same day of the year and at the same hour on the second anniversary of the death of her husband, Senator Brice, of Ohio.

Deoying rumors that he was seeking an office under the present administration, General Harrison Gray Otis says that there is no inducement in official life to cause him to exchange his chosen and permanent occupation, the conduct of his Los Angeles newspaper, for public office.

When the German emperor heard of the courageous act of the Queen of Portugal in saving a boatman from drowning, he asked the queen to accept the German gold salvage medal. Her majesty at first hesitated in accepting this gracious offer because she had already declined similar decorations which the Portuguese Government and the Humane Society at Lishon wished to confer upon her, but she finally consented to receive the medal.

Mlle. Jane Derval, winner of the *Gil Blas* beauty contest in Paris a year ago, received six thousand dollars a year from a well-known dressmaker to wear his clothes exclusively and advertise them among theatrical folks. Her employer has just sued mademoiselle for damages, claiming to hold proof that she received twenty-five hundred dollars from a rival to propagate the idea that while wearing one's clothes on account of the salary paid her for doing so, she really much preferred the other's gowns. Arthur Lapman, a rich young Baltimorean friend of Jane, proved an interesting witness, as he was impudently humorous, like Whistler.

The Amir of Afghanistan has issued an order that all the young men throughout the country, who are not permanently employed at some occupation, are to join the army. He has also caused it to be proclaimed that a vision he had when he came to the throne, in which he was instructed to build a wall round the country, has been fulfilled. The reference is to the boundary treaties with the British and Russian governments which have fixed the frontiers of Afghanistan. This wall, he says, the people must be ready to defend with their lives, and they must cease quarreling among themselves.

John Joy Edson, chairman of the committee of fifty that will arrange for the President's inauguration on March 4th next, is one of the best known and most influential men in the city of Washington. He is president of the Washington Board of Trade and a member of the board of directors of the National Metropolitan Bank, the Potomac Insurance Company, the Washington Traction Street Railroad, president of the Washington Loan and Trust Company, president of the National Homoeopathic Hospital Association, treasurer of the Washington Sanitary Improvement Company and of the Association Charities, and president of the Columbia University Alumni.

Two dangerous counterfeiters, William B. Fritch and his son Emmett, \$3,320 in ready-made \$10 pieces, and a complete outfit for making bogus coin, were captured recently by United States Secret Service officers in Sao Francisco. The two counterfeiters resided in a little room on the second floor of a building. The work of coin making had been going on for several months. The place is in plain view of the new post-office building, and for some time the workmen had noticed a man through the window counting money. This continued day after day, and owing to the strange locality his actions aroused their suspicions and the circumstance was reported to the officers.

William Waldorf Astor has issued invitations for a grand country hall at Cliveden, New Year's Eve. This is Astor's first social venture in England since the unpleasant Berkeley-Milne incident last season. The Countess of Ancaster, who now manages Astor's social enterprises, advised him to make his reentry as an entertainer with a country hall, instead of attempting the giving of parties in London, where the feeling excited by the Berkeley-Milne affair has not yet disappeared. Lord Willoughby d'Ershy, Lady Ancaster's eldest son, who was engaged for a week, some years ago, to Miss Muriel Wilson, is said to be paying marked attention to Miss Pauline Astor.

John Edward Redmond, who has been chosen leader of the Irish party in Parliament, began his political career as a clerk in the vote office of the House of Commons. In 1881 he was elected to Parliament for New Ross. Four years later he was elected for Wexford North, and in 1892 he was chosen M. P. by the constituency of the City of Waterford, which he represented during the last Parliament. Mr. Redmond is a lawyer of ability. His father was also a lawyer and for a long time a member of the House, and young Redmond grew up in an atmosphere of politics. In 1886 he was called to the bar at Gray's Inn. Mr. Redmond was an adherent of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, and after the death of that leader he arrayed his brilliant ability with the Parnellite faction. He is forty-nine years old.

It is stated that negotiations are proceeding between the Vatican and the Italian royal family for the removal of the ban of excommunication placed upon the Quirinal Palace by Pope Pius the Ninth and renewed by Leo the Thirteenth because the Quirinal was stolen from the Holy See. The present Pope, it is understood, is willing to remove the ban on condition that the Quirinal shall not be the living-place of any Italian prince. This condition is easy, because, as a matter of fact, no King or Queen of Italy has lived in the Quirinal for a long time, but in a wing or annex which never formed part of the Quirinal, and consequently was not placed under the ban with the main building. The latter has practically been closed, except on occasions of official receptions. Moreover, the young king contemplates building an entirely new palace in the Ludovici quarter of the city. Then the Quirinal will be completely abandoned, and it will not be surprising if it is handed back to the Holy See.

THE REAL NEW YORK CLUBMAN.

Far Removed from the Type Pictured by Charles Dana Gibson and Described by Richard Harding Davis—Increased Morning Use of Clubs—Becoming a Member.

To many Americans the term "New York clubman" calls up the picture of a tall, handsome, immaculately dressed young man in evening clothes, smoking a cigarette, preferably one with his own gilt monogram. He lives in luxurious bachelor apartments somewhere along Fifth Avenue, and not too far from his club. In the morning, after being shaved by his valet, he wanders to the club for coffee and rolls, following these with a brandy-and-soda. Then he converses languidly with other young men until he returns to his rooms to don a frock-coat preparatory to calling on some of the young women of his acquaintance. In the evening he dines out, going afterwards to a dance or theatre or the opera. Or, possibly, he takes in a prize-fight or gives a magnificent supper to some actress. He is, first of all, a gentleman, good-natured, rather clever, a thorough sport, and undeniably a man who might count in the world. Yet with a college training and unlimited money, he is content to frivol away his life about a club. His physical characteristics are well shown in the "Gibson" man, his mental in "Van Bibber." The composite creation represents a class generally supposed to be peculiar to New York alone, and to include most of the well-born young men of independent means.

"As a matter of fact," said an elderly member of one of the well-known clubs of the metropolis to a writer in the *New York Evening Post*, "nothing could be further from the truth. Nearly all the sons of New York's rich men, such as the Vanderbilts, Stillmans, and Cuttings, are hard workers, those who have no profession being generally employed in some business office in the neighborhood of Wall Street. There are quite a number of others, who, instead of working hard, make up by playing hard, such as the younger set at Westchester, Tuxedo, and Meadow Brook. If they golf or play polo or ride to hounds, they are going to do it better than the next man. In sport or in business, the well-bred mediocrity of our English cousins is an impossibility. To those that play, as well as to their friends in city offices, the idea of perpetual lounging about a club is insupportable. We can not keep down the American spirit of restlessness—to give it no higher estimate—which forever drives and assumes some form of activity.

"The impossibility of the 'Van Bibber' type representing more than an infinitesimal number of young men becomes more manifest when we consider his probable past associations. For four years at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, or Princeton, he has been forced to do a certain amount of work for a degree, and the chances are that in some form of athletics he has felt the zest of competition. Then, after graduation, he is simply to live in New York and watch his classmates working their way up in one business or another, and becoming daily more capable and influential, while he remains moored at a club. Even if ambition did not spur him to activity, mere bodily restlessness would drive him to some form of outdoor sport.

"The reverse proof of these statements may be obtained by looking in any morning at the clubs most frequented by the young men of good standing—such clubs as the Knickerbocker, the Racquet, and the Union. A morning-round-up of all the younger members found there, who are without any occupation, might number between twenty and thirty. In proportion to all those who could live comfortably without having to work, this seems very small. In fact, the idlers are so few that it is not fair to regard them as in any way typical of New York clubmen.

"Nevertheless, one very notable change in the character of New York clubs is their gradual development from night clubs to ones that are used all day long. Fifteen years ago there were few men to be seen at any club in the mornings. Nowadays, although there is a scarcity of younger men, many of the older members habitually pass their mornings at the club. The older men dominate nearly all the clubs, and a young man on the board of governors is a rarity.

"This may have much to do with the striking lack of drunkenness, in spite of a good deal of drinking. Few things do more to 'queer' a younger man than for him to show the effects of liquor. In this respect New York clubs are noticeably unlike some of the clubs more exclusively for young men which are to be found in other Eastern cities, such as Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The restraint of the older men's presence being removed, there may be no more drinking, but there is apt to be boisterous hilarity, which, in a New York club, would be considered extremely bad form. Moreover, the average young clubman in New York can not indulge in much drinking, as it is not compatible with office hours or a business reputation. The club has a distinct and important function in his scheme of life, but it is subordinated to his work. Therein he differs from the popular conception of the clubman who lives only for his own amusement. As a hero of magazine stories, the latter is an unqualified success; in other respects he is a myth.

"In any discussion of New York clubmen, the foreign element, so to speak, should be given a prominent place. In every club, with the exception of one or two, there is no small proportion of men from other cities to whom a club is not a luxury but a necessity. There is nothing home-like about bachelor apartments in New York, and one's friends are so scattered that the only way of seeing them is at a club. From sheer necessity the stranger is forced into acquiring something like a home, either by marrying or by joining a club. As the former process entails too much expense and responsibility, he usually resigns himself to the latter.

"If the stranger is a college man, he generally begins by joining the graduate club of his own university. A number of these, including Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, have very

comfortable club-houses. Their membership is large, their dues small, and they are much used in the evenings, especially by the younger men. In fact, for the young graduate from other cities, they might not inaptly be compared to life-saving stations. They not only give him a pleasant place to spend his evenings, but also afford him an opportunity for seeing many old friends. After joining his college club, the stranger is apt to have his name put up for the University Club, to which, however, he is not eligible until three years after graduation.

"If the stranger is not a university man, he generally waits for a year or so before having his name put up at any club, until he has made a certain number of acquaintances. Then usually he tries to get into the club of which most of his friends are members. Most of the clubs are, naturally, rather conservative about admitting men from outside New York until they have been vouched for by a number of the members. The Knickerbocker, for instance, has the reputation of being one of the most exclusive in regard to letting in men who are not members of some old New York family. This method of selection produces a homogeneity and a certain family feeling such as is found in few other clubs except the Philadelphia and the Somerset Club of Boston. With the exception of the University Club, which is so large as to afford a stamping-ground for men of widely different interests, every club has its own traditions and atmosphere. At one club a man may have many friends and yet be unable to feel at home; at another he may know fewer members and yet have the comfortable feeling that he is among his own people. In defining the status of the club, one might say that for the New Yorker it is an indispensable luxury, for the stranger a necessity, for the married man a solace, and for the bachelor a home."

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

KESWICK, Cal., December 22, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you greatly oblige a subscriber by printing in your columns the poem entitled, I believe, "The Mistletoe Bough"? It commences with the following lines:

"The mistletoe hung in the castle halls,
The holly branch shone on the old oak walls."

W. M. H.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beebled with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

"I am weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
The clew to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran—and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried, "Oh, where dost thou bide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day;
And they sought her in vain when a week passed away.
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly—but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.
Oh, sad was her fate—in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring—and, dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!

—Thomas Haynes Bayley.

The Tokio correspondent of the *London Times*, in the course of a letter, gives the views of Japanese observers upon Western military methods in China, and especially the conduct of the troops with regard to the graver crimes of robbery, incendiarism, murder, and outrage. "The Japanese agree," he says, "in declaring the American troops free from all these excesses. The Germans come second in the list, and the British third, the last being charged only with petty pilfering, and being fully acquitted of murder, arson, and outrage. The French, who are fourth on the list, are given to loot and outrage, but not to murder. Of the Russians the Japanese speak with horror, as combining ferocity with lust and love of plunder."

Robert H. Wilcox, delegate in the House of Representatives from the Hawaiian Islands, was paid \$1,000 for mileage. It was the largest claim of the kind ever made, but it was paid promptly by the sergeant-at-arms of the House. Every congressman is entitled to mileage at the rate of 20 cents per mile, "by the most direct and practicable route from his home to Washington and return." The distance between Honolulu and Washington is figured at 5,000 miles. Mr. Wilcox will draw \$500 more for his return trip.

Telephoning without wires was successfully accomplished a few days ago by transmitting the voice across the Mississippi River at Minneapolis, a distance of over one thousand feet. One hundred and fifty feet of copper wire was strung parallel on either side of the river. The sound was easily and clearly transmitted, showing the possibilities of the system under more favorable circumstances. The first experiment was tried with five volts. At one time it was easy to identify the person talking by the tone of the voice, and his words were unusually clear.

One-half million live salmon eggs were shipped on the Oceanic Steamship Company's *Sierra*, a present from the national government to New Zealand, and when the new steamship stops at Auckland the valuable consignment will be turned over to the fish commissioners of New Zealand by Captain G. H. Lambson of the United States Fish Commission.

ENGLAND'S COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Lord Wolseley, Once the "Only General," Retires after Long and Glorious Service—Lord Roberts Coming Home to Take the Place—Duke of Connaught Next.

For five years and a month Lord Wolseley has been commander-in-chief of her majesty's military forces at home and abroad—a wider authority than that given the Duke of Cambridge, whom Lord Wolseley succeeded. His appointment was dated October 1, 1895, and the royal warrant enlarged the duties of the position, that given the Duke of Cambridge in 1888 designating him as commander-in-chief within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. For the present month Sir Evelyn Wood will be the acting commander, and then Lord Roberts will assume the office.

Lord Wolseley had seen long and arduous service and gained a reputation for personal bravery years before he was made commander-in-chief. He had campaigned in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. His first service was in Burina, and he was severely wounded in his first action. He was recognized as a promising young officer and performed responsible duties as a royal engineer in survey work in the Crimea. He fought through the Indian mutiny and led his men in storming a fortified position at Lucknow. The China War, the Red River Expedition, the Ashanti Expedition, the pursuit of Cetewayo in Zululand, the Egyptian campaign, and the Nile Expedition—in all of these Lord Wolseley was a prominent figure, and many times he passed through dangers beyond description, and escaped by the narrowest of chances. For a time his favorite title with the people was "our only general," and it illustrates the esteem in which he was held.

At the banquet given the retiring commander-in-chief on the evening of December 1st, Lord Wolseley made a brief but characteristic reply to Sir Evelyn Wood's toast emphasizing his inestimable services during his distinguished career. He praised all with whom he had been associated, paying glowing tributes to Sir Redvers Buller and to Sir Evelyn Wood especially. At the close he said a few words for himself, justifying his selections and the disposal of his patronage, declaring his sole aim was to bring forward the best and ablest men. Among the war chiefs who surrounded the table were Sir Evelyn Wood, chairman of the occasion, Sir Ralph Knox, Mr. Fleetwood Wilson, General Sir Redvers Buller, Major-General Sir Coleridge Grove, Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke, General Sir Richard Harrison, and Major-General Sir John Ardagh.

The emoluments of the position of Great Britain's commander-in-chief are amazingly moderate. It was declared in Parliament after the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge from the office, when the question of an allowance was discussed, that his pay and forage, and the funds from his colonelcy of the Grenadier Guards, amounted to only \$33,160. As a field-marshal on half-pay, however, the duke was entitled under the old regulations to \$11,000, and as there was probability of opposition the proposed appropriation of \$9,000 as a retiring allowance was omitted. Lord Wolseley's pay will be something larger. He receives as field-marshal of infantry under present regulations \$22,500 a year, and when he retires will be entitled to an allowance of \$7,000, on account of his military rank and meritorious services, aside from his office as commander-in-chief.

Sir Evelyn Wood, acting commander-in-chief, has served in both the navy and the army. He saw his first active service in the Crimea, winning the Legion of Honor, the Medjidie, and the Turkish medal while a midshipman. He became one of the Lancers, served through the Indian mutiny, gaining the Victoria Cross, and went through the Ashanti, Kaffir, Zulu, and Transvaal wars, being with General Buller at Majuba Hill. During the last war he offered to go out and serve under his old comrade, but Sir Redvers declined the brave and generous offer, while he thoroughly appreciated the spirit that prompted it.

Lord Roberts, who sails from South Africa to-day, will be appointed commander-in-chief by order of the council on his arrival. That he will not be expected to retain the office any great length of time is admitted. The Duke of Connaught will be his successor, and perhaps before Lord Roberts has become fairly settled in the place. The work is altogether beyond Lord Roberts's strength, and as the duke will be his adjutant from the first, the reign of the queen's third son in the war office may be said to have begun already. While the Duke of Connaught is not recognized as possessing remarkable ability, either as an administrator or a leader of troops, it is possible that he may introduce reforms and control the army much better than has lately been done.

The farewell of Lord Roberts to his troops at Durban a week ago displays his pride in the army, his feeling for the hardships endured by the forces, and his kindness of heart. It was not needed to evoke the most sincere demonstrations of loyalty and affection on the part of his officers and men. The cable reports show that his progress to Capetown was marked by enthusiasm and the continued personal affection felt for the field-marshal in all ranks.

The glories of C. I. V. Day will be outdone when Lord Roberts arrives in London, for no efforts will be spared to make it more satisfying as a spectacle and a better display of organizing efficiency. January 3d is the day set for the celebration, and the principal features will be similar to those of the late Volunteer Day, but let us hope without deplorable incidents. There will be a special thanksgiving service in St. Paul's by the personal wish of her majesty the queen. The Prince of Wales will accompany Lord Roberts from Paddington to the cathedral. The military escort will be furnished by the London garrison, and will be representative of the whole British army. The guards will not be in khaki, but will wear the ordinary uniforms. It is probable that the day will be made a public holiday, and the crowds, it may be assumed, will be unparalleled.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, December 11, 1900.

MAJOR POND'S REMINISCENCES.

Famous Men and Women with Whom He Has Been Associated—
Anecdotes of Beecher, Nye, Riley, and Twain—Why
Spurgeon and Kipling Refused to Lecture.

Major J. B. Pond, who has managed the lecture tours of all the great platform orators, preachers, humorists, explorers, war-correspondents, authors, and actors of the last generation, has gathered his reminiscences of these celebrities into a most entertaining book which he calls "Eccentricities of Genius." It is of a purely personal character, and contains a wealth of curious experiences, amusing anecdotes, and choice biographical bits of such notabilities as Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Gladstone, Depew, Gough, Talmage, Spurgeon, Bishop Potter, Zangwill, Nasby, Nye and Riley, Twain and Cable, Stanley, Irving, Jefferson, Matthew Arnold, Kipling, Crockett, Anthony Hope, Ian Maclaren, Ernest Seton-Thompson, A. Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, Max O'Rell, and more than fifty others who have won fame in some particular branch.

Two of the most interesting chapters of the book are those devoted to Henry Ward Beecher and Nye and Riley. Major Pond traveled over 300,000 miles with Beecher, who delivered 1,261 lectures under his management. Of the bitter years of 1875-77, the writer says:

Especially during those three darkest years was he the subject of my sad veneration. Often have I seen him on our entering a strange town hooted at by a swarming crowd and greeted with indecent salutations. On such occasions he would pass on, seemingly unmoved, to his hotel, and remain there till the hour set for his public appearance; then, confronted by great throngs, he would lift up his voice always for humanity and godliness. He always saw and seized the opportunity to speak to the whole great people, and after he had spoken, the assemblages would linger to draw near, seemingly to touch the hem of his garments, to greet the man whom they had so lately despised.

A striking story is the one about a lecture given at this time in Richmond, Va. Major Pond tells us thus:

It was on January 23, 1877, that I had arranged with W. T. Powell, of Richmond, Va., for Mr. Beecher to lecture in that city. Mr. Powell was manager of the Richmond Theatre, and was to pay \$400 for the lecture. It was to be on Tuesday evening, and as Mr. Beecher lectured Monday evening in Baltimore we had arranged to take the sleeper immediately after the Baltimore lecture and be in Richmond early the following morning.

As we went aboard the sleeper at Baltimore a telegram was put into my hands which read as follows:

"RICHMOND, VA., January 22, 1877.
"To J. B. POND, BALTIMORE, MO.: No use coming. Beecher will not be allowed to speak in Richmond. No tickets sold."
"W. T. POWELL."

I replied at once: "Have started. Mr. Beecher will be on hand to keep his contract." I did not mention the incident to Mr. Beecher. Just before our arrival in Richmond the following morning, Mr. Powell came to me on the train and told me that the feeling against Mr. Beecher was so bitter that it would not do for him to attempt to speak; that not a ticket had been sold, and he dared not advertise. Mr. Beecher and I went direct to the Exchange Hotel, and as he registered our names I saw at once that there was a general disposition, from the hotel clerk down to the negro porter and the bellboy, to guy us.

We went down to breakfast, and the waiter and head-waiter who seated us were disgustingly uncivil. Mr. Beecher made no remarks. We ate our breakfast, and as we passed out of the dining-room into a long hall, we met a pretty, little golden-haired child. Mr. Beecher, in his characteristic manner, stopped and began talking to and caressing the child, taking some candy from his pocket—he never was without bait for children—offered it, and was just getting in the little girl's favor, when the mother came along, and snatched her away as if she were rescuing her from a fierce beast of prey. Mr. Beecher walked quietly to his room. I left instructions at the hotel office that no one was to knock at his door. Mr. Powell called, and assured me that it would be all Mr. Beecher's life was worth to attempt to speak in Richmond. I told him that I would let him off that night from his contract, if he would rent me the theatre. He consented, and I at once got out some hand-bills and dodgers, and advertised Mr. Beecher to speak that evening. The legislature was in session, and passed an informal vote that none of them would go near the theatre. The Tobacco Board did the same.

Evening arrived, and Major Pond could get no one to attend the door, so he did it himself:

Mr. Powell applied for an extra force of a dozen police, which was of no account, as they were wholly in sympathy with the crowd. As each member of the legislature and the Tobacco Board thought that none of the other members would attend the lecture, each embraced the opportunity to go, and there, to their surprise, they all met. They made the best of the joke, and were hilarious and disrespectful. The time came for me to go after Mr. Beecher. I had no door-tender, but the theatre was full of men and my pockets were stuffed with dollars, so I left the door to take care of itself. I found him ready. While in the carriage, on our way from the hotel to the theatre, not a word passed between us, and during the day neither of us had spoken of the situation. When we arrived at the stage door of the theatre the dozen policemen were keeping the crowd back. As we alighted from the carriage a general yell went up. We met Mr. Powell on the stage. He called me to one side and said:

"Don't you introduce Mr. Beecher. The gallery is full of eggs. You will have trouble."

I stepped into the waiting-room. Mr. Beecher said: "Go ahead; I am ready."

I walked on the stage, and he followed. As we sat down I saw the theatre full of men only. The crowd was disposed to be uncivil; canes began to rake the balustrade of the balcony railing and feet to pound the floor, and in less than a minute a yell fairly shook the theatre. Mr. Beecher signaled to me to proceed.

Major Pond says he stood for a moment for them to get quiet, and then introduced Beecher to his first Virginia audience:

Mr. Beecher was to speak on "Hard Times," but had decided to change the subject to the "Ministry of Wealth." As he arose and stepped toward the foot-lights, another yell went up. He stood unmoved, and waited for some time; finally a lull came and he began. He said that there was a natural law that brains and capital controlled the commercial world, and it could not be changed even by the Virginia legislature, which opened with prayer and closed with the benediction. The legislature were all there, and the public, like any other public, were ready to accept any good-natured drive at the legislature. It was not many minutes before the audience was in full sympathy with the speaker, and for two and a half hours Mr. Beecher addressed that crowd, swaying them with his mighty eloquence and telling them such truths as they never before had listened to. His peroration was a tribute to the commonwealth of Virginia, the mother of Presidents, her history, and her people, and closed with a brief retrospect: how she had prospered when she set her mark high and bred her sons for Presidents and position, but how changed when she came to breed men for the market; how manfully and nobly her worthy sons had kissed the sod, and how sad had been her lot.

Such cheers and applause as he got during that address I have never heard before or since. He stepped off the stage and into the carriage, and we were in our rooms in the hotel before half the audience could get out of the theatre. After getting into his room Mr. Beecher threw

himself back in a large chair in front of a blazing wood fire, and laughingly said:

"Don't you think we have captured Richmond?"

He had no more than spoken when a crowd of men came rushing in. My first impression was that it was a mob, as it did not seem that there had been time for them to come from the theatre; but I was mistaken. The foremost was a tall man with a slouch hat. (They all were in slouch hats.) He said:

"Mr. Beecher, this is our lieutenant-governor. We have come to thank you for that great speech. This is our member for So-and-So, and this is Judge Harris," and so on, introducing a score or more of prominent Virginians.

"Mr. Beecher, we want you to stay and speak for us to-morrow evening. We want our women to hear you," etc.

Mr. Beecher was in his most happy humor. He shook the Virginians warmly by the hand. He told them he was announced for Washington the following evening, and his time was all booked for the season. They offered to raise five hundred dollars if he would remain over. The following morning, at seven o'clock, many Virginians were at the station to see him off.

When Major Pond first met "Bill" Nye, he was an editor, and, as he had once been a printer himself, he felt akin to him. He says:

I had formed an attachment for him that made me wish to know him, so when I found myself at Laramie, on a return trip from California, I improved the opportunity to make his acquaintance. The trains from east and west across the country met at Laramie and made a stop of one hour, and Laramie was a lively city during that time.

I used my dinner hour to call on William. I asked a man to direct me to Bill Nye's office, and he replied, "Just over that lively stable" pointing across the way. I started across the street. Just over the doorway of the stable hung a sign painted in black letters on a plain board:

LARAMIE BOOMERANG.

Walk Down the Alley.
Twist the Gray Mule's Tail.
Take the Elevator Immediately.

I went into the sanctum, and found Nye writing at a plain table at the far side of the room, quite unaware of my presence. I exclaimed:

"Hello, Bill!"

Nye rose from his seat and replied, smilingly: "Hello, Jim! I guess this is Major Pond. How are you, major?"

I told him that people were reading and talking of him all over the country, and that I believed he could make money lecturing. He replied that he had never given the matter a thought, and was trying to earn a living with his pen and through the Laramie postmastership, which he had just received.

Finally he did go on the lecture platform, and when he later appeared with Riley, they were advertised as the "Twins of Genius." In Boston Mark Twain introduced them. This is what he said about them:

"I am very glad indeed to introduce these young people to you, and at the same time get acquainted with them myself. I have seen them more than once for a moment, but have not had the privilege of knowing them personally as intimately as I wanted to. I saw them first a great many years ago, when Mr. Barnum had them and they were just fresh from Siam. The ligature was their best hold then, but literature became their best hold later on when one of them committed an indiscretion and they had to cut the old bond to accommodate the sheriff. In that old former time this one was Chang, that one was Eng. The sympathy existing between the two was most extraordinary; it was so fine, so strong, so subtle that what one ate the other digested, when one slept the other snored, if one sold a thing the other scooped the usufruct. In moral matters Mr. Chang Riley was always dynamo, Mr. Eng Nye was always motor; while Mr. Chang Riley had a high—in fact, an abnormally high and fine—moral sense, he had no machinery to work it with, whereas Mr. Eng Nye, who hadn't any moral sense at all, and hasn't yet, was equipped with all the necessary plant for putting a noble deed through if he could only get the inspiration on reasonable terms outside. Mr. Eng Nye had a stately intellect, but couldn't make it go; Mr. Chang Riley hadn't, but could. That is to say, while Mr. Chang Riley couldn't think things himself, he had a marvelous natural grace in setting them down and weaving them together when his pal furnished the raw material. They must travel together, conspire together, heggle together, hoe and plant and plow and reap and sell their public together."

Here is an extract from one of Bill Nye's letters to Major Pond:

"I am writing this at an imitation hotel where the roads fork. I will call it the Fifth Avenue, because the hotel at a railroad junction is generally called the Fifth Avenue, or the Gem City House, or the Palace Hotel, just as the fond parent of a white-eyed, two-legged freak of nature loves to name his mentally diluted son Napoleon, and for the same reason that a prominent horse-owner in Illinois last year socked my name on a tall, buckskin-colored colt that did not resemble me—intellectually or physically—a colt that did not know enough to go around a bar-wire fence, but sought to sift himself through it into an untimely grave—so this man has named his swaybacked wigwam the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It is different from your Fifth Avenue in many ways. In the first place there is not so much travel and business in its neighborhood. As I said before, this is where two railroad forks. In fact, it is the leading industry here. The growth of the town is naturally slow, but it is a healthy growth. There is nothing in the nature of dangerous or wildcat speculation in this place, and while there has been no noticeable or rapid advance in the principal business here, there has been no falling off at all, and the roads are forking as much to-day as they did before the war, while the same three men who were present at the first glad moment are still here to witness the operation."

"Sometimes a train is derailed, as the papers call it, and two or three people have to remain over, as we did, all night. It is at such a time the Fifth Avenue Hotel is a scene of great excitement. A large codfish, with a broad and sunny smile and his bosom full of rock-salt, is tied in the creek to freshen and fit himself for the responsible position of floor-manager of the codfish hall. A pale chambermaid, wearing a black jersey with large pores in it, through which she is gently percolating, now goes joyously up the stairs to make the little post-office lock-box rooms look worse than they ever did before. She warbles a low refrain as she nimbly knocks loose the venerable dust of centuries and sets it afloat throughout the rooms. All is bustle about the house. Especially the chambermaid. We are put up in the guests' chamber here. It has two atrophied beds made up of pains and counterpains. The light, joyous feeling which this remark may convey is wholly assumed on my part. The door of our room is full of holes, where locks have been wrenched off in order to let the corner in. Last night I could imagine that I was in the act of meeting, personally, the famous people who have tried to sleep here, and who moaned through the night and died while waiting for the dawn."

"This afternoon we pay our bills, as is our usual custom, and tear ourselves away from the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Hoping the roads may continue to fork just the same as though we had remained, and that this will find you enjoying yourself, I am yours truly,

"EDGAR WILSON NYE."

There is something humorous in the pertinacity with which Major Pond unsuccessfully endeavored to secure the services of Spurgeon and Kipling. Full enjoyment of the humor is found in this final and doubly decisive letter from Spurgeon:

"NIGHTINGALE LANE, BALHAM, SURREY, June 6, 1879.

"DEAR SIR: I am not at all afraid of anything you could say by way of temptation to preach or lecture for money, for the whole United States in bullion would not lead me to deliver one such lecture. It would only waste your time and mine for you to see me, though I feel sure you are one of the pleasantest men on earth. Your good-natured pertinacity is so admirable that I trust you will not waste it upon an

impossible object, but be content to have my acknowledgment that if success could have been achieved, you would have achieved it.

"Yours very truly,

C. H. SPURGEON."

Kipling gave his reasons for not wishing to lecture in an equally curt and characteristic letter, in which he said:

"There is such a thing as paying one hundred and twenty-five cents for a dollar, and though I suppose there is money in the lecturing business, it seems to me that the bother, the fuss, the heing at everybody's beck and call, the night journeys, and so on, make it very dear. I've seen a few men who've lived through the fight, but they did not look happy. I might do it as soon as I had two mortgages on my house, a lien on the horses, and a bill of sale on the furniture, and writer's cramp in both hands, but at present I'm busy and content to go on with the regular writing business. You forget that I've already wandered over part of the States, and there isn't enough money in sight to hire me to face again some of the hotels and some of the railway systems that I have met with. America is a great country, but she is not made for lecturing in."

After Kipling's convalescence from his late illness in New York, however, Major Pond did succeed in getting him to subscribe his autograph in a complete set of his own books. Kipling unpacked, signed, and repacked them, and here is what he wrote:

"DEAR MAJOR POND: Your order of the twenty-second inst. has been filled, we trust to your satisfaction, and the stuff is returned herewith."

"We did not know that there would be such a mass of lumber to put through the mill; and we note also that your order covers at least two supplementary orders—(a) in the case of a young lady aged nineteen (not in original contract) and (b) an autograph work for which we have supplied one original hard wood case."

"Our mills are running full time at present, in spite of business depression; but we are very reluctant to turn away any job that offers under these circumstances, and making allowance for time consumed, sorting, packing, crating, and returning finished goods, we should esteem it a favor if you would see your way to forwarding an additional ten (\$10) dollars to the Tribune Fresh Air Fund."

"Very sincerely yours,

R. KIPLING & CO."

"(Autographs supplied on moderate terms; guaranteed sentiments to order. Verse a specialty. No discount for cash.)"

Major Pond thus relates the way in which Anthony Hope, the author, first became known:

Anthony Hope Hawkins was discovered by Robert Barr, who first went to London in the interests of the *Detroit Free Press*. One night Barr, then editing *The Idler* with Jerome K. Jerome, met a thin, pale, bald young barrister, who talked so charmingly about books that Barr, who is big, burly, bouncing, and straightforward, asked him:

"Do you do anything of the sort?"

Mr. Hawkins confessed, with a blush, that he did when not painfully busy.

"I'll come and read some of 'em to-morrow," said Barr.

And he did. After he had read the last sheet, he said:

"Say, Hawkins, how much have you got like this?"

"Considerable."

"Want to sell it?"

"Why—why, yes! I'd like to."

"How much do you want a thousand words?"

Hawkins was amazed. "Oh, I don't know," he said; "would a pound be too much?"

Barr laughed. "You don't know much about this business, do you?" he asked.

"Absolutely nothing."

"Well," drawled Barr, "I'll give you several pounds a thousand, and we'll start publishing right away."

Beneath the title of each sketch Mr. Hawkins had written: "By Anthony Hope."

"Ought I to put my last name there?" he asked.

"It doesn't make any difference about the name," answered Barr;

"it's the stuff that counts."

And count it did.

Dr. Conan Doyle, when he came to America and lectured in Boston, on his arrival there had an experience which made the creator of Sherlock Holmes curious. He told the story himself in 1894 at the Aldine Club, which runs as follows:

"I arrived in Boston and alighted from the train almost into the arms of a dozen cabbies. One of them had a dog-eared book peeping out of his pocket, and I instinctively called him, saying, as I got in: 'You may drive me to Young's or Parker's—perhaps.'

"'Pardon me,' said the caddy, 'I think you'll find Major Pond waiting for you at Parker's, sir.'"

"What could I do, but stare and acquiesce by taking my seat speechlessly? We arrived, and the observant caddy was at the door. I started to pay my fare, when he said, quite respectfully:

"'If it is not too great an intrusion, sir, I should greatly prefer a ticket to your lecture. If you have none of the printed ones with you, your agent would doubtless honor one of your visiting-cards, if penciled by yourself.'"

"I had to be gruff or laugh outright, and so said:

"'Come, come, I am not accustomed to being beaten at my own tricks. Tell me how you ascertained who I am, and you shall have tickets for your whole family, and such cigars as you smoke here in America, besides.'"

"'Of course we all knew that you were coming on this train—that is, all the members of the Cabmen's Literary Guild,' was the half-apologetic reply. 'As it happens, I am the only member on duty at this station this morning, and I had that advantage. If you will excuse other personal remarks, your coat lapels are badly twisted downward, where they have been grasped by the pertentious New York reporters. Your hair has the Quakerish cut of a Philadelphia barber, and your hat, battered at the brim in front, shows where you have tightly grasped it, in the struggle to stand your ground at a Chicago literary luncheon. Your right overshoe has a large block of Buffalo mud just under the instep, . . . and stenciled upon the very end of the 'Wellington,' in fairly plain lettering, is the name, 'Conan Doyle.'"

Major Pond relates this anecdote of Max O'Rell, who once wrote, "Major Pond was the only man I met in America who was not a colonel!":

One night O'Rell had been in bed for perhaps an hour in the Grand Pacific Hotel, in Chicago, when there came a very decided rapping at his chamber door.

"Who's there?" called Max.

"A reporter," came the answer.

"Well, I can't see you now. I'm in bed."

The Frenchman heard his door pushed open and the chair which he had placed against it tumbled over. Some one advanced into the room, struck a match, and proceeded to light the gas.

"Well, well! What'll you have, sir, what'll you have?" cried Max O'Rell, indignantly.

The reporter tossed the match into the fire-place, and, throwing himself into a chair, said:

"What'll I have? Oh, I'll have a whisky cocktail."

The writer brings his gossip reminiscences to the following conclusion: "I have never desired to make great money. My object has been the approbation of those I served. I can say honestly that that has been the height of my ambition, and is at present as much as ever. That is why I am in love with my business, I suppose. I am thoroughly satisfied with the results and would not exchange the friends that I have made for the wealth of many of our merchant princes."

Published by G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York; price, \$3.50.

LITERARY NOTES.

How a Soldier's Identity Was Lost and Regained.

A remarkable story of war and of the personal experiences of one who was an actor in its stirring scenes is "Who Goes There?" by B. K. Beesoo. It purports to be an autobiography, and the effect justifies the play of the work. Some of its descriptions are particularly well done. The tireless march, the patient endurance of privation, the moments of suspense, of thoughtless terror, the hurried orders, the desperate rush onward, the crash of battle, the blinding smoke, the sudden shock of wounds, the lapse of consciousness, the slow awakening to pain and suffering—all these are presented with force. But the great interest of the story is not in the details of the campaigns or the vivid pictures of their principal events—it is in the strange personality of the one who tells the tale. He is a private soldier who sees his first fighting in the disastrous reverse at Bull Run, who looks on from the shore at the famous duel between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, and afterward becomes a Union spy. Theo comes some of the unique experiences which mark the story as an original study in mental disturbances. As a boy he had met with an accident which caused a strange lapse in his memory. For a time all remembrance of the past was blotted out, and when, at length, it returned, every incident, however trivial, in all that period of forgetfulness was as vivid before his perceptions as if it were a happening of the present. During one of the battles such a lapse of memory came upon him, and with his identity lost he is swept into the Confederate ranks and for months serves with his own-found friends. How his remembrance is finally awakened, how the past, bit by bit, is brought up by painful effort, and how he returns to take his old place and assume the bonds that had been severed is an interesting recital.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Melodrama of Monte Carlo.

Melodrama has its uses. To those who are beguiled by the power of its most thrilling effects it is sometimes of interest, sometimes even amusing. "The Sign of the Seven Sins," by William Le Queux, is a melodramatic novel. It is told in the first person by one Carmela Rosselli, who has a fortune and a female friend of similar tastes, and the two go to Monte Carlo. At Nice the two young women meet two former acquaintances, Americans, and in their visit to the great gambling-place the young men are their escorts. One of the youthful cavaliers wins sixty thousand francs, and a few hours later is found mysteriously murdered in the room of the woman who tells the story, and to whom he had previously given proofs of his affection. The discovery of the murderer, the clearing of a former lover from suspicion, and the patching up of an affection that had been strangely disrupted, fill seventeen chapters. There are many remarkable episodes in these chapters, and incidental to them some outline sketches of scenes in the Riviera, in Algiers and Paris, that are creditable to the novelist's skill. His fertile imagination is equal to all demands made upon it in the way of plots and counterplots, police sagacity and criminal cunning, desperate boldness and fatal weakness at critical periods, and satisfactory removal of unpleasant characters at the end. Carmela is the very model of a melodramatic heroine, and although her hero is a peculiar compound of indifference and passion, credulity and wisdom, he is accepted with joy. There are several other queer characters in the story, who might have been created by a Carmela Rosselli.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

History and Characteristics of Oriental Rugs.

John Kimberly Mumford deserves something more than recognition for his work, "Oriental Rugs." The book tells everything that need be known on the subject, and its thoroughness and method demonstrate the author's complete knowledge. The history of rug-making is given with many references, the makers, their methods, the materials, dyes, and designs are described in detail, and the account is of interest even to general readers. A map of the regions from which the rugs come is marked with the names of the famous weavers. The publishers have given the volume all the attractiveness practicable. It is a handsome quarto, the cover presenting an oriental rug design, and the illustrations include sixteen colored plates, eight artotypes of typical rugs, and eight engravings showing phases of rug-making.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$7.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

There will be no American edition of Ernest Vizetelly's translation of Zola's "Work." The Vizetelly version will be published in England and Australia. The book here will be brought out through a translation made by Mrs. E. W. Lattimer, and will be entitled "Labor."

"An English Woman's Love Letters," lately published anonymously in London by John Murray, is still being much talked of, and everybody is making guesses as to its authorship. Among the names sug-

gested are Edith Wharton, Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Craigie, and Mrs. Fuller Maitland. It is said that some of these guesses are correct, and that prior to the publication the letters were shown to one but Murray, and that the author's agreement with him was made without disclosing names. Meanwhile, another book, "An Englishman's Love Letters," is announced, which is said to fit in with the original volume, and will likewise be published anonymously.

"George Egerton," who, owing to illness, has not brought out anything for two years, is at work on a novel to be entitled "Rosa Amorosa."

Robert Chambers is at work on a romance the scene of which, unlike the generality of his books, will be laid in this country. The period selected is prior to the Revolution.

The Macmillan Company warn the trade against circulating a book entitled "The Pious Pilgrimage," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The material included in this book is duly copyrighted and is the property of the Macmillan Company, who state that they will prosecute all persons selling or handling it. "The Pious Pilgrimage" is published by the Macmillan Company only in the new enlarged edition of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," and can be purchased only in that form.

The J. B. Lippincott Company has just ready "The Sequel to a Tragedy," a story of the Far West, by Henry C. Dibble.

In Huxley's "Life and Letters" two amusing examples of misprints in the proofs of an article he had written for the *Nineteenth Century* are given. "You have a reader in your printer's office," Huxley wrote to Mr. Kowles, "who provides me with jokes. Last time he corrected, when my manuscript spoke of the pigs as unwilling 'porters' of the devil, into 'porkers.' And this time, when I, writing about the Lord's prayer, say 'current formula,' he has it 'caotig formula.'"

When Frank T. Bulleo's "The Cruise of the *Cachalot*" was being brought out, Kipling was invited to write an introduction. He declined principally on the grounds that everybody who had a knife ready for him would take pleasure in sticking it into Mr. Bulleo. Doubtless Mr. Bulleo has appreciated the advice given, for his new work, "The Men of the Merchant Service," is dedicated "To Rudyard Kipling in grateful recognition of both his wonderful genius and his great kindness to the author."

Of Georg Ebers's last novel, "In the Desert," there is but one edition, the American, as the book has not thus far been issued either in German or French.

Henry Frowde is about to publish an "Anthology of French Poetry," tenth to nineteenth centuries, translated by Henry Carriagtoo, M. A., dean of Bodley.

Gilbert Parker's "The Battle of the Stroog," has been dramatized, and is now "on tour," Marie Burroughs taking the part of Guida.

Maurice Hewlett, whose "Richard Yea-and-Nay" is one of the most notable books of the day, attributes much of his literary heat and skill to his father, but speaks indifferently of the influence of school and college life. Most of his days were given to reading and writing, and he left Oxford without obtaining a scholarship. "I wasted my time," he says concerning these university days. "I dreamed, I tried to do things too big for me, and threw them up at the first failure. I diligently pursued every false god. I don't think I was very happy, and I am sure I was very disagreeable. I doubt now if I was ever a boy except for a short period, when by rights I should have been a man."

Harper & Brothers announce that hereafter, by special arrangement, Mark Twain will write exclusively for their publications.

The latest returns of the *Bookman* show that the six most widely read books in America during the past month, in the order of their popularity, were: (1) "The Master Christa," by Marie Corelli; (2) "Eheo Holdeo," by Irving Bacheller; (3) "Tommy and Grizel," by J. M. Barrie; (4) "The Redemption of David Corso," by C. F. Goss; (5) "The Reigo of Law," by James Lane Allen; (6) "Alice of Old Viocennes," by Maurice Thompson.

Over a thousand hitherto unnoticed Heine manuscripts and letters have been acquired by Professor Hans Meyer, of Leipzig. Among these is the earliest manuscript of "Atta Troll," embracing two hundred sheets, containing many corrections. The letters addressed to the poet by relatives and friends throw much valuable light on phases of his life.

Lord Frederic Hamilton's editorship of the *Pall Mall Magazine* came to an end with the Christmas number.

A book has recently been completed by J. G. Millais, son of Sir John Millais, which will bear the title "The Wildfowler in Scotland." The present work deals entirely with the pursuit of ducks found in Scottish waters. Mr. Millais hopes later to write of the natural history of these ducks and their changes of plumage.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Four Winds.

Wind of the North,
Wind of the Norland soows,
Wind of the winnowed skies, and sharp, clear stars,—
Blow cold and keen across the oaked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films,
And blur the casement squares with glittering ice,
But go not o'er my love.

Wind of the West,
Wind of the few, far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset loads,—
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plaids,
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains,—
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine,
And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars,
And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant South,
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose,—
Over magnolia blooms and lily lakes
And flowering forests come with dewy wings,
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss
The low mound where she lies.

—Charles Henry Luders.

The Two Angels.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Theo said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat out so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing what he had seen best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Theo with a smile that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,
O his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and out at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Theo fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thine;
And softly from that hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish to dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

—H. W. Longfellow.

William A. Taaffe, who contributed many clever short stories to the *Argonaut* during the past seven years, died in this city on Wednesday, after a fortnight's illness. He was a member of a prominent Baltimore family, and gave up a lucrative law practice to come West. Two years ago he was married to Miss Georgie Cousins, a sister of note. The most notable stories of Mr. Taaffe which appeared in the *Argonaut* are "The Demon Violin," "In the Secret Service," "The Survival of the Fittest," "A Fight with a Madman," "Nugget's Fortune," "Tom Hall's Luck," "A Dead Mao's Eyes," "An Eye for an Eye," and "The Bandolero of Los Alamos."

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Man Who Would Be a Cattle-King.

Fine and strong as some of Hamlin Garland's short stories are, vivid and entertaining as all his books have been, his latest novel, "An Eagle's Heart," is the best work that has come from his pen. It is a true story of the Great West, sound and finished, picturing phases of its life that have been described thousands of times, though never so well, and telling of the impulses, desires, disappointments, and joys of a youth who is drawn imperatively into the hardships and dangers of the untamed country. In the minister's son, who can not brook restraint, who lives only in the open, and who glories in his strength and its exercise, he has drawn a convincing figure. His career is a natural one, and there are no melodramatic effects in the crises which he encounters. As the boy who prowls and fights, the youth who drives a wagon team, who herds sheep and graduates into the ranks of real cowboys, who "hits the trail" time and time again with the restless fever that has thrummed in the veins of all who pushed their way across the plains, and who gains little save a tanned face and hardened muscles after years of excitement and labor, this would-be cattle-king is always himself. And in the sweet singer of the church choir, whose memory keeps the cowboy's heart true to the happy ending, the novelist has presented a most winning heroine. There are other characters in the story—farmers and cattlemen, miners and town marshals, plainsmen's wives and mining-camp queens—who are no less real.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Oliver Herford's Latest Verse and Drawings.

Among the versifiers whose gift of humor has added notably to the lighter songs of the time, Oliver Herford may be ranked near the head. His drill conceits are always original, and marked by a daintiness that sets them apart from the mass of poetic trifling. His new volume, "Overheard in a Garden," is illustrated by drawings as quaint and attractive as the verses they accompany, and that prove the author's equal facility with pencil and pen. This is one of the pleasing fancies in the volume:

A HOPELESS CASE.

Her sisters shunned her, half in fear
And half in pity. "Tis too bad
She is not made as we—poor dear!"
(Four leaves instead of Three she had.)

Said Doctor Bee: "Her case is rare
And due to influence prenatal.
To amputate I would not dare,
The operation might be fatal.

"With Rest and Care and Simple Food
She may outlive both you and me;
A change of scene might do her good."
(One bag of Honey was his fee.)

"Take me! Take me!" the clovers cry,
To a maid bending wistful-eyed.
With gentle hand she puts them by,
Till all hut one are passed aside.

Before her sisters' wandering eyes
Her leaves with kisses are told over.
"At last! at last!" the maiden cries,
"I've found you, little four-leaved clover."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Studies for Serious Readers.

Five volumes of serious purpose and worthy achievement, that are distinctly notable among the crowd of publications in this holiday season, may be mentioned briefly, for their titles and the names of their authors insure recognition. "Studies and Appreciations," by Lewis E. Gates, contains ten critical essays on literary influences and movements, and on Tennyson, Hawthorne, Poe, Charlotte Brontë, and Taine (\$1.50). "Political Parties in the United States: 1846-1861," by Jesse Macy, is an essay that is both philosophical and historical, and the conclusions of the essayist are of value to all who care to know more of the development and tendencies of the American government (\$1.25). "The History of the Higher Criticism of the New Testament," by Henry S. Nash, is a thoughtful and scholarly account of the progress of Bible-study in the churches (75 cents). "Selections from Plato," by Lewis Leaning Forman, offers some forty extended quotations in Greek, with an introduction and many notes in English, the whole as an instructive view of Plato's language and of the noble figure of Socrates (\$1.00). "English Literature," by Stopford A. Brooke, is a new edition of Mr. Brooke's "Primer of English Literature," which, first published in 1876, has become a classic, with four additional chapters by George R. Carpenter, continuing the study through later periods (\$1.00). Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

"Paris in Its Splendor."

When Lavallée wrote, "Paris, the metropolis of modern civilization," his phrase was justified, and it remains no less truthful. Hundreds of volumes descriptive of its triumphs of art, its beauties, and its historic associations have been written, and none has been without interest. Material still new is there for many more, and new views of ancient landmarks and customs are still to be secured. E. A. Reynolds-Ball has succeeded well in his effort to

present some of the most attractive phases of the French capital, and his work, "Paris in Its Splendor," deserves to rank with the most entertaining on this subject.

The author sketches briefly the Paris of mediæval times, the city under Napoleon, the Bourbons, Imperial Paris, and the ushering in of the Third Republic, then he takes up the various structures of interest, the museums and galleries, the cathedrals, historic churches, and monuments, and with his descriptions includes many reminiscences. The public parks and gardens, the boulevards and *cafés*, literary landmarks, dramatic and musical Paris, are treated with the assurance that comes of patient research and intimate acquaintance. Social, municipal, and legal functions of the city fill two chapters. A description of the exhibition of 1900 concludes the work, and many of the illustrations are devoted to its salient features. The index is complete, and a bibliography presents the titles of the most valuable works that have been referred to in the body of the work, or that may be recommended. Whether as a preparation for those who expect to visit Paris, as vivid remembrances for those who have seen its glories, or as a cyclopedia of attractions for those who must be content with reading, the work is to be praised. It is handsomely printed and bound.

Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, two volumes, \$5.00.

New Publications.

A practical volume of good advice for young men and women is "How to Succeed," by Austin Bierbower. Published by R. F. Fennell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Glimpses of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado" is a portfolio of fifteen photo-engravings, printed in colors, and mounted on gray antique paper. Published by Frank S. Thayer, Denver, Colo.; price, \$2.50.

"Songs of the Old South," by Howard Weeden, is a volume of pleasing verse illustrated with numerous drawings of Southern characters. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Boys will find entertainment and facts of worth in "For the Liberty of Texas," by Captain Ralph Bonehill (\$1.25), and "The Boy Duck-Hunters," by Frank E. Kellogg (\$1.50). Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

The first of the four volumes in which the new edition of "The Spanish Conquest in America," by Sir Arthur Helps, is to appear, revives former impressions of the work and justifies its purpose. On its publication, more than forty years ago, it was at once accepted as a brilliant and scholarly work, and one not to be neglected by students of history. In its new form all the notes are translated into English, and all the original maps are included. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

In the handsome Shenandoah edition of Frank R. Stockton's novels and stories, the thirteenth volume contains that old favorite, "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," and that much later extravaganza, "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander." Volume XVIII, issued simultaneously, is made up of twelve short stories, among which "His Wife's Deceased Sister," that pathetic tale of an author's masterpiece and its successors, is best remembered. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00 each.

A novel with some English and Irish politics in it, but whose chief excellence is its study of a womanly woman, is "The Conscience of Coralie," by F. Frankfort Moore. It contains nearly five hundred pages, but is not too long (\$1.50). "The Engraved Rose," by Emma Brooke, is a somewhat romantic novel, in three parts, with a musical interest that is only fairly successful (\$1.25). "A Child of the Sun," by Charles Eugene Banks, is a poetical story of a legendary Indian tribe, with illustrations by Louis Betts, printed in colors (\$1.50). Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

Sportsmen in memory or fact will find "Sport and Travel," by Frederick Courteney Selous, an entertaining volume. The first half of the book is given up in an account of hunting experiences in Asia Minor in 1894, and the second half in camping and shooting adventures in the Rocky Mountains in 1897. The book is handsomely illustrated (\$4.00). "Autumn in Argyleshire with Rod and Gun," by the Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy, is something more than the collection of "random sketches" that the author announces in his opening lines. It is practically descriptive, giving details of peculiar interest to sportsmen in other lands, and is illustrated with eight fine steel engravings from paintings by Archibald Tharburn. The index is carefully made and a valuable addition (\$3.50). Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

"The United States in the Orient," by Charles A. Conant, is a collection of the author's magazine articles on the economic aspects of the new relations of the government in the Pacific, comprehensive in view and moderately sanguine in temper (\$1.25). "The Frigate Constitution," by Ira N. Hollis, is a full account of the vessel in our early navy that saw more life and action than any other, and a history

also of the naval events and national development that are connected with that career (\$1.50). "Sir Joshua Reynolds," by Estelle M. Hurll, is the latest issue in the Riverside Art Series, and contains a fine portrait of the painter, engravings from fifteen of his pictures, including his portraits of Mrs. Siddons and Dr. Johnson, with a hitherto sketch and critical notes (75 cents). In the Riverside Biographical Series the latest issues are "James B. Eads," by Louis How, and "Benjamin Franklin," by Paul Elmer More, each containing a fine portrait (75 cents each). Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

"ARGONAUT LETTERS."

By Jerome Hart.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Oakland Enquirer.—"In that delightful volume, 'Argonaut Letters,' Mr. Hart succeeds in getting further away from the stereotyped 'book of travel' than any one else we know who has been guilty of writing letters from Europe and afterwards making a book of them.

"There is no doubt about it, there are many things in Mr. Hart's book which tend to mitigate the offense he has committed. He has omitted so many things which he might have put in; he does not describe any art-galleries or palaces; he does not have much to say about ruins; he is silent concerning those personal incidents of travel which we have learned to look upon as an inevitable infliction. There is hardly anything between the covers of 'Argonaut Letters' which has not the attraction of novelty for one who has not visited the Mediterranean countries. . . . These letters contained so much which was of genuine interest that there was a real demand for their republication. Hence this book, which, by the way, is one of the most successful examples of book-making that San Francisco has to her credit. In paper, printing, and illustrations it is as perfect a volume as will be issued anywhere this holiday season. It is so thoroughly a California book that it warms the heart to read it and see how loyal to California a person can be when he is abroad and enjoying the best that Europe or Africa has to offer.

"Of up-to-date ways and characters Mr. Hart was an eager observer, and often he contrasts them in amusing style with their incongruous associations. Egypt, he found, was the land where the camel and automobile, the donkey and the electric car, are all in use, side by side, as means of transportation, and seem to be about equally popular. The ways of the Italian army officer furnish him with a good deal of amusement, of which the following picture of a ludicrous scene in a Neapolitan candy store is a specimen:

"The Italian has a sweet tooth. At Caffisch's it is not unusual to see two or three gray-mustached Italian gentlemen enter, pick out, one a cream cake, another a chocolate puff, a third a lemon cake, amicably eat them together, wipe their mustaches, each pay for his own, and go out. But a more ludicrous sight is to see a tall cavalry officer, with nodding plume, lung clank, fiercely bewiskered, booted and spurred, and with sword girt on thigh, enter the candy shop, buy a nickel's worth of gum-drops, and go out eagerly eating them."

"The use, and often the misuse, of English words and phrases struck the Californian as very absurd. Writing of a social affair in Florence, he says:

"The club wound up by a 'grand five-o'clock tea at four o'clock,' at the Cascine. The Italians seem to think that 'five o'clock' is a kind of beverage, instead of a time of day. You see signs on the Italian-English tea rooms, 'Five o'clock tea served at all hours.' And the French even make a verb of it—'fiveocloquer.' 'On fiveocloquer a quatre heures.'"

An agreeable unconventionality and irreverence run through all the chapters of the book which in any way touch on art, as for example:

"So absurd are the so-called 'canons of art criticism' that scarcely a year passes without a change in the labels of pictures in the European art-galleries. One year a picture will be labeled 'painted by Raphael.' Newspaper critics attack its pedigree. The gallery art critics defend it. But they yield, and the label is changed to 'School of Raphael.' After another year it becomes 'Manner of Raphael.' In the fourth or fifth years Raphael's name disappears and that of some obscure contemporary artist is substituted."

Oakland Tribune.—"Mr. Jerome Hart has lately been in 'furrin parts'—principally Egypt, Italy, and Paris, which is France. During his travels abroad he wrote the results of his observations in a series of *diletante* letters to the *Argonaut*, of which he is the editor. These epistles have now been embodied in an attractive volume, beautifully printed and handsomely illustrated, under the title of 'Argonaut Letters.' There is a flux of works on travel at this time, but this book of Mr. Hart's is really a contribution to current literature. The style is easy and graceful. While the subjects are neither fresh nor original, they are dealt with in an entertaining manner, and the view-point of the author is that of a clever, observant critic of peoples, manners, and customs. Mr. Hart presumes that his readers know all about the Pyramids, the

donkey-boys of Cairo, the Pitti Palace of Florence, St. Peter's and the Colosseum at Rome, the Louvre, Grand Opera House, and Bois de Boulogne, Paris. *En passant* he alludes to some of these things, but never of them or in description of their hackneyed marvels. He avoids statistics as a pestilence. May Allah bless him! Grudging doing the grand tour has become a capital offense.

"Mr. Hart's tone is politely cynical, as becomes a clubman, a good diner, and a lover of polite literature. There is a vein of quiet humor running through his comments, but it never loses its wellbred character—never becomes hilarious, nor is the sparkle ever permitted to be intrusive. The comedy is always elegant—brilliant persiflage, as it were, with all tendency to farce sternly repressed. It is not a chronicle of small beer, but the intellectual spread is frequently *frappé* and small game, as refined in quality as Mr. Hart's literary manner. The anecdotes are generally witty, all are respectable, and some of them ripe in years and experience. They are always apropos and well told, and serve excellently as a garnishment for a repast that smacks more of rare duck than roast beef.

"A stickler for style might find fault with a somewhat over-seasoning in the way of a macaroni of quotations in foreign languages, but it was a habit to which Thackeray was much addicted, and evidently Mr. Hart has followed him rather than Joseph Addison. Nevertheless the book is a most readable one. While being highly entertaining to the cultivated mind, it contains many valuable hints and some really sound information insinuated rather than imparted directly. There are no dull pages in it, which is saying a good deal when one remembers the innumerable caravan of literary journeymen who have gone before Mr. Hart in search of things that are different—better or worse—from the things at home."

Sacramento Record-Union.—"Argonaut Letters" is the title of a fat, richly and profusely illustrated volume by Jerome Hart, editor-in-chief of the San Francisco *Argonaut*. These letters were written in the *Argonaut* during Mr. Hart's extended travels in Europe and the Far East. Mr. Hart himself belittles them as . . . 'merely newspaper jottings' and therefore 'not literature because bound in boards.' In that judgment we can not concur. They are more than mere jottings. We have read them as they appeared weekly, and are prepared to class them among the very best works of travel which have come from any press, and as having a still higher value than mere description and narrative. For they are critical, witty, assertive, and searching, and that, too, often in directions few works of travel take. Mr. Hart saw to the centre of things, and his record is a constant comparison of civilizations, manners, customs, preachings, and the lessons to be learned from them. He entered into fields where few have trod, and brought up to view the ways and manners, promptings and motives, of peoples which most travelers fail to observe, being content with the upper side of what they view.

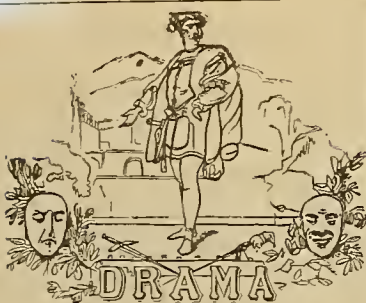
"Then, too, Mr. Hart's style is admirable. He is a word-painter, a graphic delineator, often an eloquent writer, and always a graceful one. If it is true that there is much evidence of self-sufficiency on his part, an exalted estimate of his own judgment, there is compensation for it all in the fact that his judgments here recorded are sound, and rarely too severe when application of the lash is called for, while his satire has the ring of honest conviction and perfect fearlessness. He applies the whip not alone to the backs of the peoples he visited but to his own countrymen and their institutions as well, whenever he believes it to be deserved, and comparison invites opportunity.

"It is a book of delightful reading—the descriptions are vivid, strong, and photographic. We like the letters much, though their author, with modest protest, insists that the only reason for their publication is found in response to the appeal of friends who wish them in permanent form. But did their author pause to consider that the expression of such a desire might be far better reason than to compliment and flatter him; that these friends found so much of meat in the writings that their expression of desire for their presentation in book-form was honest tribute to their literary grace and the strong quality of rational, helpful, instructive entertainment?"

San Francisco Bulletin.—"Jerome Hart, the well-known editor of the *Argonaut*, has published, through Payot, Upham & Co., a series of letters written by him while abroad. It is a handsomely bound and printed volume, and is well illustrated.

"The letters are bright and clever. There is no ponderous effort to show great learning, no long disquisitions into the why and the wherefore, but these letters are just what they should be—chatty and pleasant. Mr. Hart is a keen observer. His long newspaper training has taught him just what to say, and the result is that the reader is given very entertaining descriptions. . . . He has a keen sense of humor, and his description of the German group of tourists is good. Mr. Hart is to be congratulated upon having these letters put into book-form."

Price, Two Dollars, wrapped for mailing. For sale at the Argonaut office, 246 Sutter Street. Telephone James 2531.



The Tivoli Opera House, in resuming its usual comic-opera routine, will be put to occasionally to decide what special opera to give us. Why not, then, revive some of the unfamiliar Gilbert and Sullivan operas, which are sure to have interesting and amusing plots, effective situations, and deliciously pretty, and even sometimes unusually beautiful numbers in the musical score?—I do not remember our ever having had produced in San Francisco "Princess Ida" or "Ruddigore." The latter, by the way, was said at the time of its first presentation in London to have so offended the British scruples concerning the uttering of the word "gore" in its synonyms, that the pronunciation, to placate the popular sense of propriety, was changed from "Ruddy-gore" to "Rud-dig-o-re." There are several other unfamiliar operas in the Gilbert and Sullivan list, and now, since Sir Arthur Sullivan's death, public interest in them has been revived.

The children have not been so shabbily treated this year in their holiday piece at the Tivoli Opera House. "Bo-Peep," the Christmas extravaganza of a year ago, was, from the point of view of an entertainment for juveniles, a vulgar fraud, but in "Cinderella" enough of the original features of the ever-popular fairy tale have been preserved to enthrall the marvel-loving imagination of childhood. The management has had the good sense to engage a child to play the part of Cinderella, and although the little maid rather smacks of bread and butter, there are times, especially when one has had a surfeit of Welsh rarebit and over-seasoned ragouts, that simple and homely edibles please. So I was rather tickled with the round-eyed, inexperienced lassie whose main concern was to be a good child and remember her lines. She uttered, "Down, fluttering heart," with exactly the same inflection with which she would say, "One, two, three," and has not yet attained that happy phase of development when she considers it her first duty in life to ogle the audience. And, by the way, have you observed the new chorus-girl at the Tivoli, who also strangely fails in this proud prerogative of her mates? She is tall, pretty, with light, bronze-colored hair and a fine figure, and has an air. To look unlike the rest of the chorus generally means to be unlike them. Probably at the end of a year she will either have risen from the ranks or changed her occupation.

The dance of the frogs and toads and the Mother Goose Lancers by the dogs and cats, the tinsel glitter of Cinderella's coach, the pretty, white ponies, and the scene in the kitchen with the childish Cinderella crooning a plaintive coon-song to a lean and disconsolate doll, while a group of guardian fairies fill the dark doorway with their shining presence—all these things please the children mightily. The parts of the two proud sisters are, of course, taken by men, who revel with the usual wild joy which the male feels in petticoated parts, and who have a sufficiently liberal display of pantaleon frills dangling about their shanks to fit out a seminary. I failed to appreciate their special kind of humor, but found Ferris Hartman, with his unflinching flow of animal high spirits, rather amusing. Especially so in the "Carmen" burlesque, which, by the way, would have been an immense find for the Orpheum as a single act. It is really very funny, and delivered with extreme zest by the three or four who take part. I wonder what Collamarini's emotions would be should she witness this frolic travesty of her pretty, audacious self. As a general thing it takes an American, and a remarkably good-natured one, to appreciate a joke on himself, and I fancy that some fire would flash from the Collamarinian eye at the moment when the defunct "Carmen" population promptly rises from its last sleep, and, with the effusive Collamarini-Hartman talking and gesticulating, gratefully advances and kowtows.

The girls, as ever, form an important element in the spectacular features of the show, and disport themselves in a great variety of costumes, colors, and dances. I observe that the trunks which were formerly an inevitable accompaniment to tights on the female form divine, and which began to be alarmingly brief about six or eight years ago, still continue to grow small by degrees and beautifully less. In fact, one might say that they had entirely disappeared, and a very scant substitute taken their place. From the way things are tending at present the time may yet come when the ordinary costume of the chorus-girl may be as guileless of drapery as that adopted by the fair *poseur* in that especial kind of startling vaudeville act usually designated as *poses plastiques*.

That shy wood-violet, Truly Shattuck, who has been going through a turn at the Orpheum, allows her palpitating charms to burst upon us by degrees. At first she appears coyly enveloped in a kimono,

and sings a rather screeching and meaningless song about "Japan-io" and Tokio; then, with calculated gradations, the timid creature coyly allows us to behold her in a costume which reveals neck and arms. And finally, having been judiciously worked up to a high degree of awed expectancy, we are permitted to view the Shattuck legs, which are certainly a very well-turned pair. As a "shape-show" pure and simple, nothing could be more candidly intentional, although the attention is distracted and the ear rather teased by various well-meant, but ineffectual efforts of the Shattuck larynx.

I went primarily to see the trained animal act, which was announced as a dog, cat, and monkey circus. It turned out, however, to be more of an exhibition of trained monkeys than of dogs or cats, although a hored-looking Angora cat tried its best to hold up the feline end of the performance by sitting up with a very genteel and well-bred air in the animal row. Monkeys are such natural climbers that I do not find their acrobatic feats at all wonderful, but merely look upon them as a healthy exercise for the simian liver. But who that has ever owned or loved a dog can fail to regard with sympathetic interest the poor little stage-prisoners, going with such humble zeal through their various dog-gish evolutions. Mlle. Christina's dogs dance, or rather rotate, around each other, while their unfortunate little bodies are, as is the custom, stripped of all natural grace, and made grotesque by being clothed in various nondescript and unbecoming garments. The star performers were, as is generally the case, specimens of the terrier family. Indeed, one rarely sees big, stately dogs going through histrionic paces. Perhaps they lack the mental alertness and physical agility of the bright, wiry little terriers; but it is probable, also, that their sense of personal dignity is too tenacious to be easily offered up as a stage sacrifice. Imagine, for instance, Boh, "the" old un," as the shepherds affectionately called him in that live and spirited book, "Boh, Son of Battle"—imagine that unquestioning fidelity, that magnificent and unswerving sense of duty finding its best expression in trundling a monkey-incumbered baby-carriage around the stage of the Orpheum! One vow I registered after reading that book, and that is: If ever I join the innumerable caravan where each shall seek his new sensation in the crowded lands of Europe, I shall go to the sheep-herding country near the Solway and attend Cup Day, when the annual contest for the Shepherd's Trophy takes place between the shepherd dogs. There, indeed, one could see that faithful, reliable beast upon his native heath, with all his hardy virtues and fine intelligence in full play, for the victorious trophy is bestowed upon that one whose resource, tact, swiftness, and skill are displayed to such good effect that of all the canine contestants he guides most surely and pens most swiftly a flock of sheep over carefully arranged obstructions to the inclosed goal.

However, in smaller dogs one can be content with lesser qualities, and even if their virtues are of a negative kind, most of us will wag a hoastful toogee in celebrating the shrewdness or fertility of expedient of our special dog friends. For nearly all of us have known a dog at some period in our lives of whose loyalty, or prowess, or intelligence we have been proud.

Such a dog was Crib—Crib, with paw of velvet, coat of snow, nose of jet, brain of a diplomat, and soul of a warrior, who could have played a star part in a dog comedy. He was a fox-terrier, and, like all of his breed, loved the freedom of the streets. An ordinary picket-fence did not check his ardor in getting what he wanted, and a four-and-a-half-foot wire fence was erected as a more persuasive method of restraining him. But he finally overcame even this obstacle. No one knew how he did it, and, as he was too knowing to show his hand, he was finally watched secretly at the hour which he generally chose for his nocturnal wandering. Then did Crib's powers of dissimulation shine forth in all their histrionic brilliancy. He emerged from his villa, under the back stairs, and strolled toward the obstructing fence with a *déjà*, hands-in-his-pocket, cigarette-in-his-mouth air. He yawned with careful carelessness. Then he cocked his head calmly toward the windows, and shrewdly examined each one. But the watchers remained invisible. Then this artful little dodger dropped his air of elaborate nonchalance, and became all business. After several attempts, he leaped to the top of the fence, balanced himself for a moment on a two-inch plank, then came down lightly on the other side. Without another glance toward the house, he trotted to a gate in the picket-fence, unlatched it with a practiced paw, and shot off like a white arrow in the gloom for a prolonged, wild, glad hat in the streets. Pretty, dauntless, gay-hearted, guileful, pleasure-loving-Crib! Like most city dogs, he was cut off in his bloom, and, in spite of his numerous sins, now decorates a shrine of canine sainthood. May he roam forever in a dog paradise full of bodiless cats, who streak along spectral fences but to incite him to the pleasures of the chase. May he race, and leap, and gambol in unending circles of ecstasy on breeze-blown meadows, whose grassy sward contains a treasure-trove of bones beyond the dreams of dog-gish avarice. And may it be a land where the poundman is forever transfixed in his own net, and the secret dog-poisoner dines on his own bait.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Henry Irving Answers Stage Critics.

At a club supper in Glasgow, last month, Sir Henry Irving told his hearers of a correspondent of his, a vicar, who felt quite sure that "the actor's vocation is not according to the mind of God." The chairman of the evening was a doctor of divinity and principal of the university, and it was that probably which accounted for the gravity of Sir Henry's reasoning on justification of the stage. He said:

"The worthy vicar says that every play turns upon such sins as anger, theft, false witness, covetousness, and so forth, and that it can not be right for any man calling himself Christian to live by personating and making, as it were, his own sins, which God has distinctly forbidden. This is a purely theological issue upon which I do not presume to offer an opinion. It has considerable interest, not only for actors but also for poets and romancers, for if you invent characters who lie, rage, thief, covet their neighbors' goods, and perjure their immortal souls, you must be just as obnoxious as the players to what this stern divine knows so well to be the mind of the Almighty. But this is an issue with which the poor ordinary layman can not pretend to cope. We may feel a little surprise at the confidence with which the people who have the theatre and put it outside the pale of morals claim to be your only Christians. I have been pursued by another gentleman—or rather by his sermon—an enterprising Wesleyan minister who argues that play-going, to be safe, needs a strong head, and there are so many weak heads that the real Christian must shun the theatre if not for his own sake, for the sake of his weaker brethren—though it may seem strange to you that this solicitude is confined solely to the perils of the drama.

"There are weak heads, I fear, which dabble in speculations and are drawn into hazards that are good neither for the soul nor the pocket. I have even heard with regret of Wesleyan ministers being landed in such a net. Why are we not told that the strong head ought to abandon its safe and legitimate investments, so as not to set a dangerous example to the weaker brother? What would become of the world if a man were to undertake no business or pleasure until he had first assured himself that under no condition could the same enterprise, perfectly wise and prudent for himself, upset the moral balance of some fellow-creature not so well endowed with stability and sense? In that singular situation, I fancy, the world would put up its shutters, many pulpits would be vacant, and the business of continuing the human race would suffer a disastrous check. I am inclined to think that these misfortunes will be averted, and that even the theatres will not close their doors. The drama is an indispensable expression of the human spirit. It is capable of the greatest heights; it is capable of the trivial, frivolous, and unworthy. This is simply to say that it is the broad mirror of human nature reflecting the moods and passions and problems of society in all ages and the ideals that are uplifted or depressed by the ambitions of which they are the instruments. I trust, gentlemen, this sort of thing goes on, and will go on as long as people are willing to sacrifice truth to sensationalism, for I sometimes read the most disgraceful slanders concerning the actor and his calling—repulsive, I know, to the true divine, with whose high and revered calling uncharitableness and ungraciousness are never associated."

Commenting on Sarah Bernhardt's performance of Hamlet on Monday last, Franklyn Fyles says in the New York Sun: "At first sight she suggested a burlesquer fitted out to make merry with Shakespeare, not grotesquely, but in comely facetiousness. Her face was lined with the full record of its years, but the figure in cloak and stockings might have been no older than Hamlet's. It was when she spoke or moved that her lack of manliness destroyed her disguise utterly, and left her to be regarded by most spectators as a personal rather than a professional exhibit. But just as her greatness as an actress had many times won back the respect which her smallness in other detail had lost, so in this exploit with Hamlet her skill atoned almost if not quite for her impertinence. After forgiving her for taking up the part at all, it was easy enough to appreciate what she did with it. So there was an unwilling minority which rather slowly yet surely went over to the majority and enjoyed the interpretation. Esteemed at its best, however, this Hamlet was a travesty of the character that Shakespeare had written."

Mlle. Dolores (Antoinette Trebelli) is to appear in concert at the Columbia Theatre on the afternoons of Tuesday and Thursday, January 15th and 17th.

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Orpheum

The Orpheum Road Show—Direction Martin Beck

Severus Schaffer; Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne; Johnson, Davenport, and Lorelle; Louise Dresser; Jack Norworth; Bertie Fowler; all in conjunction with the Solway and attend Cup Day, when the annual contest for the Shepherd's Trophy takes place between the shepherd dogs. There, indeed, one could see that faithful, reliable beast upon his native heath, with all his hardy virtues and fine intelligence in full play, for the victorious trophy is bestowed upon that one whose resource, tact, swiftness, and skill are displayed to such good effect that of all the canine contestants he guides most surely and pens most swiftly a flock of sheep over carefully arranged obstructions to the inclosed goal.

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A LAMBS' CLUB SPEECH.

Joe Redding's Address at the Reception Given to Coquelin and Hare in New York City.

[At the reception and supper tendered to M. Coquelin and Mr. John Hare by the Lambs' Club, on Sunday evening, December 2, 1900, Mr. De Wolf Hopper, shepherd of the club, in introducing Mr. Joseph D. Redding (a member of the club) as one of the speakers of the evening, adopted the usual course on such occasions of gently "roasting" the forthcoming speaker before bringing him to his feet. Mr. Redding responded as follows:]

Most Un-worthy Shepherd, Mr. Hare [Mr. Coquelin was unable to remain to the supper] *and Gentlemen:*

Some two thousand years ago Julius Caesar wrote that "All Gaul is divided into three parts." I am quite sure if he were alive to-day he would write that "All Gaul never had been divided—but still remains intact in the person of Mr. Hopper."

I have been introduced before on similar occasions, but I do not recall having been projected into a banquet speech with such a shower of encomiums as that just let off by the Basso Umhilicus we call our Shepherd.

I might have expected some such introduction if Mr. Augustus Thomas had been presiding. (To Mr. Hare). You have undoubtedly heard of Mr. Thomas. He is our celebrated author of "Pink Plays for Pale People."

But, gentlemen, I marvel at our temerity in gathering here to-night. Do you realize that this is the close of the nineteenth century? That our exports exceed our imports by several billions and some cents? That all our furnaces are ablaze with the white heat of manufacture? That all our markets are plethoric with produce, and that every man is asking his fellow how much money he is making?

Yet here are one hundred and fifty men gathered together with none of these things in their minds. Is it that we are a number of freaks, or is there the unconscious search for an ideal in this institution and in our presence here to-night? Verily, I believe it to be the latter.

Do you know, my friends, that all history makes note of but two things? Turn over again the pages of the histories you have read and therein will be found recorded the conquest of territory and the preservation of the arts. Who recalls the name of a Roman banker or money-lender, or a Grecian manufacturer or merchant? Their first name is Legion and their last Oblivion.

But stop; there was a chap by the name of Croesus. He was King of Lydia and flourished some 500 years B. C. He was reputed to be of simply enormous wealth. He had a complete trolley system from the Pass of Thermopylae to the banks of the Euphrates, and he collected revenue on every roulette-table from the Acropolis to the base of Mt. Olympus. I suppose his entire wealth and capital would at least have been sufficient to pay a three months' dividend on Standard Oil stock. Still he was not happy. He felt an aching void. One fortunate day he met a most learned man of great wisdom, named Solon. "Solon," said he, "what's the matter with me? With all my wealth I am not happy. I am utterly wretched."

"Ah! Croesus, my boy," replied Solon, "you are on the wrong tack; you are hoarding wealth for wealth's sake. Do you not know that there is a microbe of misery in every drachma? Would you be happy? Then disperse your wealth; give it to the winds of heaven. Seek happiness in the society and converse of poets, players, and sculptors—among the arts; there you will find content of mind; theirs is the cup which holds the draught of life."

And Croesus obeyed this very wise man's injunction. He surrendered his crown, scattered his riches, supported the Olympian games, and offered prizes for the best groups of statuary to grace the groves of Apollo.

Then there was the celebrated Medici family, a bunch band of merchants, murderers, and money-lenders of the Middle Ages. Where are all these? Gone, obliterated; nothing left to remember them by—except their coat of arms, the escutcheon of their house. And do you recall what it is?—the three balls that you see in front of every pawn-shop.

So I say we are gathered here to-night unconsciously following the highest ideal within the aspiration of mankind: First (as Mr. Hare has so beautifully put it), under the inspiration of good fellowship, to look into each other's eyes and to feel the touch of a comrade's hand, knowing full well that there is no sordid, selfish motive in the meeting; but, above all, to drink in the atmosphere of Art. Around this board are players, painters, poets, sculptors, and musicians. Theirs are the vocations which make up nearly the sum total of the history of the world.

In the ages to come, when the New Zealander whom Macanlay mentions shall stand upon the ruins of some temple either in England or America, he will not search among the debris of the past to ascertain whether the Morgans loaned money to Cleveland's cabinet. No; of much more lasting importance than that, he will be hunting for the original manuscript of one of Sloane's "Coon" songs.

Gentlemen, I do not wish to cast a pall over this

evening's entertainment or to put your minds in graver mood, but I should like to pay a tribute to the memory of two Englishmen who so recently have passed into the unknown world. One has died, not unknown, but ignominiously in a foreign land. He had a distinct genius for letters and he was a poet in the true sense. He has left a mark on English literature which demands a place with Addison and with Poe; yet, by some primal curse, there cut through his nature a decadent streak which stultified and finally overwhelmed him. Perchance he was predestined to carry out the ancient Buddhist legend which tells us that in every generation there shall come among us one whose doom shall be to bear upon his shoulders the crimes of many others; that his shall be the lot to take from us our rightful share of ills, and in that unto himself he is doing evil, just so much unto ourselves he is doing good.

Ah, my friends, let us not be too hard on this poor mortal. Let us not seek for the weeds upon his mound, but rather for the violets growing there. In all good time the baser growth will be hidden by the gentler flower.

The other who has passed away—his ashes lie beneath the dome of St. Paul's, that Mecca of the Anglo-Saxon race. In the generations to follow there will come from every quarter of the globe countless thousands in pilgrimage. They will kneel before this shrine and lift their voices in hymns of praise of his own creation. And in that boundless space in the world beyond, which in our heart of hearts we know does exist, I verily believe the hosts up there among the stars are singing new anthems given unto them by the genius of Arthur Sullivan.

Finally, gentlemen, let me say how much I regret the absence of Mr. Coquelin at this banquet. I was particularly anxious to have him with us, for I had prepared a most beautiful speech in French for his edification. Some kind friend told me that Coquelin had got wind of this and fled in time.

It is true I come, originally, from California, way out there on the periphery of the national wheel. It has been my opportunity, however, to attend many similar gatherings, but never before has it been my great good fortune to meet at one time two such distinguished interpreters of two distinct languages as in the presence here to-night of Mr. John Hare and M. Coquelin.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Belle of New York."

Next week we shall have an opportunity to see the much-written-about Casino spectacle, "The Belle of New York," which will be presented at the Columbia Theatre for seven nights and two matinees. So great was its success in New York that George W. Lederer was emboldened to take the whole American production to London. It was a costly venture, but Lederer was amply rewarded, for "The Belle of New York" took London by storm and crowded the Shaftesbury Theatre for 697 nights, its phenomenal run having suddenly been terminated by the outbreak of the Transvaal war, when all the leading theatres were forced to close.

The company which will be seen here is not the original one by any means, but it contains some clever people, among others, Beulah Dodge, who will appear as the Salvation Army lassie, the rôle in which Edna May captivated the New York and London Johnnies, E. J. Connelly, Joseph Kane, James Darling, Arthur Deagon, George Tallman, E. S. Tarr, Mae Sailor, and Grace Rutledge.

"Way Down East," which was written in collaboration by Joseph R. Grismer and Lottie Blair Parker, will be the next attraction.

Strauss and His Vienna Orchestra.

The engagement of Eduard Strauss and his orchestra at the California Theatre next week promises to be an event of the greatest musical importance. Eduard Strauss is the third son of the distinguished Strauss family of Vienna, of whom Johann is the most widely known. The father organized the Strauss Orchestra in Vienna in 1823, and the organization has existed ever since. The sons are Johann, Josef, and Eduard, the latter being a recognized composer as well as conductor. The present is his second visit to the United States, the first being in 1890, when he achieved a great success with his orchestral concerts. Among the leading members of the organization are concert-meister and assistant-conductor, Herr Ronowsky; solo viola, Herr Graus; solo violoncello, Herr Kruspel; solo flute, Herr Nammer; solo oboe, Herr Beetz; solo clarinette, Herr Saben; solo bassoon, Herr Logescher; solo horn, Herr Kratky; solo cornet, Herr Schnabe; solo trombone, Herr Zailmann; solo tuba, Herr Pernat; solo harp, Herr Spindler.

The programmes, which will include dance music, selections from grand opera, light opera, and classical music, will be changed at every performance.

"Human Hearts" will follow.

"Cinderella" at the Tivoli.

The holiday spectacle at the Tivoli Opera House has scored a great success, and, from present indications, will draw crowded houses for many weeks to come. Ferris Hartman has provided every one with a liberal supply of doll things to say and do, and in the rôle of Buttons never allows the interest of the

audience to slacken for a moment. Especial praise is due the management for the beautiful stage pictures and the gorgeous costumes, the sunflower conceit at the end of the second act being one of the prettiest which has been seen here for a long time. Several new features have been added during the past week, among them an electric ballet performed by four girls covered with dazzling lights, a catchy new song for Annie Myers, and a topical oddity for Hartman. Not a little of the success of the performance is due to the excellent work of Maud Williams, Julie Cotte, Eddie Webb, Tom Greene, and Fred Kavanaugh.

The Orpheum's Holiday Bill.

Severus Schaffer, the versatile juggler, equilibrist, and acrobat, is the star of the Orpheum bill this week. For over half an hour he performs a succession of marvelous balancing and juggling feats with never a false move or a miss. Acts of this kind, as a rule, are monotonous and trying on the audience. Not so with Schaffer. Cannon balls, lighted lamps, flaming torches, wheels, dining-tables, are tossed about and manipulated with such ease and dexterity that the beholder can scarcely bring himself to realize that one man could have the physical endurance to crowd so much into so short a time. In addition to Schaffer, those retained from this week's bill will be Louise Dresser and her pickanninies, Jack Norworth and Bertie Fowler, Johnson, Davenport, and Lorello, and Cressy and Dayne, who will present a new sketch.

The other new-comers are the Hawthorne Sisters in a tuneful musical skit; William Cahill Davis, the song-writer and singer, who calls himself "the man from Ireland"; and the Biograph.

The Races.

New-Year's Day will be a gala occasion at the Oakland track, for the California Jockey Club have arranged an unusually interesting programme. For the third race, which is for two-year-olds eligible to the Gebhart Stake, there are no less than seventy-eight entries. The fourth race will be the New Year Handicap for a purse of \$2,000. It is for two-year-olds and upward, the distance is one mile and a furlong, and, as there are over seventy entries, there will doubtless be a large field. The other special events of the week will be the Blingum purse for horses that were eligible to the Burlingame selling stakes, to be run on Thursday, January 3d, and the Naglee selling stakes, for three-year-olds and upward, on Saturday, January 5th.

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VANITY FAIR.

The second trial of members of the Innocents' Club, in Berlin, who were charged with professional gambling, has just ended in a conviction (says the *New York Evening Post*). The first trial, which took place in Berlin in October of last year, resulted in the acquittal of the three accused, Herr von Kröcher, Herr von Kayser, and Herr von Schlachtmeyer, on the ground that, although their conduct had been very reprehensible, it did not fall under the definition of professional gambling. This verdict was quashed in April by the German supreme court at Leipzig, which held that the definition given by the Berlin court of the "desire of gain," which must be present to constitute professional gambling, was too narrow. A new trial was ordered, and has now resulted in a verdict of guilty against Herr von Kayser, Herr von Schlachtmeyer, and Herr Wolff, a man who is of an inferior social position to the other defendants, and who has all along been regarded as the chief culprit. Herr von Kayser and Herr von Schlachtmeyer were sentenced to terms of two and of three months' imprisonment, respectively, and were released, having been in prison already much longer than that. Herr Wolff was sentenced to four months' imprisonment and to a fine of three thousand marks. The *National-Zeitung*, dwelling upon the revelations of the frivolous and criminal life of certain sections of so-called "good society," says that the first verdict was an insult to the national conscience. It doubts whether the morality of the "Innocents' Club" will be improved, but hopes that the lesson will make its members more circumspect. The fate of Herr von Kröcher seems to be still uncertain.

According to the *New York Tribune*, hotel people and those in the shopping districts of New York have been extracting no end of fun out of the recent visit of the Duke of Manchester and his bride, accompanied by the elderly spinster who has been the press agent for the duke for a couple of years, and who still continues to act in that capacity. The real fun seems to have come to the clerks in the shops where the duchess condescended to spend a few thousands of her father's dollars. Accompanied by the ducal press agent she flitted about from shop to shop as if she was a princess of the royal blood. Once inside an establishment the press agent, in a megaphonic voice, would announce to a clerk, but really for the benefit of all in the shop, that "her grace" would not care for this or that; that such a color was not suitable to "her grace's" complexion. Every possible change was rung on that "her grace" business for listening ears. Let the poor little bride slip away from the wing of her chaperon—and the clerks say the latter took good care that she should do it every few moments—and shrilly there would arise a cry of "Will your grace step this way a moment, please, as I am sure this is just what you want?" and that sort of thing from morning to night. All this, of course, attracted attention to the retiring little Ohio girl, who does not seem to be a bad sort at all if allowed to be a lady, as her instincts incline. But with this shouting and fussy press agent attending her the duchess had anything but a pleasant time of it in securing her winter costumes.

"The great and mysterious Goddess of Fashion has, for some reason best known to herself, decreed that beads should come into vogue again," says Sir Edwin Arnold, "and already in London the observant may notice strings of many-colored beads appearing on the necks and breasts, the wrists and tresses, of the fair votaries of the goddess. In this her edict she goes back to a mode never really out of favor since humanity first took to self-government. Beads are certainly the most ancient of all forms of the bedecking of the body, unless we except the field and forest blossoms which the maids and matrons of the flint and bronze periods may have fixed in their tangled locks, or wood and other dyes. But in many parts of the earth beads are as important to millions of people as they ever were, and for the simple and sufficient reason that nothing can be prettier than the bright contrasted colors of them on a dark skin, nay, or even a fair one. Another considerable employment for the bead industry is derived from the practice of carrying and using rosaries. It would amaze the public to know how vast is the demand made by the religious world in this direction. Not only do countless members of the Roman Catholic community 'tell their beads' in reciting the 'Ave Marys' and 'Pater noster,' but other large churches employ the rosary, and are constantly asking for new supplies and patterns. A Levantine merchant, not only when he is at devotions, but in the market-place and at the *café*, loves to roll between his brown fingers and thumb the soft, smooth globes of a well-turned and delicately mounted rosary of ivory, or shell, or amber, or pink-and-white coral. It is to be feared that he very often reckons his bargains with it, using the sacred string for an abacus. In the East, also, the rosary is largely used to the profit of the bead trade. Especially has Islam the custom of the 'Zikr,' when a string of ninety-nine beads is employed, each bead standing for one of the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah, which is devoutly pronounced and piously celebrated as the believer draws through the palm of

his right or better hand the polished ball of veined marble, or agate, or blue lazuli, or carved sandalwood, which is to remind him of some special attribute of his Creator. In my 'Pearls of the Faith' all these ninety-nine beautiful names were enumerated, and a becoming legend attached to each. This is Islam's rosary, and beauty herself will perceive as she puts on the new decorations decreed by fashion that even beads have their serious side."

The fair co-eds at the University of Chicago have been turned out of the dance of the Quadrangle Club by the advice of the professors. The Quadrangle Club is the social organization of the faculty members. The club's fortnightly dances attracted the prettiest girls and most gallant young men of the student body. The professors sought the sides of the buds, and their wives were too often left to play the part of wall-flowers. There was a protest, presumably successful, in view of the edict that banishes girls from the faculty dances. Now the professors dance with each other's wives at the balls. The co-eds say that jealousy is the cause of this, and are indignant.

Although the height of the Cairo season is usually not attained until after Christmas, there are prospects of a very good winter season. The river season opened by the departure of a large tourist steamer on the thirteenth inst., with twenty-three passengers on board—a very goodly number for the maiden trip. William Waldorf Astor will reach Cairo in January, and he intends chartering a *dahabeah* for the Nile journey. Helouan, which is situated some sixteen miles south of Cairo, is again well to the front. The sulphur baths there prove the great attraction, and among its earliest visitors are Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Lady Blanche Morris. Nearly the whole of the extensive fleet of *dahabeahs* has been engaged, and, provided the state of the Nile permits, the Father of Rivers is evidently to be well patrooled during the coming winter. Although considerably better than last year, the state of the river is far from reassuring. Something like consternation prevailed in Cairo when it became known, a fortnight ago, that the railway line south of Nagh Hamadi had been washed away for nearly a kilometre. It would appear that the native detailed to watch the rise of the water in an enormous storage basin failed in his duty, and finally the pent-up water topped the bank, the whole structure collapsed, and the flood spent its fury on the railway embankment. Communication by rail with the whole of Upper Egypt is therefore out of joint. The first tourist train from Hafia to Khartum left the former place on December 20th. There is now quite a good hotel at Hafia, and the hotel in Khartum will be ready for the reception of visitors early in January.

The old saying that there is nothing new under the sun is recalled by a Findlay, O., special to the effect that a rejected lovers' club has been organized at that place. The special set up the claim that the idea was new, yet a rejected lovers' club was in existence in Cleveland, O., more than eleven years ago. Says the *Cleveland Leader*: "Marion Lodge, Brotherhood of Rejected Lovers, was organized in the spring of 1889. The qualifications necessary to membership were that the candidate should be of marriageable age and have been twice rejected. A president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer were chosen, the first honor falling to him of the most rejections, the second to the most discarded applicant for marital joys, and so on. The rejected youths started in to have a good time, inaugurating the lodge's social career with a ball. As time rolled on the members of the club were snared and fell from good standing. Some fair one would reconsider a rejection. Again, a new face would lead up to a declaration attended with success. These traitors to the order were always punished by being made the guests of honor at a ball and starred on the programmes as 'departed brothers,' and once a year a dance was given for 'departed brothers' generally. Branches of the order were established at Indianapolis, Chicago, Kansas City, and in several Ohio towns. The order retained its existence for four or five years."

More Eastern golf clubs than usual have been favoring the playing abilities of their caddies this season by giving tournaments for them and offering appropriate prizes. The Nassau Country Club, at Glen Cove, has just finished its annual competitions, in which over twenty lads took part, and similar events have been held at We Burro, Apawamis, and Morris County. The latter club was the first in New England to recognize the competitive golf element in the caddie, and contests of that nature have been among the closing features of the year for the past three or four seasons. Competitive team matches have been played with the caddies at Baltusrol, and in other ways the lads who plod over the links carrying big bags of clubs have been made to feel that they are not mere machines, to be dismissed after the day's work with the stipulated price.

The *New York Sun* has received a description from Amsterdam of the marvelous wedding-gown which Queen Wilhelmina will wear. It was designed in Paris, and its chief feature consists of wonderful embroideries, which are being made at

the Royal School of Art Needlework. The dress itself is of cloth of silver so exquisitely supple and fine in texture that it suggests the Indian muslin of our grandmothers, which could be pulled through a ring. It is made up over the richest white glace silk. The front, of jupe, will be worked in a tapering design harmonizing with the train, being broad at the hem and narrowing toward the waist. The full court-train will trail two and a half metres on the ground. It falls from the waist and is surrounded by two broad bands of embroidery, giving the general idea of detached sprays of orange-blossoms and their foliage connected by scrolls and ribbons. Each one of the clusters of flowers has a single, fully opened bloom, surrounded by buds more or less developed. Fine seed-pearls are used for these, while the foliage is indicated by silver threads and paillettes. In addition to the pearls and paillettes, six kinds of silver-bullion twist are employed to produce the different effects required, and most of the interlacing ribbon is highly raised, or, in technical terms, "couched." The embroidery is worked up on silver tissue and white silk foundation as well, thus imparting richness as well as firmness. No work is to appear on the bodice, which, according to Dutch custom for state weddings, is to be cut low. It is to be draped with Brussels lace, of which the queen possesses a most valuable collection, both antique and modern.

The University Club of Baltimore, a capital of gastronomy, has just treated itself to a muskrat supper. The muskrat is much prized by the French-Canadians, but his merits as food are too little known in the United States. The University Club steward served him in the Maryland style, stewed in his own gravy; in the New Jersey style, which offers him up whole; and in the Virginia style, which splits and broils him. According to the *Baltimore Sun* "the muskrat was declared by those present to be a most toothsome delicacy, almost, if not quite, equal to the diamond-back terrapin and much superior to the rabbit."

The Challenge Is Out.

Wednesday, January 2, 1901, a great challenge will take place in this city.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL HAS no superior. Most economical.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, December 26th, were as follows:

	Shares.	Bonds.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
Bay Counties Co. 5%	2,000	@ 104 3/4	104 3/4	
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%	3,000	@ 103 1/4	103 1/4	105
Oakland Transit Co. 6%	25,000	@ 120	120	121
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	1,000	@ 110 3/4	110	110 1/2
Omnibus C. R. 6%	8,000	@ 128 1/2	128	
S. V. Water 4 1/2 cts.	5,000	@ 102	102	
U. S. Coup. 3%	1,000	@ 110	110	
STOCKS.				
	Shares.		Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.	40	@ 71	70	72
Spring Valley Water.	130	@ 94	94	94 1/2
Gas and Electric.				
Equitable Gaslight.	110	@ 3 1/4 - 3 3/4	3 1/4	3 3/4
Oakland Gas.	100	@ 49 1/2	49	50
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	75	@ 48 1/4 - 48 3/4	48	48 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric.	1,335	@ 45 1/4 - 45 3/4	45	45 1/2
Banks.				
Bank of Cal.	5	@ 410	409	412 1/2
Street R. R.				
Market St.	140	@ 70 - 70 1/4	70	70 1/4
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.	25	@ 7	6 1/2	7
Hawaiian C. & S.	85	@ 90 1/4 - 91 1/4	90	91
Honokaa S. Co.	15	@ 31 1/2	31 1/2	32
Hutchinson.	445	@ 25 1/2	25 1/2	
Kilauea S. Co.	55	@ 20 1/4 - 21	20 1/4	21
Makaweli S. Co.	45	@ 41 1/4 - 41 3/4	41 1/4	41 3/4
Pauahau S. P. Co.	175	@ 31 1/4 - 31 3/4	31 1/4	
Miscellaneous.				
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.	20	@ 102 3/4	102 3/4	103 1/4
Oceanic S. Co.	400	@ 102	103	104 1/4
Pac. C. Borax.	30	@ 151	151	152

San Francisco Gas and Electric was weak and sold down three points to 45 1/4, but closed at 46 1/4 sales and 46 bid, 46 1/2 asked. The balance of the market was very quiet, but prices about held their own.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE, Member Stock and Bond Exchange. Stock and Bond Broker. Telephone Bush 351. 407 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

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526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,238,372.45
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1900..... 28,938,395.12

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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1900..... \$26,952,875
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 218,593
Contingent Fund..... 439,608

E. B. POND, Pres., W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS and UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... \$3,514,068.82
October 1st, 1900.

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CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN, Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH, Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON, ad Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY, Secretary

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St. Louis..... Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev..... Agency of the Bank of California
London..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris..... Messrs. de Rothschild Freres
Berlin..... Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
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Australia and New Zealand..... The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

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CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869-451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. ROYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A trooper in Paget's Horse who was taken prisoner writes home to relatives in England that a certain Boer commandant, slyly pointing to the letters P. H. on his prisoner's helmet, asked "What does 'P. H.' stand for? 'Perfectly Harmless'?"

Ex-Senator Evarts was discussing dyspepsia and indigestion and that sort of thing the other day with a lady, who remarked that she supposed the greater part of the trouble men had with their stomachs was due to the different wines they drank. "It was the indifferent wines that gave me the most trouble," retorted the venerable statesman.

On one occasion, the Dean of Wells, in introducing E. A. Freeman, whom he could abide neither as man nor historian, said: "I rise with great pleasure to propose the health of our eminent neighbor, Mr. Freeman, the historian, a man who—in his own personal characteristics—has so often depicted for us the savage character of our first forefathers."

A London newsboy, who is accustomed to shout "Extras" every evening, recently had a very bad cold and became hoarse. Feeling himself at a disadvantage, he carried a large card in front of him, on which he had roughly written: "Hush! Noise is a nuisance! I can't shout my extras, but I have them all the same!" It did not take the boy long to sell out his stock of papers to the grateful passers-by.

The late Charles Keene, the artist of *Punch*, used to describe, with a great delight, the method of a certain man whom he called "a pot-house Ruskin." This person was sitting with a friend in an inn parlor, and was haranguing the other man on matters in general. Finally the friend ventured mildly to interpose an objection. The speaker drew himself up with much dignity. "I ain't a-arguing with you," said he; "I'm a-telling you!"

Frederick Palmer, the war-correspondent, who accompanied the relief expedition of the allies to Peking, says he carried a bottle of ale all the way from Tien-tsin to the Chinese capital, thinking how welcome it would be to a friend when he crawled out of his bomb-proof, emaciated and famished. "What he did," writes Palmer, "was to offer me beer and to ask why the relieving column had been so long in coming. He has gained ten pounds since I saw him last. Rice and horse-meat seem to be fattening."

The great Duke of Wellington was noted for his rigid integrity. Here is an instance which occurred in reference to his large estate. Some farm adjoining his lands was for sale, and his agent negotiated for him for the purchase. Having concluded the business, he went to the duke and told him he had made a capital bargain. "What do you mean?" asked the duke. "Why, your grace, I have got the farm for so much, and I know it to be worth at least so much more." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Quite sure, your grace, for I have carefully surveyed it." "Very well, then, pay the gentleman from me the balance between what you have already given and the real value of the estate."

In his volume on Ellen Terry, Clement Scott tells of a somewhat self-satisfied, vain-glorious, and grumpy actor who complained that the noted English actress continually laughed in one of his most important scenes. He had not the courage to tell her his objections, so he wrote her a letter of heart-broken complaint, in which he said: "I am extremely sorry to tell you that it is impossible for me to make any effect in such and such a scene if you persist in laughing at me on the stage, and so spoiling the situation. May I ask you to change your attitude, as the scene is a most trying one?" Miss Terry's answer was very direct and to the point, for she wrote: "You are quite mistaken. I never laugh at you on the stage. I wait till I get home!"

The *Westminster Gazette* gives some interesting information concerning the use of tobacco by the clergy in different religious bodies. "John Wesley," it says, "forbade his preachers 'to smoke or chew tobacco, or take snuff.' This rule still obtains in the Wesleyan ministry. Thackeray hoped the day would come when he would see a bishop lolling out the Athenæum with a cigar in his mouth, or at least a pipe stuck in his shovel-hat. He did not live to see this, but the Bishop of Manchester has publicly proclaimed the virtues of tobacco as a bond of sympathy between man and man. 'At your idol again, Mr. Hall,' exclaimed a lady once on discovering Mr. Robert Hall, the celebrated divine, with a pipe in his mouth. 'Yes,' said the preacher, 'burning it, ma'am.'"

The late Professor Max Müller was originally just Müller, but he added one of his Christian names, Max, to his surname, and became Max Müller. His change of surname and of nationality did not add to his popularity in Germany, where his former compatriots used to say that "but for his settling in

England he might have become a scholar." Considerable amusement was caused at Oxford a few years ago by the Kaiser telegraphing the professor, upon the occasion of some aquatic victory: "My best wishes to you and your gallant crew." "Great Scott!" or its Sanscrit equivalent, the professor is said to have exclaimed, "just as if I were a 'coach' running along the embankment with a trumpet." The point of the joke is that Max Müller disliked every form of exercise, and used to say that "There is only one act of folly more egregious than looking at a foot-ball game, and that is taking part in one."

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Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Jan. 16
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, Feb. 9
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, March 7
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, March 30
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America Maru.....Saturday, December 29
Hongkong Maru.....Thursday, Jan. 24, 1901
Nippon Maru.....Tuesday, February 19
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OCEANIC S.S. CO. Sierra, 6000 Tons
Sonoma, 6000 Tons
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S. S. Australia, for Papeete, Tahiti, Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1901, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Zealandia, for Honolulu, Jan. 16, 1901, at 2 P. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts, 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Dec. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Jan. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles): Queen—Wednesdays, 9 A. M. Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.
For Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Hartford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro, East San Pedro, and Newport (Los Angeles). Corona—Fridays, 9 A. M. Bonita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M.
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New York.....January 2 | Noordland.....January 16
Kensington.....January 9 | Friesland.....January 23
RED STAR LINE.
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Westernland.....January 2 | Noordland.....January 16
Kensington.....January 9 | Friesland.....January 23

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SOCIETY.

Yale Glee Club Concerts and Ball.

The forty-three members of the Yale University Glee and Banjo Clubs, who are traveling West in three special cars, will be extensively entertained during their visit on this coast. They will arrive in Oakland on Wednesday, January 2d, and be given a reception the same afternoon at the home of Mr. Edward E. Goodrich, 2749 Dwight Way, in Berkeley. In the evening they will be entertained, after the performance at the Macdonough Theatre, at a "smoker" in Oakland.

On Thursday afternoon, January 3d, the gentlemen are to be given a reception in this city, and in the evening they will be heard in their first concert at Metropolitan Hall, when the following programme will be rendered:

"The Casino Girl March," McConnell, Banjo Club; "Brave Mother Yale," Merrill, '99, Shepard; "There's One That I Love Dearly," Kucken, "Pierette," Lane, Mr. Schneeloch and Club; "Mermald," Carmen Yalense, "Bull-Dog," Carmen Yalense, "Tutti-Fruti," Glee and Banjo Club; "The Ameer," Victor Herbert, Banjo Club; "The Charmed Cup," Roeckel, Mr. Spalding and Club; "Drinking Song," Martin, "Serenade," Tourtellot, '87, solo by Mr. Tyler; selections from "San Toy," Monckton, Mandolin Club; negro melodies, Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Reynolds, and Mr. Tyler; "Salome" (intermezzo), Loraine, Mandolin Club; "Eli Yale," Carmen Yalense, solo by Mr. Welch; "Dutch Company," Carmen Yalense, warble by Mr. Reed; "For Yale," Fox, '902, Shepard, Mr. Schneeloch and Club; "Brother Goose," Colin, Mr. Sheehan and Club; "Bright College Years," Durant, '81.

After the performance a ball will be given in their honor in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel under the patronage of Mrs. Henry F. Alleo, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. Donald Campbell, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. James Coffio, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. Albert N. Drown, Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, Mrs. J. Kittle, Mrs. V. K. Maddox, Mrs. W. Mayo Newball, Mrs. Sidney V. Smith, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Mrs. William S. Tevis.

On Friday afternoon, January 4th, the second and last concert will be given at the Grand Opera House, with an entire change of programme.

Opening of the New York Opera Season.

Among the many Californians who attended the opening of the Grau opera season at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on Tuesday evening, December 18th, were Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and Miss Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. John Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oxnard, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Lounsberry, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Lady Cunard, Miss Lilienthal, Mr. D. O. Mills, Mr. Harry Keene, Mr. P. Snyder, and Mr. Thomas H. Kelly.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel E. Dimond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Dimond, to Mr. William R. Sherwood, eldest son of Mrs. Robert Sherwood.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Lyle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lyle, of Napa, and Mr. Charles Fuller Grant, son of Mrs. Charles Watson Grant, will take place on Wednesday, January 2d, at the Presbyterian church at Napa. Owing to the recent death of Mr. Grant's father, no cards have been issued.

Rear-Admiral Joseph Trille, U. S. N., and Mrs. Trille have sent out invitations for the wedding of their niece, Miss Elizabeth Bigelow, and Mr. Roland Mears Kelley, for January 2d, at noon, at Trinity Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett have sent out invitations for a dinner on Saturday, January 5th, at their residence, 2029 California Street, in honor of Miss Hopkins and Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr.

Mrs. Augustus Taylor (née Hopkins) will receive at her home, 2266 Franklin Street, on the third and fourth Wednesdays.

Miss Edith Stubbs recently gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Lucy King. Others at table were Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Elizabeth Center, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Alice Brigham, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Edith Simpson, Miss Ethel

Cooper, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Elena Robinson, and Miss Mary Stubbs.

Mrs. Isaac Requa, Mrs. Oscar Long, and Miss Lucy King will receive at their Piedmont home on Wednesdays in January.

Miss Edna Hopkins gave a luncheon on Friday, December 21st, in honor of her cousin, Miss Frances Hopkins, at which she entertained Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. George Martin, Mrs. Ed. Pringle, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Genevieve Carolan, and Miss Florence Hopkins.

Mrs. F. M. Smith will receive at her home in Oakland on the first and second Thursdays from January until April.

The Alumni Commissioned Officers' Association of the University of California has issued invitations for a military ball early in February at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. The arrangements for the affair are under the direction of Colonel George W. Bauer, commander of the association, and the executive committee, consisting of Major Percival Dolman, Major William Houston, Captain F. Denicé, Captain J. Millar, and Lieutenant J. McGee.

Golf Notes.

The agreement for the series of home-and-home matches between teams representing the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs has been signed by P. E. Bowles, vice-captain, on behalf of the Oakland Club, and by H. B. Goodwin, captain, on behalf of the San Francisco Club. The teams this year will consist of six men each, instead of eight as in previous years. The first match of the first series will be played on the Oakland links on January 19th, and the second match on January 26th on the Presidio links. The first half of the second match will be played on the Presidio course on April 6th, and the second half on the Point Adams course on April 13th. The scores of the two games played in January will be reckoned together, and the club whose team has the best score will hold the trophy. Similarly the scores of the two matches played in April will be reckoned together. If each club should win one home-and-home match, the resulting tie will be played off on May 11th, on a neutral course. The trophy is a silver cup, to the purchase of which each club contributes an equal sum.

On New-Year's Day the annual contest for the San Francisco Golf Club championship, over 18 holes, medal play, will be held at the Presidio links, the prize being a gold medal.

In the final match of the mixed foursome tournament played last Tuesday, December 18th, on the Sausalito Club links, between W. P. Horn and Miss Grace Martin and J. M. Kilgariff and Miss M. Masoo, the former team was successful, winning by 4 up and 3 to play. In the evening the formal presentation of the prizes won by the contestants in the tournament just completed at Sausalito took place. Miss Winifred Mason took first prize in the women's singles, while her sister, Miss Mabel Mason, took second prize for this event. L. Cheoery took first prize in the men's singles, but as the player making the highest individual score was to take the cup for this event, F. S. Findley, who was high man, took the cup, together with the second prize.

The Dewey arch in New York is gone. It was demolished under the direction of the department of streets and highways, and Madison Square is bereft of this noble reminder of American victory in Manila Bay. Crowds gathered about the wreckers and all kinds of citizens were turned at once into relic hunters. The staff coating of the woodwork came away rapidly in response to the blows of the workmen. Spectators fought good-naturedly for bits of the sculptured figure of Victory and of other ornamental parts of the columns. In a trice the skeleton of the monument was exposed. This was now hurriedly disjointed, hacked, and torn, and the material was piled upon the sidewalk. In a few minutes the beautiful work of art was reduced to an ugly mass of plaster and a few loads of kindling wood. Then the traffic in Madison Square hummed as before.

The Oceanic Company's mail steamship *Alameda* arrived from Australasia late Sunday night, December 23d. She was delayed nearly twelve hours at Auckland, New Zealand, got quick dispatch at Pago Pago, Samoa, was delayed again eight hours at Honolulu, and came into port twelve hours ahead of time. The *Alameda's* present record is a splendid one, and the run of five days twelve hours from Honolulu is a performance that few of the liners can beat.

ART NOTES.

The directors of the San Francisco Art Association have decided to hold a Mardi Gras ball next year. The one of last year was so successful, and the requests for another such festivity were so general, that there was no hesitancy in taking one more step toward making this a permanent institution. The matter has been placed in the hands of the curator, Captain Robert Howe Fletcher, whose good management contributed largely to the picturesque success of the last ball.

Jules Pages's Salon picture, "Corner in the Studio," has been bought by subscription for the Art Association and from now on will hang with the house collection. This large painting won honors for Pages in the Salon of 1899 and was shown here at the last spring exhibition.

To the distribution of the artists' contributions to the last exhibition of the Art Association, a picture by Lydia F. Gibon went to Robert Day, one by Kate H. Maher to E. W. Currier, by Maren M. Froelich to C. E. Grunsky, by Thomas Hill to Henry Payot, by T. Komatsu to Alfred S. Esberg, by M. de Neale Morgan to Mathew Ambro, by Lucia Wores to Mrs. Frank Williams, by L. P. Latimer to Willis E. Davis, by Annie L. Harmon to Dr. Russell J. Cool, by Pauline A. Dworzek to William Wolff, by Oscar Kunatb to E. P. Heald, by John M. Gamble to Mrs. Johanna J. Shiman, by H. J. Breuer to Mrs. H. E. Huntington, by Josephine C. Eckler to Mrs. M. P. Hannigan, by Alice B. Chittenden to Mrs. Margaret Irvine, by Fannie S. Campbell to Reuben W. Hills, by Frances L. Sleeth to James D. Phelan, by Eda Smitten to Mrs. Irving F. Moulton, by Louise Defrasse to John M. Gamble, by Martha L. Johnson to Mrs. W. S. Leake, by E. W. Currier to Miss J. C. Eckler, by Clara Curtis to Mrs. M. E. Lauden, by Josephine E. Capwell to Edward Bosqui, by Annie Frances Briggs to Miss Lucia Wores, by H. Blatchly to Mrs. Frank H. Powers.

C. J. Dickman, who is now occupying the former studio of Joseph Greenbaum, 207 Sutter Street, has begun work on a most ambitious picture for the Bohemian Club. It will be some months before this canvas will be completed, as much of Mr. Dickman's time will be taken up with some orders for portraits and a large painting for Mrs. Hearst's Berkeley home.

Boardman Michael Robinson and Arthur Putnam, the young sculptor, have rescued the old Art Students' League at No. 8 Montgomery Avenue and fitted it up as a studio. Besides the personal work of these men, they have classes in drawing, painting, and modeling. Mrs. Putnam assists and acts as secretary, while Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson, Mrs. Sigmund Ackerman, William Keith, Bruce Porter, Willis Polk, and Ernest Coxhead are the advisory committee.

During her recent tour in the French provinces, Cléo de Mérode, the pretty danseuse, who still clings to the style of coiffure which was all the fad a few years ago, had some strange experiences. At Nimes, certain practical jokers who wished to see what truth lay in the legend that Mlle. Cléo's celebrated coiffure was due to the absolute absence of auricular appendages conceived the idea, in the course of one of her performances, of shouting out to her that she must show her ears. The little dancer shed tears, but would not comply with their request. In Angers, Mlle. Cléo was surprised by a fire in the hotel in which she was stopping, and had to flee into the street in a costume reduced to its most simple expression. Even on this occasion nobody caught sight of her ears. And now, very well satisfied with her trip, she has returned to Paris. It may be added that when the story was first started by her enemies that something was the matter with her ears, the sculptor, Falguieres, who used her as a model, immediately branded it as a calumny.

Andrew Carnegie is spoken of for the next President of the United States Golf Association, and it seems probable that he will be elected. He is Scotch, which insures thorough sympathy with the game; he has the wealth that is deemed another requisite, and if he builds an elaborate country house in the Westchester hills where golf shall reign supreme, as is his reported intention, he will have a third cogent qualification (according to the *Springfield Republican*). Mr. Carnegie is an enthusiastic golfer himself, and many a famous golf contest has taken place on his Scottish estate at Skibo. He is opposed to any semblance of semi-professionalism in the game, and believes that golf, if kept free from such contamination, will be a permanent institution in America.

The winter tourist season to Southern California is now in full swing, and, according to the Los Angeles papers, never before in the history of that city have so many people been pouring in at this particular time. The railroads are bailing all the passengers they can carry and steamers are this year bringing in hundreds, something which is unusual at this season. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company's new express service is now in operation. They now make the run to Los Angeles from San Francisco in twenty-seven hours and less, while the time on the up-trip is usually twenty-four hours, or three hours ahead of the schedule time.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

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used pure to rub the temples or mixed with cold water as a compress, will produce a speedy cure.

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Instruction given in all departments, from Kindergarten to College Preparatory. Special courses in Music, Elocution and Modern Languages.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER
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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. E. F. Preston and the Misses Edith and Norma Preston leave to-day (Saturday) for Japan on their trip around the world.

Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor and Miss Carrie Taylor have returned from their visit to New York.

Mr. Fred Greenwood sailed from New York for Europe a fortnight ago. He expects to be abroad about four months.

Mrs. Montgomery S. Currey and the Misses Frances and Julia Currey are stopping at Nice, France, for the winter.

Mr. Harry M. Gillig sailed from New York for Paris early last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Miss Wilson are spending the holidays in New York.

Ex-Senator Charles N. Felton and his son, Mr. Charles Felton, are visiting in Philadelphia, the guests of Mrs. Elkins (née Felton).

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill, who have resided in Paris for several years, arrived in New York on December 19th and intend to visit California soon.

Mrs. H. H. Bancroft and Miss Lucy Bancroft, who recently came up from San Diego, and have been staying at the Colonial Hotel, left for the East on Friday, December 28th, en route to Italy, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey are in New York.

Miss Adelaide Murphy leaves to-day (Saturday) for Washington, D. C., where she will spend several months with her sister, Mrs. Biddle.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart are expected back from the East early next week.

Mr. Francis Carolan is expected home from the East in a fortnight. Mrs. Carolan will not return until a few weeks later.

Miss Sophia Pierce, who has been at Vassar College the past two years, will return the first part of January to make her debut.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton A. Worden are still in New York, but expect to leave for California January 1st. The many friends of Mrs. Towne will regret to learn that she recently slipped on an icy sidewalk and sprained her wrist.

Mrs. Harry Gray returned from her trip East on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. Gray have taken apartments at the California Hotel.

Mrs. John W. Mackay sailed for Europe from New York on Thursday, January 3d, to spend the rest of the winter on the Riviera.

Mr. J. C. Stuhls left on Monday for New Orleans, where he will join Mr. Charles M. Hays, the new president of the Southern Pacific, and Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt. The Hays party are expected to reach San Francisco on January 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Wells (née Hush), who are at present sojourning in the Hawaiian Islands, will proceed to Yokohama on the arrival at Honolulu of the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Coptic*, which sailed from here on Saturday, December 22d.

Miss Helen Dean, who is attending school at Dobbs Ferry, is spending the holidays in New York with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Bunker have returned to San Francisco after an absence of nearly two years spent in traveling abroad.

Professor and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler are the guests of Mrs. Phebe Hearst in Washington, D. C., and will visit New York and Philadelphia before returning to Berkeley.

Mr. J. A. Fillmore, who accompanied his wife and daughter East, returned to San Francisco on Friday last.

Mr. H. E. Huntington returned from New York on Monday to spend Christmas, and left at once for New Orleans.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Cole is visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. Grant Goucher, in Los Angeles.

Miss Mabel Hogg and Miss Florence Callaghan were the guests of Mrs. N. G. Arques in San José last week.

Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., has joined Mrs. Magee in New York for the holidays.

Senator and Mrs. Thomas Flint, Jr., of San Juan, will occupy the Crocker residence on L Street, in Sacramento, during the session of the State Legislature.

Mr. P. F. Butler and the Misses Alice and Genevieve Butler are spending the winter at Nice and Mentone.

Mrs. Jonathan Curtis, who has returned from a month's trip to New York, will receive on the first Wednesdays at the new Curtis residence, 907 Eddy Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Colby (née Munsell) have returned to Oakland from Southern California, and will spend the holidays with Mrs. James Munsell, before leaving for their future home in Contra Costa County.

Mrs. James W. Edwards will be at home on the first and third Mondays during January at her apartments at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Herman Heyneman, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Dorothy Heyneman, have left for the East. They will spend the New Year in Cincinnati, and later on visit New York and Washington.

Mr. William Haywood, late United States Consul at Honolulu, who arrived from the islands on Saturday, December 23d, en route to Washington, D. C., is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. W. Pattosien left for the East on Wednesday last.

Baron H. de St. Laurent, French consul at Vancouver, B. C., arrived here on Wednesday, to temporarily assume charge of the French consulate in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Ryer have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart leave in a few days

for San Diego, where they will sojourn for two months.

Mr. S. B. Cushing came over from San Rafael during the week and was at the California Hotel.

Mr. John McNear, of Liverpool, is spending the holidays at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, on Linden Street, Oakland.

Among the week's arrivals at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ford and Mrs. J. R. Clough, of Niles, Mr. and Mrs. J. Shirley of San José, Mrs. T. E. Krouse and Miss Krouse, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Erskine, of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Muller, of Fresno, Mr. P. C. Drescher, of Sacramento, Mr. C. W. Haslam, of Santa Cruz, Mr. J. A. Bentley, of Stanford, Mr. A. P. Sawyer, of Seattle, Mr. F. H. Kennedy, of Stockton, Mr. R. G. Morrison, of Bakersfield, Mr. J. R. Dobbins, of Los Angeles, Mrs. A. C. Campbell, of Oakville, and Mr. R. B. Dixon, of Boston.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Albert Kautz, U. S. N., who will this week relinquish command of the Pacific squadron, being relieved by Rear-Admiral Casey, U. S. N., retires on January 29, 1901, and expects to make his headquarters at San Diego.

Lieutenant Barnes, U. S. A., son of W. H. L. Barnes, is here from Manila on sick leave. He is attached to the Twenty-Fourth (Colored) Regiment and returns to the Philippines in a month.

Mrs. Colonel A. C. Girard, wife of the chief surgeon commanding the General Hospital at the Presidio, is on her way to Manila to join her daughter, Mrs. Ross L. Bush, whose husband is stationed in the Philippines.

Major Charles Bentzoni, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Bentzoni, formerly the Countess von Schluttenbach, of Germany, have taken apartments at the California Hotel. They have just returned from a tour of the world, and intend to make California their home.

Lieutenant Frederick H. Lefavor, U. S. N., retired, has moved from St. Helena to San Rafael.

Captain J. T. Myers, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the naval hospital at Mare Island and granted sick leave for three months.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon Robert S. Blakeman, U. S. N., who until recently has been under medical treatment at the naval hospital at Mare Island, is now waiting orders at Gordonsville, Va.

Brigadier-General Charles P. Eagan, U. S. A., was at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Lieutenant Edwin B. Winans, Jr., Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., from Manila, will command the cauals, and Captain H. C. Keene, Jr., Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., will command about twenty-five assigned recruits who will sail on the *Hancock*, on the first or second of January.

Lieutenant James Franklin, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Franklin have taken a house at 1748 P Street, Washington, D. C., for the winter. Mrs. J. Y. Mason Blunt, who is a sister of Mrs. Franklin, will be with her during the absence of Captain Blunt with the Third Cavalry in the Philippines.

The forthcoming promotion of Major-General Lord Kitchener to a lieutenant-generalship elicits from Charles Williams, one of the leaders of the English war critics, the bitterest indictment of that general ever published in Great Britain. He declares General Kitchener meditates a "reckless and ruthless extermination of the Boers, hoping to execute his atrocities amid silence like that of the tomb of the Mahdi." He believes the British officers and men will not endure this, and that "Kitchener will stand revealed to the country as a scourge inexorable." Mr. Williams apologizes to Satan for mentioning him in the same breath with Kitchener, and maintains that the return of several general officers and the removal of General Kelly-Kenny from Bloemfontein confirm the suspicion that they would "have nothing to do with Kitchener's dirty work."

It is almost needless to say that this bitter attack by no means represents the average opinion.

James A. Bailey announces that, inasmuch as the famous Barnum & Bailey's circus which was taken to Europe some years ago has now become an English institution, he has decided to organize an entirely new show for America, to be known as "Barnum & Bailey's New and Greatest Show on Earth." Work will be begun at once, and the new enterprise will be ready to open in New York on March 15, 1902, at Madison Square Garden. The new venture will cost five hundred thousand dollars.

There is no more delightful way of enjoying a day's outing than in making a trip up Mt. Tamalpais. In addition to the pleasant journey up the bay to Sausalito, you have an opportunity to admire the beautiful scenery of Mill Valley, while the panoramic view from the veranda of the Tavern and the summit of the mountain is incomparable.

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THE NEW CENTURY.

When in the dim, gray East shall rise

The morning of thy birth,—

When thy first dawn steps from the skies

Upon the hills of earth,—

Shall waiting nations breathless stand

Oppressed with haunting fears,

Of what thou holdest in thy hand,

Thou coming Hundred Years?

Or shall a glad world welcome thee

With laughter and a song—

Thou unborn child of Destiny

Whose reign shall be so long?

Who knows!—we only know that thou

Shall enter like a king

Into thy courts,—that we must bow,

Whatever thou dost bring.

What matter whether war or peace

Thy heralds shall proclaim,—

The story of the centuries

Is evermore the same!

Thy children-years shall tell abroad,

Through all thy mighty span,

Naught but the Fatherhood of God,—

The Brotherhood of Man.

—Jennie Betts Hartwick in the Independent.

Many years ago the Montana Club, in Helena, entertained Mark Twain after a lecture. He met many old friends there and one old enemy. The latter had come all the way from Virginia City, Nev., on purpose to settle an old score. When the glasses were filled and Mark's health proposed, this man interrupted the proceedings by saying: "Hold on a minute; before we go further, I want to say to you, Sam Clemens, that you did me a d—d dirty trick over there in Silver City, and I've come here to have a settlement with you." There was a deathly silence for a moment, when Mark said, in his deliberate drawl: "Let's see. That—was—before—I—reformed, wasn't it?" Senator Sanders suggested that inasmuch as the other fellow had never reformed, Clemens and all the others present forgive him and drink together, which all did.

A *Te Deum*, especially written for St. Paul's Cathedral by Sir Arthur Sullivan, is now in the hands of the authorities of the cathedral, and will be given at a special service to be held on the proclamation of peace in South Africa. Excepting this work it is said that Sir Arthur left no finished score.

Word has been received that Arthur Brown, Jr., has again won the Godebeuf prize for architecture at the Ecoles des Beaux-Arts. Arthur Brown, Jr., is the son of Arthur Brown, who was constructing engineer of the Southern Pacific Railway.

—THE "OLD ENGLISH" STYLE OF ENGRAVING is rapidly coming to the front. In the East not only are visiting cards made after this fashion, but wedding invitations to be "en regle" should be of the same. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, have better facilities in this line than any other house on the coast.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

The Challenge Is Out. Wednesday, January 2, 1901, a great challenge will take place in this city.

—At the Bon-Ton, 324 Post, dainty Russian tea served free to all visitors. Electrolysis in beauty department by lady physician. Hair-dyeing experts. Shampoo, 50c.; Hair-dressing or manicuring, 25c. Perfume baths, 25c. Phone Main 980.

Palace and Grand Hotels

These hotels, with their unequaled attractions and advantages, have for a quarter of a century been the headquarters for tourists and travelers, who have journeyed from every section of the globe to San Francisco.

They combine every desirable feature, comfort, and convenience to be obtained in the best hotels in the world, with the further advantage of being accessible to wholesale and shopping districts, amusement centres, and depots.

The Grill Rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as the place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

American plan. European plan.

THE LATEST STYLES IN Choice Woollens

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),

Bicycle and Golf Snits. Opposite the Palace Hotel

WARRANTED 10 YEARS. BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY.

308-312 Post St. SAN FRANCISCO.

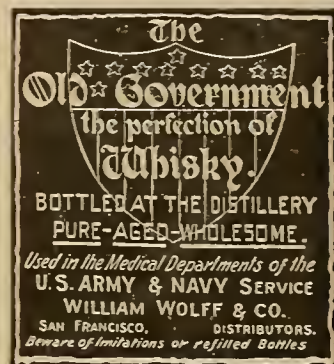
A Tonic and Nerve Food

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

When exhausted, depressed or weary from worry, insomnia or overwork of mind or body, take half a teaspoon of Horsford's Acid Phosphate in half a glass of water.

It nourishes, strengthens and imparts new life and vigor by supplying the needed nerve food.

Sold by Druggists in original packages only



LOUIS ERÉPAUX. (MEMBER PARIS GRAND OPERA)

Begs to announce that he has returned from Europe and will resume his professional duties at

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING. Reception hours, 3:30 to 4:30. San Francisco, Dec. 19th.

DR. ALBERT ABRAMS Has removed his office and residence to S. W. Cor. Van Ness Ave. and California St.

Dividend Notices.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending with December 31, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1901. GEORGE TOWNRY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with the 31st of December, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six-tenths (3.6-10) per cent. on term deposits and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1901. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN Francisco, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1901. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 223 MONTgomery Street, Mills Building.—Dividends for the half-year ending December 31, 1900, on term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3.6) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1901. S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner of Sutter.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1900, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1901. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 2, 1901. CYRUS W. CARMAN, Cashier.

SUNSET LIMITED

For the Season of

1900-1901

Tri-Weekly

LEAVE	LEAVE
SAN FRANCISCO	LOS ANGELES
Mondays	Tuesdays
Wednesdays	Thursdays
Fridays	Saturdays
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.

ARRIVE NEW ORLEANS, 7:20 P. M.
MONDAYS, THURSDAYS,
SATURDAYS

MORE BRILLIANT THAN EVER
NEW EQUIPMENT
IMPROVED SERVICE

Secure Time Tables and any desired information from any agent of the Southern Pacific Company.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	From Dec. 1, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runney, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P.
*7.00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P.
*7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P.
*8.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P.
*8.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*2.45 P.
*8.00 A.	Niles, Livermore, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	*7.15 P.
*8.30 A.	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Merced, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P.
*8.30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carters.....	*4.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P.
*9.30 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P.
*10.00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*6.45 P.
*11.00 A.	Niles, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P.
*11.00 A.	Livermore, Sanger, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	*5.00 A.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*5.45 P.
*3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A.
*4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*7.15 P.
*4.00 P.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*11.45 A.
*5.00 P.	Niles, Livermore, and Stockton.....	*10.45 A.
*5.00 P.	Sunset, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*10.15 A.
*5.00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanger, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.15 A.
*5.00 P.	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Ing, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*7.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Vallejo.....	*11.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*2.45 P.
*6.00 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P.
*7.00 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.45 A.
*8.05 P.	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A.
*8.05 P.	Vallejo.....	*11.45 A.

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P.
*12.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A.
*4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A.
*4.30 P.	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	*12.20 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
17.15 9.00 11.00 A. M. 1.00 3.00 5.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—
18.05 10.00 A. M. 12.00 2.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P.
*7.00 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P.
*9.00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P.
*10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 P.
*11.30 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P.
*12.45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A.
*13.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.
*14.15 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A.
*15.00 P.	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A.
*5.30 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A.
*6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*8.00 A.
*11.45 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
§ Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays.
c Tuesdays, Thursdays, Sundays.
a Saturday only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you know what a tragedian is, Willie?" asked the father. "Why, he's the fellow what kills the play, ain't he," replied the boy.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Identified at last: *Assistant-editor*—"I've found out at last who 'Vox Populi' is." *Editor*—"Who?" *Assistant-editor*—"Constant Reader" under a nom de plume.—*Syracuse Herald*.

To the manner boro: *Jaggles*—"When one is annoyed by conversation in a theatre it is generally by the rich people in the boxes." *Waggles*—"Another proof that money talks."—*Smart Set*.

"What do you think of the Christmas magazines?" "Oh, I haven't paid any attention to their literary merits. What I object to is that so many of the advertisements are duplicated."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Without harm: "Here's a story about a butcher who dropped forty feet into a caldron of hot water and escaped unscathed." "Miraculous!" "Oh, no. They were pigs' feet."—*Philadelphia North American*.

Robbery: *Citizen*—"My house at No. 4,916,718 Uneasy Street was robbed last night!" *Police captain* (to clerk)—"Smith, please look in your books and see if a permit was issued to anybody to rob the premises at No. 4,916,718 Uneasy Street, last night."—*Puck*.

Something just as good: "Have you Dickens's 'Tale of Two Cities'?" asked the occasional customer. "No, sir," replied the new salesman at the book-store, after a glance at the shelves, "but I see we have a 'Romance of Two Worlds,' by Marie Corelli. Won't that do?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

First quick-lunch waitress—"Say, but that dude is gone on Molly!" Second quick-lunch waitress (enviously)—"Ain't he? When he orders 'beans and draw one and sinkers' from her, he puts such love in it that it sounds like 'paddy defoy grass, coffee o' lay and Parker House rolls'!"—*Puck*.

Approach of Christmas: "Why did Anthony Hope?" "Because Mrs. Campbell Praed." "When does Albert Trott?" "When Gibson Bowles." "What gave Barry Paio?" "To see Flora Steele." "Why was Rider Haggard?" "Because he had to Marie Corelli."—*London Globe*.

"Now that you have frittered away your money," said the stern father, "before the quarter is half gone, you come to me for more!" "Father," replied the profligate young college student, with as close an imitation of a dry sob as he could put up, "I may have clam-chowdered and griddle-caked some of it away, but I haven't frittered one cent of it, so help me Marion Harland!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Any remedy that will relieve a teething baby or a feverish child is invaluable. Steadman's Soothing Powders have done this for fifty years.

Clerk—"Perhaps you'd like to look at some goods a little more expensive than these." *Shopper*—"Not necessarily, but I would like to look at some of better quality."—*Philadelphia Press*.

The Challenge Is Out.

Wednesday, January 2, 1901, a great challenge will take place in this city.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO Spring Valley Building. Office hours, 9 to 5.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

R. H. PEASE, President. F. M. SHEPARD, Jr., Treasurer. C. F. RUNYON, Secretary.

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY

RAIN COATS

ANY SIZE. ANY QUANTITY. ANY STYLE.

Rubber Belting and Packing, Clothing, Boots, and Shoes.

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THE BOOK OF THE NEW CENTURY

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THOS. MAGEE, JR.

Thomas Magee & Sons

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

5 MONTCOMERY STREET

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1900

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office:

Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$7.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.25
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.50
The Argonaut and the Thrice-a-Week N. Y. World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.25
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World for One Year, by Mail.....	5.25
The Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly for One Year, by Mail.....	5.90
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	4.70
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Onting for One Year, by Mail.....	5.75
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail.....	7.50
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	6.20
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail.....	5.10
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail.....	7.75
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail.....	7.50
The Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.00
The Argonaut and Current Literature for One Year, by Mail.....	5.90
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and the Argosy for One Year, by Mail.....	4.35
The Argonaut and the Overland Monthly for One Year, by Mail.....	4.25
The Argonaut and the Review of Reviews for One Year, by Mail.....	5.75
The Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.20
The Argonaut and the North American Review for One Year, by Mail.....	7.50
The Argonaut and the Cosmopolitan for One Year, by Mail.....	4.35
The Argonaut and the Forum for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and Vogue for One Year, by Mail.....	6.10
The Argonaut and Little's Living Age for One Year, by Mail.....	9.00
The Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the International Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	4.50
The Argonaut and the Pall Mall Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and the Mexican Herald for One Year, by Mail.....	10.50
The Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	4.35
The Argonaut and McClure's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	4.35
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail.....	4.35

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